

Converting Gwendolyn.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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At twenty Gwendolyn Rand was undoubtedly a personality to be reckoned with.

"I don't see where you get such ways, Gwendolyn," complained her mother. "Why, at your age!"

"Yes, indeed," corroborated Mr. Rand, "at your age, Gwendolyn, your mother had settled down—she wasn't running around after all the young men in the neighborhood."

"Oh, daddy," remonstrated Gwendolyn. "I think you might be a little more gallant."

"Well, well, the young men weren't all running after her, then," amended Mr. Rand, softening at the hurt look in Gwendolyn's big brown eyes. "But it doesn't look well either way. I can't understand where—"

"Mother was brought up in a convent, you remember. I'm the product of coeducation," ventured Gwendolyn in explanation.

"H'm," reflected Mr. Rand. "That may be the reason, but the remedy is your Aunt Abiatha."

Gwendolyn gave a little gasp of apprehension.

"Yes, my dear," continued Mr. Rand, "your mother and I have decided to send you down to Florida to spend the winter with your Aunt Abiatha."

"She will teach you the things a girl of your age ought to know, daughter," added Gwendolyn's mother dolefully, "things which I have somehow failed to make you take an interest in."

"In other words, I'm to be sent to a convent," exclaimed Gwendolyn as she swished out of the room, her head high in air, but her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Aunt Abiatha's spacious, old-fashioned house merited kinder verdict than Gwendolyn bestowed upon it at first glance. Once up in her cozy bedroom, however, with its chintz covered four poster and French windows opening out on to a little rose covered porch, the girl's heart melted in spite of herself, and she threw both arms around Aunt Abiatha, completely submissive—for the time being.

But after the novelty of dusting, sewing and cooking began to resolve itself into routine Gwendolyn suddenly balked.

"Now I know how to do all these prosaic things, Aunt Abiatha," she argued, "what's the use of doing them day after day? There are so many real live things to do in the world. Let's give a garden party or something, Aunt Abiatha. Are there any male inhabitants in Centerville that we could hire to come, do you think?"

"Gwendolyn, my dear, how you talk! Of course there are," Aunt Abiatha was startled into admitting. "There's your young Jack Hayward for one."

"What's he like?"

"Very thoughtful and polite," replied Aunt Abiatha loyally. "He comes of one of our best families."

"Poor thing!" muttered Gwendolyn. "What did you say, dear?"

"I asked what he does for a living?" prevaricated Gwendolyn unblushingly.

"Why, he manages his father's estate, of course. He's a country gentleman."

"Oh," commented Gwendolyn indifferently, "he must be a very provincial kind of person! I don't think I should like him."

"Well, of all things, Gwendolyn," bridled Aunt Abiatha. "Of course you'd like him. Every one does. I'll ask him to call."

An afternoon or two later as Gwendolyn was reclining in the hammock on her little porch engrossed in a novel, she became suddenly conscious that the front doorbell had been ringing for some time. On the veranda below she could hear Aunt Abiatha rocking to and fro.

"The front doorbell's ringing, Aunt Abiatha!" she called, jumping up. "If it's that 'polite and thoughtful young country gentleman,' please don't disturb me. I'm in the midst of an awfully exciting love story."

A hearty masculine laugh followed Gwendolyn's declaration.

It aroused her curiosity, but also her indignation, and she re-established herself in the hammock, determined not to display the slightest interest, whatever happened.

But the next thing she heard startled her into a sitting posture.

"Now, Aunt Abiatha, will you introduce us?"

Gwendolyn, walking to the rail of the porch, could hardly believe her eyes. There, on the roof of the veranda, not ten feet away from her, sat an extremely good looking young man. And there on the lawn stood Aunt Abiatha, the picture of dismay and disapproval.

"Gwendolyn," she called up, "this is Mr. Hayward. Jack, my niece, Miss Rand. I never saw such gongs on in my life. Go right into your room, Gwendolyn!"

Gwendolyn did not budge. She only laughed and laughed, until Aunt Abiatha finally joined in.

But such a triangular situation was not over encouraging, especially since Aunt Abiatha refused to leave her angle of observation, so eventually they all adjourned to the downstairs veranda for afternoon tea.

"So you're a climber, Mr. Hayward?" Gwendolyn observed archly, taking advantage of Aunt Abiatha's absence in the kitchen.

"Given sufficient incentive—yes," Jack answered lightly. "I couldn't stand down there below, you know, and let a fellow in a book get ahead of me."

"Get ahead of you?"

"Well, absorb your interest to the exclusion of a real human being," explained Jack.

"You took an awful risk," laughed Gwendolyn.

"Oh, that was nothing," Jack boasted. "I'm used to all sorts of athletic stunts, you know."

"That isn't the kind of risk I meant exactly," Gwendolyn enlightened him.

"Well, how did you like him?" beamed Aunt Abiatha after the caller's departure.

"Not very well," said Gwendolyn, shaking her head dubiously. "He's so bold and conceited."

"But, my dear," hastily interposed Aunt Abiatha. "You mustn't judge him from first appearances. Jack was a little queer today. I don't know what was the matter with him. But we'll have him in often, and you must be polite to him, Gwendolyn."

And that was how a most audacious courtship came to be carried on right under Aunt Abiatha's eyes.

"Gwendolyn," asked Jack dreamily one sunny morning as they sat together in the fragrant rose garden, "how did you ever happen to come down to this quiet little spot anyhow? I should imagine you'd love all the gay things of life—dances, theaters, dinners and all that, you know. Don't you?"

"No, you're all wrong," answered Gwendolyn slowly, hiding her face in the flowers she had gathered. "I love something quite different."

For a few minutes the birds in the garden had it all to themselves, so suddenly still were the two people who sat there.

"Gwendolyn," Jack finally found himself asking in a husky voice quite unlike his own, "do you really love it down here—the quiet, lazy life we lead?"

Gwendolyn nodded, but did not lift her face.

"Love it enough to stay with me, dearest?"

Gwendolyn nodded again.

"Look up at me, you fraud," Jack commanded, taking her joyfully into his arms.

"I can't," Gwendolyn protested, blinking. "There's something in my eye."

"Oh, let me get it out, sweetheart," implored Jack sympathetically. "What it is, darling?"

"A tear, I think," confessed the mischievous Gwendolyn.

Half an hour later Jack sat talking with Aunt Abiatha on the porch. Gwendolyn was scribbling her daily line to her mother.

"Read that, Aunt Abiatha," the girl called suddenly, holding out a sheet of note paper. "It has something about you in it."

And this is what the astonished Aunt Abiatha read:

Dearest Mother and Dad—I want you to come down here just as quickly as you can. I am to be married at Aunt Abiatha's two weeks from today. The wedding will be very quiet. Aunt Abiatha fully approves of my engagement—in fact, she has done everything in her power to bring it about. Please bring my trousseau along with you. Your loving daughter, GWENDOLYN.

P. S.—His name is Jack Montgomery Hayward, and he's just as nice as his name. I can cook and sew and dust. G.

He Liked the Sound.

Mr. Goff has a humor peculiarly his own. He looks at the world in a half amused, half indulgent manner sometimes very annoying to his friends. One day when in town he dropped into a restaurant for lunch. It was a tidy although not a pretentious establishment. After a good meal he called to the waitress and inquired what kind of pie could be had.

"Apple pie, blueberry, peach, strawberry, shortcake," the young woman repeated glibly.

"Will you please say that again?" he asked, leaning a trifle forward.

The girl went through the list at lightning rate. "And strawberry shortcake," she concluded, with emphasis.

"Would you mind doing it once more?" he said.

The waitress looked her disgust and started in a third time, pronouncing the words in a defiantly clear tone.

"Thank you," he remarked when she had finished. "For the life of me I can't see how you do it. But I like to hear it. It's very interesting, very. Give me apple pie, please, and thank you very much."—Youth's Companion.

A Noiseless City in Friesland.

Fancy a city of 35,000 inhabitants, guileless of street cars and omnibuses (the steam tram line from Franeker halts discreetly without the town), easily encompassed in an hour, for its steel, its old most which it has not yet greatly overstepped, is not three miles in extent; a city without great noise or confusion, save upon market days, and clean, quiet streets, lined by low houses with shining windows, peopled by rosy cheeked serving women, capped with gold and lace, and demurely dressed, grave faced citizens. Send red sailed boats to its very heart until masts are jumbled with electric light poles and church towers; plant densely foliaged trees beside its quays and a few iron railed flower beds in its open squares; give it a water girle thronged with hundreds of boats, crossed by a few bridges and many little hand ferries—and you will see Leeuwarden.—Scribner's Magazine.

He Knew Them.

"Things have gone completely to the dogs with me."

"Cheer up. They might have been worse."

"Don't you believe it."

"Why?"

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NOTICE OF SALE

Of Cotton Mill, Cotton Oil Mill And Farm of Edgefield Manufacturing Company.

United States of America, State of South Carolina, County of Edgefield.

In the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of South Carolina, Fourth Circuit.

D. A. Tompkins and D. A. Tompkins Company, Complainants VS Edgefield Manufacturing Company, Defendant.

Pursuant to the decree of Hon. J. C. Pritchard, Judge of the said court, entered at Asheville, North Carolina, on the 10th day of June, 1908, in the above entitled cause, we, the undersigned, as commissioners of the said court, will sell at public auction upon the premises of the cotton mill plant of the Edgefield Manufacturing Company, at Edgefield, South Carolina, on Saturday 17th day of July, 1909, at noon, the following described property, in the town and county of Edgefield, South Carolina.

1. A tract of land consisting of about seventy acres, adjoining lands of J. M. Cobb, P. B. Mayson, J. W. Thurmond, the lands of the Edgefield Manufacturing Company, John R. Abney and others and lying on south side of Beaver dam creek.

2. A tract of land about twenty acres upon which is located the 3-story brick Cotton Mill plant of the Edgefield Manufacturing Company, together with the fixed and movable machinery and all appurtenances connected with and necessary for the operation of the mill and equipped throughout with steam power electric lights automatic sprinkler system, humidifier system.

The Cotton Mill Building is of sufficient capacity for 10,000 spindles and 322 looms. The looms and 4,995 spindles are all in the building and the other accessory machinery including operatives dwellings, school house and a 2-story brick ware house, and pump house on Beaver dam creek.

3. About 5 acres of land upon which is located the 2-story brick cotton seed Oil Mill Plant and all fixed and movable machinery connected therewith necessary for its operation. The oil mill is a four press mill complete. There is also upon the said real estate a six stand ginny; and a 2-story, 50 barrel cotton seed oil refinery tin sheathed, equipped with a steam power, electric lights and automatic sprinkler system, and seed ware house and seed hull houses necessary for its operation; and other property elsewhere.

This property will be offered separately first, and afterwards will be sold as a whole. Each bidder is required before the sale commences to deposit with the commissioners a certified check for \$1,000 to guarantee compliance with bids.

The terms of the sale are: one-third cash, one third in six months and one-third in twelve months with interest upon deferred payments, the title to be retained until purchase price is paid in full. The purchaser to have the right to anticipate the deferred payments. Parties desiring to inspect the property before the sale will apply to A. S. Tompkins, Edgefield, S. C.

This sale is made subject to confirmation by the said court.

T. I. Hickman, A. S. Tompkins, Receivers, as Commissioners. June 14th, 1909.

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Cotton Seed Meal and Hulls. I take this means of notifying my friends and the public that I keep a large supply of fresh Cotton Seed Meal and Hulls constantly on hand and can fill their orders at reasonable prices. Warehouse near site of old depot. Your patronage solicited. A. M. Timmerman.

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James A. Dobey, DENTAL SURGEON, Johnston, S. C. Office over News-Monitor Office.

Walter C. Miller, Dental Surgeon, 731 Green St., Augusta, Ga. Phone 87.



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