

"IF"

If you can keep your hair when all about
Are shearing theirs and wanting you to,
If you can hold your tongue when others
Mock you,
But make allowance for their mocking, too;
If you can force your heart and nerve and
sine
To keep your hair long, after theirs is gone
And hold on to it when there's nothing in
you
Except the will which says to you, "Hold
on."
If you can talk with crowds and keep your
locks too
Or walk with "Sheiks" and not lose your
common sense;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt
you,
If woman dub you "freak" in self-defense;
If you can smile without a hat to fit you,
If you can sigh, but never shed a tear;
Yours is the earth and everything that's in
it.
And— which is more—you will be a lady,
dear.

FIRE.

Ducane, as the sound struck upon
his ear, started and stared about him
with a sudden confused alertness.
Lulled by the steady thud of the
mare's hoofs, by the droning monotonous
of insect life that drummed in the
dry, pulsating air, by the brazen
heat in which, although the day was
young, the whole forest lay scorched
and parching, he had fallen as nearly
asleep as a man in the saddle may.
It came again—a succession of shrill
yaps, a sharp howl. The track turned
beside it, caught in a thorn-bush a few
yards ahead, something white and
brown writhed and struggled, help-
lessly trapped and held in the needle-
like spikes—a dog. Long-legged,
long-coated, not grown out of puppy-
hood, anything in the way of a cross
that had probably a preponderance of
spaniel in it.

All of which he saw in the act of
hastily dismounting and going down
on his knee. To break the thorns
away was not easy, but it was done
at the expense of a scratch or two
more or less ugly; he stood up with
the panting creature held under his
arm. How had it come there? His
eyes, as he asked himself the ques-
tion, glanced ahead. To the left ran
the forest road that was his own way;
to the right wound a track that was
not much more than a path. He nodded
toward it.

"The old Craven place," he said
aloud. "That's the nearest, and I did
hear the new folks were in a week
ago. Strayed from there, I reckon.
That so, ye little fool?"
The puppy responding, struggled up
and licked him in a lavish ecstasy of
gratitude. Ducane's handsome, lean,
tanned face, a face in which, despite
its habitual gravity, there still lurked
something boyish, relaxed into a
smile; he had a weakness for animals.

"Bit too used-up to run," he solilo-
quized aloud again. "Won't hinder
but an hour or so, and it's pretty ear-
ly yet, thanks to me starting when I
did. Reckon I'll be along soon as I
need be. Whew, but it's hot!"
The mare turned into the track to
the right; once more the thud of her
hoofs and the insect drone mingled
drowsily. Little by little the way
widened, the trees thinned, more and
more unbearably the furnace-like heat
beat down. Came presently a broad
clearing, the cracked earth patched
with clumps of coarse, sun-scorched
shrub and grass. Beyond the road
flanking it, backed by a rocky timber-
crowned knoll, surrounded by a great
yard, showed the old Craven place, a
substantial white house with a deep
veranda running around it. A large
shirt-sleeved figure appeared from a
doorway.

"Your dog, I think," he said ques-
tioningly. "Reckoned so, this being
the nearest place. Found him caught
good and tight in a thorn-bush way
back in the woods, and—"
He stopped. His one step back was
the mere involuntary recoil of the
muscles with which the conscious will
has nothing to do, was as little under
his control as his swift intake of
breath. As swiftly the hand that had
dropped to his hip pocket was flung
out empty. He looked at the revolver
that, a bare yard away, covered his
heart.

"I carry my gun mostly," he said
levelly. "It happens not today.
You've got me, Dave."
The other advanced half a pace.
"When you an' me parted," he said
with grim slowness, "I told you you'd
best be s'pry over pulling on me if you
came in my way again, for I'd plug
you on sight, sure as my name was
Dave Hallard, if it was ten years. If
you kept out of it that long, well and
good. Ten years! I miss my guess,
Jim Ducane, if it's more than five."
"It's five years all but a month—I
remember well as you do. You called
me a good few things that day, but
skunk wasn't one. I'm not squealing
any more than you would if it had
been me that'd caught you out. That's
enough! Shoot quick and shoot clean
and get it over," said Ducane dogged-
ly.

across them, the blue and gray eyes
met with the cold light flash of steel.
Hallard gave a nod.
"Draw poker," he said slowly. "You
an' me was pretty good and pretty
even at it five years ago."
It was a grim business, this game,
the loser of which was to be his own
executioner. And Ducane lost! "I'll
just leave a note to show you own my
mare. I may save you trouble," he
said.

"That's so. There's pens and paper
over there," returned Hallard laconic-
ally.
Ducane turned to the indicated table
against the wall. Hallard was stand-
ing when he turned about again, and
the revolver lay beside the neatly
stacked cards. He nodded toward it.
He slipped the weapon into his hip
pocket.
Through the torrid heat of the
parching forest, the hotter for the
spinging up of a wind whose gusts
were like the breath of an oven, Du-
cane, as the sun blazed fiercely toward
its setting, came riding slowly.

"I'm mighty glad," he said fervent-
ly aloud—"mighty glad that I never
said anything—not to count—to that
little girl!"
His stop, his sudden drag upon the
reins, as he turned his head, were as
entirely beyond control as his move-
ment of recoil had been when, a bare
yard away, Hallard's revolver had
covered his heart. In the gust of hot
wind that smote across his cheek
there was something more than mere
heat—something acrid, piercing, pun-
gent—the scent and savor of burning
fire!

From a side track just ahead came
a sudden thud of rapid hoofs, and a
riderless pony, scared and wild-eyed,
dashed out of the chaparral, swerved
from his clutch at the flying bridle
and tore headlong by riderless. And
the saddle was a side saddle.
"My God; a woman!" cried Ducane.
Almost as swift in movement as in
thought, Ducane, his panic forgotten,
plunged into the track. It wound tor-
tuously, dwindled, widened. He paused
to shout and listen, to peer about
him. It wound again; he came out
upon a broader track running left and
right, and swung out of the saddle be-
fore the figure that, cowering against
a great boulder, sprang up with a cry,
and rushed to and clutched him.

He looked at her; in the clasp of his
arm her small, slender body seemed
hardly more than a child's.
"I'll get you through," he said cheer-
fully. "Don't be afraid of that. The
fire's way off yet, and it's not so far."
She nodded, slipping a hand to his
shoulder and holding it. He turned
the mare's head, with voice and knee
urged her to the best pace that might
be.
The underbrush blazed, driving be-
fore it spark-spangled volumes of
smoke. Ducane flung himself out of
the saddle.

"She can't do it," he said hoarsely.
"Not with both of us. She'll go till
she drops, breaks her heart, but she's
done thirty miles already since morn-
ing. If I shorten the stirrup this side
you can manage to hold on if I lead
her and run by you?"
She nodded again, easily it seemed,
accepting the lie. The lie, for he
guessed that the track when reached
might prove impassable. As it did—
halfway through its windings smoke
and flame drove them back. A great
branch, dead and rotten, caught by
the fire, crashed down blazing as they
turned, and, barely missing the girl,
sent Ducane half stunned to his knees,
with clothes smoldering and blood
trickling from a cut on his head. Back
on the wide track he found himself
reeling sickly and stopped, meeting
the dilated eyes that shone black in
the pallor of the small face that was
like a child's under the short, loose
toss of hair.

"That hasn't made me feel any too
good," he said thickly. "If I drop
presently, you go on."
They went on. Ducane, running
with violently pumping heart, burst-
ing lungs and dizzy swimming head,
kept on his feet only by sheer force
of will.
"Go on! Go on! You've got to.
That's the rock—"
"I can't—I can't!" She had scream-
ed and slipped from the saddle—the
mare stood with hanging head and
spread forefeet, but true to her train-
ing, still. "I can't—I won't! How'd
I bear to live if I left you, when I'd be
dead now, suffocated first and burnt
up after, if you hadn't come?"
"Look?" He was on his feet, hold-
ing to the mare's shoulder and her
arm. She pulled away and threw up
her hands.

"Yes—look, look. At the smoke.
It's blowing back! Back! and the fire—
the fire! Blowing away from us.
The wind—the wind's changed! We're
through—we're through!" She cried
hysterically.
He began to laugh weakly.
Hallard, turning a corner of the old
Craven house, checked to stare
astoundedly at the figures that passed
through the open gate into the yard.
Ducane, stumbling from the saddle
with the girl's body in his arms, lurched
forward a few paces dazedly. To him
the other loomed gigantic in a
mist of smoke and flame.
"Don't move—it's best not. I guess
you've been asleep—I was getting
most frightened, it seemed so long.
Your head's been bathed and strapped
it won't be so very bad. Does it hurt
much?" she asked anxiously.
"My head? No—no." He stared
at her, realizing, remembering. "You
didn't get hurt? Did you? Were
you?"
"Me? Not a mite." She laughed
softly; her little face under its shining
toss of hair was pink and sweet and
charming as a flower.

"No, I wasn't hurt any. And the
mare won't be a mite the worse, either,
Uncle Dave says. He just went
out to look at her again—"
"Uncle?" Ducane struggled up.
"You don't say you're his niece—Dave
Hallard's—you—?"
"Sure, I am," she nodded. "He said
he knows you. Didn't he ever say he
had one? My mother was his sister—
that's how I'm Lily Trevor, not Hall-
ard."
"I'm mighty glad I happened along
in time and that you didn't get hurt."

"I'll be going now," said Ducane quiet-
ly. "Going?" She came quickly in his
way as he stood up. "Why, you can't!
You've got to stay the night over—I
said so to Uncle Dave. And the mare
isn't fit—"
"I don't need the mare. Good
night."
"And you're not fit, either!" She
shook her head impatiently, refusing
his extended hand.

She had turned toward the opening
door and Hallard's massive entering
figure. Over her head, as he let the
door close behind him, his eyes and
Ducane's met with no more expres-
tion than they had shown some ten
hours before.
"If Mr. Ducane's got an appoint-
ment I reckon he's going to keep it,"
he drawled stolidly. "Said you wanted
to go look at the mare now she's bed-
ded down, didn't you, honey? Best
go now, before it gets darker." "Yes,
I sure do." He had crossed to
the bureau against the wall; she
looked from one to the other with her
forehead puckered perplexedly. "But,
Uncle Dave, tell him he just can't go.
And—and—say, you haven't said as
much as a 'thank you' to him for get-
ting me through that awful fire yet!"
"Reckon if you've done it he don't
want to hear me do it none," returned
Hallard.

"Speaking o' that appointment—"
he drawled again. Ducane, straighten-
ing, turned upon him.
"I'm keeping it," he retorted brusque-
ly.
Hallard waved a huge hand.
"Me having raised you," he said re-
monstratingly, "I opinion that there
don't appear much call for that remark.
The boy that was the spunkiest little
cuss in Texas before he was 12 ain't
going to pan out any different when
he's six an' twenty. Speaking o' that,
and the little game o' cards, I was go-
ing to offer the idea that we might
agree to take the last hand as a sort
of a kind of draw, so to speak."
"Reckon we might," Ducane said
slowly. "If you say so, Dave."
Hallard nodded. Absent-mindedly,
it seemed, he held out his left hand.
Ducane placed the revolver in it. Hall-
ard laid it on the table. With the
same air of detached abstraction he
held out his right hand—both winced
under the force of a grip equally
crushing. Lily spoke from outside the
door.

"You coming, Mr. Ducane?" she
called Ducane, turning toward it, turned
back.
"I want to say," he said a trifle
hushily, "that if five years ago there
was a quarrel because a young fool
that reckoned he was almighty smart
riled up a man he thought as much of,
with reason, as if he'd been his own
father, he could have kicked himself
five minutes after, and would have felt
the same if things hadn't gone the
way they did once, and that's all the
time. If I'd carried my gun this
morning and been quicker pulling it
than you, I'd likely have put another
bullet through myself before now, and
been glad to do it."
Hallard stared at the window.
"Supposing," he said reflectively—
"supposing there had been such a
you mention, because through getting
struck foolish over a widdler that he
shook him after, thanks be, and I have
heard makes her second venture hus-
tle around mightily lively!—supposing,
on account o' that, a 200-pound man
o' 52 didn't know any better than to
get rigging himself up in a jay-blue
suit an' a pink shirt an' yaller shoes
and a boy that was all the son he'd
ever had or wanted laughed fit to kill
and reckoned he took himself for a
cross between a Broadway dude an' a
fancy polliwog, seems to me his
rarin' up an' cussin' and spitting like
a tarantula wildcat made him the big-
gest fool o' the two. By several
miles! Supposing it was so." He
rumbled.

"I'm quitting my job right now,"
said Ducane.
"That's talking!" approved Hallard.
He glanced at the door; his voice
dropped to a tone mysteriously confi-
dential. "Before the little lady gets
impatient out there—this morning, if
I don't deceive myself, you mentioned
some remarks respecting a girl. Don't
know whether you're what you would
call badly stuck, or what she could
conceivably be, but if not, you an'
me bein' what you might call
friendly an' pardiners—?" He lifted
an eyebrow. "If not, seems to me
I was you, and had eyes in my head."
He lifted the door, glanced over his
shoulder. A smile slid to the grave
corners of his mouth.
"She's the girl," he said simply.
"Reckon," Hallard remarked pen-
sively, and chuckled again—"reckon
if that spunky, God a' mighty-proud,
flare-up cuss had found I'd shook the
cartridges outen the gun before I
handled it over, so it couldn't unhurt
a 6 months' tabby 'thout he'd tried to
swaller it, he'd have allowed I'd got
back on him tolerable neat for that
time he guyed me. Yes, I reckon he
would, sure!"—By C. C. Andrews.

**Stucco Brings New Life into American
Building.**
A distinctively American type of
home architecture based on principles
of sound construction has been devel-
oped in this country through the use
of stucco, is the opinion of O. A. Ma-
lone, nationally known California
manufacturer and authority on cement
stucco work.
Old world designs that have taken
centuries to develop are incorporated
in this American ideal but are not
blindly copied, he states. The use of
stucco has made possible an Ameri-
can home architecture that is superior
to that of Europe.
"This scientifically prepared cement
stucco offers possibilities for combina-
tions of color.

"They tell me your wife has gone
into politics."
"Well, she always was the speaker
of the house."—Selected.

—The Watchman publishes news
when it is news. Read it.

CENTRE HALL.
Mrs. John Tressler is a patient in
the Centre County hospital.

Mrs. J. C. Harper, of Bellefonte,
was a guest of Mrs. George Emerick
last week.
Mrs. Susan Lutz visited her sister,
Mrs. Ella Pringle, at Lock Haven last
week. While there she attended the
sessions of conference.
J. F. Moore and three companions
spent Monday night of last week at
the T. L. Moore home, on their way
to conference in Lock Haven.
Mrs. Virginia Geiss Miller, of Phila-
delphia, spent a few hours with friends
here recently. She and several com-
panions were traveling by automobile,
making the trip and return in one day.

Rev. E. E. Hazen and family, of
Spring Mills, drove to Williamsport
on Monday last week. Mrs. Hazen
and daughters spent the week with
her parents, while Rev. Hazen return-
ed to Lock Haven where he attended
the annual M. E. conference.
Miss Cora Homan returned home
from Baltimore recently. She was ac-
companied by her brother, Warren Ho-
man, who went down for her.
Miss Grace Smith, Mrs. C. A. Smith
and Miss Mazie Foster and her broth-
er, of Aaronsburg, made a trip to
Lewistown, on Tuesday of last week
in the Foster car.

—Most hopeful of all the present
signs on the world's horizon is the
amazing increase of public interest
in the Bible. More markedly than
ever, the Book is the day's "best sel-
ler." Volumes about the Bible like-
wise have a tremendous vogue. Most
newspapers print daily quotations
from the Bible. A recent journalistic
survey revealed that those who voted
overwhelmingly believe the Bible.
Magazines teem with religious arti-
cles. The Federal Council of Churches
are promoting a simultaneous, na-
tion-wide Bible-reading Revival,
the plan being that the Book of Luke
be read, a chapter a day, during Jan-
uary, and the Book of Acts during
February.

A Winner.
"What do you mean by selling me
such a bird?" asked the irate custom-
er.
"Why, was there anything wrong?"
"Wrong! It wasn't good at all!"
"Well, it ought to have been. It
won first prize in the poultry show 11
years in succession!"—The Progress-
ive Grocer.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

NOTICE OF RECEIVERS' SALE.
Notice is hereby given that the under-
signed, appointed by the Federal District
Court in and for the Middle District of
Pennsylvania, Receivers of the Central
Refractories Company, by virtue of a de-
cree of said Court, will expose to public
sale or outcry at Orviston, Centre Coun-
ty, Pa., on Saturday, April 9th, 1927,
at ten A. M., all the real estate of the
said Central Refractories Company situ-
ated in the Counties of Centre, Clinton
and Lycoming Counties, together with
the Company's Brick Plant, Office, Sheds,
Kilns, Dwelling Houses, Railroad Sidings,
being known as the Centre Brick & Clay
Plant.

ALSO the interests of the defendant
Central Refractories Company in a Trunk
Railroad connecting the plant aforesaid
with the Company's clay and coal mines.
ALSO a certain additional piece of
land, thereon erected six of the kilns and
dwelling houses.
AND ALSO all the stock of Brick
Tools, Horses, Supplies and all other
tangible personal assets belonging to the
said defendant Company.
The real estate being more particular-
ly described as follows, to-wit:
All the following messages and pieces
of ground situated in the State of Penn-
sylvania, bounded and described as fol-
lows:
1st. All that piece of land situate in
the Township of Curtin, County of Ly-
coming, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded
and described as follows, to-wit:
Beginning at a point on division line
between the lands in the warrant name
of Robert Gray and John McCauley, and
John McCauley tracts, thence along
said division line between the Robert
Gray and John McCauley North 57 de-
grees 29 minutes East 142 feet to the
North 28 degrees East 693 feet to the
place of beginning, containing 23.25
acres, being part of a tract of land sur-
veyed in the warrant name of John
tract of land; thereon erected the Main
Plant, office, blacksmith shop, kilns, and
some of the tenement houses of the
Centre Brick and Clay Company.
2nd. All that lot of land situate in
Curtin Township aforesaid, beginning at
the point 180 perches West of the North-
east corner of the Jesse Brooks survey;
thence South 230 perches to a post,
thence West 220 perches to a post, then
North 200 perches to a post, thence East
320 perches to the place of beginning,
containing 460 acres; and being part of
the Rebecca Kelso tract of land.
3rd. All that tract of land situate in
the Township of Curtin aforesaid, begin-
ning at a stone in the warrant name of
Bank of the Three Rock Run, being the
official corner of three tracts of land,
namely, the William Gray, William Gray
and William Gray, thence North 27 de-
grees West 320 perches to stones,
thence South 63 degrees and 30 minutes
East 220 perches to stones, thence South
27 degrees East 322 perches to stones,
thence North 63 degrees East 220 perches
to stones, the place of beginning. Con-
taining 440 acres; and being that tract of
land surveyed in the warrant name of
William Gilbert.
4th. All that certain tract of land situate
in the Township of Curtin aforesaid,
containing 175 acres; and being the
Southern half of a tract of land surveyed
in the warrant name of Jonathan
Whiting.
5th. All that lot of ground situate in
the Township of Curtin aforesaid, bound-
ed and described as follows, to-wit:
Beginning at a post on the North side
of the right of way of the New York
Central Railroad at the intersection of the
said right of way with the property line
of the Centre Brick and Clay Company,
thence by said right of way South 67 de-
grees 30 minutes East 200 feet, thence
North 57 degrees 45 minutes East 265 feet
to the South Bank of Beech Creek, thence
by said Beech Creek in a Westerly di-
rection about 250 feet to the line of the
said Centre Brick and Clay Company
South 57 degrees and 45 minutes West
365 feet to the place of beginning. Con-
taining 12 acres more or less; and being
part of a certain piece of land containing
8 acres more or less, of which the above
described part is the nearest to and im-
mediately adjacent to the main manu-
facturing plant of the Centre Brick and
Clay Company.
6th. All that lot of ground situate in
the Town of Orviston, Township of Curtin
aforesaid, bounded and described as fol-
lows:
Beginning at a post on the South Bank
of Beech Creek, thence by property line
of the Centre Brick and Clay Company
South 57 degrees 45 minutes East 365
feet to post on right of way by the fol-
lowing courses and distances: South 67
degrees 30 minutes East 400 feet; South
56 degrees 15 minutes East 500 feet;
South 48 degrees East 720 feet; South 22
degrees 30 minutes East 1100 feet to a
stone; thence North 63 degrees, thence
by land of the Hayes Run Fire Brick
Company North 69 degrees East 100 feet

to the South Bank of Beech Creek;
thence by the several courses and dis-
tances along the South side of Beech
Creek, to the place of beginning. Con-
taining 8 acres more or less.

RESERVING
EXCEPTING AND
RESERVING
therefrom six lots situate on Clinton and
Lycoming streets, thereon erected 6 single
2-story houses, with slate roofs; being the
same lots which J. Ellis Harvey et ux
conveyed to S. M. Smith by Deed of In-
dequency dated November 24, 1913, and re-
corded in Centre County in Deed Book
116, page 619.
7th. All that message or lot of land
situate in the Town of Orviston, Town-
ship of Curtin aforesaid, bounded and
described as follows, to-wit:
Beginning at a post on the South Bank
of Hayes Run, thence South 27 degrees
West 230 feet, thence South 63 degrees
East 100 feet along the public road lead-
ing from Orviston to Monument, thence
North 27 degrees East 200 feet to a chest-
nut on the Bank of Hayes Run, thence
North 49 degrees and 30 minutes West
North 27 degrees East 200 feet to a chest-
nut, thence by the line between and oc-
cupied by the Superintendent of the
Centre Brick and Clay Company.
8th. All the message or lot of land
situate in the Township of Curtin, Coun-
ty of Centre, and being all that portion
of a tract of land surveyed in the war-
rant name of Rebecca Kelso lying and
being within the county of Centre, and
being the lands of said warrantee
tract lying West of the Clinton County
line.

9th. All those three separate mes-
sages, tenements and parcels of land and
interest therein described as follows:
(a) One thereof, in the Township of
Galloway, County of Clinton, and State
of Pennsylvania, lying on the West side
of the Jersey Shore and Coudersport
Turnpike, beginning at the Northeast
corner of the Robert Morris warrant No.
4046 on the said old Turnpike; thence
West along the line between and oc-
cupied by the Superintendent of the
Centre Brick and Clay Company, to a
line marker by the Tanning Company for
hemlock bark and wide enough along the
said Centre Turnpike to make fifty acres
with lines parallel to and with the said
Fredericks line. Containing 50 acres be
the same more or less.
(b) All the minerals, coal, oil, ore, gas
and fire brick clay on all those portions
of two tracts of land situate in Galloway
Township, County of Clinton and State
of Pennsylvania, surveyed in the war-
rant name of Robert Morris, No. 4046 and
Robert Morris No. 4058, said two pieces
of land containing an aggregate of 819 1/2
acres.
The third purport being a certain
message or tract of land situate in the
Township of Cummings, County of Ly-
coming, bounded and described as fol-
lows:
Beginning at a stone the Southwest
corner, thence by tract No. 4025 of the
warrant name of John Nicholson,
North 46 degrees East 118.8 perches
to a hemlock, thence by warrant No.
4025 North 46 degrees East 118.8 perches
to a hemlock, thence by warrant No.
4025 North 46 degrees East 118.8 perches
to a hemlock, thence by warrant No.
4025 and by the William Morris South 46
degrees East 40 perches to hemlock,
thence by land formerly of Samuel Sincik
South 46 degrees West 116 perches to
stone; thence by the Jersey Shore and
Coudersport Turnpike in said place the
division line between the Counties of
Clinton and Lycoming North 50 degrees
West 40 perches to the place of begin-
ning, containing 29 acres and 56 perches,
be the same more or less, and being the
Northeast end of the tract in the war-
rant name of Robert Morris No. 4046,
and immediately adjacent to the purport
described in (a) and (b) of this item.

**TERMS OF SALE AS DIRECTED BY
THE COURT being as follows:**
Ten per cent. of the purchase price on
the day of sale. The remainder of one-
third of the said purchase price on con-
firmation by the District Court of the
sale or sales. The remaining two-thirds
to be secured by two bonds, one-third
payable in one year with interest, and
the remaining third payable in two years
with interest, said bonds to be secured
by a mortgage upon the premises. The
personal property if sold separately from
the real estate to be paid for in cash.
S. KELSEY,
W. D. ZEBBY,
Federal Receivers.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for
Chichester's Diamond Brand
Pills in Red and Gold metallic
boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon.
Take no other. Buy of your
Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25
years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

**Faulty
Elimination**

Should Be Corrected—Good Elimination
Is Essential to Good Health.

If you would be well, see to your
elimination. Faulty kidney ac-
tion permits toxic material to re-
main in the blood and upset the
whole system. Then, one is apt to
have a tired, languid feeling and,
sometimes, a toxic backache or head-
ache, and often some irregularity of
secretions, such as scanty or burn-
ing passages. More and more people
are acclaiming the value of Doan's
Pills, a stimulant diuretic, in this
condition. For more than forty years
Doan's have been winning favor the
country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

Meats,

Whether they be fresh,
smoked or the cold-ready to
serve—products, are always
the choicest when they are
purchased at our Market.

We buy nothing but prime
stock on the hoof, kill and re-
frigerate it ourselves and we
know it is good because we
have had years of experience
in handling meat products.

Orders by telephone always receive
prompt attention.

Telephone 450

P. L. Beezer Estate
Market on the Diamond
BELLEFONTE, PA.

34-34

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**Young men like
these styles!**

THERE'S something about them!
Something in the swing of the coat

Something in the
set of the shoul-
ders. Something
in the feel of the
fabric. Some-
thing in the ease
of the fit.

And that "certain
something" is what
makes young men
turn to Griffon
Clothes this spring.
The styles young
men like. And the
prices that young
men can afford to
pay!



FAUBLE'S