

WAS SHE FRIVOLOUS?

The Rev. Mr. Shaw was visiting one of those wretched tenement houses used by the very poor, and before him was a forlorn group.

He contrasted greatly with his surroundings—his spotless cloth fitting so well his strong, manly figure; his clear-cut Grecian features, and dark wavy hair thrown back with careless grace from his smooth brow.

A widow who had just buried her husband; she had five helpless children—the eldest six, the youngest a nursing baby, and a pair of twins among them. The rags, and, worse than all, the dirt of poverty everywhere apparent.

The woman with her apron thrown over her head, rocked herself to and fro, and wailed forth her troubles.

"I don't know what I'm a-goin' to do for myself and the little 'uns. Though



The woman wailed forth her troubles.

my old man would have his drink, he didn't beat us, and brought enough to us to keep body and soul together; but now I know we can't do nothin' but starve and die!"

"Have you no friends?" asked Mr. Shaw in a low tone.

"Some, but as bad or worse off than us.

Yes," she said, looking up with a grateful, bright expression. "There is one—Lord bless her—who has done a lot for me—Miss Mehitable Shanks. She sent medicine and the doctor to the old man, and giv' me clothes and suthin' to eat; and many's the man, woman, and child what blesses her for takin' care of 'em. Why sir, she even leaves little cards with stamps on 'em, and Job Potter, who can write, sends 'em to her when we are in very bad state."

After assuring her of his sympathy, and that he would do what he could for her the minister wended his way home. A he thought of those to whom he might appeal, a vision of a sweet bright face haunted him, but while he lingered on the thought most tenderly, there was shadow on his brow as if there was a slight jar that marred the harmony of thoughts.

Mr. Shaw was rector of one of the wealthy churches of the city, and Belle Lee was one of his parishioners. Her face was Madonna-like in its tend curves and beauty, but when she talked was like a damper, a mist on a beautiful picture, marring the tints that otherwise would have been perfect.

Bright and witty, but a butterfly, such a devotee to society that one longed for the expression of a single serious thought that could lighten into something like common sense, was this personification of frivolity. With it all, however, she was very lovely and lovable to everyone, and Mr. Shaw had long struggled against an interest in her, the indulgence of which he felt would be fatal to his future happiness and usefulness.

Absorbed in these thoughts he found himself in front of Mr. Lee's house, and, obeying an impulse, he turned into the gate, and was admitted.

As Miss Lee entered the parlor he thought he had seldom seen a fairer vision. She greeted him with that easy grace which was one of her principal charms.

"Ah, Mr. Shaw! I am so glad to see you! I have had a real spell of snow this morning. The last novel is wretched, as both hero and heroine die in the most provoking way, all because of some overstrained idea of duty, and I was just wishing that someone would come in and I could have a cheerful little chat to dispel the gloomy impression."

"Then I'm afraid," smilingly, "you will not like my present visitor. I have not come in a very cheerful humor; and, besides, I wish to ask a favor."

"A favor? That is too lovely. Consider it granted, even to the half of my kingdom. I am truly glad that you wish to ask a favor of me, because I did not think your opinion of me was sufficiently good for such a thing. Do you know," with a sudden droop of the eyes, "that you always make me feel as if I am doing something wrong?"

"Do I? Well, I shall give you a golden opportunity now to redeem yourself. I have just been visiting some of those wretchedly poor families in—Street, and I would like so much if you could interest some ladies in their behalf—visit them and relieve them."

A look of consternation overspread her pretty face as she exclaimed:

"Oh, indeed you don't mean for me to go there! How could I ever stand it! I can't bear such places! Ask me almost anything else. The dreadful men and children—the odor! Ugh!" with a shudder. "Ask me almost anything else!"

A look of keen disappointment drifted over Mr. Shaw's face.

She suddenly brightened and said:

"I do intend to do something good next week. I have refused a German, triumphantly, that I may attend the Charity Calico Ball to be given. You know all the dresses are for the poor, so I shall do some good."

"And what is your dress to be?" asked Mr. Shaw with rather an indescribable inflection to his voice.

"The loveliest light blue silena with a flowered crepe front," she replied enthusiastically, "sleeveless waist, Medici collar, shirred and very bonnet draperies. It will be beautiful, and I know it will seem very nice to some poor woman who has never had anything like it."

"Yes," he said in a tone quite saturated with irony, "I don't doubt its usefulness; but don't you think you ought to add a few yards of ribbon to make some warm bodice for those who have no fires, and a few yards of ribbon to decorate the little freezing arms?"

"Now, you are angry with me, Mr. Shaw," she said hesitatingly. "Don't think me utterly heartless; but I can't go to—Street. It would really give me a little blue chill."

"I could never consent to such a cold thing as that," he said with an unpleasant

smile. "I really feel that I owe you an apology for intruding such a disagreeable subject, particularly after your nerves were shattered with your novel. Good morning," and he bowed himself out rather abruptly with a strange little pain in his heart.

He did not again allude to the subject to her, but found other ladies who interested themselves most warmly in the work.

Everywhere that he went in his charity rounds, he could see and feel the influence of Miss Shanks' good acts. She seemed to be an angel of mercy, who never tired, and who devoted her entire time to charity. All that she did was marked by a practical good sense, and a depth of thought and feeling that he could not fail to admire. Still he chanced never to meet her.

One day, when entering the post-office he saw in advance of him the graceful figure of Ma Belle Lee. She was unaware of his presence, and, standing idly behind her, he felt as if he had received an electric shock, as she asked: "Is there anything for Miss Mehitable Shanks?" and then received and pocketed several postal cards.

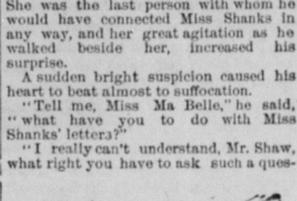
If he was astonished at the question, he was still more so at the effect which his discovered presence produced upon her.

Neck, face and brow, even to the roots of her golden curls, were dyed in a painful crimson, her eyes dilated with an expression of consternation; but with a few hasty steps he soon overtook her. He was lost in a bewildering surprise. She was the last person with whom he would have connected Miss Shanks in any way, and her great agitation as he walked beside her, increased his surprise.

A sudden bright suspicion caused his heart to beat almost to suffocation.

"Tell me, Miss Ma Belle," he said, "what have you to do with Miss Shanks' letters?"

"I really can't understand, Mr. Shaw, what right you have to ask such a ques-



He saw in advance of him Ma Belle Lee.

tion. In all things spiritual I acknowledge your right, but in this instance you forgot yourself."

"But, Mr. Shaw," he said, with eager, regardless haste, "are you Miss Shanks?"

A sudden burst of tears was her only answer as she hastily pulled down her veil and walked silently beside him.

A calm of perfect joy descended upon him as he realized the truth. He walked by her side until he reached her home, and then, without invitation, entered it with her.

As they reached the parlor she tossed aside her hat, and stood before him more like a discovered culprit than the little saint she had proved to be.

There was a defiant sparkle in her eyes as she turned her flushed face to him.

He took both of her hands in his.

"So, Ma Belle, Ma Belle," he murmured tenderly, "your heart is as beautiful as your face, though you have veiled your goodness under an exterior of frivolity. This is not the general rule of humanity."

"Have I anything to do with it?" in surprise. "I have been thinking for a long while that you were entirely beyond my control."

"Nevertheless I have only been obeying your instructions. Don't you remember, some time since, you preached against ostentatious charity? Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. I thought there was a world of truth and force in it, and I have only practiced what you preached. And now, Mr. Shaw," she said, with a demure glance at him, "if you are done with my hands I will not trouble you to hold them any longer."

"No," he said gravely; "I do not wish to return them. Ma Belle, Ma Belle!" quickly and tenderly, "give me a privilege of owning them always on't you, darling?"

She caught them quickly away.

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that was when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you share your grace with me, and help

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that was when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you share your grace with me, and help

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that was when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you share your grace with me, and help

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that was when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you share your grace with me, and help

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that was when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you share your grace with me, and help

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that was when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you share your grace with me, and help

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that was when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you share your grace with me, and help

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that was when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you share your grace with me, and help

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that was when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you share your grace with me, and help

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is less Shanks with whom you have fallen love, for Ma Belle Lee has only had our toleration."

B. & B.

SHOPPING BY MAIL

—MADE A—

COMPLETE SUCCESS.

Special attention given to this part of our business. A complete

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Employing an efficient corps of experienced people in this line to look after the wants of our patrons living at a distance. By advising our Mail Order Department what line of goods you prefer or fancy, wants will be supplied in a perfectly satisfactory manner and at very lowest prices.

Intelligent attention to orders is one requisite. Then, too, the assurance of the very lowest prices and best values on everything is very satisfying.

The assortment

SPRING DRESS FABRICS

—AND—

Dress Silks

which we are showing now are most complete and elegant, and values are unequalled

SAMPLES OF LATEST NOVELTIES

will be sent to any address upon request.

OUR ILLUSTRATED SPRING CATALOGUE,

9x12 inches, 72 pp., containing a Review of the Latest Fashion, and much valuable information to every household, is now ready, and will be

SENT FREE

and post-paid to any address: Send your name and address on postal card, as this issue, although large, will not last long

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119, 121

FEDERAL STREET,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

DIAMOND Linseed OIL WORKS

THOMPSON & CO.,

Genuine Old Process

OIL CAKE MEAL

OIL MEAL AS STOCK FOOD.

There is no better or cheaper food for MILCH COWS. It increases the quantity and quality of milk more than any other feed. For fattening Beef Cattle it surpasses all other food, making the meat more tender and juicy. No food known will fit CATTLE as readily for market as Oil Meal. For HORSES, a small quantity can be fed daily with valuable results, and for Sheep, Hogs, Fowls, etc., it is an excellent food, keeping them in a healthy condition, making fine, palatable meat.

We manufacture by the Old Process—steam heat and hydraulic pressure. Well settled Linseed Oil and fresh ground Oil Meal always on hand. Write for circular and prices. Send your orders to

THOMPSON & CO.,

Allegheny, Pa.

EDUCATION AT SMALL COST.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

CENTRAL

State - Normal - School,

Lock Haven, Clinton Co., Pa.

Winter term of 12 weeks opens Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1888.

Spring term of 14 weeks opens Tuesday, March 27, 1888.

Beginning with the winter term, Jan. 3, 1888.

Heat, furnished room, and good board for only \$2.50 a week.

Tuition, \$1.25 a week.

To those who intend to teach the State gives 50 cents a week as aid. This can be subtracted from the cost of tuition.

Besides the weekly aid, the State gives 50 Dollars at graduation.

The net cost for heat, furnished room, board and tuition for the winter term of 12 weeks is only \$39.00, and for the spring term of 14 weeks, only \$45.50.

Those who pass their Junior Examinations next Spring and enter the Senior Class, can attend a whole year of 42 weeks at the net cost of only \$85.50 provided they graduate and receive the weekly aid of 70 cents a week and the 50 dollars additional.

This is an opportunity that should be improved by everyone who looks forward to teaching as a profession.

The faculty of the Central State Normal School is composed of specialists in their several departments.

Four of the instructors are honored graduates of Colleges. The School possesses rare cabinets and valuable apparatus for illustrating the sciences.

The Model School is conducted after the manner of the best training schools.

At the last session of the legislature the Central State Normal School received two appropriations aggregating twenty-five thousand dollars. This money has been used in getting the building in excellent order.

Hydrants, water-closets and bath rooms may be found on the different floors. All rooms are completely furnished. The student should bring his own towels and napkins. Washing may be obtained in the building at a small cost.

Students may enter at any time. Lock Haven is accessible by rail from all directions.

For the beauty and healthfulness of its location the Central State Normal School is admired and praised.

We will be glad to correspond with any who are interested.

Circulars received on application. STUDENTS PREPARED FOR COLLEGE. Address: JAMES ELDON, A. M., PRINCIPAL, CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Extraordinary BARGAINS IN

IRON-STONE CHINA AND TABLE GLASSWARE.

W. H. WILKINSON, APT.

Dealer in

CHINA,

GLASS,

and Queensware,

ALLEGHANY STREET,

Bellefonte, Pa.

Is selling ALL KINDS OF Crockery and Table Glassware at LOWER PRICES than ever known in Bellefonte, as the following list will show:

Best quality, Iron Stone China: warranted not to craze

Tea Sets (58 pieces) \$3 50

Dinner plates—largest size—per doz 1 25

Dinner plates—medium do 1 10

Tea Plates do 90

Tureens—round or oval each 60

Sauce dishes—round or oval—each 20

Sauce Tureens—4 pieces 90

Sauce boats 25

Cups and saucers—hard-dried—12 pieces 60

do do unhard-dried do 50

Fruit saucers—per doz 50

Chamber sets—10 pieces 3 00

Pitcher and Basin 1 00

Covered chamber 75

TABLE GLASSWARE.

Tumblers, each, 04c

Goblets, " 06c

Fruit Bowls 25c

Cake stands 35c

Glass Sets, 4 pieces 35c

Full Stock of Decorated Tea, Dinner and Chamber Sets.

Best English ware. Tea Sets, Decorated in Blue, Black, Brown or Claret, 56 pieces \$5.00—regular price \$7.00.

Full assortment in Majolica and Fancy Goods, &c.

Majolica Pitchers, 20c; Bohemian Vases height 10 inches, \$1.00, and everything else just as cheap in proportion.

I desire to say to every reader of this advertisement: I want your custom, and in reaching out for it I am fully prepared to give you the Greatest value for your money once yet obtained. Call and examine the goods and the price. If I do not fulfill strictly all I claim as to prices being LOWER than ever before heard, I do not ask your patronage. The greater amount of goods I can sell the lower prices can and WILL be MADE.

Respectfully,

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent

W. H. WILKINSON, Agent