

A SON OF WEALTH

By KEITH GORDON

At first it was merely the rumor of a rumor, then it became an authentic report, and last the town, or at least that part of it which considered itself indubitably "upper crust," thrilled with the knowledge that Hemingway Trent was to spend a month with his aunt, Mrs. Ordway.

Set down in black and white, this fact appears insignificant, but just think a moment and repeat the name over and over to yourself—"Trent, Trent"—and you will doubtless begin to thrill, for the name of Trent is known wherever pickles are eaten or money spent.

It is only fair to the present Trents to explain that it is a far cry from the original pickle, or rather, from the little patch of ground on the edge of a young city where that first pickle, that Aladdin's lamp of a pickle, grew to the present representatives of the family.

Hemingway, the future head of the Trent family, aged twenty-six, was coming to Carrington for a visit. A blaze of interest sprang up in anxious mother hearts at first rumor of this fact, and, though they guarded eye and lip, some sparks flew and little additional news sprang up in the hearts of marriagable daughters. Finally the air became surcharged. Admiring father hearts gave signs of emotion, a restlessness, a critical, lingering survey of daughterly charms. Several rush orders for gowns of more than ordinary beauty were sent scurrying across the continent, and when sufficient that this finery to come was never mentioned, not even between the best of friends.

And all the intense, subdued flurry of preparation there was one family that remained serene. Mr. and Mrs. Barry of Barrydene went their elegant, languid way, undistracted and unmoved, though they, too, had a marriagable daughter. The way of the Barrys had long since ceased to be affluent. If the Hemingways, for whom Trent was named, had left a ramshackle shanty far behind them the Barrys, on the other hand, had come to the old-fashioned mansion that overlooked the river Severn. The only difference between them was that they had started at different ends of the chain.

Still, Brenda Barry, only child and chief depository of the practical sense of the house of that name, was a girl filled with a tingling resentment when she heard of the enormous fortunes of the "new" people. Being a woman, she could not fail to feel the subtle tension in the social atmosphere, and for the same reason she instinctively divined its cause. And to say that she was scornful but fair, is to say the least.

There was nothing about the good-looking, athletic young fellow whom she met a week later to justify that scorn. He was the usual thing—a very much washed, immaculately dressed young man of the day, with a desire to please which was so apparent that Brenda had to goad herself into remembering how frightfully new and distastefully rich he was.

This attitude on the part of one whose head might well have been turned by the flattery and attention she was receiving on all sides modified her somewhat. Then by chance she happened to encounter a rather vindictive glance from Helen Carrington's violet eyes—Helen was wearing an exquisitely simple gown that had not seen the light before—and suddenly her own plan of action was clearly mapped out in her mind.

"Too much soothing syrup," she reflected ironically. "What he needs is a tonic." This mental comment of hers may have had something to do with the delightful sense of refreshment young Trent received when she asked him none of the usual questions which the others had pestered him until he wondered impatiently if they had nothing to think about but him. Indeed, she didn't seem to be very clear as to his identity, so that he felt compelled to refer tactfully to the fact that he was on his way to visit his aunt, Mrs. Ordway. Even then her face was impassive.

"Rather a stunning girl, that Miss Barry," he remarked to his aunt the next day on their drive as she pointed Barrydene to him, while he noted with interest its picture-book decay. The stucco house was a beautiful sort of gray, and what had once been a garden after the Italian manner was now overgrown and neglected, yet full of wistful beauty. Near a corner of the house he caught the gleam of a light gown and emerged from the bushes a young man of the name of Trent.

Trent reasoned that if you pass a person's house often enough you are pretty sure to know the person. On the third successive morning that he passed Barrydene she came through the gate in the neglected hedge just as his horse jogged slowly by.

see, I've just been doing a few of the small fine pieces myself; the 'Chin man' brings them back streaked in so many shades of pink and blue."

"She looked at him furtively, but it was evident he was thoroughly mystified. She was obliged to be more explicit.

"Washing, you know," she elaborated, pointing to an Indian basket heaped with linen that stood on the grass. "Now just make yourself comfortable and talk to me while I work." And she proceeded rather ostentatiously to spread out some dirty handkerchiefs and napkins on the whitening grass while her caller looked on in shocked, speechless amazement.

"Oh, I say! You oughtn't to do this, you know. It's ridiculous, it's an outrage. Get a Chinaman who'll do the right thing. There must be one somewhere."

Miss Barry became sweetly passive. Resignation spoke from every line of her face.

"There are some," she admitted, "but they charge, oh, fearfully!" Then, with hands locked behind her, she stood back and regarded the bushes where all the sweetest and sweetest noise was being made by the whitening clothes. "That saves papa as much as a dollar," she said proudly, "and every little helps."

Trent murmured something, he did not precisely know what, so busy he was trying to think what it meant that the financial condition that made the saving of a dollar so great a thing. Brenda covertly watched him with disdainful delight, which was, it is true, modified when she discovered that his surprise was changing into a sort of awed admiration.

Promptly the next morning Trent, clad in the most disreputable clothes he could procure, might have been seen laughing about the Barrydene hedges. When the daughter of the house finally made her appearance it was not so early, though, as he had been led to believe. He walked in boldly, announcing with the simplicity of a child that he had come to see her.

"I fancy that I have angled for you just as much as the others," she said breathlessly. But Hemingway Trent smiled and said so long as I like your bait?" he questioned.

Great Men Who Were Little.

Canon Kingsley not long before his death drew attention to the number of short men who could be successful in London. He looked upon it as a sign of the deterioration of the race. But there are those who look at it as an indication of progress in intellectual lines at least, for many if not most of the great men of history have been men below the medium height. Canons Kingsley was a singularly small man. Napoleon was undeniably short, Nelson was no height of which he could boast, and the great Conde was hardly more than five feet tall. Hildebrand—Gregory VII.—the greatest of all the popes, was quite a diminutive person. Montaigne was short as was Pope. The crooked thing that asked questions, so was Dryden, and so was Scarron, who alluded to himself as "an abridgment of human miseries" on account of his short stature and ill health.

Chinese Peculiarities.

In giving his opinion of China Captain Faulkner of the artillery corps epitomized the Chinese characteristics so cleverly that some of his listeners copied down his words.

"China," said Captain Faulkner, "is a country where the roses have no fragrance and the women no petticoats, where the later has no Sunday and the magistrate no sense of honor, where the roads bear no vehicles and the ships no keels, where old men fly kites and the needle points to the south, where the place of honor is on the left hand and the seat of intellect in the stomach, where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture and to wear white garments is to be in mourning, a country which is a literature without an alphabet and a language without a grammar."—London Globe.

OILS FROM FISH.

Valuable Themselves, as Are Also Their Byproducts.

The preparation of oil from aquatic animals for both medicinal and technical purposes is of great importance. The principal oil producers are the whales, porpoises, blackfish, seals, walrus, menhaden, herring, cod, haddock, pollock, lake, cusk, ling, shark, dogfish, alligator and turtle.

Various subsidiary products are obtained from these aquatic oils and form a source of considerable profit to the refiner. Among the more important of these products may be noted the following:

At a low temperature there may be separated from all varieties of aquatic oils a solid fat or grease known as spermaceti, which is somewhat similar to the tallow obtained from sheep and oxen. It is used as a substitute for tallow from sheep and oxen in sizing yarns, as emollient in leather dressing, etc. By bleaching the oils a solid fat known as "sperm soap," "whale soap," "menhaden soap," etc., according to the variety of oil treated, is produced. This material is used in smearing shoes, washing fruit trees, soap manufacture, etc. By refining sperm oil spermaceti is obtained, and this is used principally in candle making, as an ointment for medicinal purposes, for producing a polish on linen in laundering and for self-lubricating carriages.

After the oil is extracted the resulting scrap or refuse is dried and sold as fertilizer.

The Baiting Day.

A well known artist recently received a letter from a friend who had recently made it a practice to borrow money of him. In this letter the chap who is always in financial difficulties surprised his correspondent by saying:

"This time I have decided to reverse the usual order of things, and, instead of borrowing from you, I enclose herewith \$50, which I am going to ask that you will lay aside for me for a rainy day."

But the artist couldn't find any remittance in the letter. He searched for it on the floor, under the table—in fact, every where he thought he might have dropped it. Then quite accidentally he turned over the sheet on which the letter was written and discovered this postscript:

"I've just looked out of the window and find it's raining like the very deuce!"—Collier's.

Miss Waring's Escort

By OTHO B. SENGHA

Six shabbily dressed men lounged in front of the fashionable hotel. Five, evidently comrades, conferred together in low tones; then one approached the sixth man, saying guardedly, "Are you one of us?"

The man smiled half satirically. "No, I'm not of your kind, but I'll be glad to see you."

"This questioner turned away in disgust."

The man laughed softly, the low, enjoyable laugh of one who appreciates a well young woman whose attire evidenced wealth and refinement entered the hotel vestibule.

"Who is she, Dyke?" eagerly questioned another.

"Miss Kate Waring of Denver. Worth half a million, madam!"

"He hesitated but an instant. 'I have tramped for five years. I work awhile in a place till the devil drives me on again—the devil of my conscience. I suppose it will yet drive me back to his face, but he kept stalling me—'to Denver, where I am wanted for the murder of Manuel Laredo, a Mexican, whom I killed on Starbright ranch.'"

"I bought Starbright ranch last year. Manuel Laredo is among the workmen there. It is not necessary," calmly, "I will remain here."

"Pardon me, madam, but ladies without escorts are served in the room at the right. Will you conduct madam?"

"Then his face paled again. 'I forgot,' he hoarsely, 'there may be a dozen Manuel Laredos; those Mexican men.'"

"It is the same man," he interrupted positively. "I have heard the story and seen the scar of the bullet on his cheek."

"I do not wish to go in there. I prefer to have dinner served here," making the statement tranquilly with the air of one accustomed to have deference accorded her slightest wish.

"The rule is imperative, madam," with courteous firmness. "Ladies without escorts?"

"Reserve that table by the window with the ferns beside it, the third on the left." And the graceful figure turned to the outer door.

"There was no hesitancy in Miss Waring's voice or manner as she addressed the group of shabby men. 'Will one of you gentlemen do me a favor?' clearly and unsmilingly.

Six shabby head coverings were off in an instant, and six more or less manly forms bent low before her.

"Thank you all," gravely. "I want one of you to act as my escort and my guest, that I may be accorded the privilege—the scarlet lips curled a trifle—"of having my dinner where I have chosen to have it. I will ask you, please," turning abruptly to the one who had designated himself as "de real thing."

Miss Waring's face and gesture forbade further words.

"I thank you all for your courtesy. If this gentleman accepts?"

"It is a privilege, madam," bowing gravely.

"The real thing, is he?" cried Dyke venomously when they were out of hearing. "Did you observe his speech and that woe? He's one of the fellows set to watch us?"

"Nonsense, Dyke! There isn't a man in the class as old as he. He's seen me tramp, and he's seen me make a thousand on it. Why didn't you tell Miss Waring who you are?"

"Aren't we under oath not to disclose our identity?" demanded Dyke hotly.

"I ordered a table reserved," said Miss Waring to "de real thing."

"I see it—third on the left."

He led the way with easy grace, a light of amusement gleaming in his dark eyes at the evident consternation of the waiter, who hesitated slightly before seating the serene young lady and her strange escort.

Miss Waring ordered the dinner with precision and discrimination.

"I hope," she remarked pleasantly when the waiter had gone—"I hope you approve my order."

There was not the slightest embarrassment in her manner or condescension in her speech—the man was her guest.

"The order is perfect, madam, and, permit me to say, admirably given."

Miss Waring smiled.

"Are all of Boston's?" she paused for an instant in search of a word that might not embarrass her guest—"Submerged, such Chesterfields as the six to whom I spoke?"

"The others are Harvard students."

"Harvard students?" in momentary bewilderment. "Oh, I know. They are doing penance."

"That is the meaning, madam, though not the term they use for six weeks in the rays of the sun and evening dew to purify. One drop of this essence will communicate its odor to a pint of water."

How to Clean Fur.

To clean fur take equal parts of salt and flour, mix and beat in the oven, taking care not to color the fur in doing so. With a clean piece of flannel rub this mixture into the fur, which must afterward be shaken and brushed till it is quite free of flour.

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clothes he wore.

"He was quick to see the change. 'You are sorry I came? It was taking an advantage?'"

"Fardon me, I am somewhat disappointed. It was a pleasure to find something genuine. I do not like imitations, not even an imitation hobo."

"It is now that I am the imitation, Miss Waring. The clothes are hired for the occasion."

"She held out her hand cordially. 'Consider yourself welcome, Mr. Lester, and allow me to say that the clothes are very becoming.'"

"He flushed brightly.

"It's five years since I've worn a rig like this. I hardly knew how to put it on."

Seaweeds.

Aside from their use as food by man and beast and as fertilizer in agriculture, seaweeds have numerous uses in the arts and sciences. From them are obtained soda, chlorides, sulphates, silicates, iodine, bromine and gelose. They have ever occupied an important place in the rude pharmacopoeia of the untutored savage as well as of the higher one of his more civilized brethren. Certain varieties are used in stuffing chairs and beds. They are especially suitable for the latter purpose, as their aromatic smell is said to drive insects away.

What She Meant.

"Is 'yo' got enny hah' fo' sale, boss?"

"Any hah', amity?"

"Hah', boss."

"Hah'?"

"Yassuh, hah' lak' yo' got on yo' hah'?"

"Oh, hah'?"

"Yassuh; hah'."

"Why, no, amity; this is a dry goods store, not a hah' store."

"Dat's whut ah' 'lowed, boss. But missus tole me to cum yah' an' get free yah's mo' hah' lak' she done got yessidy."

"Oh, you mean 'mohair'?"

"Yassuh; mo' hah'."—Houston Post.

A Story of Sir Robert Ball.

Sir Robert Ball, the noted British astronomer, on one occasion went to a remote town in Ireland to lecture on his favorite topic. Arriving at the station, he looked for the expected conveyance, but found none. After all the other passengers had disappeared a man stepped up and said, "Maybe you're Sir Robert Ball?" On receiving an affirmative reply the man hastily apologized, saying, "Sure, your honor, I'm sorry I kept you waiting, but I was told to look for an intellectual gentleman." Sir Robert thought that under the circumstances it would be better not to inquire what was the man's idea of intellectuality.

Back to the Old Hattons.

"I suppose you've had of the fat of the land," said Mrs. Saunders plaintively as she set the plate of griddle cakes before Mr. Saunders the morning after his return from Boston. "With Niece Margaret's means, they must have everything there is going."

"I presume to say there's no lack of it here," said Mr. Saunders as he began to pour maple sirup with a lavish hand. "But for breakfasts with a lavish hand, 'twas't for breakfasts that I expect that hired girl of theirs that I used to hear falling downstairs about 7 o'clock didn't want the trouble of starting her fire in a hurry. But I tell you when you've had a different kind of straw filling served to ye for seven days running, griddle cakes come just at the right time. Don't take away that serup jug yet awhile. It hasn't soaked in yet all it's agoing to. And set the doughnuts and the pie and the biscuits where I can keep an eye on 'em, but ye can't have a different kind of water as far as ye see it. I've been starvin' healthy about as long as I can stan' it."—Youth's Companion.

How Rats Multiply.

A pair of rats happily situated and undisturbed will in three years have increased to 65,888. Calculating that ten rats eat as much in one day as a man, which we think is rather under than over the fact, the consumption of these rats would be equal to that of 65,880 men the year round and leave eight rats in the year to spare. Multiplying in this rapid way, it is probable that the rat has so many natural enemies. All these to the contrary notwithstanding, he often proves sufficiently troublesome to make the community conspire against him. In Ireland they singe the hair of a rat which has been caught, but otherwise it is unharmed. In Germany they let one loose with a small bell attached to its neck. The tinkling of this as the belled rat chases his friends produces a panic among them and causes them to flee the premises.

Flower Essences.

To extract the essence from any flower place a layer of the flowers in a clean curtain pot and cover them a layer of fine soil. Repeat the process until the pot is filled, cover closely and place in the cellar. Forty days afterward strain the essence from the whole through a crape by pressure. Put the essence thus expressed in a clear bottle and expose for six weeks in the rays of the sun and evening dew to purify. One drop of this essence will communicate its odor to a pint of water.

Distress Signals at Sea.

When ships at sea are in want of provisions and starting the signal used is a pendant with a ball underneath. Should the signal be reversed—i. e., ball uppermost—it would signify that the vessel addressed was running into danger. If a ball should be hoisted superior to a large square flag it would denote that the cargo is on fire or ship leaking and requires immediate assistance. All "distress signals" are answered by hoisting a ball at ship's masthead or masthead of signal staff on shore and are used at all times when the colors of a ship's flag cannot be distinguished. The above are international signals.

PRIVATE COINAGE.

At One Time It Was Quite Common

The history of the issue of coins in this country by private individuals and companies would make a very interesting book. When gold was struck in North Carolina a man named Bechtler started a mint of his own there, which was abandoned by him in 1840. Half eagles, quarter eagles and one dollar pieces issued by him were largely circulated in the south and west. Although of honest gold, they were about 2 1/2 per cent under value on an average.

About the same time Templeton Reid coined gold in California. His mint was in California in 1849 and minted eagles and twenty-five dollar pieces on a considerable scale. Many companies and refineries in California and elsewhere during the same period. Naturally there was a great temptation to make these coins under weight and of inferior fineness. The Mormons in Utah issued eagles, half eagles and double eagles which bore on the obverse an eye, with the legend, "Holliness to the Lord."

Quantities of twenty-five cent and fifty cent gold pieces were also manufactured at San Francisco, the former containing only about six cents' worth of the metal and the latter twelve cents' worth. Years ago a lot of these were taken over to Germany and circulated there, which elicited a formal diplomatic protest from that government. The private minting business was finally stopped.

Where He Made His Money.

Years ago a gentleman settled in the south of England and became very popular in the neighborhood. The country families could never discover who he had made his money, but were satisfied by his solemn assurance that it was not in trade. Nothing could exceed the ordinary gravity of his demeanor, which, indeed, caused him to be placed on the commission of peace, but now and then, without any apparent provocation, he would burst into such a laugh as no one ever heard before except in one place.

Where they could have heard it puzzled the county families for five and twenty years, but at last he was betrayed unconsciously by his own grandchild, who after a visit to a traveling circus innocently exclaimed, "Why, grandpa laughs just like the clown!"—James Payn.

His Outing.

"Were you out driving yesterday?"

"Yes, out \$6 for the rig. The girl told me she was engaged to another fellow."—Exchange.

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LACKAWANNA RAILROAD

—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION

WEST	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New York	10:20	10:20	10:10
Saratoga	11:15	11:15	11:05
Buffalo	12:15	12:15	12:05
Saratoga	1:15	1:15	1:05
New York	2:15	2:15	2:05
WEST	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New York	7:15	7:15	7:05
Saratoga	8:15	8:15	8:05
Buffalo	9:15	9:15	9:05
Saratoga	10:15	10:15	10:05
New York	11:15	11:15	11:05

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

TIME TABLE

In Effect Nov. 29th, 1904.

Saratoga (Daily)	A. M.	P. M.
Pittsburg	7:15	7:00
Saratoga	10:20	10:10
New York	11:15	11:05
Saratoga	12:15	12:05
Pittsburg	1:15	1:05
Saratoga	2:15	2:05
New York	3:15	3:05
Saratoga	4:15	4:05
Pittsburg	5:15	5:05
Saratoga	6:15	6:05
New York	7:15	7:05
Saratoga	8:15	8:05
Pittsburg	9:15	9:05
Saratoga	10:15	10:05
New York	11:15	11:05

Carrollton	A. M.	P. M.
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Carrollton	11:15	11:05

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