

(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Introducing "So Big" TDirk Delong) in his infancy. And his mother, Selina Delong, daughter of Bimeon Peake, gambler and gentleman of fortune. Her life, to young woman-hood in Chicago in 1888, has been un-conventional, somewhat seamy, but generally enjoyable. At school her ohum is Julie Hempel, daughter of August Hempel, butcher. Simeon is killed in a quarrel that is not his own, and Selina, nineteen years old and practically destitute, becomes a school-teacher.

CHAPTER II—Selina secures a posi-tion as teacher at the High Prairie school, in the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Kiass Pool. In Roelf, twelve years old, son of Klaas, Selina perceives a kindred spirit, a lover of beauty, like herself.

CHAPTER III.—The monotonous life of a country school-teacher at that time, is Selina's, brightened somewhat by the companionship of the sensitive, artistic boy Roelf.

artistic boy Roelf. CHAPTER IV.—Selina hears gossip oncerning the affection of the "Widow Faarlenberg," rich and good-looking. for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer. who is insensible to the widow's at-tractions. For a community "sociable" Belina prepares a lunch basket, dainty. but not of ample proportions, which is "auctioned," according to custom. The smallness of the lunch box excites deri-sion, and in a sense of fun the bidding becomes spirited, DeJong finally secur-ing it for \$10, a ridiculously high price. Over their lunch basket, which Selina and DeJong share together, the school-teacher arranges to instruct the good-natured farmer, whose education has been neglected.

CHAPTER V.—Propinquity, in their positions of "teacher" and "pupil," and Selina's loneliness in her uncongenial surroundings, lead to mutual affection. Pervus DeJong wins Selina's consent to be his wife.

CHAPTER VI .- Selina becomes Mrs CHAPTER VI.—Selina becomes Mrs. DeJong, a "farmer's wife," with all the hardships unavoidable at that time. Dirk is born. Selina (of Vermont stock, businesslike and shrewd) has plans for building up the farm, which are ridiculed by her husband. Maartje Pool, Klaas' wife, dies, and after the requisite decent interval Klaas marries the "Widow Paarlenberg." The boy Roelf, sixteen years old now, leaves his home, to make his way to France and study, his ambition being to be-gome a sculptor. come a sculptor.

place is an innovation frowned upon. CHAPTER VIII.—As a disposer of the vegetables from her truck Selina is a flat failure, buyers being shy of dealing with her. To a commission dealer she sells part of her stock. On the way home she peddles from door to door, with indifferent success. A policeman demands her license. She has none, and during the ensuing alter-cation Selina's girlhood chum, Julie Hempel, now Julie Arnold, recognizes ther.

again some time soon? Such a nice girl-woman, rather. A fine mind, too. She'll make something of herself. You'll see. Bring her next week, h'm?"

Dirk shuffled, coughed, looked away. "Oh, I dunno. Haven't seen her lately. Guess she's busy with another crowd, or something."

He tried not to think of what he had done, for he was honestly ashamed. Terribly ashamed. So he said to himself, "Oh, what of it !" and hid his shame.

A month later Selina again said, "I wish you'd invite Mattie for Thanksgiving dinner. Unless she's going home, which I doubt. We'll have turkey and pumpkin pie and all the rest of it. She'll love it."

"Mattie?" He had actually forgotten her name.

"Yes, of course. Isn't that right? Mattie Schwengauer?"

"Oh, her. Uh-well-I haven't been seeing her lately."

"Oh, Dirk, you haven't quarreles with that nice girl!"

He decided to have it out. "Listen. mother. There are a lot of different crowds at the U, see? And Mattie doesn't belong to any of 'em. You wouldn't understand, but it's like this. She-she's smart and jolly and everything, but she just doesn't belong. Being friends with a girl like that doesn't get you anywhere. Besides, she isn't a girl. She's a middle-aged woman, when you come to think of it."

"Doesn't get you anywhere!" Selina's tone was cool and even. Then, as the boy's gaze did not meet hers: "Why, Dirk DeJong, Mattie Schwengauer is one of my reasons for sending you to a university. She's what I call part of a university education. Just talking to her is learning something valuable. I don't mean that you wouldn't naturally prefer pretty young girls of your own age to go around with, and all. It would be queer if you didn't. But this Mattie-why,

CHAPTER VII.-Dirk is eight years old when his father dies. Selina, faced with the necessity of making a living for her boy and herself, rises to the occasion, and, with Dirk, takes a truck-load of vegetables to the Chicago mar-ket. A woman selling in the market place is an innovation frowned upon. Italian neighborhood weddings where they had pork and goodness knows what all, and then use them next day in the restaurant, again for the kosher

ble, bringing her voice down hard or

He found himself waiting for that emphasis and shrinking from it as from a sledge-hammer blow. It hurt his head. Miss Lodge droned. She approached

a word with a maddening uh-uh-uh. In the uh-uh-uh face of the uh-uhuh-uh geometrical situation of the ub uh-uh-uh-

He shifted restlessly in his chair, found his hands clenched into fists, and took refuge in watching the shadow cast by an oak branch outside the window on a patch of sunlight agains* the blackboard behind her.

During the early spring Dirk and Selina talked things over again, seated before their own fireplace in the High

I saw her I thought she was a dark scrawny little thing. Too bad she didn't inherit Julie's lovely gold coloring and good looks, instead of Eugene, who doesn't need 'em." "She isn't !" said Dirk, hotly. "She's

dark and slim and sort of-uh-sensuous"-Selina started visibly, and raised her hand quickly to her mouth to hide. a smile—"like Cleopatra. Her eyes are big and kind of slanting-not squinty I don't mean, but slanting up a little at the corners. Cut out, kind of, so that they look bigger than most people's."

"My eyes used to be considered rather fine," said Selina, mischievously;

sort of blowzy." He was silent a moment. Selina was silent, too, and it was not a happy silence. Dirk spoke again, suddenly, as though continuing aloud a train of thought, "-all but her hands."

not sharply inquisitive. "What's the

knitted. At last, slowly, "Well, 1 don't know. They're brown, and awfully thin and sort of-grabby. I mean it makes me nervous to watch them. And when the rest of her is cool

He looked at his mother's hands that were busy with some sewing. The stuff on which she was working was a bit of satin ribbon; part of a hood intended to grace the head of Geertje Pool Vander Sijde's second baby. She had difficulty in keeping her rough fingers from catching on the soft surhands, hardened them, enlarged the knuckles, spread them, roughened them. Yet how sure they were, and strong, and cool and reliable-and tender. Suddenly, looking at them, Dirk said, "Now your hands. I love your hands, Mother."

She put down her work hastily, yet quietly, so that the sudden rush of happy grateful tears in her eyes should not sully the pink satin ribbon. She was flushed, like a girl. "Do you, Sobig?" she said.

After a moment she took up her sewing again. Her face looked young, eager, fresh, like the face of the girl who had found cabbages so beautiful that night when she bounced along the rutty Halsted road with Klaas Pool, many years ago. It came into her face, that look, when she was brought that look into her face thought her beautiful, while those who did not love her never saw the look and consequently considered her a plain woman.

There was another silence between the two. Then: "Mother, what would you think of my going east next fall, to take a course in architecture?" "Would you like that, Dirk?"

"Yes, I think so-yes."

"Then I'd like it better than anyhing in the world. I-it mak

BELLEFONTE NEWS OF 1817.

From Edward L. Gates, a former

Bellefonte boy and now telegraph ed-itor of the Johnstown Tribune, we have received a column of excerpts which he has the honor to belong, and from Vol. 1, No. 29, of The Independ-ent Republican, published in Belle-fonte Monday, May 12, 1817. The pafonte Monday, May 12, 1011. The pa-per was found among the effects of the late S. Dean Canan, of Johnstown, by his daughter, Mrs. S. M. Miller. It was a four column folio, 11 by 17 was a four column folio, 12 by 17 men of all parties, of all sizes, whims, inches in size, and published by Hugh Maxwell at \$2.50 per annum, if not paid in advance, or \$2.00 if paid half yearly in advance, exclusive of post-ture to the best advantage—to age. 25 cents per annum was charged straighten her abberations,- to cor-

post-rider. Advertising was inserted for \$1.00 per square for three insertions, and 25 cents per square for every contin-

uation. sively to "Foreign News-from French papers received at New York, es shall be honorably fulfilled and his by the ship Comet, Capt. Center, in 36 days from Havre de Grace." Translated for the Evening Post, a lengthy story under Londan date of Feb. 2, style and manner; and it might samittee of Secrecy."

ter of the last column on the second numerous gentlemen, who are indebtpage is the anouncement:

APPOINTMENT BY THE GOVERNOR. William Tilton, Esq., (a Federalist) of the borough of Reading a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Berks.

And for editorial the paper says: We are every day compelled to notice the wonderful changes produced upon men grossly ignorant or of very face of the satin. Manual work, wa-ter, sun, and wind had tanned those common capacity, by accidental cir-hands, hardened them, enlarged the evated a short time since to the Leg-Another ad reads: islature, he was a plain homespun farmer, but not remarkable for any quality suitable to the situation, except that of professing himself a Republican. He came back among his

if he was the representative of an

the bold caption:

A WARNING.

It is probably unknown to the parents and heads of families in Bellefonte, that many of their children and of the youth under their care, are in ster, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, happy, exhilarated, excited. That the habit of assembling almost every a large was why those who loved her and Sabbath day, through the summer, on the bank and in Spring creek, at the head of the mill dam, for the purposes of diversion and amusement, to the great disgrace of a Christian Society and the annoyance of persons passing

to and from the church. Would it not be desirable to put a stop to this evil practice in future, by imposing a salutary restraint on those young persons, or enforcing the provisions of the law against such as are refractory.

S.

having taken his degrees in either Paris, London, sweet Dublin, or the city of Brotherly Love, yet, from his studious application to the higher branches of the scientific profession to pers left at specified places by the sate for her neglects, and to give to her most exquisite models of beauty, the indispensable accompaniments of

Advertising was inserted for every contin-ation. The front page is devoted exclu-the front page is devoted excluunder the caption "Report of the Com- vour of egotism to produce any of ittee of Secrecy." Under the "masthead" at the cened to him for their all of elegance and fashion, and who, through his ingenuity, have become, like the grandi flora of the parterre,-chief ornaments of the socety in which they bloom. He will therefore conclude, in the language of that great captain, General Smyth, Come on horseback, come on foot,-Come in troops-come single-Come any how, but armed!

"'Tis not ours to command success, But we'll do more-We will deserve it."

Another ad. reads:

THE EAGLE TAVERN, BELLEFONTE. James Watson, Junr.

Has removed from Irwin's Mill, Pennsvalley, to that large and comold neighbors, a few days since, so full of the Findlay cant as to be "literally running over," and he applies the terms seditious fellows, sowers of discord among the people, etc., to some and where he has everything calculatof his constituents, as impudently as ed for the accommodation of company. His Liquors are of the best quality, English rotten borough, and had serv- the bed-rooms airy and neat, the staed under my lord Castelreagh him-self. Under an italic communication was traveler, and to the public generally. Bellefonte, Pa., April 21, 1817.

\$75 REWARD.

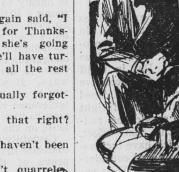
WAS stolen, on Friday night last, from the Subscriber, living in Mun-

STUD HORSE.

about nine years old; he is a dark bay, black mane and tail, a natural trotter, and is very well forehanded. He has been worked in a wagon all winter, and was taken from the wagon tongue in the town of Hollidaysburg. The supposed thief is about 25

years of age, had good clothing and a very handsome bridle, and saddlebags; he also stole a wagon saddle. The above reward will be paid on

securing the thief and horse, or fifty dollars for the horse, if brought home.



During the Early Spring Dirk and Selina Talked Things Over Again, Seated Before Their Own Fireplace in the High Prairie Farmhouse.

Prairie farmhouse. Selina had had

that fireplace built five years before and her love of it amounted to worship. She had it lighted always on winter evenings and in the spring when the nights were sharp. In Dirk's absence she would sit before it at night long after the rest of the weary household had gone to bed. High Prairie never knew how many guests Selina entertained there before her fire those winter evenings-old friends and new. Sobig was there, the plump earth-grimed baby who rolled and tumbled in the fields while his young mother wiped the sweat from her face to look at him with fond eyes. Dirk DeJong of ten years hence was there. Simeon Peake, dapper, soft-spoken, ironic, in his shiny boots and his hat always a little on one side. Pervus DeJong, a blue-shirted

but he did not hear. "She makes all the other girls look

Selina made her voice sound natural. matter with her hands, Dirk?"

He pondered a moment, his brows they're hot when you touch them."

CHAPTER IX.—August Hempel, risen to prominence and wealth in the busi-ness world, arranges to assist Selina in making the farm something more of a paying proposition. Selina grate-fully accepts his help, for Dirk's sake

Early the next week one of the university students approached Dirk. He was a Junior, very influential in his class, and a member of the fraternity to which Dirk was practically pledged. A decidedly desirable frat.

"Say, look here, DeJong, I want to talk to you a minute. Uh, you've got to cut out that girl-Swinegour or whatever her name is-or it's all off with the fellows in the frat."

"What d'you mean! Cut out! What's the matter with her?"

"Matter! She's Unclassified, isn't she! And do you know what the story is? She told it herself as an economy hint to a girl who was working her way through. She bathes with her union suit and white stockings on to save laundry soap. Scrubs 'em on her! 'S the God's truth."

Into Dirk's mind there flashed a picture of this large girl in her tight knitted union suit and her white stockings sitting in a tub half full of water and scrubbing them and herself simultaneously. A comic picture, and a revolting one. Pathetic, too, but he would not admit that.

"Imagine!" the frat brother-to-be was saying. "Well, we can't have a fellow who goes around with a girl like that. You got to cut her out, see! Completely. The fellahs won't stand for it."

Dirk had a mental picture of himself striking a noble attitude and saying, "Won't stand for it, huh! She's worth more than the whole caboodle of you put together. And you can all go to b-1!"

Instead he said, vaguely, "Oh. Well. Uh-"

Dirk changed his seat in the classroom, avoided Mattie's eyes, shot out of the door the minute class was over. One day he saw her coming toward him on the campus and he sensed that she intended to stop and speak to him-chide him laughingly, perhaps. He quickened his pace, swerved a little to one side, and as he passed lifted his cap and nodded, keeping his eyes straight ahead. Out of the tail of his eye he could see her standing a moment irresolutely in the path.

He got into the fraternity. The fellahs liked him from the first. Selina said once or twice, "Why don't you

customers?" Selina wrote Mattie, inviting her to the farm for Thanksgiving. and Mattie answered gratefully, declining. "I shall always remember you," she wrote in that letter, "with love."

Chapter XI

Throughout Dirk's Freshman year there were, for him, no heartening, informal, mellow talks before the wood-fire in the book-lined study of some professor whose wisdom was such a mixture of classic lore and modernism as to be an inspiration to his listeners. Midwest professors delivered their lectures in the classroom as they had been delivering them in the past ten or twenty years and as they would deliver them until death or a trustees' meeting should remove them. The younger professors and instructors in natty gray suits and brightly colored ties made a point of being unpedantic in the classroom and

rather overdid it. They posed as being one of the fellows; would dashingly use a bit of slang to create a laugh from the boys and an adoring titter from the girls. Dirk somehow preferred the pedants to these. When these had to give an informal talk to the men before some university event they would start by saying, "Now listen, fellahs-" At the dances they were not above "rushing" the pretty coeds.

Two of Dirk's classes were conducted by women professors. They were well on toward middle age, or past it; desiccated women. Only their eyes were alive. Their clothes were of some indefinite dark stuff, brown or drab-gray; their hair lifeless; their hands long, bony, unvital. They had seen classes and classes and classes. A roomful of fresh young faces that appeared briefly only to be replaced by another roomful of fresh young faces like round white pencil marks manipulated momentarily on a slate, only to be sponged off to give way to other round white marks. Of the two women one-the elder-was occasionally likely to flare into sudden life; a flame in the ashes of a burned-out grate. She had humor and a certain caustic wit, qualities that had managed miraculously to survive even the deadly and numbing effects of thirty years in the classroom. A fine mind, and inoclastic, hampered by the restrictions of a conventional community and the houl of a congenital spinster.

Under the guidance of these Dirk chafed and grew restless. Miss Euphemia Hollingswood had a way of

giant with strong tender hands and little fine golden hairs on the backs of them. In strange contrast to three was the patient. tireless figure ?" Maartje Pool standing in the doorway of Roelf's little shed, her arms tucked in her apron for warmth. "You make fun, huh?" she said, wistfully, "you and Roelf. You make fun." And Roelf, the dark vivid boy, misunderstood. Roelf, the genius. He was

always one of the company. Oh, Selina DeJong never was lonely on these winter evenings before her

She and Dirk sat there one fine sharp evening in early April. It was Saturday. Of late Dirk had not always come to the farm for the weekend. Eugene and Paula Arnold had side Chicago houses with their stoops, been home for the Easter holidays. Julie Arnold had invited Dirk to the gay parties at the Prairie avenue house. He had even spent two entire week-ends there. After the brocaded luxury of the Prairie avenue house his farm bedroom seemed almost startlingly stark and bare.

Selina frankly enjoyed Dirk's somewhat fragmentary accounts of these visits; extracted from them as much vicarious pleasure as he had had in the reality-more, probably.

"Now, tell me what you had to eat," she would say, sociably, like a child. "What did you have for dinner, for example? Was it grand? Julie tells me they have a butler now. Well! I can't wait till I hear Aug Hempel on the subject."

He would tell her of the grandeurs of the Arnold menage. She would in-terrupt and exclaim: "Mayonnaise! On fruit! Oh, I don't believe I'd like that. You did! Well, I'll have it for you next week when you come home. I'll get the recipe from Julie."

He didn't think he'd be home next week. One of the fellows he'd met at the Arnolds' had invited him to their place out north, on the lake. He had a boat.

"That'll be lovely !" Selina exclaimed, after an almost unnoticeable moment of silence-silence with panic in it. "I'll try not to fuss and be worried like an old hen every minute of the time I think you're on the water. . . Now, do go on, Sobig. First fruit with mayonnaise, h'm? What kind of soup?"

He was not a naturally talkative person. There was nothing surly about his silence. It was a taciturn streak inherited from his Dutch ancestry. This time, though, he was more voluble than usual. "Paula . . ." came again and again into his conversation. "Paula . . . Paula . . ." and again ". . . Paula." He did not seem conscious of the repetition, but Selina's quick ear caught it.

"I haven't seen her," Selina said. "since she went away to school the first year. She must be-let's see -she's a year older than you are. She's bring that nice Mattle home with you emphasizing every third or fifth sylla- I nineteen going on twenty. Last time

Noppy just to think of it."

-nild-cost an awful lot "

"I'll manage. I'll manage. What made you decide on architecture?"

"I don't know, exactly. The new buildings at the university-Gothic, you know-are such a contrast to the able at any time after the 14th inst. old. Then Paula and I were talking the other day. She hates their house on Prairie-terrible old lumpy gray stone pile, with the black of the I. C. trains all over it. She wants her father to build north—an Italian villa or French chateau. Something of that sort. So many of her friends are moving to the North shore, away from these hideous South-side and Northand their bay windows, and their terrible turrets. Ugh !"

"Well, now, do you know," Selina remonstrated mildly, "I like 'em. I suppose I'm wrong, but to me they seem sort of natural and solid and unpretentious, like the clothes that old August Hempel wears, so squarecut and baggy. Those houses look dignified to me, and fitting. They may be ugly-probably are-but, anyway, they're not ridiculous. They have a certain rugged grandeur. They're Chicago. Those French and Italian gimcracky things they-they're incongruous. It's as if Abraham Lincoln were to appear suddenly in pink satin knee breeches and buckled shoes, and lace nflos at his wrists."

(Continued next week.)

Yank Doughboy Introduuced Gum Habit to Europe.

Gum chewing is a seasonal pleasure in England, according to a survey conducted by the department of commerce. Beginning with January, when sales

are low, gum chewing gradually increases, reaching a peak in the sum-mer months, thereafter falling off rapidly until the next spring. Although American chewing gum

sells at twice the price of the English product, its superior qualities are such that it has little competition. France, Denmark and Scotland are

Germany fast acquiring a taste. It is a well known fact that the American army took the gum habit to Europe and planted it there appar-

ently for all time to come.

Snake Bite Now Calls for New

Remedy.

Yakima, Wash .--- In the absence of the old and well known remedy, work-men employed by the Pacific Power & Light company have been ordered to include potassium permanganate in their first-aid kits as an antidote for the bites of rattlesnakes.

-Get the Watchman if you want the local news.

Among the advertisements were the following: CENTRE BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Notice is hereby given to the stock-holders that the Directors of said bank have this day declared a divi-dend for the last six months, at the Any information directed to Munster rate of eight per cent. per annum pay-JNO. NORRIS, Cashier.

Bellefonte, 5th May, 1817.

BELLEFONTE & NORTHUMBERLAND MAIL STAGE.

Leaves Northumberland every Friday and arrives in Bellefonte on Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Leaves the house of Evan Miles, Bellefonte, early on Monday morning and arrives in Northumberland on Tuesday in time for the Reading and Philadelphia Stage. May 12, 1817.

NOTICE

That the Subscribers have severally applied to the court of Common Pleas Hon. Judge Walker has been concernof Centre county for the benefit of the several acts of Assembly of this State, made for the relief of insolvent debtors; and that the same Court hath appointed Monday, the twenty-sixth day of May, instant, to hear us and our creditors, at the Court House in the borough of Bellefonte.

THOMAS GREEN. JAMES GREEN. WM. BEATTY. JASPER MILES. THOMAS MOORE.

Centre County Jail, 2nd May, 1817. NOTICE.

Franklin B. Smith, intending to leave Bellefonte, has empowered John Blanchard, Esq., to receive all debts due him. Those indebted to him are

therefore notified to make immediate Esq., of Bellefonte, Attorney at Law, without delay, or suits will be commenced without respect to persons.

May 5, 1817. HORSE TAKEN UP.

Came to the Plantation of the Sub- ed very largely by market conditions scriber, living on the Mill Hall road and the range is within very wide three miles from Bellefonte, a Straw- limits. berry roan horse, about 14 hands high, four years old. The owner is required France, Denmark and Scotland are to come forward, prove property, pay also large consumers of gum, with charges and take him away, or he will

be sold for expenses. DANIEL WEAVER.

May 5, 1817.

A SMALL FARM FOR SALE. of Excellent land, beautifully situat-

ed, in Buffaloe valley, inquire of printer. "THOUGH LAST, NOT LEAST."

Colhoon, Taylor, informs the fashionable, the plain, the whimsical, and

the eccentric, that he, after expelling the scraps and parings from the dom-icil lately occupied by William Welch, cordwainer, removed, has been regularly appointed to succeed him as the occupant of said tenement, dwelling, or office.

Colhoon, though he cannot boast of

ZEPHANIA WEAKLAND. Munster, Cambria Co., Pa., April 14, 1817.

Printers in this and adjoining States will forward the cause of Jus-Post Office, that may assist in detecting the thief, or in recovering the horse, will be thankfully received.

FLEMING STEWART, TAYLOR,

Has just commenced business, in the house next door to Joseph Undegraff's tavern, Bellefonte.

He respectfully informs the public, that he will pay every attention to the orders of those who may please to employ him; and his work shall be done in the best and neatest manner. April 14, 1817.

SPECIAL COURT.

Agreeably to the provisions of an TO ALL OUR CREDITORS TAKE Act of Assembly passed the 15th day of March 1816, a Special Court of Common Pleas for Centre county, for the trial of all causes in which the ed as counsel, or is personally interested, is ordered, and appointed by the Hon. Judge Chapman, to commence on Monday, the 7th day of July next, and to continue two weeks if necessary, of which all persons interested will please take notice.

J. G. LOWERY, Proth'y. Bellefonte, 22d April, 1817.

Dairy Cow is Market for Farmer's Crops.

Dairying is primarily a matter of marketing, not of dairy products, but of the crops that grow on the dairy farm. The dairy farmer produces a variety of crops in a more or less definite rotation, and once produced these crops must be marketed or conpayment to the said John Blanchard, Esg., of Bellefonte, Attorney at Law, er is to prosper. The price received for milk is a factor, but a matter of far greater importance to the dairyman is the milk making or working ability of the cows that stand in his barn. The price for milk is determin-

Susceptible Audience.

Professor-"I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text

Nearly every student raised his hand

Professor—"Good! You are the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

Marriage Licenses.

John L. Houtz, Unionville, and Thelma L. Matz, Wooster, Ohio.

Joseph Elwood Pope and Cora Alice Napp, Sunbury.

Franklin C. Davis, Utica, N. Y., and Beatrice A. Decker, Geneva, N. Y.

Paul J. Reber and Alice C. Garbrick, Bellefonte.