

Converting Gwendolyn.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.
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At twenty Gwendolyn Rand was undeniably a personality to be reckoned with.

"I don't see where you get such ways, Gwendolyn," complained her mother. "Why, at your age I"—

"Yes, indeed," corroborated Mr. Rand, "at your age, Gwendolyn, your mother had settled down—she wasn't running around after all the young men in the neighborhood."

"Oh, daddy," remonstrated Gwendolyn. "I think you might be a little more gallant."

"Well, well, the young men weren't all running after her, then," amended Mr. Rand, softening at the hurt look in Gwendolyn's big brown eyes. "But it doesn't look well either way. I can't understand where"—

"Mother was brought up in a convent, you remember. I'm the product of coeducation," ventured Gwendolyn in explanation.

"H'm," reflected Mr. Rand. "That may be the reason, but the remedy is your Aunt Abiatha."

Gwendolyn gave a little gasp of apprehension.

"Yes, my dear," continued Mr. Rand, "your mother and I have decided to send you down to Florida to spend the winter with your Aunt Abiatha."

"She will teach you the things a girl of your age ought to know, daughter," added Gwendolyn's mother dolefully, "things which I have somehow failed to make you take an interest in."

"In other words, I'm to be sent to a convent," exclaimed Gwendolyn as she swished out of the room, her head high in air, but her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Aunt Abiatha's spacious, old fashioned house merited kinder verdict than Gwendolyn bestowed upon it at first glance. Once up in her cozy bedroom, however, with its chintz covered four poster and French windows opening out on to a little rose covered porch the girl's heart melted in spite of herself, and she threw both arms around Aunt Abiatha, completely submissive—for the time being.

But after the novelty of dusting, sewing and cooking began to resolve itself into routine Gwendolyn suddenly balked.

"Now I know how to do all these prosaic things, Aunt Abiatha," she argued, "what's the use of doing them day after day? There are so many real live things to do in the world. Let's give a garden party or something, Aunt Abiatha. Are there any male inhabitants in Centerville that we could hire to come, do you think?"

"Gwendolyn, my dear, how you talk! Of course there are," Aunt Abiatha was startled into admitting. "There's young Jack Hayward for one."

"What's he like?"

"Very thoughtful and polite," replied Aunt Abiatha loyally. "He comes of one of our best families."

"Poor thing!" muttered Gwendolyn.

"What did you say, dear?"

"I asked what he does for a living?" prevaricated Gwendolyn unobtrusively.

"Why, he manages his father's estate, of course. He's a country gentleman."

"Oh," commented Gwendolyn indifferently, "he must be a very provincial kind of person! I don't think I should like him."

"Well, of all things, Gwendolyn!" bristled Aunt Abiatha. "Of course you'd like him. Every one does. I'll ask him to call."

An afternoon or two later as Gwendolyn was reclining in the hammock on her little porch engrossed in a novel she became suddenly conscious that the front doorbell had been ringing for some time. On the veranda below she could hear Aunt Abiatha rocking to and fro.

"The front doorbell's ringing, Aunt Abiatha!" she called, jumping up. "If it's that 'polite and thoughtful young country gentleman,' please don't disturb me. I'm in the midst of an awfully exciting love story."

A hearty masculine laugh followed Gwendolyn's declaration.

It aroused her curiosity, but also her indignation, and she re-established herself in the hammock, determined not to display the slightest interest, whatever happened.

But the next thing she heard startled her into a sitting posture.

"Now, Aunt Abiatha, will you introduce us?"

Gwendolyn, walking to the rail of the porch, could hardly believe her eyes. There, on the roof of the veranda, not ten feet away from her, sat an extremely good looking young man. And there on the lawn stood Aunt Abiatha, the picture of dismay and disapproval.

"Gwendolyn," she called up, "this is Mr. Heyward. Jack, my niece, Miss Rand. I never saw such goings on in my life. Go right into your room, Gwendolyn!"

Gwendolyn did not budge. She only laughed and laughed, until Aunt Abiatha finally joined in.

But such a triangular situation was not over encouraging, especially since Aunt Abiatha refused to leave her angle of observation, so eventually they all adjourned to the downstairs veranda for afternoon tea.

"So you're a cumber, Mr. Heyward?" Gwendolyn observed archly, taking advantage of Aunt Abiatha's absence in the kitchen.

"Given sufficient incentive—yes," Jack answered lightly. "I couldn't stand down there below, you know, and let a fellow in a book get ahead of me."

"Get ahead of you?"

"Well, absorb your interest to the exclusion of a real human being," explained Jack.

"You took an awful risk," laughed Gwendolyn.

"Oh, that was nothing," Jack boasted. "I'm used to all sorts of athletic stunts, you know."

"That isn't the kind of risk I meant exactly," Gwendolyn enlightened him.

"Well, how did you like him?" beamed Aunt Abiatha after the caller's departure.

"Not very well," said Gwendolyn, shaking her head dubiously. "He's so bold and conceited."

"But, my dear," hastily interposed Aunt Abiatha, "You mustn't judge him from first appearances. Jack was a little queer today, I don't know what was the matter with him. But we'll have him in often, and you must be polite to him, Gwendolyn."

And that was how a most audacious courtship came to be carried on right under Aunt Abiatha's eyes.

"Gwendolyn," asked Jack dreamily one sunny morning as they sat together in the fragrant rose garden, "how did you ever happen to come down to this quiet little spot anyhow? I should imagine you'd love all the gay things of life—dances, theaters, dinners and all that, you know. Don't you?"

"No, you're all wrong," answered Gwendolyn slowly, hiding her face in the flowers she had gathered. "I love something quite different."

For a few minutes the birds in the garden had it all to themselves, so suddenly still were the two people who sat there.

"Gwendolyn," Jack finally found himself asking in a husky voice quite unlike his own, "do you really love it down here—the quiet, lazy life we lead?"

Gwendolyn nodded, but did not lift her face.

"Love it enough to stay with me, dearest?"

Gwendolyn nodded again.

"Look up at me, you fraud," Jack commanded, taking her joyfully into his arms.

"I can't," Gwendolyn protested, blinking. "There's something in my eye."

"Oh, let me get it out, sweetheart," implored Jack sympathetically. "What is it, darling?"

"A tear, I think," confessed the mischievous Gwendolyn.

Half an hour later Jack sat talking with Aunt Abiatha on the porch. Gwendolyn was scribbling her daily line to her mother.

"Read that, Aunt Abiatha," the girl called suddenly, holding out a sheet of note paper. "It has something about you in it."

And this is what the astonished Aunt Abiatha read:

Dearest Mother and Dad—I want you to come down here just as quickly as you can. I am to be married at Aunt Abiatha's two weeks from today. The wedding will be very quiet. Aunt Abiatha fully approves of my engagement—in fact, she has done everything in her power to bring it about. Please bring my trousseau along with you. Your loving,

GWENDOLYN.

P. S.—His name is Jack Montgomery Heyward, and he's just as nice as his name. I can cook and sew and dust. G.

He Liked the Sound.

Mr. Goff has a humor peculiarly his own. He looks at the world in a half amused, half indulgent manner sometimes very annoying to his friends. One day when in town he dropped into a restaurant for lunch. It was a tidy although not a pretentious establishment. After a good meal he called for the waitress and inquired what kind of pie could be had.

"Apples, peaches, strawberries, blueberries, plum, peach, pie, strawberry shortcake," the young woman repeated glibly.

"Will you please say that again?" he asked, leaning a trifle forward.

The girl went through the list at lightning rate. "And strawberry shortcake," she concluded, with emphasis.

"Would you mind doing it once more?" he said.

The waitress looked her disgust and started in a third time, pronouncing the words in a defiantly clear tone.

"Thank you," he remarked when she had finished. "For the life of me I can't see how you do it. But I like to hear it. It's very interesting, very. Give me apple pie, please, and thank you very much."—Youth's Companion.

Recognized Likeness.

A Parisian dandy of the first water, the Comte de S., had a crayon picture of himself made, which he afterward pretended to find fault with.

"It does not bear the slightest resemblance to me," he said, "and I will not take it."

The artist protested, but all to no avail. "All right, monsieur," he remarked finally, "if it is not at all like you, of course I can't reasonably expect to get paid for it."

After the count had left the painter added to the portrait a magnificent pair of ass' ears and exhibited it to the gaze of the curious public.

It had not been long so exposed when the count broke into the artist's studio in a towering rage and, finding that threats availed him nothing, at last offered to buy it at a considerable advance upon the original price.

"It was not strange that you failed to recognize your resemblance to the picture at first," said the painter, determined to be revenged for the slight put upon his work. "But I knew you would notice the likeness as soon as I added these ears."

The Rice God.

In the Malay peninsula, after a general proprietary service has been held as an "apology" to the rice for cutting it, the "rice soul" is diligently sought. First the spot where the best rice grows is selected; then seven stems are chosen, each having seven joints. Within this sacred bundle resides the soul of the whole precious field, and, dressed in swaddling clothes like a live infant, it is borne home in a basket and tenderly, reverently, placed on a new sleeping mat.

After the rice harvest in Ceylon the priests take a little old god called Marell down to the river. A hole is dug where the water is shallow, and into this is crammed a bag of dry rice, with the god placed on top. The saturated rice expands, forcing the image upward, so that in about fifteen days it comes to the surface and is welcomed as a new god with acclamations of great joy.

Both in China and Japan are held special festivals of thanksgiving and offering of first fruits.—Los Angeles Times.

Luck in Golf.

Luck, as will readily be understood, is a factor that enters very largely into golf. Perhaps the most notable case on record is that of Jamie Anderson when competing for the championship at Prestwick in 1878. He had just teed his ball for the seventeenth drive when a little girl standing among the spectators remarked that he had unconsciously placed it just in front of the proper line. Although nobody else had noticed the fact, this proved on examination by the referee to be correct. Thereupon Anderson teed his ball again in a fresh position well behind the line and made a drive which landed him in the hole and eventually enabled him to win the match. If, however, he had played it from the original spot he would have been penalized a stroke and have lost the championship. Clearly, then, luck on the links is something to be taken into consideration whatever nonbelievers may say to the contrary.—Bailey's Magazine.

What He Was Allowed to Do.

A Presbyterian delegate who was accustomed to being sent to denominational conventions to extend fraternal greetings was delegated to the general

conference of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Rising to speak, he said it was always an interesting study to him to note the different receptions accorded him at the conventions of the various denominations.

"Whenever I attend a convention of the Episcopal church, for example," said he, "I find I can do anything I like except preach in the pulpit. When I go before the Baptist church I am accorded every privilege except that of taking communion. And," he said, with a smile, "when I appear among the Methodists I notice I am allowed every privilege except taking the collection!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Whistler's Grocery Bill.

Whistler's financial affairs were the mingled joy and terror of his friends, and the Pennells, in their "Life of Whistler," give a most amusing glimpse into this side of his life. On one occasion he had actually run up a bill of £600 with a Chelsea greengrocer, who at last called to insist upon payment. Whistler came out strong on that occasion:

"How—what—why—why, of course, you have sent these things—most excellent things—and they have been eaten, you know, by most excellent people. Think what a splendid advertisement! And sometimes, you know, the salads are not quite up to the mark—the fruit, you know, not quite fresh. And if you go into these unseemly discussions about the bill—well, you know, I shall have to go into discussions about all this, and think how it would hurt your reputation with all these extraordinary people. I think the best thing is not to refer to the past—I'll let it go. And in the future we'll have a weekly accountant-wiser, you know!"

The greengrocer left without his money, but received in payment two nocturnes, one the blue upright Val-paraiso.

Courtesy at the Pawnshop.

"You go first, Frau Meier. I can wait."

Thanks, I'd have you know I'm in no more hurry for my money than you."—Flegende Blatter.

It requires three years before many species of birds acquire their mature plumage.

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Where to buy them and buying in large quantities is what SAVES YOU MONEY

20 years of hard study in the shoe business has taught me this trick. Why should you buy your shoes from the little stores, or from people who do not know anything about shoes.

FOR EXAMPLE.

I have on sale at my store Ladies Dress Shoes at \$1.48 a pair that I will DEFY any person in the shoe business to show you or give you a better shoe for less than \$2. This shoe is made of genuine dongola kid with mat kid tops, patent leather tips, blucher cut, leather innersole, high and low heels. I will guarantee to replace any pair of these shoes that does not give satisfaction and guarantee them to be just as good as any \$2 shoe made. They will be sold at \$1.48 a pair and the reason is I know how to buy them. Come and see.

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successor to Yeager & Davis.
Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.

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DRESS GOODS.
Come early and get the first selection.

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Our stock is now complete in every department. New Massaline Silks, in all colors, \$1, 1.25 and 1.50 per yard.

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New Oyama Silks, in all colors, 40c. per yd.

ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS.
We are showing a full line of All Wool Dress Goods, in all shades and colors, from 48c. to \$2.50 per yard.

WASHABLE GOODS.
Also a full line of Washable Goods—White Waistings, Striped Madras and Gingham, Plain and Striped Linens.

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.
We are showing the greatest values in Ladies' White Shirt Waists, all new this season, from 69c. to \$3.50.

WORCESTER AND BON-TON CORSETS.
Royal Worcester Corsets in the new long models from \$1. to \$3. Bon-Ton Corsets in the long directoire models from \$3.00 up.

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and secure some of these new Spring Goods, as we will save you money.

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