

Bellefonte, Pa., November 22, 1912.

A Girl of the Limberlost.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]

"Humph! First time I ever knew you to be stumped by \$20, Elnora." said Sinten, patting her hand.

"It's the first time you ever knew me to want money," answered Einora. "This is different from anything that ever happened to me. Oh, how can I get it, Uncle Wesley?"

"Drive to town with me in the morning and I'll draw it from the bank for you. I owe you every cent of it."

"You know you don't owe me a penny, and I wouldn't touch one from you unless I really could earn it. For anything that's past I owe you and Aunt Margaret for all the home life and love I've ever known. I know how you work, and I'll not take your money."

"Just a loan. Einora; just a lean for a little while until you can earn it. You can be proud with all the rest of the world, but there's no secrets between us. Is there. Elnora?"

"No." said Elnora, "there are none. whisting to keep up my courage. I their ballots after they get them tou and Aunt Margaret have given me houestly could see that I would have marked." You and Aunt Margaret have given me all the love there has been in my life. That is the one reason above all others why you shall not give me charity. I won't touch your money, but I'll win some way. First I'm going home and try mother. It's just possible I could find secondhand books, and perhaps all the tuition need not be paid at once. Maybe they would accept it quarterly. But, oh, Uncle Wesley, you and Aunt Margaret keep on loving me. I'm so lonely, and no one else cares."

Wesley Sinton's jaws met with a click. He swallowed hard on bitter words and changed the thing he would have said three times before it became articulate.

"Elnora," he said at last, "if it hadn't been for one thing I'd have tried to take legal steps to make you ours when you were three years old. Maggie said then it wasn't any use, but I've always held on. You see, I was the first man there, honey, and there are things, you see, that you can't ever make anybody else understand. She loved him, Elnora. She just made an idol of him. There was that oozy green hole, with the thick scum broke and two or three big bubbles slowly rising that were the breath of his body. There she was in spasms of agony and beside her the great heavy log she'd tried to throw him. I can't ever forgive her for turning against you and spoiling your childhood as she has, but I couldn't forgive anybody else for abusing her. Maggie has got no mercy on her, but Maggie didn't see what I did, and I've never tried to make it very clear to her. You them if I had been dressed as they be a patient girl and wait a little long- were. We can't afford that, so I have you're all she's got but a memory, and It was pretty bad, mother." it might do her good to let her know "Well, I'm glad you got enough of

"It would kill her!" cried the girl

her! What do you mean?" ingly. "Nothing, honey. That was expect. I am sorry to hear about the just one of them fool things a man dredge. Is it really going through?" says when he is trying his best to be and they'd been married only a year. and what she was loving was what she thought he was. She hadn't really got acquainted with the man yet. If it had been even one more year she could have borne it and you'd have got justice. Having been a teacher, she was better educated and smarter than the rest of us, and so she was more sensitive like. She can't understand she. was loving a dream. So I say it might do her good if somebody that knew could tell her, but I swear to gracious I never could. I've heard her out at the edge of that quagmire calling in what you would run into! But you are them wild spells of hers off and on for the last sixteen years and imploring way I thought I would just let you the swamp to give him back to her. and I've got out of bed when I was preity tired and come down to see she didn't go in herself or harm you. What she feels is too deep for me. I've got to respectin' her grief, and I can't get over it. Go home and tell your ma. honey, and ask her nice and kind to help you. If she won't, then you got to swallow that little lump of pride in your neck and come to Aunt Maggie. like you been a-coming all your life."

"I'll ask mother, but I can't take your money, Uncle Wesley, indeed I can't. I'll wait a year and earn some and enter next year."

"There's one thing you don't consider. Elnora," said the man earnestly. "And that's what you are to Maggie. She's a little like your ma. She hasn't given up to it, and she's struggling on brave, but when we buried our second little girl the light went out of Maggie's eyes, and it's not come back. The only time I ever see a hint of it is when she thinks she's done something that makes you happy. Elnora. Now, you go easy about refusing her anything she wants to do for you."

"Uncle Wesley, you are a dear," said Elnora-"just a dear! If I can't possibly get that money any way else on earth I'll come and borrow it of you, and then I'll pay it back if I dig ferns from the swamp and sell them from door to door in the city. I'll even plant them, so that they will be sure to come up in the spring. I have been sort of panic stricken all day and couldn't think. I can gather nuts and sell them. Freckles sold moths and butterflies, and I've a lot collected. Of course I am going back tomorrow. I can find a way to get the books. Don't you worry about me. I am all

As Elnora neared her own door her

"What kept you so? I expected you

and smiled. 'It was a queer sort of a little smile and would have reached the depths with any normal mother.

"I see you've been bawling." said Mrs. Comstock "I thought you'd get your fill in a hurry. That's why ! keep out of the poorhouse we have to cut the corners close. It's likely this

Brushwood road tax will eat up all we've saved in years. Where the land especially the one at the left of the tax is to come from I don't know. It organ." gets bigger every year. If they are going to dredge the swamp ditch again they'll just have to take the land to pay for it. I can't, that's all."

"Do you think I didn't know that I was funny and would be laughed at?" she asked.

"Funny!" cried Mrs. Comstock hotiy. "Yes, funny-a regular caricature." enswered Elnora. "But there's al-ways two sides. The professor said in the algebra class that he never had a better solution and explanation than mine of the proposition he gave me. women vote." which scored one for me in spite of my clothes."

Well I wouldn't brag on myself." "That was poor taste," admitted El-



After all, she's your mother, and to find something else to brace me.

"Oh, but I haven't!" hurried on Elswiftly. "Uncle Wesley, it would kill nora. "I just got a start. The hardest is over. Tomorrow they won't be "Nothing," said Wesley Sinton sooth- surprised. They will know what to

"Yes. I got my notification today. wise. You see she loved him mightily. The tax will be something enormous. I don't know as I can spare you, even if you are willing to be a laughing stock for the town.'

"I have had two startling pieces of news today." said Elnora. "I did not know I would need any money. I thought the city furnished the books, and there is an out of town tuition also. I need \$10 in the morning. Will you please let me have it?"

"Ten dollars!" cried Mrs. Comstock "Ten dollars! Why don't you say a hundred and be done with it? I could get one as easy as the other. I knew so bulldog stubborn and set in your try the world a little and see how you liked it!"

Elnora pushed back her chair and looked at her mother.

"Do you mean to say." she demanded, "that you knew, when you let me into a city classroom and reveal the fact before all of them. that I expected to have my books handed out to me? Do you mean to say that you knew I had to pay for them?" Mrs. Comstock evaded the direct

"Anybody but an idiot mooning over a book or wasting time prowling the woods would have known you had to pay. Of course, I knew you would come home blubbering! But you don't get a penny! I haven't a cent. and can't get one! Have your way if you are determined, but I think you will

find the road pretty rocky." "Swampy, you mean, mother." corrected Elnora. She arose white and trembling. "Perhaps some day God will teach me how to understand you. He knows I do not now. You can't possibly realize just what you let me go through today, or how you let me go, but I'll tell you this. You understand enough that if you had the money and would offer it to me I wouldn't touch it now. And I'll tell you this much more. I'll get it myself. I'll raise it and do it some honest way. am going back tomorrow, the next day and the next. You need not come out. I'll do the night work and hoe

the turnips." It was 10 o'clock when the chickens, pigs and cattle were fed, the turnips hoed and a heap of bean vines was stacked by the back door.

"You look very tired, young man; are you overworked?"

"I'm studying for a minister, gir." "Well, why in the world don't you let him study for himself?

"How do you like the new church?" asked Mrs. Gottalotte as she hung one of her ropes of pearls over the goldplated electric light bracket.

"It is very beautiful," replied Mrs. wouldn't go to any expense. If we cidcastle, "but it seemed to me that the acousti s were rather bad." "Oh, didn't you like them? Me and Fosiah thought they were rather nice,

Another insurgent. "A proverb," observed the teacher, 'may be defined as any truism that Elnora again smiled that pitiful by long usage has become common MANY

> "Yes, sir," said the shaggy haired pupil; "but some proverbs are only

"Cası you think of one?" "Yes, sir; 'Brag is a good dog, but

When Women Vote. "Things will be changed when the

"Yes, I suppose they will. Probably they will insist on having rugs on the floors of all the polling places." "I wasn't thinking of that. They will nora; "but, you see, it is a case of probably want to add postscripts to

Unanswerable.

Elderly Chaperon-I cannot permit you to go with this delegation. Do you suppose men are going to pay any atfoolish young girls?

Youthful Advocate-A whole heap

more attention, if you please, than they'll pay to a lot of wise old aunties. Probably So. "What do you suppose is the real story of Danae's being killed by Jupi-

ter with a shower of gold?" "Oh, I suppose some husband in those days suddenly showed his wife enough real money to get a decent sprin : outfit and the shock brought on heart failure."

Economical Dodge. Mrs. Dooley-Oi'm takin' me twelve childhern back to Oireland an' do be gettin' their twelve tickets for the price Mrs. Murphy-Faith, an' a large fam-

Their Strong Suit. "Do you think the English suffragettes have any chance to win?" "I think they have a fighting

ily is a great savin' to a person!-

Hood's Sars parilla.

Lumbago

chance."

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