

In the Matter of Elizabeth

By S. T. STERN
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There were two Elizabeth Langhams. For fifteen years they had lived almost side by side, and neither of them had learned of the other's existence. Three hundred feet of metropolitan space and several hundred thousand dollars separated them socially and completely. The elder Miss Langham resided near the middle of the block in a plutocratic white stone mansion. At the corner of the same street in a modest flat house lived the other Elizabeth.

Though neither of them was aware of the circumstances, these two possessed one link in common. His parents knew him as James Carruthers. His clients and professional friends called him Jack, the professor. Miss Langham knew him as her oldest and, she hoped, her best friend, Elizabeth Langham, whom she had employed.

Elizabeth Langham, often wondered that Jim had selected her from two dozen applicants for the position of stenographer in his legal establishment. A callow graduate from a business college, she had hardly hoped to gain acceptance over a score of experienced typists. The true reason—her name—she never guessed. Still Jim had no reason to regret his choice. Miss Elizabeth was neat, pretty and bright. Jim dictated to her daily, and she transcribed without an error.

Not so Miss Langham, the focus of fifty bachelor aspirations. Jim tried dictation there only once.

"Mr. Carruthers," said Miss Langham coldly, "you are taking a mean advantage of our friendship. You have no right to criticize my other friends. I am proud to number Judge Newton among my friends."

"But he's fifty if he's a day," Jim persisted.

"So shall you be, Mr. Carruthers—some day. Good night."

There were tears after Jim had taken his departure, but that Jim did not know. He did know, however, that Miss Langham had dismissed him, and he sorrowed accordingly.

"It's that fellow, Colonel Newton," he mused. "Since they've elected him a judge Elizabeth has been indifferent to me. Mrs. Judge Newton evidently sounds better to her young ears than plain Mrs. Jimmy Carruthers." So he pondered humored in the slush of a winter evening and nursed his first great sorrow.

Sorrow maketh a sympathizer. Jimmy, blue and hopeless, became humanitarian in a week. One morning when his stenographer, Miss Elizabeth, showed him a court summons which had been served upon her, demanding that she pay the sum of \$250 forthwith or suffer the entry of judgment for that amount, Jimmy simply radiated consolation. "Who is this Mrs. Nellie who is suing you?"

"I never heard of her," was the response.

Jim scanned the papers closely. "Mrs. Nellie," he said after he had finished, "seems to be the trade name of a being whose Christian appellation is Michael O'Malley. He says you ordered one blue dress of the value of \$250. He swears that you have refused to accept it, and he sues accordingly."

"There must be some mistake. I never ordered a dress one-fourth as expensive as that. Nor have I ever laid eyes on Mrs. Nellie."

"Where do you live?" he inquired.

Her reply astonished him. "No.—Sixth avenue."

"Is that near Forty-seventh street?"

"It is on the corner. The side street is very fashionable. This summons must be intended for some wealthy woman near by who doesn't pay her bills."

When Jim saw that the papers were signed in the name of the Hon. William Newton, Justice, his mind was made up. He told his secretary to have no fear. He was happy to show his appreciation of her faithful and long continued service.

He tried the case himself. His rival sat on his bench and glared savagely at him—at least that is Jimmy's report of the judicial attitude.

As it happened, Mrs. Nellie was not present in the courtroom, having been detained elsewhere on jury duty. In his place he sent two of his assistants. One of them took the stand at once—a forthright body she was, who confessed nothing that she had been a dressmaker for twenty-one years and was approaching her thirtieth birthday. "It's this way, judge, yer honor," she testified glibly. "Mrs. Nellie sent the dress, and she sent it back, saying it didn't fit. I didn't have nothing to do with it, but the lady in our house as did has assured me that it fitted to perfection. Mrs. Nellie says Miss Langham should be compelled to pay."

At this point Jim felt called upon to explain matters. "You see," he started to say, "they've got the wrong."

Judge Newton waved him aside. "The issue in this case is simple. Does the gown fit? That is all. I would like to ask Miss Langham a question or two. Take the stand, miss."

Miss Langham did so.

"What is your name?"

"Elizabeth Langham."

"Where do you live?"

"No.—Sixth avenue."

"You may retire to my private chamber and don the dress. The plaintiff's experts will accompany you."

Miss Langham consented to wrap. "If you please, Judge Newton," she stammered.

"Do as I say," he responded testily. "The court will judge for itself."

Five minutes later Miss Langham re-entered the courtroom clad in the gown under dispute. Mrs. Nellie's expert beamed with satisfaction as she addressed the court. "You can see for yourself, judge, yer honor. It fits without a wrinkle."

"I should care for that amazingly good fit," said Judge Newton, frowning, adding by way of judicial concession, "and mightily becoming. It fits, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Miss Langham, "but—"

"That's all. Judgment for Mrs. Nellie for the full amount."

Once more Jim rose from his chair. "Won't you permit me to say a few words? There has been a mistake."

"There has not, Mr. Carruthers, unless it be your own in endeavoring to defend a case in which the evidence is so palpably in favor of the other side."

On the way back to the office Jim consulted his client. He promised to appeal the case to the highest court in the country.

In his heart he knew that the case of Mrs. Nellie versus Miss Elizabeth Langham would never be heard in court again.

When Miss Elizabeth Langham

The Reckless Hour

By ISOLA FORRESTER
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When she came out of the theater all of the carriages had gone except one. Some one stood beside it waiting.

She stood for a moment in the lobby entrance and fastened the diamond clasp of the chiffon and lace stole around her throat. The pin had been safe enough. She had volunteered again back to the boxes for it, and had found it sticking in the velvet arm of Aunt Victoria's chair, just where she had left it.

"Do you think that I was never coming?" she asked as she reached the carriage. The figure turned quickly at the sound of her voice, and she found herself looking into Thornton's eyes. She caught her breath and stopped abruptly, startled and frightened, afraid to let him guess the great flood of gladness that swept over her at sight of him. When one believes a person to be in Manchuria it is somewhat bewildering to meet that person alone on Broadway at 11 p. m.

He did not speak, merely opened the door for her.

"There is some mistake," she paused.

"Of course there is a mistake. There always is when I come in for anything good. The fact remains that the rest have gone and that I was told to wait for you."

"Who told you to wait?"

He took her by the elbow and helped her imperatively into the carriage.

"I was with Mrs. Culverton. She was in the third box, and I was late. Then Cully came along and took her home himself. I believe your aunt told him to wait for you, but he wanted to go directly home, so I took his place. You don't believe me?"

"Oh, yes, I do. At least I believe part of it. You always twist the truth and the fairy tale together so perfectly one can only guess at which is which. I believe that Mr. Culverton was asked to wait for me."

Thornton ignored the discrimination. He was gazing intently at the pale young face. It must be true all he had heard at the club. She did not look happy. It was Vic Wilmington's affair, the digging up of Estevan. She always had some two-for-a-penny tale hanging after her. It was only these weeks of now. The thought brought with it a flash of recklessness. They would have for a lifetime. Tonight for one short half hour she was his. He leaned toward her suddenly.

"Gladly, are you sorry to see me?"

"Don't say that. You're not in half decent company. It isn't fair."

"Fair to whom?"

"To him."

Thornton's jaws squared aggressively.

"He hasn't anything to say about it yet. You needn't be frightened. The wolf won't eat you. Won't let them get you. It's not fair. You will only have to present your husband."

"If I dared!"

He tapped on the glass slide and gave an order to the driver, and they turned back down the avenue just as the bells were chiming midnight.

Ohio in Japan.

Ohio is also a Japanese word meaning "good morning," said a native of Tokyo. "When you go out on the street in a Japanese village the people you meet will all say 'good morning.' They do not wait for an introduction. It is considered courteous to greet strangers thus.

"An American whose home was in Kentucky, but who did business in Cincinnati, was traveling in Japan and was considerably perplexed that every one who met him on the street should greet him with the word 'Ohio.' He was of an old Kentucky family and, like most Kentuckians, was proud of the state of his nativity. The second day in Japan, when he was met by a hundred men, he turned to his interpreter and said:

"What in the name of all that is mysterious makes these Japanese think that I came from Ohio? Even if I did come from that state I would not want to have it thrown up to me continually."

"Before the guide had a chance to reply a young man passed and again saluted the American with an 'Ohio.'"

"The Kentuckian turned on the Japanese young man and said:

"See here, sir, you have made a slight mistake. I am not from Ohio. I live across the river. I am a Kentuckian, and my home is in Covington."

—Louisville Herald.

An Irish Bull.

In the way of a thoroughgoing "bull" the following is very hard to beat. A certain club in the west of Ireland had among its members a certain discontented minority who were continually finding fault with the arrangements made by the committee. One of the malcontents on one occasion, after calling at the club house, left the following note to the board for the perusal of the committee:

"Gentlemen, the hot water in the lavatory is perfectly cold; there is no cold water, as the tap is turned off at the man there; no fire on any of the billiard cues, except one that is broken and of no use; the daily newspapers are constantly being mislaid, and the light is so bad that we can't read them." —London Standard.

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Because of this the best surgeons work with mechanical precision and economy of movement. Everything is ready before the operation commences; an assistant is at hand to look after the details of actual work, such as holding back the edges of the incision, adjusting the ligatures, etc.; an expert in anasthesia handles the chloroform and watches the subject's pulse and respiration in order that the operation's time may be devoted wholly to one point, and a deft nurse, adept in the use of every instrument, needle and chemical preparation, is at the surgeon's elbow ready to hand out at a word—something that is essential to the operation—elements already filed in the order of their probable use.

Two visiting surgeons at one of the New York hospitals got a markedly varying percentage of mortality in a common abdominal operation.

"What is the difference between the two operators?" I asked of one of the house staff in attendance.

"About twenty minutes," he said succinctly.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear a man or woman say, "There is something the matter with my stomach." They never stop to think whether they themselves are not at fault instead of the stomach. It is so easy to blame the stomach. It can't say anything back.

But the truth of the matter is the stomach is all right; nothing the matter with it at all. It is what is put into the stomach that is causing the trouble. The stomach knows when it receives something that will be injurious to the body or when it has been overloaded, and it protests against the indigestible article or the surplus amount of food.

It is acting as a friend and sending out a warning against this abuse. But instead of being grateful to the stomach and leaving off the indigestible food and the bad dinners the man or the woman continues to load it with pie and cake, pickles and sauces, pork and pancakes and all sorts of horrid things, and then they complain that the stomach. It is so easy to blame the stomach. It can't say anything back.

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