

# By a Trick Of Fate

By Isola L. Forrester

Since daybreak there had been no change in the ceaseless hurrying of the yacht or the dull roar of the waves as they swept in long, heavy seas over its sides.

Twice Katherine had tried to leave her stateroom and reach the cabin and had been forced back. Once the white faced stewardess had come to her door. There was no immediate danger, she assured her. They would be notified at once if there were. If she was nervous, Mr. Hetherington said he would come to her. And Katherine had sent back word that she was not at all nervous, and Mr. Hetherington need not trouble himself at all about her.

When the girl had gone, she had thrown herself on the couch and given full vent to the terror that had haunted her all night long. She was afraid, afraid with her whole heart, that she was being lashed, hungry sea, that tossed and played with the yacht like some huge monster with its helpless prey and threatened every moment to hurl it down to death.

If Hetherington had been with her, if they two could have faced eternity in each other's arms, with the old love strengthening them, she would have known no fear. But as it was, a wild, unreasoning, childish terror made her tremble at every crashing wave, and she longed for that slight of hand before the end should have swept them irrevocably apart.

The week at sea had passed like a troubled dream. They were to have made harbor the previous morning, and the storm had driven them off the course down the southern French coast. By this time she had thought everything would have been over—the brief, tearful parting with Hetherington, the meeting with her mother in Paris and the trip to Berbec.

Dear, lovely, lonely little Berbec up on the Normandy coast. The two small Martigny's classes, had been the happiest of her life. She loved even the memory of the crescent shore line, with the old boats drawn up on the sand and the nets drying in the sunlight and the brown skinned fisher boys and girls gossiping over their baskets of silvery scaled fish.

It had all been arranged and settled so decently, as Hetherington said. There had never been any open quarrels between them for the servants and public to gossip over. It was a quiet, courteous antagonism which required no explanation. The marriage had not been voluntary.

"It was the blessed, stupid mothers," Katherine said with just cynicism at their last interview. "I'm not the kind who settle down, marry and be married and then do nothing but give house parties and dinner parties and yachting parties and all the rest of it. You were rich and nobody in particular, and I was poor and a Lorimer, and the wise little mothers simply saw a chance to found a dynasty of natural wealth, and we drifted until they landed us under the orange blossoms. It is a little tangle of fate's skeins. We can't go back and untangle it, but we can do the Alexander trick and cut it out."

He had agreed to the separation too readily, she thought. Even acknowledging perfect indifference on both sides, a little hesitancy would have been desirable. He had almost seemed cheerful when he had asked her what she intended doing at Berbec.

"You haven't the right to ask me," she had told him, "but there is nothing to conceal. Martigny keeps up his summer classes still. You know I studied under him there and in Paris, too, when we were poor, before."

She felt that he could not understand how she longed for the old quiet life away from the world. It was at Berbec he had first met her. Young and handsome, he had come to the little fishing hamlet on a yachting cruise and, with all the confidence of a rich man, had expected to enter the little exclusive art and social circle that gathered there. It had been her favor that had won him the entrée, and before the ivy that chambered on old Martigny's garden wall had turned to crimson they were engaged.

It was not until after the wedding in Paris at Easter tide that Katherine had realized how the world, her world, was smiling at her in polite amusement. It was so palpably a marriage de convenance. Not a breath of the sweetest of the wedding air had reached her. It was merely that Kitty Lorimer had married Bruce Hetherington for his money, and all the host of nouveau riche Hetheringtons were to sweep into society under the shadow of the Lorimer wings.

And the knowledge of the world's judgment of them had bred a vague, mutual distrust, a fear born of love and pride that the other one might give credence to the world's rumor. After that the drifting apart had been swift, and the end had come deliberately. She had wished to see her mother and Berbec alone. He had refused positively to permit it. If he went against his wishes, he would consider it final. Before she had fully realized what it meant she had tossed back her answer. It was final then. She would go to Berbec. The following week they had sailed for France.

A sudden, sharp rapping on her stateroom door startled her. She caught her breath as she rose unsteadily and clung for support to the side of the berth. The moment of danger had come, and she had sent for her. Not Hetherington, she knew. The rapping called for him he would meet even death without a word. But if she could call, if there was only yet time, only a moment of grace, to reach him and tell him it was all a miserable mistake of pride, that she loved him with all her heart and soul, that she was with her now at the supreme moment when all the world had fallen away to nothingness—and there was only the mystery of—

—before her and his love to her. The rapping sounded heavier and more imperative. "Kit! Let me in!"

It was Hetherington's voice. She turned the lock with steady fingers, a sudden peace strengthening her. He paused in the doorway, tall and dark and storm beaten in his dripping oil-skins, his face white and grim as she looked down at her.

"Has it come, dear?" she asked, lifting her face to him. "I'm not afraid—"

# SOME FAMOUS CAVES

OLD WORLD CAVERNS AND MAZES THAT PUZZLE SCIENTISTS.

Made by Men Ages Ago, and Their Purposes Cannot Be Satisfactorily Explained—The Cave Temples of India and the Roman Catacombs.

The famous underground labyrinth near Chislehurst was recently traversed from end to end by a party of the British Archaeological Association, but the explorations are said to have thrown no new light on the puzzle these wonderful excavations present to the antiquarian.

Who constructed them, in fact, nobody knows nor for what purpose nor when.

Although there are about four miles of passages, varying in height from six feet to ten and in width between one yard and four.

They have been cut out of the solid chalk at an enormous expenditure of time and labor, the walls showing everywhere marks of the workmen's picks.

An even greater mystery attaches to the Dene holes of Essex and Kent, ancient artificial caverns in the chalk, having deep, narrow, vertical entrances.

Many of these entrances are fifty, eighty or even a hundred feet in depth and three or four feet in diameter. They pass straight down through the overlying sands and gravels into the chalk beneath, in which are excavated several large and lofty chambers, arranged symmetrically round the bottom of the shaft.

All sorts of explanations have been advanced to account for the existence of Dene holes. Some authorities say they are merely prehistoric chalk pits.

Others assert that they were used as places of refuge when an invader sailed up the Thames, but against this may be urged the fact that the bottom of a Dene hole would be about the last place in the world in which a man would care to be found by his enemy.

Another favorite theory with some archaeologists is that they constituted the habitations of our forefathers thousands of years before the art of building was known in this country.

At Teolotron, in Cornwall, are some very remarkable subterranean chambers and galleries, the original use of which is quite unknown.

Some of the galleries are more than ninety feet long and, though high enough inside to allow of a man standing upright, are approached only by very low doorways, through which any one desiring ingress would have to creep on his hands and knees.

Chambers and galleries alike are lined throughout with heavy stones, many of which are of limestone size.

Other similar but smaller underground structures have also been discovered at Bolet and Pendene, in the Land's End district, as well as in the parish of St. Constantine and at Sancreed, near Penzance.

At Teolotron, also, that subterranean galleries of precisely the same character have been found beneath the old forts or "raths" of Ireland, and from this circumstance some authorities are inclined to believe that they were intended as storerooms for various warlike stores, arms and provisions.

These Irish galleries, however, must in no wise be confounded with the curious beehive shaped underground chambers which are so abundant in County Cork and elsewhere and which are called by the peasants "Dane holes" because, they say, the Danes were wont to hide in them in olden times.

This may have been so, by the way, for many of these subterranean apartments would form excellent hiding places, but they were certainly constructed originally by the Irish themselves at a period long anterior to the advent of the Danish invaders.

Probably they are allied to the "Picts' houses" of the Orkney Islands, which are either chambered tumuli or underground dwellings, or both.

# PUT ON THE BRAKES.

Slow Up, or Before You Know It You May Be Off the Track.

The limited good sixty miles an hour, in the smoker men jobs and play cards and tell risqué stories. The day coaches are crowded and comfortable. The heavy sleepers as they sway to and fro make only a gentle rocking for the people who chat and read and nap.

"Crash!" Engine and cars and flesh and blood are ground up together in a shapeless, horrid mass. Off the track! So goes humanity's train. Here is a boy who got to running on a fast schedule. He began by pilfering from his father's till. As he grew older he made faster time. Down grade he goes, and soon comes the crash. Newsboys cry a murder and a suicide. The crowd lulls for a moment. His friends murmur, "I never thought he was so bad."

A young girl thinks her mother is too slow for these record breaking times. Mother is "old fashioned." The girl goes to places her mother has warned her she should not frequent. The bloom is brushed from the fruit. One day a bronzed, drunken creature, cursing and shrieking is loaded into the patrol wagon. A woman is off the track!

A man goes in a hurry to be rich. His father went slowly, carefully, successfully. But father's methods will not do. What's the use of moiling and toiling when a quicker way may well be the business? So-and-so has speculated successfully. Surely I am as shrewd as he! \* \* \* A pistol shot. A man is off the track!

Our age is a rapid one. Business and society go at a sixty mile clip. Rather than drive their trains into the ditch. Many of them run wild. There are frequent collisions and wrecks immemorial by getting off the track.

Look out, therefore, but venturesome merchant and reckless young woman and gay young man! The race is not to the swift alone. Put on the brakes. Slow up, or before you know it you will be off the track.—Milwaukee Journal.

# SEEING A PICTURE.

Try to Look at It Through the Eyes of the Artist Who Painted It.

The first necessity for the proper seeing of a picture is to try to see it through the eyes of the artist who painted it. This is not a usual method. Generally people look only through their own eyes and like or dislike a picture according as it does or does not suit their particular fancy. These people will tell you, "Oh, I don't like anything about painting, but I know what I like," which is their way of saying, "If I don't like it right off I don't care to be bothered to like it at all."

Such an attitude of mind cuts one off from growth and development. For it is as much to say, "I am very well satisfied with myself and quite indifferent to the experiences and feelings of other men." Yet it is just this feeling and experience of another man which a picture gives us. If you consider a moment you will understand why. The world itself is a vast panorama, and from it the painter selects his subject—not the copy of it exactly, since it would be impossible for him to do this even if he tried. How could he represent, for example, each blade of grass, each leaf upon a tree? So what he does is to represent the subject as he sees it, as it appeals to his sympathy or interest, and if he feels artistic, he will represent the result of his own feeling according to the way in which he himself had been impressed by the scene—in fact, according to his separate point of view or separate way of seeing it, influenced by his individual experience and feeling.—Charles H. Coffin in St. Nicholas.

Quick Turn. "Did you ever make any money on the board of trade?" "Yes, I made \$175 there one day in less than twenty minutes."

"When? What did you do with it?" "Oh, they got it back before I had a chance to see it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Another Pool Question Asked. "That policeman at the second crossing is a misplaced humorist."

"What makes you think so?" "I asked him today if he wore gloves on Sunday. He said no, he wore 'em on his hands."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where should a chimney be the larger, at the top or bottom, and why? How many different kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood and what are they good for?

Can you tell why a horse when tethered with a rope always unravels it, while a cow always twists it into a kinky knot?—Wesleyan Advocate.

Old Time Remedies. Strange as it may seem to some, the ingredients of the witches' caldron in "Macbeth," at least a part of them, were once standard remedies among Europeans. In the tenth and eleventh centuries a sovereign cure forague was the swallowing of a small toad that had been choked to death on St. John's eye, and a splendid remedy for rheumatism was to fasten the bands of clothing with pins that had been stuck into the flesh of either a toad or a frog.

Physicians frequently recommended the water from a toad's brain for mental affections, and that a live toad be rubbed over the diseased parts as a cure for the quincy.

Letters of Introduction. Letters of introduction should not be looked on too complimentary or highly flattering terms. As they are left unsealed and delivered in person it is embarrassing for the caller to deliver them. The letter should simply introduce the bearer, state that he is well known to any courtesy of entertainment shown him will be greatly appreciated.

Animals in Battle. The gorilla's powerful arms make it a formidable foe.

Fish fighting is a most popular sport in Siam. The two fish, trained from the age of six months to fight, are placed in a large glass bottle, it is most curious to note each fish's attitude when it becomes aware of its adversary's presence in the bottle.

Swallowing with rage and puffed-out nostrils, the fish circles the narrow space, pretending not to notice each other until suddenly one fish makes a savage dart at its unwelcome companion, biting its fins and body. The fight continues until the referee sees that the issue is no longer in doubt, when the contest is stopped.

Horses use either their teeth or their hoofs as a mode of defense. A curious instance of the effectiveness of these weapons once occurred at Sheffield park. A bullock, barking and snorting, chased a horse turned loose around and around a meadow, not with angry intent, but purely from excess of high spirits. After galloping around the field several times the horse stopped dead and, turning sharply around, lashed out at the yelping dog, with a fatal result, for its skull was cleft.

The gorilla is a most formidable opponent in battle, its great strength lying in its powerful arms. Few animals of the forest have the slightest chance of overcoming a gorilla. A python has been known to circle its coils around the gorilla's body, only, however, to have its own body torn open by its adversary's hands.

Waste of Energy. If you hold your feet as tight as you can hold it for fifteen minutes the fatigue you will feel when it relaxes is a clear proof of the energy you have been wasting, and if the waste is so great in the useless tightening of a fist it is still greater in the extended and continuous contraction of brain and nerves in useless fears and the energy saved through dropping the fears and their accompanying tension can bring in the same proportion a vigor unknown before and at the same time afford protection against the very things we feared.

The four of taking cold is so strong in many people that a draft of fresh air becomes a loggabo to their contracted, sensitive nerves. Drafts are imagined as existing everywhere, and the contraction which immediately follows the sensation of a draft is the best means of preparing to catch a cold.

# RELIC FROM THE STONE AGE

A Body From the Prehistoric Barrow Places of England.

In Somersetshire, England, may be seen many "barrows," burying places of prehistoric man. Long ages ago, when the elephant and rhinoceros roamed about the heaths and wold, the great elk and the reindeer were among the common animals of England, primitive man and savage beasts lived in caves in this region.

At the entrance to these caves the aborigines, clad in skins kept fire burning for warmth and for protection from the wild beasts. It was here that they made flint hatchets, knives and arrowheads. Not long ago a trench was being dug within the mouth of one of these caves for the purpose of draining.

It was found necessary to break up a stagnate floor of two thick layers. Between the layers was a deposit of cave earth and stones, in which was discovered the skeleton of a man of very great antiquity in an excellent state of preservation. With it were found several flint knives and flakes. Experts who made a careful examination of the skull, which has projecting brows and receding frontal bone, have decided that it belongs to the stone age and is of a type intermediate between the paleolithic and the neolithic.

Apparently the body had been placed in a small passage leading off from the great passages to the stalactite caves and had been prevented from disturbance by stones piled around it. The stalactite floor had formed over it, and the body was preserved in it to the present day.—Harper's Weekly.

THINK OVER THESE. Why are all cowpats crooked? How old must a grapevine be before it begins to bear? What wood will bear the greatest weight before breaking? Can you tell why leaves turn up side down just before a storm? You can see any day a white horse, but did you ever see a white cat? Why does a horse eat grass backward and a cow forward? Why does a hop vine wind one way and a bean vine the other? Where should a chimney be the larger, at the top or bottom, and why? How many different kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood and what are they good for? Can you tell why a horse when tethered with a rope always unravels it, while a cow always twists it into a kinky knot?—Wesleyan Advocate.

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