

Wooing Sally Plum

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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The records of the Plum family bear witness that Sally Plum, as a baby, a child and a young girl, was different from others. She was sedate and serene from the first. She went through scarlet rash and whooping cough and measles without a complaint. She had no use for rag dolls and play houses. She did not climb trees nor play marbles with the boys.

At the age of sixteen Sally attended a Sunday school picnic which lasted all day. The only time during the day she was heard to utter a remark was when a woman asked her if she wasn't sorry she came. She replied: "Yes, ma'am," and that was all.

It was because Sally was so different from other girls that her grandfather left her \$20,000. He also left Sally's widowed mother half that amount. The two lived in a village and were the richest persons in it.

Besides being odd and different, Sally was plain of face and rather awkward of figure. At twenty she had never thought love nor talked it. No young man had walked with her. She had never read a novel, and she did not know the meaning of romance. She cooked and washed and ironed and baked and sewed carpet rags, and was serene.

What's going to happen to a plain girl who inherits \$20,000? She's going



SALLY I SHALL GET THE PREACHER NEXT WEEK.

to have offers of marriage, of course—more offers than a good-looking girl without any cash. Sally Plum began to have offers. The first came from Deacon Harper. The deacon was fifty, had four children, and was looking around for a good thing. He dropped in to court Sally. The mother left them together a whole evening, and the only words Sally uttered during the three long hours was in reply to the deacon's question as to why she was so silent. She thought for a moment and then replied:

"'Cause I've got a stone bruise on my heel!"

The deacon didn't relinquish his plans, but he felt tired. The merchant of the village was an old bachelor. He had known Sally for years and years. Considering that \$20,000, with the additional fact that her mother owned her house and that he could live there rent free, it wouldn't be a bad match for him. He also went wooing. Sally was cutting carpet rags that evening. She cut and sewed and wound them into balls, and he talked and talked. He had been to New York, Boston and Chicago. He had seen a man hung. He had almost seen a mad dog. His brother John had been robbed on the highway. All these things he mentioned in hope of drawing Sally out. She didn't draw. She kept the same sober face and silent lips from start to finish. There were times when she looked at the man, but what's a look?

The merchant worked harder to draw Sally out and break the ice than he ever had to sell \$500 worth of goods, but not a word from her until he had his hat in his hand to go. Then she made a long speech, for her. She asked:

"Did the man you saw hung kick around much?"

The third candidate was William Simms. He was twenty-three years old and worked in a sawmill. He was a plain-faced young man and not much given to talk. He came courting with a small package in his hand, and when left alone with Sally he handed her the package with the remark:

"Some spruce gum that I got off the logs this afternoon."

Sally accepted and began to chew. She was knitting that evening. Mr. Simms canted his chair back on its hind legs against the wall and said nothing further. He had killed a big black snake in the mill yards that day, but he didn't mention it. He had heard at the postoffice that arolley car in Philadelphia had run off the track and killed five passengers, but he didn't repeat it. In fact, he dozed and nodded and slept, and it was the clock striking 10 that aroused him. Sally had knit and

chewed and had a real good time. "Bring you some more gum some time," said Mr. Simms as he rose up and yawned and took his departure.

"Gum's good," was Sally's reply as she shut the door after him.

The fourth man came from a village ten miles away. He was a lawyer, about thirty years old. He was talkative and up to date. He made an afternoon call. He decided that Sally was plain, but that the \$20,000 was good. He had traveled, and he set out to arouse the girl's interest and curiosity. He told her of Niagara Falls—the great cities—the fine hotels—ocean steamers—London—Paris. She looked at him in amazement, and he was flattering himself that he was making a great impression when she opened her mouth and asked:

"Did you ever see a cow fall down on the ice on the mill pond in winter?"

He never had. He acknowledged that he never had, and Miss Sally Plum had no further use for him. She went out into the garden to weed the onion bed, and there was nothing for the lawyer to do but take his departure.

Then the fifth man came. He was a clerk from a store in another village. He was up on dress and etiquette. He was smooth of speech. He brought a bouquet with him. He raised his hat to Sally and again to her mother. He found them on the veranda, both sewing. He extracted a scented handkerchief from his pocket and did a lot of small talk. He also flattered both women. He was getting along bravely, when the mother withdrew. He began to talk about the poets, to see if Sally's approachable spot lay in that direction, and after a long hour she interrupted him to ask:

"Were you ever bit by a hyena?"

He never had been, and there was no call for the girl to say more. Then Deacon Johnson returned. He felt that he had not been explicit enough. He returned to say that in case of marriage he should buy a gilt-framed mirror for the parlor, and that the bridal tour should include Niagara falls. He had never been there himself, but had talked with a man who had, and he was going on to tell of the awful majesty when Miss Sally interrupted him to ask:

"Deacon, do you believe that 'ater bugs burrow into cucumbers?"

Then back came Mr. Simms. With out any previous warning he drove up in a one-horse wagon, handed Sally another package of spruce gum and said:

"We are going over to Scottsville to the circus."

Sally got ready without a word. On the six-mile drive hardly a word was spoken. She chewed gum and he whistled the air of a hymn. When they arrived in the town he bought gingerbread and root beer. In the menagerie they walked from cage to cage, and Mr. Simms briefly explained:

"Lion here."

"This is a Bengal tiger."

"Blamed hyena here."

"Elephants over there."

While witnessing the circus performance they had peanuts and lemonade. The clown was funny, but Mr. Simms and Sally sat, there as solemn as owls. The riding and tumbling were good, but they made no comments. When the circus was out, Mr. Simms handed over some more spruce to replace the "cut" thrown away to eat the peanuts, and they jogged home. Two weeks passed, and Mr. Simms called at the house to say:

"Sally, I shall get the preacher next week."

She didn't reply for a minute, and then said:

"William, them hyenas was awful."

"Yep."

"But the peanut was fine."

"Next week, Sally."

And Sally plum was wooed and won. Any one could have got her and her \$20,000 had they studied her. She was different, you know."

To Catch Woodcock.

He who desires to take the woodcock must put on a cloak and gloves, the color of dead leaves, and conceal his head and shoulders beneath a brown hat, leaving only two small holes to see through. He must carry in his hands two sticks covered with cloth of the same color, about an inch of the ends of which must be of red cloth, and, leaning upon crutches, must advance leisurely toward the woodcock, stopping when the bird becomes aware of his approach. When the woodcock moves on he must follow until the bird stops without raising its head. The fowler must then strike the sticks together very quickly (moult bellement), which will so amuse and absorb the woodcock that its pursuer may take from his girdle a rod, to which a horsehair slip noose is fastened, and throw this around its neck, for it is one of the stupidest and most foolish birds that are known.—Dr. Peter Belon, Sixteenth Century.

The Man and the Cigar.

You can't always tell a man by the cigar he smokes; but you can get a pretty good idea of the cigar.



MAKE OLD SKIRT DO

HANDY WHEN CALLER DROPS IN UNEXPECTEDLY.

The Woman Who is Clever With Needle Can Turn Out Almost Any Novelty, and Have It in Fashion.

If you have a neat looking bodice you can make use of the old skirt, which is still wearable, and be ready for the sudden caller, the afternoon tea, the little evening party and so on. The kimono sleeve is a graceful detail which every day grows more insistent, while the collarless neck, devised for fair youth alone, is the privilege now of almost all ages. The sleeve short at the elbow, or a few



inches below it, is absolutely necessary for a dressy effect, and the very fairies themselves seem to be responsible for the few inches of gumple and undersleeves that appear, so delicate are they in texture. Apropos of these feminine details, the woman who is clever with needle and thread may turn out almost any novelty and have it in fashion. A variety of devices is used for lend-

NEW FASHIONS IN VEILS

White Ring Dot Net With Rings in Black, Are Very Popular.

Stylish and becoming are veils of white ring dot net with the rings in black and a fine black lace border to match.

The winter's veil shows large, octagonal meshes, sometimes plain, again with big woven dots.

Care should be exercised in wearing the veils or the nose sticking through the meshes gives a grotesque appearance.

The most becoming veil is a fine mixture of black and white, tiny black dots on white net being better than white on black. These have become known as the beauty veil because so many women wear them regardless of style.

Colored net veils to match hats are shown in the shops, but conservative women wear a black or white veil more often than any other kind.

Watch Worn Like a Cuff Button.

Some of the smart new motor coats have buttonholes worked in one cuff, and in these cuff-buttonholes are inserted tiny watches which are held in place by a curved projection at the back—something like the back of an ordinary collar button. It is much easier to drop the eyes to one's cuffs to ascertain the correct time than to stop the automobile and take out a watch depending from a chain or fob. Another convenient watch is the desk watch, which has a thick back, slanted off toward the lower edge so that the watch rests at an angle of 30 degrees, making it much easier to read the time than when the watch face is flat on the desk top.

Sleeves.

The kimono sleeve is being seen in dresses and separate waists, also in many coats.

In dresses and waists there are the bishop sleeve, the sleeve with a little fullness above the elbow and the regulation shirtwaist type.

Automobile and evening wraps show both the peasant and the raglan sleeve, but for street garments the regulation coat sleeve leads in favor.

ing beauty to the soft extension that appears beyond the actual line of the bodice neck and sleeve bottoms—chiffon edged with a striking Persian cotton, a big holed net worked oddly with knitting wool, etc., while sometimes the gumple and undersleeves are of a finely tucked silk muslin in virginal white. The loud effects once observed in waists—when sleeves were big and gaudy colors admired—are things of the past. The smart bodice, whether shirt waist or a more dressy affair, must have a certain chaste simplicity. You may call the quality maidenly, but if you know what is what you will understand that this appearance is only achieved by the utmost art.

A draped waist of the sort shown in the illustration, of course, is made in some thin texture, suited to the folding about the figure and to the elegance of the model. Chiffon, marquisette, veiling, chiffon-satin, messaline, mousseline, etc., are all desirable materials. There are also many airy fabrics of a cheaper sort which, combined with the right trimmings, would turn out a dainty waist of this kind with considerable dash—and among these may be recommended cotton and silk jacquard, cotton voile, and flowered muslin.

As pictured the waist is of chateaucer red chiffon, and an edge of the same about the décolletage of the chemisette. This detail itself is of white mousseline, and the lace is of a dull gold tinsel.

HANDY HOOK-AND-EYE BOX

If You Ever Hunted in Vain for Needed Fastener, You Will Appreciate This.

Have you ever hunted in vain for the special size of hook and eye you needed? If not, you are an abnormally neat woman, or one given to buttons or pins.

During that mad hunt through a badly mixed box of sewing utensils you doubtless vowed to have a separate hook-and-eye box forthwith. Then you promptly forgot.

The next time immediately hunt a number of card envelopes, and on the flap of each one sew a hook and eye to show the size and color within. Put these envelopes neatly in a small box and your miserable fishing days are over. There should be separate holders for cards of hooks and eyes, detached ones that have not been used and for those that have been ripped from a dress, as is the habit of some economical women.

Small boxes with the hook sewed or pasted to the lid may take the place of an envelope, but take up more room and are less easily handled.

NEAT WINDOW STORAGE BOX

Receptacle for Keeping Food That Will Be Found of Especial Value in Winter.

The farmer's wife or the housewife in city apartments will find an outside window box very useful in winter.

A carpenter may be hired to do the work or the box may be "home made." Construct a box that will exactly fit outside a kitchen window, if possible on the north side. The box should come half way up the lower sash and



Handy Storage Box for Winter.

contain two deep shelves, and when the sash is raised the contents of these shelves are easily accessible in very cold weather the sash may be left up, and thus the box becomes a part of the warmed room. A sash curtain will conceal it from the room.

Another convenient way is to hang a neat wooden box, well cleaned, on strong nails or spikes outside the window. A heavier box should have a tight-fitting hinged lid and be lined with asbestos paper to equalize extremes of temperature, while a lining of oilcloth will admit of easy cleaning. A shoe box would be good for this purpose. It might be painted the color of the house.

Mistake Some Women Make.

If only women knew what men really think of them, no woman would falsely believe that extravagance of attire added one-millionth part to her attractiveness.—Exchange.

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BUCKED INTO POPULARITY
Story of the First Appearance of Harry Lauder Before a London Audience.

When Harry Lauder called some time ago on the Mauretania after a long stage run in the states, an English officer told this story of him—Harry Lauder does not particularly like to have repeated. When Lauder went to London for the first time the stage reputation he had made in the provinces had not made much of an impression on the metropolis. With a shrewd sense of the value of striking effects, Lauder decided he would arouse the Londoners to his peculiar merits in a novel manner. From some boyard or other he procured the most skeleton-like specimen of horse-flesh he could find. On this he planned to make his first stage entrance.

The old horse was tractable enough, with Lauder astride, awaiting his turn in the wings; but when the little fellow urged him forward for the grand entrance there was a balk, a buck, and Harry was ingloriously shot to the front of the stage over the horse's head, the animal peering after him with what might be termed an amused expression. Lauder slowly and painfully rose to his feet, while the gallery applauded and stamped and cried lustily:

"Do it again, Harry! Do it again!"
Lauder rubbed his aching back, felt cautiously of his bones, looked back at the horse, and, turning to the audience, he said:
"Like — I will."
And he didn't; but thereafter his popularity was assured.—Judge.

CHANCE TO OBTAIN WIVES

Turkish Government Doesn't Know How to Dispose of 400 From Former Sultan's Harem.

Has anyone any use for 400 wives? If so, the Turkish government would like to get into communication with them. This is the number of women contained in the harem of the former sultan, and the problem of their disposal is becoming a serious one. Most of them are natives of Albania and Arabia, and two distinct efforts have been made to return them to their friends and relatives, but the latter absolutely refuse to receive the women, having, apparently, no further use for them. Under these circumstances, the authorities at Constantinople are in something of a quandary, since the cost of their maintenance is a considerable item; and as many of them are quite young girls it would seem as though they will remain a burden on the state for many years to come unless someone or other can be induced to take them over.

The situation is a distinctly humorous one, but it is not the form of humor that appeals to the Turkish government, and the cold-blooded suggestion has been brought forward that they should be disposed of summarily. There is small chance of this awful suggestion being carried into effect, however, owing to the firm attitude of the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople, who insist that the women shall be treated with due respect and consideration.—Modern Society.

The Cat Did It.

At East Liverpool, O., a boy was told to carry a cat away and drown her. He put her in a covered basket and started off; but she got out of the basket and in running away frightened a horse into running away. The animal ran for a mile and then hit a telephone pole and was killed. The boy got a licking, the cat got away and a \$200 horse was killed, all because nobody knew enough to tie a bell to pussy's tail and let her scare herself out of the neighborhood. The bell will work the trick every time.

An Effort Toward Romance.
"When you first came to see me you stood under my window with a guitar and serenaded me," said Mr. Prosy's wife.
"I remember that. I haven't time to do so now. But I'll tell you what I'll do. Just let me know what hour will suit you and I'll pay a plane wagon to come around and play all you like."

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