

# HIS SOCIAL EXPERIMENT

By Willard Wall Wheeler  
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"Well, that spoils the evening for me," observed Strong gloomily, fingering a note which said that the grip would prevent the opera that night. "Sorry Gladys is sick. No confound it if I am! These eleven-hour excuses are getting too frequent. I won't stand for it. I wonder if Elizabeth Miller will go." He nudged, continuing his dressing. "No, I'll stay at home tonight. What right has a girl to make a fellow miserable anyhow? I—come in."

"And here's your merrin', Mr. Howard," said the young woman who entered. She addressed him according to a custom in his family before the death of his parents had driven him into an apartment house, where he had found a position for the faithful servant. "Thank you, Mary," said Strong without pausing in his wrestling bout with a collar button. "Mary, I have a couple of extra tickets for the theater tonight. Can't you get Pat to take you?"

"It's always Pat you're a-tearin' me out, Mr. Howard, and there ain't a Pat—not for me. I ain't pretty enough, and, then, I'm thirty-five. Sure, it's many a year since I've seen a theater. All our money goes to the doctor. I'd have to go alone."

"No, Mary, you must not be neglected in that fashion," he said, turning abruptly from the mirror. "Let me be Pat tonight."

"Oh, Mr. Howard, I couldn't—it wouldn't—no, sir. Oh, Mr. Howard, it's John's job, after all," she exclaimed as a smile spread over his face.

"No, Mary, I never was more serious in my life. I am going to give you, Mary McGinnis, the best time of your life. Put on your best bonnet and be ready by a quarter to 8. You live at—"

"On Third avenue, 2736, back, three flights up. But, Mr. Howard—"

"No excuses, Mary. Now goodbye, or I'll both be late."

Throughout dinner at the club that night Strong's face repeatedly relaxed at the oddity of his experiment. His unconventionality did not worry him, for the wealth and social position of the Strong family beyond the sting of criticism.

"Opera tonight, Strong?" drawled young Castlemore, whom he parted last night, dropping into a vacant seat.

"No; had planned to surprise Gladys Hastings with that new play—Mantons—for a change, but she's sick. However—"

"Well, you needn't waste any time asking Elizabeth Miller," laughed Castlemore, "for I'm going to take her myself."

"Oh, don't worry," replied Strong, nettled.

"No offense, old man; knew you were inclined in that direction, though between two fires at present. But, by the way," he added, aiming a parting thrust, "I hear that Count de Migny arrived here today on route for San Francisco. Guess you've heard Gladys speak of him. Keep your eye on him. He's a clever chap."

"Smooth might better describe him. I know absolutely that he's bogus," replied Strong.

"Oh, have it your way," drawled Castlemore, departing. Strong was between two fires, and knowing it, resented all the more these insinuations. Which disturbed him more, the thought of Castlemore's recent marked attention to Elizabeth or the arrival of the count, he could not determine.

At first Mary was ill at ease that night with Strong, the luxurious carriage, his evening dress and polished manners being strange to her, but his gentleness soon put her at ease. On the way he stopped at a florist's.

"These violets are for you, Mary, and the roses for another nice young lady who is ill," he explained.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard, and it's the lady with the beautiful eyes that is sick? Oh, I am so sorry," she exclaimed.

"Yes, she has beautiful eyes, Mary, but where did you see her?"

"At the tea you gave in your apartments last year. She thinks everything of you, Mr. Howard. I could see that plain, and if she grows up to be as fine looking as her mother, why, you'll—"

"But her mother was not there," he said, coming to her rescue.

"Oh, yes, she kept saying Elizabeth this and Elizabeth that. She—"

"But I'm not talking about Elizabeth. These flowers are for Miss Hastings, the girl with the heavy Auburn hair," replied Strong, amused.

"Oh, I remember her," she said disappointedly. "I'm so sorry. I thought it was—I mean—oh, I don't know what I mean. I'm an old goose, Mr. Howard," she finally exclaimed, much distressed.

They were now at the Hastingses, where Strong had ordered the coachman to stop.

"How is Miss Hastings?" Strong inquired at the door.

"Why—why—Oh, she's better," replied the well drilled man, recovering himself. Strong left the flowers and returned to the carriage with strange misgivings.

Strong did not heed the many wondering glances his friends cast in his direction that night, for he was doing his best to make it a red letter occasion for Mary. Moreover, he was carrying a heart to heart talk with himself, in which two young women prominently figured. What Mary said and did in a situation new to her he considered as if waking from a "wonderful dream."

"Hello, Strong! Got her, after all, I see," came to his ears as they were entering the foyer. Turning, he saw Castlemore with Elizabeth Miller.

"How are you, Elizabeth?" he inquired. "Miss Miller, let me present Miss McGinnis, and Mr. Castlemore—Miss McGinnis." Castlemore, gazing in wonder, forgot to bow, but Elizabeth greeted Mary cordially. It was a friend of Strong that was sufficient for her. Soon they passed on.

"Oh, Mr. Howard! That's the girl with the beautiful eyes," exclaimed Mary. "Ain't she handsome though! And you don't care—"

"I have not said I didn't care, Mary," he said simply, but earnestly.

"And, oh, Mr. Howard, there is the girl with the Auburn hair, too!" she interrupted. "Why, I thought she was the sick one."

"Gladys Hastings," involuntarily came to his lips as he followed Mary's gaze. In a moment he was opposite

# In the Dunes

By HONORE WILLIS  
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Lake Michigan is covetous of her eastern shore. Year after year her sands creep inland. Inch by inch, mile by mile, now a peach orchard is smothered, now a meadow wheatfield is blotted out, and in their stead scrub pines thrive and sand burs sprawl in the sun. Year by year the scrub pines grow stouter and the sand burs plume thicker and thicker, and with each year the desolation of the sand dune country increases. Roads formed one month are shifting dunes the next. Inland lakes, once green and lovely, slowly and mercifully are choked until only sand skirts remain. And still the desolation grows.

Katherine and her Great Dane huddled together under the scrub pine and watched the gray of the twilight turn to purple.

"Well, here's lost, Jacky," she said, "just plain lost! The hunting lodge ought to be over in that direction, but it's not, and they have supper so late they won't miss us for another hour. How would it seem to spend the night in the sand burs, do you suppose, Jacky?"

Jacky whined and laid his great head in the girl's lap. She rubbed his ears absently and started off over the dunes. "I'm not frightened," she said. "I'm just—just lonely. Well, let's empty our shoes, Jacky, and start on."

The low shoes of her mother securely tied, Katherine picked up the bit of fish rod with which as a staff she had strolled from camp early in the afternoon and struggled to the top of the dune, the dog tramping beside her, with now and again a growl at the shadowy pines. From the top of this heap of sand she saw another heap looming through the dusk. Down she waded, now leaning on her bit of bamboo, now holding to Jacky's collar, until from the top of this she discovered a very crown dune. On the top of the third dune she dropped down to rest, while the dog crouched on her skirts, with watchful ears pricked forward. Suddenly he gave a little yelp and ran into the dusk.

"Jacky!" called the girl. Then she struggled after him through the heavy sand.

"Why," she said, "it's another little lake! Look out, Jacky; don't drink too much. I'm not thirsty enough to drink water I can't see. Why, how soft this sand is! Jacky—why—I'm in way above my ankles!"

She bounded toward the dog as he turned toward her with a whine, but the instinctive desire in danger of the living for the living.

"Oh, Jacky, it's one of the quicksand bars!"

Trembling and panting, the dog threw himself against her knees, while his whines changed to sharp yelps. In vain Katherine struggled to draw her feet from the sand. It had closed about each foot with the grip of giant hands that insistently drew her toward the sea. She stooped and felt Jacky's back. Already the quivering sands were half way up his legs. As she felt of him his yelping ceased. He reached up and licked the face bending over him. Then he crouched low, while Katherine felt his great muscles swell and stiffen. Then suddenly he hurtled himself forward with all the strength of his lean, magnificent body and in three leaps had disappeared into the dusk. Katherine gave a low sob.

"Oh, Jacky, how could you leave me?" Again, summoning all her strength, she strove to follow him. But the struggle was worse than useless. And now the calm that had possessed her left her. She stooped and scooped at the sand about her ankles with bare hands, digging frantically, with low moans not unlike Jacky's. Handful after handful, then a pause, while she started out into the darkness with shrieks for help. The sand had crept above her knees. With broken nails she stopped to listen. Yes, far out across the dunes she heard a man's shout and Jacky's excited bark, and again she raised her own hoarse cry. Then she heard the crackle of sand burs.

"Katherine, for heaven's sake, where are you?" His voice!

"Go back, Hugh—go back! I'm in the quicksand!"

Silence from the shore, then: "Stay perfectly still. I'll be out there in five minutes. I'm going to cut pine boughs to walk on."

In utter thankfulness Katherine stood silent. Then surprise came over her. Hugh! That was Hugh, whom she had not seen or heard of for a year, not since she had tossed the ring—the wedding ring—back to him and said: "Well, six months have shown us what a fuddle we have made of marriage. Let's have sense enough to stop now. We evidently don't care enough to give in to each other."

Without a word Hugh had taken the ring and left her. And now to be found this way, and by him! In silence she watched the path he made grow out toward her and in silence heard Jacky's excited greetings to her from the shore. Then, after what seemed a lifetime of waiting with a creeping sand, the man lifted her in his arms and silently carried her to the shore. She lay quietly, while the dog fawned about her and the man, a broad shadowed figure in the summer darkness, brushed the sand from her skirts and emptied her sodden shoes.

"What am I to do with you, Katherine?" he asked.

"I got lost from camp," she answered. "I don't know. Show me the way back, and I'll go when I'm rested. I don't want that coward Jacky, though."

"I was driving out to Camp Minnikta. I didn't know you were there. John asked me to effect a reconciliation, I suppose. It is like him. Jacky was running about among the burs, whining. Then he saw me and literally dragged me out of the backboard and down here. I shall drive you back to camp and then return to town."

The girl got her arm about the dog and he snuggled down beside her with a deep sigh. "That will be best, I suppose," she said.

"I think I shall leave you here," Hugh went on, "while I go back for the horse. It must be three-quarters of a mile away." He pulled off his coat, wrapped it about Katherine's shoulders and strode off into the darkness.

Katherine lay in the warm sand close to Jacky, who watched her every movement. She was not at all afraid. It seemed to her that, after the wonder of her rescue, she never again could know fear. Little by little the stars grew brighter and the answering glow of the sand seemed like the hal-

# AN INDIAN'S CUNNING

THE BLACKFEETS' STORY OF THE GREAT WHITE HORSE.

During Strategy by Which This Chief of All Steeds Was Secured For His Own Tribes by the Smartest Trick Among the Crows.

All Indians who use horses are very fond of horse racing and not only race their own horses against one another, but they race their own against those of other tribes and use to do this even in the wild era of the buffalo and of constant warfare. Even at that time friendly tribes and bands joined in the two grand buffalo hunts of each year and after the hunting was over pitted the fastest horses of the various bands one against the other. At one time not so very long ago the Blackfeet had the very fastest horse that any one knew of, the fastest horse of which any one could tell or which any one had seen. He was a source of wealth to the tribe for Indians are very fond of betting, and this animal always won everything that was bet against him. You can imagine how proud the Blackfeet were of this creature. You can also imagine how envious were the Stoney, the Crows, the Sioux, the Creeks and all the other Indians of the plains. There stealing he considered fair between tribes, and if it can be successfully done those savage people think it very honorable, even glorious. The Blackfeet, therefore, kept the wonderful race horse in a tent at night. They did not dare leave him out with their other horses. They bought a string of bells at the Hudson Bay company's nearest post, put the bells around the horse's neck, tied him to a tepee pole inside a big tepee and set four men to sleep in the tent with him. This was the rule every night, and on no night did the men forget to close the door of the tepee and "cinch" it tight with things of buckskin. Whoever could steal that big white heavy horse had to be a very clever thief, they thought; but, in truth, they never dreamed that he could be stolen.

The smartest thief among the Crow Indians told his chief and the head man that he was going to try to get that horse away from the Blackfeet. One evening he crept through the grass to the tall tent along the Bow river north of our tribe, I think, was the locality, where the Blackfeet had their camp. He saw the noble horse led into a certain tent, and he saw the four watchers go in and close the door. Night fell, and he crept down the slanting bluff into the camp. The only

thing he had to fear was the barking of some dog. If a dog saw or heard him and barked, that would set all the other dogs barking, and he would be obliged to run for his life. Stealthily, as only an Indian can move on his softly padded feet, this arch thief of the Bow nation crept into the tepee and stepped over several sleeping dogs, and he did not awaken one. He came to the tent of the white horse. He looked it all over. He went to another tepee and took a travois from his side and carried it and set it up against the horse's tent.

A travois is the wheel-less wagon the Indians use in the summer. It is made of two long poles with the upper ends near together; the lower ends spread apart and drag upon the ground. You see by this description that if a travois is stood on end it can be made to serve as a sort of ladder. Thus the arch thief of the Crow nation the one he put up against the horse's tent. On it he climbed to the top of the tepee, and from there he got a view of the interior, looking down between the tent poles that form the sides of the chimney hole. He saw the horse dimly, and even more dimly he saw the four men beside the horse, all asleep. He climbed upon the tent poles; he poised his body very nimbly in the chimney opening; he dropped fairly and squarely upon the white horse's back.

The instant he felt himself on the back of the beast his knife, which was in his hand, went through the cord that tethered the horse. His heels shot in against the horse's sides, the bells rang out sharp and clear, and the horse snorted with surprise. But the pressure of the thief's legs urged the animal forward, and as he took one step the man reached out and slit a gash straight up and down through the fastened door, which was only buckskin. The four Indians leaped to their feet, but the horse and his captor were now out in the open ground and like the wind shot away from the camp. The watchers ran and yelled, the dogs barked, the whole tribe rushed out of the tents, and every man sprang to horse. But what was the use? There was no horse that could catch the animal, and so they all turned sadly home again after a night ride of a mile or two. The thief rode in triumph to the tents of the Crows, and from that day his tribe owned the great white horse, and his fame and their riches increased.—From Julian Ralph's "Stories Told by Indians" in St. Nicholas.

The best lesson for a good many people would be to listen at a keyhole. It is a pity for such that the practice is dishonorable. See choice.

# FIVE MINUTES.

Under Some Circumstances It Seems a Very Long Time.

In a murder trial before a western court the prisoner was able to account for the whole of his time except five minutes on the evening when the crime was committed. His counsel argued that it was impossible for him to have killed the man under the circumstances in so brief a period, and on that plea largely based his defense, the other testimony being strongly against his client.

When the prosecuting attorney replied, he said: "Five long a time really is five minutes? Let us see. Will his honor command absolute silence in the courtroom for that space?"

The judge graciously complied. There was a click on the wall. Every eye in the courtroom was fixed upon it as the pendulum ticked off the seconds. There was a breathless silence.

We all know how time which is wasted for crimes and habits and at last does not seem to move at all.

The keen witless counsel waited until the first audience gave a sign of relief at the close of the period, and then asked quietly:

"Could he not have struck one fatal blow in all that time?"

The prisoner was found guilty, and, as it was proved afterward, justly.

# THE DOG'S COAT.

Brush It, but Don't Wash It, If You Want It Perfect.

In the Country Calendar Reginald F. Malheur writes: "Grooming a dog's coat will not give a dog's coat that glow which is such a sure sign of health if he is continually washed with soap and water. Owners who allow their dogs to live in the house are forever washing the wretched animal and forever complain that his coat is coming out. The owner of the dog is washed and scrubbed the more will his coat leave its trail and the deader and duller will it look. The health and growth of a dog's coat depend entirely on a natural oil from the skin. As often as the dog is washed so often is the oil washed out and so much more is the destruction of the coat. If a dog were brushed every day for five or ten minutes against as well as with the grain his coat would not only have a luster, but would cease to distribute itself all over the place except for a very short time once or twice a year. Besides this, brushing has a stimulating effect on the whole system, helps the blood circulation; by this the digestion, and so the general health."

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7:14 a. m. (weekdays) for Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton and Pottsville via Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Schuylkill.

10:17 a. m. (weekdays) for Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton and Pottsville via Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Schuylkill.

5:20 p. m. (weekdays) for Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton and Pottsville.

6:00 a. m. (weekdays) for Sunbury. Leave Sunbury 9:00 a. m. daily for Lock Haven and intermediate stations. On weekdays for Bellefonte, Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pottsville and the West.

Leave Sunbury 9:00 a. m. (weekdays) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

12:10 p. m. (weekdays) for Sunbury.

Leave Sunbury 12:48 p. m. daily for Buffalo and Sunbury.

Leave Sunbury 1:15 p. m. (weekdays) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

Leave Sunbury 3:48 p. m. daily for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

4:31 p. m. (weekdays) for Sunbury. Leave Sunbury 5:00 p. m. (weekdays) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

Leave Sunbury 5:20 p. m. daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

Leave Sunbury 8:36 p. m. daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

Leave Sunbury 9:50 p. m. (weekdays) only for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Harrisburg, 11:30.

Leave Sunbury 8:34 p. m. (weekdays) only for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

Leave Sunbury 9:53 p. m. (weekdays) for Williamsport and intermediate stations. Buffalo, Erie and Sunbury.

Leave Sunbury 6:10 a. m., 10:10 a. m., 2:10 p. m., 6:20 p. m. for Shamokin and Mt. Carmel. LEWISTOWN DIVISION.

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Leave Sunbury 10:00 a. m., 2:05 p. m. for Lewistown and Lewistown Junction. 5:45 p. m. for Shamokin.

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7:02 a. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 9:42 a. m., and connecting at Scranton with trains arriving at Philadelphia at 3:18 a. m. and New York City at 6:30 a. m.

10:10 a. m. (weekdays) for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 12:35 p. m. and connecting there with trains for New York City, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

2:11 p. m. (weekdays) for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 4:30 p. m.

5:15 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Esopus, Pottsville and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 8:55 p. m. and connecting there with trains arriving at New York City at 6:30 a. m., Philadelphia at 9:30 a. m., and Buffalo at 9:30 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE.

10:10 a. m. (weekdays) from Scranton, Pottsville, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:55 p. m. where it connects with train leaving New York City at 1:00 a. m. and Philadelphia at 9:00 a. m.

1:05 p. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pottsville, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6:35 p. m. where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 1:00 p. m., Philadelphia at 12:00 p. m. and Buffalo at 9:30 a. m.

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