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den never spoke to the woman in whose beds the white flowers bloomed. opponent.

It was a feud of such long standing. however, that the enemies had grown even while their elders hated.

Because of that hatred the boy and girl were forced into secrecy. They | thing of beauty. hid their good friendship, and when they walked in the red rose or the white rose garden only their eyes glances and the trysts they kept in the little grove a half mile away on father suspect." the hill were the sole outlets for the in love.

anybody," David said when he had kissed Elvira for the first time.

Elvira flushed. "But they will never let us marry, David," she said. runaway match." The boy clinched his fists. "But we can run away," he told her defimntly.

Elvira shook her head. "Mother doves me too much for that."

"I know." The defiance left Dav-Id's voice. "Father loves me, too, but he hates your mother."

They talked over the feud after land that had made the first trouble.



Their Eyes Strayed Across the Fence.

Elvira's father and David's mother

had died, still clinging to the old dif-

ferences and the other two had lived

wira said again, "so we might as well

listened with clouded eyes. "But

when they find it out," she said,

"We shall be married then," David

That night when he went home the

boy told his father of his love for

was a storm of protest. In the first

Juli David murmured: "But of course

I never can marry Elvira. It would

The old man pricked up his ears.

In the next house Elvira was tell-

Elvira's mother gazed out of the

The next day when David met El-

window. "I suppose he would hate

wira in the grove his face was radi-

ant. "What do you think father said

Elvira shook her head. She was not

"Well," David related, "he said at

radiant. Her face was white and

breakfast that he thought a man

ought to be allowed to marry the

woman he cared for. I believe he will

give his consent if he thinks it will

The tears welled up in Elvira's

hurt your mother, Elvira."

there were shadows under her eyes.

ing her mother of her love for David.

"But I never can marry him," she

said. "It would kill his father."

to me this morning?" he asked.

"Would it hurt her mother?" he ques-

"They will never let us marry," El-

to fight the battle to the bitter end.

give it up right now, David."

way, Ellvira."

"they will be furious."

stated, triumphantly,

kill her mother."

ft." she agreed.

such a game."

war,' " he quoted.

tioned.

On each side of the fence there was her daughter start for the trysting a little garden. There were red roses place. She knew how bitter the in the garden on the right and white thought of the marriage of these two roses in the garden on the left. It would be to the man across the seemed as if the owner of the white way. And so the summer waned and rose garden might exchange blos- the fall came, and in October the two soms with the owner of the red rose were to marry-David with his garden. But there was no exchange. father's consent, Elvira with her Bitterness and strife existed where mother's, and yet neither parent there should have been harmony, and knew of the willingness of the other. the man who owned the red rose gar- Revenge was the sword with which each hoped to pierce the heart of his

On the morning of the wedding day Elvira's mother helped the girl gray while fighting it out, and their to dress. There was no vell, no white children had waxed strong and tall, satin; but Elvira in her filmy mull, and had reached the age of loving with her fair hair in a golden coronet around her head and with a bunch of white roses from the garden, was a

The mother was in a flutter of excitement over the supposed runaway. "You go on and meet David," she strayed across the fence. These said, "and I will come after you to the church. It won't do to let David's

On the other side of the fence the emotions that were beginning to pos- old man was giving similar advice. pess them deeply. In fact they were "You go and meet your girl," he advised, "and I'll go down to the church "It's no use trying to hide it from after you. It won't do to let her mother know." Then he brought out a bunch of red roses. "She'd better have a bride's bouquet, even if it is a

Into the dim country church an hour later came the young couple. The bride was fresh and sweet in her snowy finery; and in her arms she carried great bunches of roses-red and white and fragrant. The bridegroom, with his head up, looked as if he defied the world to take her from him. The minister brought with that, of the quarrel about the strip of him a couple of servants to act as witnesses and the footsteps of the five persons echoed through the stillness. Then, as the young pair stood before the man of God, the silence was broken by a careful tiptoeing in the aisle to the right and a careful tip-toeing in the aisle to the left. The red flamed into David's face, but Elvira was white. The minister began the service, and back of that happy trio two old persons, caught in the net of their own evil passions, glared at each other across the empty pews. But as the service went on the flashing glances softened-none could



USES FOR RIBBONS WEAR SHIRT WAIST RIGHT It Should Suit Your Style, Be Put on Properly and Pinned Where

HERE FASHION HAS DRAWN THE LINE TIGHTLY.

It Belongs.

Each Season Demands Changes, the Majority of Which Are Easily Accomplished-Color Scheme Al-

ways to Be Remembered.

It might seem at first thought that the correct use of ribbon is one of the easiest things in life, but each season ushers in its own especial use of the different widths, if not of particular kinds and qualities, all of which block the way to success through past experience.

To say that the sash is to be worn is not to mean necessarily the 12-inch ribbon that meant "sash" a few years ago; and to proclaim the hat with the ribbon bow is not to tie any sort of a little bow and believe one's self walking the rope of fashion.

Fashion draws her rope tightly, and makes little allowance for deviations from its difficult way.

The ribbon as a sash is admitted when in its softest form it hangs in two long slim ends, very much as if it were bias liberty. To accomplish this effect the ends are tied sometimes into knots, with end, and again into actual bows, which weight them into a graceful fall.

Ribbon may also be folded successfully into the sash for the waist girdle, when, for this use, also, it is of a liberty quality.

The hat bow of the season demands breadth of ribbon and crispness of quality.

Ribbon has been used successfully as a tunic edge for the marquisette and chiffon drapery of the figured foulard gown, and it is the color touch on many a pretty garden party frock.

Here, if anywhere, is ribbon at its best. The buttonholed slot provides successful openings for the slipping in and out of folded wide ribbons and of two-inch ribbon velvets. These are used in gayest colors on the handsome white or ecru frock and on the bowersprigged or embroidered mull and the dotted swiss. Black or lavender ribbons slipped into the natural eyelet spaces in black and white embroidered robes are an unusual treatment

"If you're going to wear a shirt waist, wear it right!" was the emphatic remark of one girl to another, as she surveyed disapprovingly the blouse worn by another, which "skewed" in the back and was baggy under the arms where it should have been taut and trim. In the first place, suit your shirt waists to your style. To some the

severely tailored waists are infinitely more becoming than any other; while to another contingent the more elaborate, "dressy" modes are in better correspondence with the wearer. Discover which kind is best for you and hold to it. Then, as to accessories. Frills and

pleatings may not be "your style;" jabots and cascades no better. A short jabot may be becoming and one that falls below the bust line much less so. This is a discovery you are to make for yourself, and having made it, don't be tempted from your knowledge.

Don't think because you wear "just a shirt walst" you can get into it any old way. Put it on properly, pin it down where it belongs; establish close connections with it and the skirt; make it do you credit. A ten cent percale will look better and have more style properly put on than a hand embroidered linen that isn't. And don't



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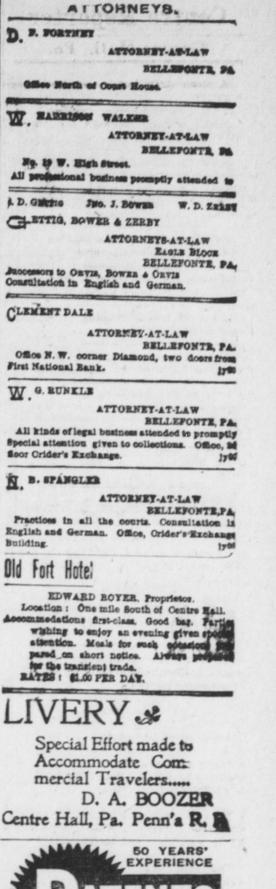
A Heterogeneous People. India is not a nation, but simply a collection of heterogeneous people. The mass of the population in spite of their sun-tanned skins, are Aryans, but the yellow race is represented on the northeast borders, while the Caromandel coast section consists in large part of the colored race.

Street Number on Church.

One of the churches near the crest of Murray Hill, New York, has adopted a street number so that strangers may find it with no more difficulty than they encounter in reaching a shop they may be looking for. This church is now indicated in the directory by its number in Fifth avenue.

Old-Time Clocks Built to Last. A pendulum clock made in 1622, and once owned by Cromwell, is preserved today in Philadelphia; and another. made in Germany in 1640, was not long ago doctored by a Yankee clockmaker, and is running for six months at a time without winding.

Peculiar Trick of Lightning. Lightning played a curious trick with a funeral procession near Limoges, recently. It struck the church and burned the altar cloth. Outside the church a girl was killed and four bearers of the coffin were knocked down.



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strength and remain hardened. Into the eyes of Elvira's mother came tears. She leaned her head on the back of the pew in front of her and wept.

David's father cleared his throat. "What God hath joined together," said the minister, "'let not man put

hear the beautiful words that joined

youth and beauty with youth and

asunder.'" The service over, Elvira almost ran down the aisle. But it was the aisle

to the left, and it was to David's father that she ran. "Forgive us; oh, please forgive us,"

she said. In the aisle to the right David held

a little weeping woman to her arms. a little woman with the hatred all gone out of her heart. And presently the couple in the left aisle went to meet the couple in the right aisle, and the old woman was saying: "My son." while the old man muttered: "My daughter.

Then they all went out of the "I never give anything up," the church together, and as they went boy said, doggedly. "I will find a their way was marked by the falling petals of the roses-red and white. The next day they met in the same and white and red intermingling now place, and David had a plan. Elvira in perfect harmony.

Have No Sense of Direction.

"People brought up in the city have no sense of direction," said a lawyer who was raised in the country. "In the camping and hunting seasons you will notice it is always they who are Elvira. As he had expected, there getting lost in the woods. In a recent case I had occasion to examine fourteen or fifteen witnesses as to the exact situation of an encounter between two men. They all lived within a few blocks of the place, a crossing of two streets, and knew the surroundings well enough to describe the buildings on all four corners, but whether the bank was on the northwest or southwest corner, or whether the trolley car from which they had all seen one of the men alight was going west or north they didn't have the slightest idea. And yet they were all intelligent enough to point out on the city map what corners they had in mind."-New York Sun.

How He Disappeared.

"I have been awfully worried all day," said she as she pushed the largest chair toward her caller. "This morning a man came to the door and asked if he might open the window and mend the pipe outside. I said. 'Certainly,' and left him at the open window while I went to wash my dishes, and when I came back there was the open window, but no man. I eyes. "Oh, David," she murmured. "It ran to it, looked out and down the does not seem right for us to play area, seven flights, and all over the adjacent window sills, but not a sign But David took her in his arms and of the man. I looked up on the roof consoled her. "'All's fair in love and as far as I could see, but he wasn't there. He wasn't anywhere. What It was interesting after that to do you suppose became of him? It

see the part that the elders played has worried me all day." In the little comedy. David's father "He might possibly have opened chuckled over his son's progress in the door while you were in the kitchhis love-making-not because his son en and walked out," her caller sugwas happy, but because the outcome gested, quietly.

would make his enemy unhappy. El- "So he might," cried she. "It never wira's mother smiled when she saw occurred to me!

of the summer frock for those who wear light mourning.

Always successful as summer neckties are the medium widths of soft ribbon, whether tied in a bow or knotted into a four-in-hand.

Color enters largely into the successful use of ribbon, and not alone are the brightest tones called into requisition in the furbishing of hat and gown. The French are fond of a certain deep prune ribbon on black hats, and the combination is not far from ravishing so unusual is it. Black ribbon on the dark blue hat or on the gray hat is as successful as certain combinations of black moire ribbon with burnt straw and with ecru raffia fabric

Changeable ribbons, last of all, because they are the newest and also for reasons of convenience. Straws are not easy to match and neither are materials, and the two-toned ribbon is frequently the only possible hat trimming that will shade harmoniously into both.

ATTRACTIVE REST SLIPPERS

The Mule Shape in Persian or Paisley Patterned, Silk Is Most Admired.

Attractive looking "rest" slippers for the girl whose feet trouble her are of mule shape in Persian or Paisley patterned soft but firmly woven slik. For feet that are very sore or greatly swollen the most comfortable slippers are the low cut strap affairs, resembling sandals, made of fine kid and equipped with thin, flexible soles. There are also heelless slippers of satin which will fold up and may be carried in a shopping bag of ordinary dimensions, and less expensive replicas of the same model can be made of suede, which affords rather more support to the feet. If a girl wishes to have rest slip-

pers to match her various negligees she may have them made of the same materials, and if she cares for still more elaborate footgear of a similar type she may embroider pongee, braid fine flexible kid or hand paint satin tops, the pattern for which may be procured from the cobbler who is to attach them to soles.

Linen Pincushion,

Round pincushions are just now considered very smart. They are made of embroidered or lace-trimmed doilies and are not in the least difficult unless one is sufficiently ambitious to do one's own embroidery.

A small circular cushion that is not very thick through is used and the doily is placed flat over this. It should be much larger than the cushion, so that the edge extends beyond the cushside is open in the middle and fastened be laundered.



This waist may be made of either striped or plain linen, and in either case is trimmed with bands of plain linen ornamented with soutache and buttons. The sleeves are finished with deep

cuffs trimmed to correspond. The collarette and wrist ruffles are of linon or batiste

SOME NOVELTIES IN HATPINS

Roosters, Pheasants and Owl Heads, Some With Combs and Feet of Colored Jewels.

The woman who can not stand for Chantecler hats can achieve a touch of the barnyard in her hatpins. There are roosters, pheasants, owl heads galore, from cheap ones of small size in imitation enamel or silver to huge

affairs in rhinestones with combs and feet of colored jewels. Some of these rhinestone pins are three inches long from comb to claws. Usually they present a side view when in the hat, occasionally they are set to look as if just stepping forth for a morning crow, showing both sides of the body studded.

Huge colored enamel hat pins have superseded rhinestone ones for the moment, though the former when of good quality are always in style. A good-looking one has a large heart worked out in various tones of red enamel delicately lined with gold.

The girl who would make sure of having her powder puff ever with her now carries it in her hat pin. So huge are some of the new pins that there is room for quite a sizeable powder puff, when the hinged lid is lifted. So skillful is the workmanship that none but the initiated suspect the complexion safeguard.

With a set of these pins one can be used for powder, the second for nall polish or rouge and the third for tiny chamois.

Origin of "Weeping" Plume.

The weeping feather is said to have originated in a disastrously wet racemeeting in Paris. Uncurled feathers were brought out afterwards as a humorous allusion to the catastrophe. These melancholy decorations caught the public fancy and became immensely smart, but their lack of decoion all around. The doily is double, the rative quality soon made itself feit, under side being plain; this under and they gave place to the "plume pleureuse," which, while also untogether with buttons and buttonholes. curled, has thick and numerous fronds, The cushion can thus be slipped in which obviate the impoverished apand out readily when the cover is to pearance of the first uncuried feathers.

Efficient Courts.

A strange thing has happened in Massachusetts. The mayor of a city was accused of stealing, tried, convicted and put in jail-all within two weeks. Are there no lawyers up there, or do they have fool laws which mean what they say ?--- Philadelphia Inquirer.

Unpleasant Experience.

A young woman who was walking on the cliff at Herne Bay had an unpleasant experience. There was a vivid flash, and she felt a severe pain in the head which made her scream. It was then found that her steel hatpin had been bent and twisted by the lightning.

Lelsure.

Nearly every man says: "I don't know what a leisure moment is." And every man who says it tells a whopper, since we all have more leisure than we realize, or will admit .- Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Your Needs.

As you grow ready for it, some where or other you will find what is needful for you, in a book, or a friend or, best of all, in your own thoughts, the eternal thought speaking in your thought .- George MacDonald.

Best of All Timekeepers.

Probably the best timekeeper in the world is the electric clock in the Berlin observatory. It is inclosed in an airtight glass cylinder and its deviation is practically pil.

Seven snuff boxes were sold in London the other day for \$110,000. These prices were certainly not to be speezed at.

A new \$10 counterfeit bill is in circulation. We understand that the germs on it are genuine.

London announces that women are going to wear snake skins. Some of them will have to take off a lot of weight first.

A Chicago street car wrecked a soap wagon in the street the other day. "Desperate cases require desperate remedies."

"Handle with care" is good advice in regard to rowboats.

Aren't you glad that you still have your vacation coming?

The weather is no longer mentioned in polite society.

