

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

"I can't stand this any longer, Kitty; this suspense is wearing out my life. I mean to have a talk with your father this very night and know the worst, whatever it is."

Brown-eyed, brown-haired Kitty Cline looked up in dismay at her lover's clouded and resolute face.

"Oh, Robert, be patient a little while longer. You know just how contrary and set in his way father is. If you do as you say, the upshot will be that he will forbid you coming to the house at all. You leave it to me. I have a plan in my head. Be at Cousin Jane's to-morrow evening and I will tell you how it works."

As Robert Dunn left the house, which he did with a lighter heart than when he entered it, he met Mr. Cline, who glared wrathfully at him in return for his pleasant greeting.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a red, uncomfortable looking face, as though his collar was too tight for him.

Stumping into the house with considerable more noise than was necessary, he turned to the window where Kitty was sitting humming a tune, a careless, unconcerned look upon her face, which belied the frightened feeling at her heart.

"What's that young fellow coming here so much for, Kitty?"

Kitty tossed her head with an air of disdain.

"For what he won't get, smart as he thinks himself. He wanted that I should let him speak to you, but I told him that it wouldn't be the least particle of use."

The old man glared at his daughter with an air of mingled astonishment and indignation that was ludicrous to witness.

"You did, hey?"

"Yes, replied Kitty, composedly, threading her needle. "He seems to have got the idea into his head, some way, that you would favor his suit, but I told him that it wouldn't make any difference if you did."

Here Mr. Cline fairly choked with rage, being unable to give utterance to his feelings only by an inarticulate sound.

"And that, furthermore, he needn't take the trouble to call here again," continued Kitty, placidly, apparently unconscious of the storm that was gathering.

"And have you the assurance to tell me, miss," burst forth the indignant old gentleman, "that my favoring his suit will make no difference?"

"Well, papa, of course I'd be sorry to run counter to your wishes—"

"I rather think you would be," interrupted her father; "it's an operation that you would not care to repeat—not while I'm above ground. Mr. Dunn is an intelligent and worthy young man, of whose preference any lady with the least particle of sense would be proud. I shall invite him to continue his calls here, and remember that is my wish that you treat him with the respect and consideration he deserves."

Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Cline left the room with an air of great satisfaction, Kitty making no response, save by a subdued sniffle behind the handkerchief in which she had buried her face.

Having first made sure that her father had taken himself off down the street, dried her laughing eyes, and as soon as it began to grow dusk she went over to her cousin's where she knew Robert would be waiting for her, to tell him of her success and to instruct him as to his part in the little comedy that was being enacted.

At Mr. Cline's express invitation he continued his calls with more frequency than before, being treated by Kitty when her father was present, with a coolness which the young man took with very commendable philosophy and resignation.

Emboldened by the marked encouragement given by the old gentleman, Robert finally asked him for the hand of his daughter, receiving his unqualified consent.

Robert expressed his gratitude in warm terms, taking care to hint "that he had not received much encouragement from Miss Kitty."

"Never you mind Kitty," returned the old man with an air of grim satisfaction; girls don't know what they want nor what is for their best good. I'll manage her."

Accordingly, that very evening, Mr. Cline communicated to his daughter what he was pleased to term "her undeserved good fortune."

No sooner had Kitty been given the name of the husband destined for her than she vehemently asserted that she would die sooner than marry him. Her father just as stoutly insisted that she should, and the controversy ended by his ordering her to her chamber, declaring that she should stay there until she came to a proper sense of the duty she owed him as a daughter.

In the morning he visited Kitty, finding, if possible, more contumacious than before. Indeed, so provoking was her language that he assured her of his determination to keep her on bread and water until she submitted.

With this pleasing prospect before her, Kitty remained "in durance vile" all day.

She did not seem at all cast down; on the contrary, she bore every appearance of being in an exceedingly comfortable and contented frame of mind.

She spent a greater part of the day in answering sundry notes, and which were slipped under her door by her cousin, who was in the plot, the contents of which seemed to afford her great satisfaction.

When the old gentleman visited Kitty in the evening, he found her considerably subdued, which he ascribed, in a no small degree, to the regimen of bread and water to which he had condemned her, being in blissful ignorance of the more appetizing fare that had been surreptitiously smuggled into her room.

When her father intimated that she could leave her room as soon as she signified her willingness to take the husband he had selected for her, she yielded a sullen assent.

Kitty was careful to express her determination to defer her marriage as long as possible, and, as a natural consequence, her father was prompt in asserting his determination that the ceremony should be performed at once.

Kitty contrived to retain the sullen, resentful look she had assumed until the hour appointed for the wedding. Then her face became radiant with smiles and blushes, which created such a marked transformation in her countenance as to attract her father's attention.

"Ha! she is making the best of it as I knew she would," was his inward comment.

Kitty's married life was a very happy one.

"I have the best husband in the world," she said one day, in the hearing of her father.

"And you may thank me for it," he chuckled. "You never would have married Robert if I hadn't insisted on it. Girls never know what is good for em; it's well you had some one to choose for you."

OLD FAMILIES.

The fact is Philadelphia society, with all its bluster and exclusiveness, and the inter-marriage of the select, is very much mixed, and if you scratch it you find that the sons and daughters of butchers and bakers abound to a surprising extent. Very few of the old Continental families have remained rich, and they are seldom seen in the garish Quaker City society of to-day. Miss Irwin, for example Benjamin Franklin's great granddaughter, keeps school. Mrs. Gillespie, another great-granddaughter of Franklin, makes her living chiefly by superintending fashionable entertainments. Robert Morris's grandchildren and great-grandchildren are scattered through Pennsylvania living in a moderate way. Mrs. Dr. Darragh, who lives in Germantown a suburb of Philadelphia, is a great-granddaughter of the grand old colonist. She is a sweet and charming woman, but she is not worth a million.

The Misses Rush, daughters of Richard Rush, the Cabinet Minister and the minister to France, are eking out their allowance of \$500 a year, that they receive under their uncle's will, by teaching. They are sisters of Benjamin Rush, who was Secretary of Delegation at London when Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia was Minister. Their uncle Dr. Rush, left the bulk of his immense fortune for the founding of a library in an out-of-the-way corner of the town that nobody does or ever will visit. The young ladies

are highly educated and accomplished, and though invited everywhere they are seldom seen in society. They maintain a dignity that commands deference everywhere. A daughter of Vice President George M. Dallas works here in the mint. Descendants of other old families are equally poor, and you see them out only once or twice a season, when they appear in shabby lace and faded finery at some great gathering of their clan. A few, like impoverished members of great English houses, have saved themselves by marrying wealth outside of their set. Thus a daughter of the signer of the Declaration of Independence married a patent medicine proprietor who had several millions.

ROBIN'S SLIDE.

Once on a time when Robin was a little boy, it began to rain; and it kept on raining for a day and a night and another day.

"It's a genuine January thaw," said papa.

"It's a mean thaw," said Robin, "when I wanted to slide."

"There'll be enough snow left for that," said Aunt Helen.

But Robin couldn't be quite sure of it, until he tumbled out of bed the second morning and found the fields were covered with a glistening coat of ice.

"Looks like a frosted cake," cried Robin; and there's a regular pond at the foot of the hill in the pastures. I can slide right across it."

"I wouldn't," said mama; "maybe it won't bear you. I don't want you to, Robin."

"Not," said Robin slowly; and he meant to remember, though he didn't believe mama knew much about ice; any way.

"But I can slide down the hill, just the same," said he; "I'll stop before I get to the bottom."

That was just what Robin couldn't do. I don't believe he much wanted to. Wh-z-z-z went the sled on the ice almost taking his breath away.

"Whoop!" cried he; "it is—"

"O dear! At that very minute the ice cracked dreadfully, and into the water, which wasn't deep, but so cold, went Robin, sled and all.

He screamed as loud as he could, and the noise brought out mama and Aunt Helen, and Jotham with his rubber boots on.

Jotham was the hired man, and he waded in through the ice and water and pulled Robin out.

Robin's teeth chattered as if every one was trying to make more noise than all the others; and when he got to the house he was put straight to bed under a mountain of blankets, and dosed with ginger.

So the fun was over for that day.

"I don't like thaws," said Robin; "they're awful horrid."

"It wasn't the thaw that made all this trouble," said Aunt Helen severely; "it was a little boy who didn't mind his mother."

"I—I think 'twas the sled," said Robin, faintly.

What do you think?

FASHION NOTES.

Bustles grow larger. Crinkled woollens resembling crapes are worn.

Beaded woollen fabrics are much used this season.

Black lace dresses bid fair to never go out of vogue.

Frocks for girls under thirteen are made without overskirts.

Perforated plush in the newest fancy in materials for art embroidery.

Young ladies are again wearing turned down collars of lace and embroidery.

Veils are mere masks and should be put on before the bonnet is donned.

Head, flower, feather, lace and ribbon garnitures are also used on ball gowns.

Very pretty sprays are of pink and blue china silk, elaborately trimmed with lace.

Large and small plaids, clustered stripes, narrow and wide, and Pompadour designs.

Round-shoulder capes of fur, Persian lamb, seal plush, and black plush are much worn.

Costumes composed of combinations in plain and striped goods bid fair to be very popular.

A novelty in spring woollens is Valentin, having velvet and plush stripes on plain surfaces.

When a small capote or Fauchon bonnet is unbecoming a woman, should wear a large bonnet.

New light woollens come in black or white, with blue, scarlet, green, olive, primrose and heliotrope.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

THE W. C. T. U. MEETS EVERY THURSDAY AT 8 O'CLOCK IN THE Y. M. C. A. HALL.

RUBBER GRAPES.

The latest device of the devil's emissaries is the "vicious robber grape." Circulars are being sent over Philadelphia and elsewhere describing them, expatiating upon their merits, and giving directions for their use. It is, in brief, a little rubber bag made to resemble a grape, but filled with Sherry or whisky or brandy, or some other liquor. The grape is put in the mouth and crushed, and the rubber bag taken out and thrown away as a grape skin is discarded. The special merit is seen by the circular to be that, "travelers, fatigue and exhausted from journeying, will find a ready means for a refreshing stimulant, whenever needed without observation." "For orators, actors and singers they are invaluable, owing to the unobserved manner in which they can be utilized." The "vicious rubber grape" is a remarkable admission that the drinking of liquor is fast becoming odious and unpopular, and must be done in secret, as other vices are practiced, if the drinker wishes to retain respectability. It is a cheering "sign of the times."—Voice.

A WORD TO OUR BOYS.

[A paper presented at the regular meeting of Washington Lodge I. O. G. T. of South Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. 10th 1887.]

What do you think, my young friends, of thousands that are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they to be pitied and not blamed? Do you want to be a drunkard? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to be made from the boys of to-day. I have given you repeated warnings to shun evil company, and to associate with the votaries of folly only to reform them. I hope and trust that no one of this band will become a drunkard. No, of course, "no one desires to become a drunkard."

Well my dear young friends, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form; become a new creature in the Lord Jesus. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

Young men, shun the gilded saloons as well as the low grog-shops. The gilded saloons make the pathway to perdition attractive and fascinating. They are the outgrowth of the license system. The plea that license "restricts" is utterly false and fallacious. The young men who frequent these gilded pathways to hell know that these are licensed, legalized, and protected by law, "for the public good," and so regard them as a proper place to visit. One of these gilded saloons will do more to lure souls to eternal ruin, than a hundred "low dives." They only take the cast-off victims when so debauched as to be unfit to associate with the new "customers," which the more "respectable" saloons are constantly receiving. The gilded saloon must go" in order that our young men may be saved. It is the gilded saloon and the high-toned hotel that lure them into the way to ruin. When their character is gone, they no longer care who sees them enter the low-groggery, where they finish their life in misery and degradation. I know what this curse is. God forgive me! I do not speak nor write boasting, for my sin is ever before me. Twenty-nine years of my life were a dark blank. I know what the burning appetite for stimulents is. I have sat by the bedside of dying drunkards of both sexes. I have held their hands in mine and tried to turn their minds to God in the last hour; but, alas! there was no ground of hope for the reward of the just.

In the light of my experience and observation, I say: I would rather be the lowest sot that ever reeled through the streets than the man who sold him the liquor. I oppose drink because it opposes me. The work that ministers of the gospel are doing drink undoes. It is an obstacle to the spread of the gospel; and whose complete success would drive

the gospel from the earth. There is not a sinner on the face of the earth so unlikely to be savingly affected by the influences of the gospel, as the habitual drunkard. The salvation of a drunkard is one of the mightiest miracles of grace. May God graciously preserve you and all our dear youth from the fearful curse of drink, and help you to do all you can to save others.

Changing Inauguration Day.

WASHINGTON, February 27.—The proposed Constitutional Amendment passed by the Senate, to change the date of Inauguration Day from March 4 to April 30, was yesterday acted upon favorably by the House Committee on the Judiciary. Several amendments of the joint resolution were made, however, mainly with a view to the correction of phraseology. Representative Crane's propositions to include within the proposed Constitutional amendment a provision for the assembling of Congress on the second Tuesday of January of each year was omitted at the last moment, owing to the belief that it would jeopardize the final passage of the resolution by the Senate, which body might insist upon the proposition. As it will be reported by the House Committee the proposed constitutional amendment reads as follows:

The term of office the President and of the Representatives in the fifth Congress shall continue until the last Tuesday of April, in the year 1889, at noon. The Senators whose existing term would otherwise expire on the 3d of March, in the year 1889, or in any subsequent year thereafter, shall continue in office until the last Friday in April succeeding such expiration; and the last Tuesday in April, at noon, shall thereafter be substituted for the 4th day of March as the commencement of the official term of the President, Vice President, Senators and Representatives.

The last Tuesday of April, at noon, shall be substituted for the 4th day of March where that day is mentioned in the twelfth article of the amendment to the Constitution.

The proposed amendment is regarded as of great importance by the committee, and would have been reported to the House some time ago but for the absence of chairman Tucker. Every effort will be made to secure its passage by the House under a suspension of rule.

Bill Arp and the Ram.

The other morning I went down to feed the hogs, and as I was throwing corn over the pen the old Cotswold ram jumped in to divide the breakfast, and as he was butting the hogs around lively I picked up a little stick and climbed over the low fence to chastise him and make him depart the coast. I had some little hesitation about this business, and proceeded slowly and shook the stick at him. He just stepped backward a little and bowed his neck and doubled up his fore feet and made a lunge at me, and would have knocked me clean off the fence but I was over before he got me. I was as mad as Julius Caesar, and I grabbed up a fence rail and stood outside and punched him until he jumped out where he jumped in.

The good book says that man shall have dominion over the beasts of the field, but it looks like mine are in a state of rebellion, and are trying to have dominion over me.—Atlanta Constitution.

Large plaids are brought out for the skirts of gingham dresses, plain gingham forming the bodice, sleeves and scarf draperies.

1859-1887.

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