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## AND'S

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are lovely, fine "drapy" weaves, Satins &c. The shades are soft and roses, ashes of violets, amethyst, etc. The prices **50c to \$1.50**

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Large range of the new colors.

**in From Day to Day**  
in the expectation of seeing some will not be disappointed.

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Collar Coats; 1 only Man's Curl-line's Coon Fur Coat; 1 only Man's Bollege of Fur Stoles, Ruffs and Muffs.  
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In order to make up the amount of money required, I offer the stock at

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Pratts' Reliable Stock Food, Rex Sugar Food, every package guaranteed, also a large and well assorted stock of FURNITURE. Picture Frames made to order. All at reduced rates.

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Per Gallon... <b>19c</b>	Per Gallon... <b>15c</b>
Full measure and pure oil.	

# FRANK LENAHAN

## HIS COURTSHIP.

Continued from page 3.

He found himself astonished and annoyed as the hours went by to realize the difficulty, the well nigh impossibility, of finding the opportunity he sought. The girl herself added to the difficulty with her shy reserve and a certain dignity about her which made him feel almost guilty of an impertinence in seeking her confidence.

So intent was he upon securing the chance he desired that he carelessly let himself be discovered by Georgiana and Daisy looking on the kitchen porch in the middle of the afternoon when they would naturally expect him to be in the fields with his employer.

"Have you a headache again this afternoon?" Daisy curiously inquired as the two girls, looking warm and tired from a long walk, sank upon the porch steps where he sat.

"Yes, I have it in my head somepin wonderful," he readily lied.

"I am surprised," declared Daisy, "that Mr. Morningstar would employ such an invalid as you are, Peter--as much on the make as he is."

"If farmhands wasn't so scarce to get," Peter answered, recklessly improvising Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, "he wouldn't keep me."

Mrs. Morningstar, who had stepped out to the porch bench to "pick over" a pan of gooseberries, just in time to hear this remark of Peter's, bent back her head and gave forth a loud laugh. "You bet he wouldn't!" she cried.

"Well, since you aren't working," Daisy suggested, "you can put in your time forgetting your headache by amusing me. Can you play euchre?"

"I don't play nothin' but hymn tunes."

"Oh, my gracious!" groaned Daisy. "Well, it isn't any of my business to butt in, but I should think," she observed reprovingly, "that you would at least make good your lost time. Pete, by helping Mrs. Morningstar to pick those berries. But I suppose," she added, taking on her air of acquiring useful information, "that to help a woman would not fall in with your ideas of manliness, would it? The Germans of rural Pennsylvania are just like the Germans of the fatherland in that respect at least--their lack of gallantry to women. I was in Germany three days last summer, and in all that time I never once saw a man chivalrously help a woman. And about here!" She rolled up her eyes expressively.

"Now," protested Pete, "I seen a native help a woman with a basket this mornin'."

"You must have been mistaken, Peter," Daisy said incredulously.

"No, I ain't neither. I seen him when he done it."

"Was he a Pennsylvania German?" she asked skeptically.

"Dutch as snitz."

"I'd like to make a note of it," she said, gathering up her pencil and book.

"Tell me, Peter, what were the circumstances and how did he help her?"

"She was his wife, and he helped her fasten a basket on her back to carry into the village."

Daisy dropped her notebook and looked at Peter severely, while Georgiana gazed at him pensively.

"I am disappointed in you, Peter," Daisy said reproachfully. "Miss Elbery and I both supposed that you had fine though undeveloped perceptions or intuitions, which, with a little encouragement, might reveal you to yourself."

She turned her back on him in disdain and began to help Mrs. Morningstar with her berries. "You're not worth while, Peter," she cast at him over her shoulder. "A man with such views is capable of other underhand dealings."

Georgiana sighed. "If my faith in human nature were not very large I should believe that to give even a suggestion of real chivalry to a born Pennsylvania German was almost a psychic impossibility. Frankly, Peter, isn't it?"

"It may be that kind of an impossibility," answered Peter in a tone of reluctance to commit himself, "since you say so. I ain't denyin' no such statements."

"But, Peter, I had hopes of you that day you so nicely picked up my hat-pin for me," said Georgiana in her patron-head tone of voice.

"Done it to see how the pin was made, that you could stick it through your skull and not kill yourself," he said, disclaiming any gallantry in the act.

Both the girls regarded him dubiously, but the stolidity of his face was impenetrable.

"Pete," said Daisy frankly, "sometimes I have a suspicion that you're foxy and are jollying us. Say, what dandy big gooseberries these are!" she exclaimed, with characteristic irrelevance, eating more than she picked. To Mrs. Morningstar's evident discomfort.

Store Windows, Especially the Figures of Women in Nightgowns, and the Advisability of the Civic Club's Requesting the Removal of Such Demoralizing Displays. That's my subject."

"If they look at the matter from a higher plane," said Georgiana, "they would see that it is their own minds that need to be regenerated rather than the shop windows."

"Let me take that down!" cried Daisy. "That shall be my opening sentence. I shall also suggest," she went on as she wrote, "as a preventive (or preventative, which is it?) of so many unhappy marriages, that in place of the exhibit of women in nightgowns they display a windowful of men in their pajamas. The preachers wouldn't have any jobs then!"

"You would better let me edit your paper before you stand up and read it to the club," Georgiana advised. "Does Belle write anything else?"

"Every one is out of town, she says, and there's nothing doing, and she says she can hardly wait until you come back and meet that new professor of psychology. Oh," exclaimed Daisy, with a little squeal of delight, "won't it be bully!"

Georgiana tried to look dignified, but only succeeded in looking interested and rather pleased.

"Isn't it perfectly killing, Georgie, the way every one seems to have settled things between you and that psychology man?"

Kinross leaned his back against a pillar of the porch and gave himself up to enjoying himself.

The young ladies meantime supposed their very language to be as incomprehensible to the farmer's wife and Pete as though they spoke a foreign tongue.

"Do you know," said Georgiana, her countenance softening with her pleasant reflections, "that even father has caught the infection of Dr. Kinross--well, popularity (I dislike the word). You know he is not apt to notice such things, but he remarked to me several times that he had never seen a young man so turn the heads of all the women--even the married women!"

"But, Georgiana," complained Daisy, "then I shall hate him, I know. I always do hate a man I'm expected to like and approve of. And a fellow who makes all the girls hysterical about him--oh, I know I'll scarp with him!"

"He won't be apt to give you a chance if all they say of him is true," smiled Georgiana.

"I shall force him to see that I despise him!"

Georgiana laughed, then added: "Father himself told me that if he did not know Dr. Kinross he would think he must be a bounder, the way the girls and women make themselves silly about him. But, be queer thing about it, father says, as that Dr. Kinross doesn't reciprocate their attentions at all and is rather a cynic--in different to women--indeed, rather afraid of them!"

"What a chump!" cried Daisy contemptuously. "That's worse yet. No, Georgie, I refuse to like that man. And if you don't jilt him I shall!"

"Jilt him? I trust my relations with him will be on a plane too high to admit of the possibility of any such vulgarity as jilting! A girl always knows it when a man is going to propose to her and--"

"Oh, no, she doesn't, Georgiana. I have often thought a man was going to propose to me--and he didn't."

"Father told me," continued Georgiana, scarcely heeding Daisy's flighty interpolations, "that it was a comfort to know that I was not capable of the weakness of such infatuation and that my self-poise would always save me from making that kind of a fool of myself."

"Well, I should think so," exclaimed Daisy warmly. "Oh, wouldn't he have to go way back and sit down when he falls in love with you! I can hardly wait until I see it!"

"Wouldn't it be--eh--well, amusing," Georgiana granted, clasping her shapely hands about her knees and looking dreamy, "if after his adamant front to all the other girls he should thaw to me?"

"(Very amusing, indeed," thought Kinross.)

"Which of course he will," affirmed Daisy dogmatically, "for you're not like the other girls--you're on a higher plane."

"And so is he," said Georgiana lucidly, accepting Daisy's tribute complacently.

"Perhaps," Daisy reluctantly conceded, "but he must be perfectly horrid--a conceited prig--with all the girls flattering him so idiotically."

"We shall cure him of that," Georgiana smiled, her tongue suggesting a proprietorship which Kinross couldn't help thinking a little gratuitous.

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symmetry of Miss Elbery's snappy shoulders, straight back and long, graceful movement.

"So she thinks she's going to bowl me over just as soon as I come within her range," he mused. "What will be the effect on her, I wonder, when she discovers she's been discussing me like that in my own presence? Their plane is so far below that of ourselves, Daisy, that they scarcely catch the sound of our voices when we speak."

A short laugh escaped him, which roused Mrs. Morningstar to speech.

"I make no doubt, Doc," she said, working busily while she talked, "that you kin understand them girls when they speak all them high words to each other. Ain't? It beats me what they're conwersin' about together still when they speak so educated the way--just like readin' out of the newspaper or whatever."

"I think they don't always understand themselves, Mrs. Morningstar."

"Now, think! Poll parrots, too, they don't know what they're sayin' neither. And educated people's the same," she repeated in surprise.

Kinross at this moment caught a glimpse through the window of Eunice alone in the kitchen.

"Here's my chance," he thought, rising from the porch steps.

"Say, Doc," Mrs. Morningstar stopped him, "if them girls ever finds out the joke you're playin' on 'em, pretendin' to be common like us when you're as tony as themselves, I make no doubt they won't like it, Doc."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Morningstar. They won't like it."

"Supposin' they meet you in town there some time in your dude clothes!" she said apprehensively. "To be sure, there's so many that lives in town it ain't likely you will run across each other."

"It's not merely likely, Mrs. Morningstar. They simply can't escape me."

"Not?" she cried. "Well, I guess you'll feel pretty cheap!"

"It is they who will feel inexpensive, Mrs. Morningstar. They'll be ready to sell themselves for half price on the bargain counter!"

He left her to puzzle over the problem as he turned away and went into the kitchen.

But the moment's delay had lost him his chance. Eunice had left the room by one door just as he was entering by the other.

To be continued.

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