

HEM BIDDLE'S HOBBY

It Lost Him His Bride

By KATHARINE GRAY

"Our fellow townsman, the well known aeronaut," was the manner in which the Finchville Banner always referred to Hemenway Biddle. Mr. Biddle was the editor of the Banner, and in the great shed back of the printing office was anchored his big balloon.

On clear days after the paper had gone to press Mr. Biddle might be seen tinkering away at his balloon or else in the act of soaring over the heads of his neighbors in the car attached to the gas inflated craft.

Hem Biddle himself soared skyward because he liked the strange sensation of hanging between earth and heaven with the ever present element of danger attached thereto. As a counter-irritant to editing a country weekly newspaper he believed there was nothing like it, excepting always Amabel Paine.

At this particular moment the Banner had gone to press and was in the hands of its eager readers. Hem Biddle was scaling the airy heights, and Amabel Paine was swinging in a hammock under the apple tree in her front yard.

Amabel's eyes, blue as the sky above, were fixed dreamily on the green canopy of leaves overhead. There was one spot where she could see the sky. Suddenly across this bit of sky there raced a black blot.

"Oh, bother!" pouted Amabel, all at once remembering that she was engaged to Hem Biddle. It was rather disconcerting to recollect it, for at that very moment she had been dreamily reliving a few delicious hours spent in the company of Peter Lamb the previous evening.

The gate creaked inward, and Peter Lamb's massive form plodded sturdily down the shell path to the apple tree. Amabel watched him, delighting in the glint of sunshine on his blond head and the answering gleam in his brown eyes when they met hers. She blushed and her eyes hid themselves under drooping lids as she sat up in the hammock and allowed her little hand to rest an instant in his big one.

"I accepted your invitation to call," he laughed rather awkwardly as he sat down in a big rustic chair and tossed his hat to the grass. "You can see that I haven't waited."

Amabel's mouth curved deliciously. "I am glad," she murmured, soothing the seam of her white duck skirt.

"I'm that sort. When I want to do a thing I can't wait," he went on earnestly. "I don't believe I understand the pleasures of anticipation. I know what I want when I see it, and then I want it right away."

"Yes?" Amabel smoothed another seam.

"I'm going to shock you, Miss Paine," went on this startling young man in a determined tone.

"Please don't," she murmured.

"It sounds foolish on such short acquaintance, but you know I used to live in Finchville, and we played together when we were children. Why, we went to school together! The wonder of it all is that I should come back again and meet you at the schoolhouse dance last night and not remember your name. I suppose I used to call you Amy," he ended darily.

Amabel said nothing, and Mr. Lamb, taking a fresh grip on his courage, leaned forward eagerly. His handsome face was quite crimson with embarrassment, but his brown eyes were pools of flaming determination.

"Don't laugh, please, but I love you, Amabel. I want to marry you," he said briefly.

The girl's eyes flashed up with a startled question in their blue depths. It was as if she were questioning his sincerity. His eyes answered her.

"I can't," she whispered sadly.

"Why not?" His voice was tense. A shadow passed between them and the sun.

"That." She pointed upward.

"Why, what do you mean? It's a balloon, isn't it?" he asked in a startled tone.

She nodded. "There's a man in it," she explained.

His jaw tightened. "Ah! It's the man, I suppose?"

"I am engaged to Mr. Biddle," she said with dignity.

"Biddle! Hem Biddle of the Banner?"

"Yes."

and it is to his credit that he did not smile, for the provocation was great: "Sailing high in heaven's blue. Dearest, now I think of you. Are you thinking now of me Swinging 'neath the apple tree?"

She stood there looking half wistfully, half defiantly, at Peter Lamb when there sounded steps on the foot-path beyond the thick screen of lilacs that hedged the fence.

"Hem Biddle's sailing around. What do you make of it, Anna?" The woman's sharp voice was eagerly curious.

Another voice beyond the hedge answered. "Pretty doings, I say, to go ballooning the afternoon he's going to get married!"

"There ain't many girls would wait any longer for Hem Biddle. He's been going with Amabel six years, and any one can see that the child is tired to death of him and his freakish ways. But she's got grit, and she'll stick by her promise."

"Is what they said true?" he demanded hotly.

"Every word."

"Why do you stand it?" he blurted out.

"I was quite fond of him, and I promised, you know, and he is always so sorry. I was wondering if we could signal to him now. Ah, here comes mother!" She clasped her hands and looked apprehensively at the little roly poly gray haired woman hastening toward the apple tree.

"Amabel Paine!" cried the lady in a shocked tone. "Here on your wedding afternoon entertaining company! Oh, how de do! Peter Lamb, did you say? Little Peter Lamb, bless your heart! The last time I saw you were in knee pants and calico blouses. You'll excuse Amabel, won't you? She's going to be married at 6:30, and it's after 5 now. Come, Amabel."

She tucked her hand under the girl's arm and smiled, but it was plain that she was shocked at the unconventional behavior of the bride to be. "Have you seen Hem?" she asked quickly.

Amabel pointed upward where the balloon circled lazily against the blue sky.

Mrs. Paine's eyes narrowed, and her face flushed. "Amabel!" she cried, with tears in her eyes. "If he forgets again I shall die of mortification. I can't stand it."

Amabel's lips trembled in a smile that was near to tears.

Peter Lamb suddenly brought one fist into the palm of his open hand.

"Mrs. Paine, if Hem Biddle isn't on hand at 6:30 the wedding can go on just the same if you will listen to reason."

"What do you mean?" demanded the puzzled lady.

Peter Lamb explained volubly, and Amabel added timid words of consent.

"If Hem isn't here at 6:30," said Mrs. Paine. "Peter, you can take his place. Come, Amabel! And she bore the blushing bride away down the path to the house."

It was deliciously cool and pleasant up there in the evening sky. Delicate tints of primrose and pale rose flecked the blue and silver sunset sky. Hem Biddle, sunburned and frowny with disheveled hair, leaned against the side of the car and dreamily scanned the green earth below.

Most of the afternoon had been spent in hovering over the vicinity of the Paine place, where a certain white speck in the garden represented Amabel. An uneasiness had prevailed in his mind the last hour. There was some task unfulfilled, some promise he had not kept. What was it? He gazed dreamily at the sunset and composed another poem.

The balloon drifted a little lower in the unstirred air. There came the tinkling sound of church bells from below. It was Wednesday evening. He glanced at the little calendar in the cover of his notebook as he closed it, and his eyes bulged with horror.

It was Wednesday, the 17th, and he was to be married this evening to Amabel.

For the third time he had forgotten it. Twice Amabel had forgiven him. But now!

He looked at his watch. It was half past 6, the hour for the ceremony. He leaned over the car in an agony of fear. There was much activity about the Paine place. Little groups of people dotted the lawn, some in white. Those were women, and the dark ones were men. He guessed they were gazing up at him, waiting for him. Poor Amabel! He snatched at the rope that released the gas, and the balloon dropped earthward. Again he looked over, and now he saw that the people had streamed into the house. There was a carriage before the gate!

At exactly 7 o'clock the balloon landed in the middle of Ebenezer Paine's cornfield and destroyed about 100 stalks of prized corn.

Within the house Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lamb were receiving congratulations and answering the questions of dazed wedding guests. Mrs. Paine was explaining matters to Hem Biddle's indignant relatives and friends.

Ebenezer Paine, stiffly garbed in his Sunday clothes, creaked across the lawn, through the orchard and into the cornfield. He frowned at the broken corn, and a quizzical look came into his eyes when he saw Hem Biddle crawling out from the folds of silk that enveloped the basket of the balloon. Hem was disgracefully untidy.

"Better late than never," he said apologetically.

Ebenezer Paine smiled grimly. "You've said that three times, Hem, and I reckon the proverb's worn out. This time it's better never come at all than be late."

"But Amabel," murmured the crest-fallen aeronaut, wiping his grimy hands on his coat.

"Amabel," remarked the bride's father thoughtfully—"why, Amabel waited till 6:35, and then she married an old sweetheart who was interested enough to be there on time."

THE RULES OF THE ROAD.

A lawyer has compiled a comprehensive summary of the laws of this state bearing on the laws governing driving on the public highways of the state, which is well worthy of reproduction here. A study of these few rules of the road will be of practical benefit to all who drive either horse or motor car, and likewise all who use the highways for foot purposes.

Although it is the general custom or rule for persons meeting in vehicles on a highway to pass to the right, yet this rule was modified by the supreme court of this state as follows: When a horseman or light vehicle can pass with safety on the left of a heavily laden team, it is their duty to give way, and leave the choice to the more unwieldy vehicle."

Wherever sidewalks have been constructed in unincorporated towns, villages, or upon any public road, it is not lawful for any person to ride, lead or drive any beast of burden thereon, excepting that the owner of land in front of which a sidewalk has been laid may drive over or upon it.

A traveler may use the middle or either side of a public road at his pleasure, and he is not bound to turn aside for another who is traveling in the same direction, provided there be convenient room to pass on the one side or the other. It is only where two travelers meet about the middle of the road that the general rule of passing on the right is to be observed.

A public road is a way for foot passengers as well as carriages, but a foot passenger is bound to exercise ordinary care to avoid an accident. Drivers of vehicles are liable if they do not exercise ordinary care to avoid striking or running against foot passengers in a public highway.

Automobile drivers have the same rights on a public highway as others, but greater obligations are enjoined upon them. When necessary "to insure the safety of the users of the highway, an auto driver must sound a horn, bell or other signal device."

If the driver of a vehicle in passing through a cross street, a railroad crossing to be "negligence itself" not to do so, and that the party injured was not entitled to recover damages if his want of precaution contributed to his hurt.

The following law is broken probably more often than any other, and yet it is the one which should be given the most attention:

It is the duty of a traveler approaching a railroad crossing to look along the line of the railroad and see if any train is coming. It was held by the supreme court of this state in an action against a railroad company for damages for an injury at a railroad crossing to be "negligence itself" not to do so, and that the party injured was not entitled to recover damages if his want of precaution contributed to his hurt.

Attention Sunday Schools.

Sunday School workers in Centre county will doubtless be interested in the following information. For two years Centre county has been one of the front line counties in the state. Last year the last county in the state reached that position. This year it was hoped that every county would maintain the work. This will probably be the case except for one county. That county is Centre. In order that it make good again this year thirty schools must have taught training classes that have taken an examination since the first of October last, and before the first of next October. Of these thirty schools, but twelve have met the requirement. Unless eighteen more schools get their classes to take tests within the next two months, the county will not stay where it has been during the last two years and will be at the bottom of the list of Sunday school counties in Pennsylvania. There is yet time to redeem the county, and this is a call from the county and state associations to all Sunday school workers in the county to get to work at once and save the day for the county. There should be a teacher training class in every Sunday school in the county. If your school has none, begin to plan to get into such a class, and help out your school and county at once.

The Best Pain Killer.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve when applied to a cut, bruise, sprain, burn or scald, or other injury of the skin will immediately remove all pain. E. E. Chamberlain of Clinton, Me., says: "It robs cuts and other injuries of their terrors. As a healing remedy its equal don't exist." Will do good for you. Only 25c. at C. M. Parrish, Bellefonte, Pa.—Adv. Aug.

If you have anything to sell or want to buy anything, try our "Want Ads"

THE BOND ST MODEL

For years all your shoe-experience has told you to get a pair of Regals. Don't put it off any longer. Come and see this BOND STREET MODEL.

Note the invisible eyelets—a typical touch of Regal advanced modishness. Note the latest hand made ideas—flat sole, arch support, low heel, no pull strap—all the fashionable London look.

These points of appearance will please you—but the sturdy old fashioned wear that will bring you the most time you need shoes.

Ten Russia Calf Lace Shoe \$5.00

REGALS

A. C. Mingle

Follow the easy directions on the back of the red and green wrapper. WELLS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

GAME COMMISSIONER EXPLAINS

Editor Centre Democrat: This office of the Game Commission at this time is receiving many letters relative to when the pamphlet containing the Game, Fish & Forestry Laws will be ready for distribution, when the Resident Hunters' Licenses and tags can be secured and where they can be obtained. In these matters I desire to say that the material for both the pamphlet and the licenses, also the tags, is in the hands of the State printer, who is doing his very best to have them ready for distribution quickly, and we hope to have everything connected with hunting in the hands of the people before the first of September, although there is no special need for hunters having especially the licenses at that time as there can be no game legally killed in Pennsylvania during the month of September excepting wild water fowl and reed-birds, and these birds are so limited in numbers in the state at large that but few people attempt to go hunting.

The turtle-dove, the black-bird and the killdeer-plover formerly classed as game with an open season beginning the first of September have been placed upon the protected list and may not be killed at any time.

Under the law requiring resident hunters to secure a license the owner of land or the lessee of land who resides upon and cultivates that land may hunt for game upon such land without the license, and by securing permission of the owner of lands adjoining his and connected therewith may hunt upon such lands without the license. A man residing in town and owning a farm may not hunt upon that farm without the license.

County Treasurers are authorized to issue the licenses and tags either personally or through some Justice of the Peace of the County who he may authorize to represent him. Justices can only receive these licenses and tags through an arrangement made with the County Treasurer. The license secured from the County Treasurer will cost \$1.00. The license secured from a Justice will cost \$1.15. No prosecutions will be authorized by this office, for hunting without a license, until the State has supplied the proper forms to the County Treasurers and the people been given a chance to secure same.

Respectfully yours, JOSEPH KALBFUS, Secretary, Game Commission.

Centre County Folks Hold Picnic.

The Centre county folks living in Union county held their first annual picnic in Spielmyer's grove east of Hartleton on Saturday, Aug. 9th. The weather being threatening in the morning a goodly number did not arrive, yet two hundred were present and enjoyed the day. They voted to form a permanent organization and elected the following officers: Pres. A. N. Neese, Hartleton; Treas. F. E. Bowersox, Millburg; secretary, Geo. Harter. It was voted to hold the picnic annually. These gatherings will not only be for the Centre county folks, but everybody is invited to attend.

ANTY DRUDGE

His Wife—"Come out from under that, George! Your clothes will be all covered with grease again, and you know it won't come off. We'll walk home."

Anty Drudge—"Let him fix it, Dearie; and don't fear the grease. Fels-Naptha will take out all the grease spots and stains. It's as good for cleaning garments as it is for washing clothes."

Fels-Naptha Soap is the easy way by which you can free yourself from the drudgery of the old-fashioned washday.

What is that drudgery? You know.

Boiling clothes, making fires, hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha Soap does all the work that you would have to do. And it does it in cool or lukewarm water, without hot fire, without hard rubbing.

Have you the will to cut loose from the old ways—to free yourself from this drudgery?

Follow the easy directions on the back of the red and green wrapper. WELLS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

For the Small Investor

We offer high grade Municipal Bonds in amounts of \$100, \$200, \$500, yielding from 4.25% to 4.70%, which are recommended to the investor having less than \$1,000 to place.

The bonds are secured by the good faith and credit of municipalities, school districts and counties. Principal and interest are to be paid out of taxes levied when the bonds were issued.

A Special Circular describing these issues has been prepared and will be mailed on request.

Mellon National Bank

Bond Dept. Pittsburgh Robert D. Coard, Mgr. Ernest Crist, Asst. Mgr.

Designed and Patented in 1887

The Standard Ever Since

CORTRIGHT METAL SLATE

Roofs put on twenty-six years ago are as good as new to-day, and have never needed repairs. What is the result? Why practically every other shingle manufacturer is trying to imitate it, so be not deceived—look for the words "Cortright Reg. U. S. Pat. Off." embossed on the corrugation. It is put there for your protection. Accept no substitute.

For Sale by
CORTRIGHT METAL ROOFING COMP. NY, PHILA. ALPHIA, PA.
50 North 23rd Street.

Labor Day AT THE Shore

SPECIAL 15-DAY EXCURSION

ATLANTIC CITY

Wildwood, Cape May
Ocean City, Angelsea, Sea Isle City, Holly Beach, Avalon, Stone Harbor
NEW JERSEY.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1913

\$7.45 Round Trip Via Delaware River Bridge
\$7.20 Round Trip Via Market Street Wharf From Bellefonte

Tickets good going on all regular trains (except limited express trains) and good returning until September 12, inclusive. Tickets from Watsontown, Lock Haven, and intermediate points will be accepted on train No. 62, leaving Williamsport 11:05 P. M., August 28. Tickets from Troy, Cogan Valley, and intermediate stations will be accepted on last train on August 28, connecting with No. 62 on that date.

STOP-OVER ALLOWED AT PHILADELPHIA.

For full information concerning leaving time of trains, consult time tables, small hand bills, nearest Ticket Agent, or DAVID TODD, Division Passenger Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

FITZ-EZY

THE LADIES' SHOES

- THAT -

CURES CORNS

SOLD ONLY AT

Yeager's Shoe Store,
HIGH STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

EVERY MAN

Every man should have intimate relations with a good bank, ready at all times to help its patrons. Let us open an account with you. We may prove to be a friend when you need one.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

The Centre Democrat \$1.00 a year