

Blackberries For Supper

By C. B. LEWIS

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Aunt Judy Taylor, relict of Hiram Taylor, had come from Iowa to live with her brother and his family for the rest of her life. She had sold all her earthly possessions in the west for a thousand dollars in cash, and a few days after her arrival she had turned this money over to her brother James, with the remark:

"Now, James, this is all yours but \$200. That \$200 is for Clara when she gets married. It's for her to make a wedding tower on. When I was married I wanted to make a wedding tower to Niagara falls, but Hiram hadn't but \$13 to go on. I've always said that if one of my nieces ever got married she should see Niagara falls if she had to wear one petticoat for the next five years."

Clara was the daughter of the brother and his wife, and she already had a beau. He was a young man from the nearest village, and after seeing him two or three times Aunt Judy said to the girl:

"Clara, that fellow of yours will never see the river after, but there's nothing mean about him. He'll provide a good back door, and I guess that will be just as well as if he were swelling around and telling what a great man he was. I'm judging him by his nose. When you see a man with his nose humped up in the middle you can set him down for a good tempered man."

The brother put the money in bank at the village, but after a little Aunt Judy began to worry about it. She was assured that the bank was as sound as the hills, but she shook her head and replied:

"I dunno, James—I dunno. Of course, it's your money now, but I'm sorry I didn't see the banker before you gave it to him. I think I'll have you drive me to town some day, so that I can get a look at him."

"But Scott's bank has been here for twenty years," persisted the brother.

"Yes, I suppose it has, but out in Iowa they caught a man stealing pumpkins who'd lived an honest life for sixty years. I wouldn't like to see you lose your money, and if anything happened to Clara's \$200 I'd have a fit. She's got to make a bridal tower to Niagara falls or I won't see her married. Folks have told me that more water runs over the falls in a day than would run a mill dam for a week and that there's a roar going on just like half a dozen bells in the distance. I want to get a look at that banker. I can tell in a minute whether he's honest or not."

A few days later she was driven to the village and an errand made to the bank.

"James," Aunt Judy said while they were driving home, "do you know that a woman knows forty times as much as a man?"

"I hadn't heard of it," was the reply.

"Waal, you hear of it now. That banker ain't an honest man. It won't be a year before he'll bust up and leave you all in the lurch."

"Pooh! Pooh! Mr. Scott has the confidence of hundreds of people, and I don't worry over my money any more than as if it were buried in the cellar. You mustn't get such notions into your head."

"It's no notion, James. Out in Iowa we had three different hired men on the farm who turned out to be thieves, and each of them looked like that banker. I never in the world would buy a thing of a tin peddler until I had looked at his eyes. There's something in them I always can tell. I wish that money of Clara's was out of his hands."

"Come now, Judy, don't be silly. I'd trust Mr. Scott the same as my own brother."

"All right. We'll say no more about it. Only if Clara is disappointed in seeing Niagara falls I shall be the same woman I was. They say that when you stand and look at that water pouring over the hills go up your back and you don't feel knee high to a grasshopper. Isn't there any way to catch that water in rain barrels and store it up again a drought?"

"Might be," replied the brother, who had a very high opinion of things outside his own township.

At intervals of every two weeks during the next eight months Aunt Judy came back to the subject of the banker, and her worry never ceased. It was treated as a "notion" and not taken seriously.

In due time Clara's beau popped the question and was accepted and the day set, and Aunt Judy was so busy seeing that there were times when she almost forgot her fears. It lacked but two weeks of the marriage day when the brother drove to the village on an errand. He came back looking as white as a dead man. Aunt Judy, who was the first to see him, gave him a long look and said:

"Waal, didn't I tell you so?"

"Scott's bank has busted!" he groaned as he sat down.

"Of course it has. I knew it would. How much you lost?"

"About \$750."

"And Clara's \$200 is gone with it! Only two weeks before she is to set out on her bridal tower, and how is she going to see Niagara falls?"

"I feel like hanging myself!" groaned the brother.

"So will a heap of others. Next time some of you may believe what an old woman from Iowa says to say. What did you hear about the bank?"

"Scott took all the money last night and ran away."

"Humph! Waal, you can sit here and sigh and groan, and Hannah and Clara can go upstairs and cry over it. I've got to keep outdoors and walk around or bust. I'll go down to the woods, where nobody'll hear me gritting my teeth."

Aunt Judy went down through the barnyard and across a meadow and presently found herself at the fringe of the cool green woods. She was much put out and was using as hard words as an old woman ever does, when she caught sight of a blackberry bush loaded with ripe fruit. The spirit of thrift came to the surface at once.

"We've got to have supper if a dozen banks bust," she said to herself, "and these blackberries are what we want for sass. It's funny that no one has said anything about them."

She untied her sunbonnet and began to strip off the berries. She went from bush to bush and was gradually led deeper into the woods. She had picked enough and was making ready to return to the house when she reached for the last few berries and suddenly

found a man under her feet. She caught sight of his feet and legs and gave a little scream, but did not run away. On the contrary, she placed her hands on the ground and then grabbed the feet and pulled the rest of the man's body into view. The next instant she exclaimed:

"So it's you, is it, you thieving critter?"

She had recognized Scott, the banker, at first glance, and, stepping over his prostrate body, she felt under the bushes and brought out a bulky satchel.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" she asked as he maintained a sulky silence.

"I—I have sprained my ankle," he replied.

"I was wondering if the Lord would let you get away with Clara's money. You must have come here to hide last night till you could get away for good. I told James over and over that you'd turn out to be a thief. Why don't you lie and say you are not Scott?"

"It's no use. I have suffered all day and an awful deal."

"Waal, that's a pint in your favor that you hadn't tried to lie out of it. I'll have this satchel to the house and get help."

Things ended well for the depositors of Scott's bank, though the banker himself had to do a term of five years in state prison.

Long before he was put on trial, however, Clara's marriage came off, and she started on her "bridal tower." The happy couple were gone for two weeks, and the first one to sight them on their return was Aunt Judy. When she had kissed and hugged the happy bride she stood off and said:

"You mean, sit right down and tell me all about Niagara falls. Is there barrels and barrels of water going to waste every day? Do they roar like a lot of mad bulls? Did you feel mean and small when you stood and looked at 'em? Did a half driver take you to seven different places and only charge you ten cents apiece 'cause he knew that you were related to me and that I was a dangerous woman to fool with? Tell me all about it and don't miss a thing."

A Fetching Echo.

"Tact often goes a great way in a case," said a lawyer. "I know a man who defended an old fellow charged with stealing an armful of wood."

"The judge was very deaf and had a habit of talking to himself. Sometimes unconsciously he talked to himself in a pretty loud tone."

"Now, in this case when the prosecutor took the stand and identified his stolen wood with great positiveness the judge asked himself in a louder key than he was aware of:

"How can he identify this wood when one stick is as much like another stick as one egg is like another?"

"The tactful lawyer for the defense rose immediately.

"Your honor," he exclaimed passionately, "how can this witness identify his wood so positively when one stick is as much like another stick as one egg is like another?"

"The judge turned to the jury, with a great start.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you will acquit the prisoner. That very thought dashed through my head not a moment before the words were spoken by the learned counsel for the defense. Yes, you will acquit the prisoner, gentlemen. I consider this a direct interpolation of Providence."—Minneapolis Journal.

Candid Criticism.

Scribe to professor—Do you mean to say that you can infer a man's character from his handwriting? Well, then, what do you think of this? (Hands him a specimen.)

Professor—The writer is a man of some ability, but altogether destitute of moral sense. If not a downright villain he must be a very unscrupulous fellow and not to be trusted on any account whatever. I can read his character at a glance, though not his character at a specimen.

Scribe—How so?

Professor—His writing is so illegible that I can't decipher it. A man who won't take the trouble to write a legible hand must be so utterly regardless of the trouble he gives to everybody who has to make his scrawl out, as to be almost insensate that he would not stick at committing any atrocity which it would cost him the slightest exertion to refrain from. I judge him to be a rogue, a swindler and a thief, capable of anything but forgery. Whose is this disgraceful scribble?

Scribe—Well—to tell you the truth, a fact, it's mine!

MASTERS OF CARVING.

Our Ancestors Had a Vocabulary We Have Quite Forgotten.

What do we moderns know about carving? I say that I carve a pheasant when I divide it into two more or less equal portions. Not so our ancestors. Carving is an art. Let me quote from an old book on carving some of the terms of that art.

Remember that there were carving masters in those days, professors of the art. They were itinerant. They did not keep school. They went from house to house and taught the ladies. As for their social position, I have not ascertained it. Probably they were classed with the itinerant portrait painter. Certainly they did not sit at table with the gentlemen. I fear that their place was the kitchen and that Lady Mary took her lessons in that room surrounded by the admiring maids.

But the only thing she "carved" was mutton or beef. You had to "break a deer, rear a goose, lift a swan, sauce a capon, spilt a hen, crush a chicken, unbrace a mallard, unlash a coney, dismount a heron, display a crane, disfigure a peacock, unjoint a bittern, untrack a curlew, alay a pheasant, wing a partridge or a quail, plume a plover, throw a pigeon or any other small bird and border a game pie."

And the acquisition of these terms was only the beginning of knowledge.—London Queen.

An Elephant's Story.

A queer elephant yarn is told in the Japan Chronicle by the captain of a trading steamer. On one occasion he had on board a cargo of forty elephants. The ship was at anchor in a calm sea, but began to roll violently. The captain investigated and learned that the elephants had in some way together a rocking motion was produced that seemed to please them immensely. So the great heads and bodies rolled and swung in unison until the steamer, which had no other cargo and rode light, was in imminent danger of rolling clean over. The attendants were hurried down into the hold and, after a great deal of shouting and thumping, managed to stop their dangerous amusement. Jules Verne tells as a fiction of the sinking of a ship in that way, and the question is, Has some one in Japan been reading Verne or was the novelist's fancy justified by a real experience?

At the Ambassador's Reception

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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Young Leighton went listlessly up the steps of the embassy. It had been an extremely hot July day even for Paris, and Leighton felt tired and dispirited. But all good Americans must go to their ambassador's reception. Besides, there was a girl. Yet Leighton's step did not quicken at the thought. His pants, if anything, stretched. She was a new girl, old—yes—and pretty and rich. Nevertheless...

The rooms were crowded with the usual mob of Americans, traveling and resident, mingled among a few French people. Leighton, watching idly for a moment, caught sight of Miss Harris wedged across the drawing room and worked his way to her. At his suggestion of the conservatory she looked keenly at him and seemed to hesitate. Then she smiled.

"Why, it might be cooler," she assented. "You know the way?"

But once away from the crowd, amid the luxuriant green of the palms where a little rippling fountain lent a note of freshness to the heated atmosphere, young Leighton felt silent. As the girl chatted gaily on, apparently unbothered of his quietude, Leighton studied her carefully. She was slight and trim, perfect in detail from the tiny patent leather ties to the huge, rose crowned hat tilted so becomingly on the way hair. Yes, she was undeniably attractive. Yet once more Leighton sighed. Perhaps it was the sight of so many of his country people together, but undoubtedly Leighton was conscious of a vague nostalgia. Would he ever see America again?

He was a tall, clean cut young fellow, with pleasant hazel eyes, but round his mouth had deepened lines which betrayed that existence was proving none too kind. Five years ago he had arrived at the Beaux Arts gallery, hopeful, ambitious. He had worked hard, he had struggled patiently, yet somehow success did not seem to come, and now a terrible doubt was beginning to torment the young fellow. Had he mistaken his vocation?

From the beginning his father had been averse to these artistic projects. "There is a place for you in the bank whenever you choose to come home and take it," he had said, "but no money of mine shall go for foolishness and Frenchmen." Young Leighton, at first too confident to dream of failure and later too proud to admit the fact, had fought along striving to the best of his ability. How could he give up and go home? And, then, just a month ago he had met Miss Harris.

She was stopping awhile in Paris, living with an old man and possessing the reputation of being herself extremely wealthy. Apparently she had at once taken a fancy to Leighton. She asked him to call. The day after he had left a card at the Ritz came an invitation for dinner, and henceforth nearly every day saw the young people together on some pretext or other. Leighton let himself be liked, he liked her immensely. To her very finger tips the girl was sensitively alive to the beautiful, her perceptions were delicate and fine, her tastes cultivated. Leighton realized fully her charm, and yet he still hesitated to put the delicate question. How she broke suddenly across his reverie.

"You are not listening at all," she remonstrated gaily, yet with a certain strained note below her mirth, which Leighton in his abstraction missed. "Why this wool-gathering tendency to-day?" Leighton laughed.

"I was thinking how like a rose you looked against all this green in that pretty pink frock," he answered. Miss Harris frowned a little.

"I do not care for compliments," she uttered dryly. "I say let me tell you again that I am leaving Paris tomorrow."

"Leaving Paris?" echoed Leighton.

"We go to Lucerne for awhile," warned Miss Harris. "It is far too warm in Paris now."

"Lucerne?" repeated Leighton again rather blankly. He could never afford to follow her there. If he were going to ask her it must be done now. His mouth tightened. The girl, whose eyes had scrutinized his face with a certain eager intensity, interposed before he could speak.

"I am going to Lucerne to join a friend," she began rapidly, as though there were something which must be met and faced now. "I want to get there before she leaves, as I have just heard that she is sailing next week. We have always been great chums, this girl and I; had no secrets from each other and that sort of thing."

"Yes," said Leighton absently. He was wondering how it would seem to work in the bank. Was it fair to a girl to marry her for her money? After all, did was a good sort. If he could only make up his mind to renounce art, to confess his failure to dad! But at the thought his throat contracted. Give in; admit that he was no good! He bent forward.

"Listen," he began unsteadily. "I—But the girl was still chattering on.

"You see, she is going to Paris," she pursued. "Her mother has an idea that Ruth is interested in some young man here, and she would not hear of it when I suggested their coming to me; consequently I must go to them. And that is why I am departing so unexpectedly."

Leighton clinched his hand nervously. "Ruth," he hesitated, coloring faintly. "I used to know a Ruth. It is a pretty name. And you say that she is interested in some one here," trying desperately to speak with impersonal calmness. Miss Harris nodded.

"Yes," she responded quietly, "I believe he asked her to marry him once. But she refused him, not knowing how much she cared. And—and then he went away. She did not know where to write you see. He had quarreled with his father, and she, after the style of the fashion, uttering a low cry, had caught her fingers in his.

"You knew," he managed brokenly. "You knew—all the time!"

For answer Miss Harris thrust a hand into her pocket and produced a letter. This she opened at a certain page and without a word passed it to the young man. Leighton's breath thickened to a gasp.

"Marie, oh, Marie, if you meet him send him back to me!" he read. The words, blurred by the mist that dimmed his gaze, danced wildly before him. Ruth, little Ruth! Outside the window a splendid American flag trailed lazily in the faint breeze, and with a sudden great heart throze Leighton's spirit leaped to answer the call of home. Yes, he would go home, he would take the place in the bank. He would work, slave, force success. And he would tell dad—dear old dad—that to be a plain, everyday American citizen was good enough for him. And then perhaps some day—His face fairly glowed by its new radiance; he turned to the girl beside him.

"How good you have been!" he exclaimed ardently. "How can I ever thank you? I shall start at once. There is a steamer leaving Cherbourg tomorrow. And—and if you see Ruth—"

"I shall tell her that she will see you in New York," promised the girl. "Goodbye, then," as his hands met in a farewell clasp. "Goodbye. And—I am glad."

But as she watched the tall figure cross the wide room, the bored look was not quite gone from face and bearing. The girl's smile faded, a sudden wildfulness shadowed her sweet eyes, while her lips quivered.

"And—and I thought that he really cared for me," she murmured. "With a sudden expectancy, 'is he going to turn?' No! Will he not even wave a goodbye?"

But Leighton was already headed for the steamship office.

OLD INDIAN PIPES.

Each Feather in a Stem Represented an Enemy slain.

It need scarcely be told that in the pipes of long ago each feather appended to the stem represented an enemy slain. If one doubted the record of the war eagle feathers, the warrior then showed the scalps of the enemy, which were kept as a sort of a sacred trophy of his deed. Such pipes were used only on occasions of peace and war. Speaking roughly, the best pipes of eastern tribes were in molded clay, the best of the western tribes in slate pipe-stone taken from the famous quarry west of the Mississippi. Before the great buffalo and antelope hunts, when herds of game were driven into a pound or an inclosed area of snares, it was customary for the Indians to whiff the incense of propitiation to the spirits of the animals about to be slain, explaining that only the desire for food compelled the Indian to kill and that the hunt was the will of the Master of Life, or "Master of the Roaring Winds," who would compensate the animals in the next world. The pipes used for this ceremony usually show the figure of a man in conference with the figure of an animal. Others show the figures of Indians with locked hands. This typifies a vow of friendship to be terminated only by death. It was usually between a man and a woman, in which case the platonic bond not only precluded, but forbade, the very possibility of marriage. After that who shall say that the stoic Indian has no vein of sentiment in his nature?

One of the most curious pipes I have seen I bought from a Cree on a reservation east of the refuge Sioux. It is in the shape of a war hatchet, of a metal which I do not know, though I suspect it is galena mixed with clay, the edge being sharp enough, but the back of the ax being a bowl and the handle a pipe stem. The old lines in Indian carvings and woven work are without meaning. Fighting Mistah could read a legend where we saw nothing but bizarre markings. There were the circular lines, hollow down, meaning clouds; the cross, meaning the coming of the priest; the tree, a type of peace with its branches overshadowing the nations; the wavy line, signifying water; the arrow, war. The ordinary Indian can read a tribal song or chronicle from obscure drawings on the face of a rock or crazy colored work on a scraped buffalo skin.—Outing.

THE MORNING BATH.

Conditions Under Which It Should Not Be Taken Cold.

Cold baths in the morning are undoubtedly beneficial, but only to those persons who have sufficient vital energy and nervous force to insure good reaction with no subsequent languor or lassitude. Many persons who are greatly benefited by their morning bath feel tired or languid two or three hours after it. When this occurs it is confessedly not the practice is harmful. Persons who have an abundance of blood and flesh, who are lymphatic or sluggish in temperament and whose nervous force is not depleted, can take a cold morning bath to advantage. Others who are inclined to be thin, whose hands and feet become cold and clammy on slight provocation, who digest food slowly and assimilate it with difficulty, who are nervous and who have much on their minds should avoid early morning cold bathing. For such the bath before retiring at night is recommended, as it should be followed by rest of brain and body till equilibrium of circulation are re-established. Some persons who are weak in nerve power get such excitable nerves that they get at once a perfect reaction from cold bathing, but lose in after effects more than the value of the bath. This class of individuals should not bathe too often and should always use tepid water, choosing the time preferably before retiring.

THE GUINEA WORM.

The famous guinea worm is an inhabitant of the tropical regions of Asia and Africa, existing in ponds, rivers and swamps. It penetrates the skin of any portion of the human body without being felt and when once it finds lodgment grows to an enormous length. The body of the creature seldom exceeds in diameter that of a large pin, and it inhabits the flesh just beneath the skin. When full grown it is not less than twelve feet in length and in order to accommodate itself must wind several times around the legs or body. Should the guinea worm find a home under the human cuticle and grow to a large size there is danger of mortification setting in when the parasite bursts, as it is sure to do sooner or later. In order to guard against an accident of this character great care is exercised in extracting the unwelcome intruder. The skin is opened near one end of the creature and the body pulled out and wrapped around a small round stick. This stick is turned very slowly for days, or even weeks, until the entire worm has been extracted.

Work in Prospect.

"If you keep on," said the credulous layman, "you will find cures for all the diseases that flesh is heir to. Then what will you do?"

"Then," answered the scientist, "we will proceed to seek cures for the new diseases to which our remedies have given rise."—Washington Star.

Serious.

"How do you know that young Rounder's intentions are serious?"

"His gut giving me flowers and candy and substance" (other things and cookbooks and things).—Cleveland Leader.

A Wonderful Memory.

Magliabech had a memory so extraordinary that it seemed to dwarf all his other mental faculties. He read all ancient and modern languages that had a literature and was familiar with the titles and contents of every known book. He once said that he could repeat the titles of over 50,000 books written in many languages on a diversity of subjects. His whole life was given to study. He commonly remained at work all night, and when nature could endure no more he lay down wherever he chanced to be, and with the floor for a couch, a book for a pillow and covered with an old tattered cloak he would sleep for a few hours, then rise and go to work again. He literally knew everything that was worth knowing in his time, but produced nothing of his own.

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THE COUNTY FAIR.

Were You Ever a Principal in an Incident Like This?

A face in the crowd will, as it were, sting your memory. "I ought to know that man," says you to yourself. "Now, who the mischief is he? Barker? No, 'tisn't Barker. Bardoll? No. Funny I can't think of his name. Begins with 'B,' I'm pretty certain." And you trail along after him, as if you were a detective, sort of keeping out of sight, and yet every once in awhile getting a peep look at him. "Mmmmm!" says you. "What is that fellow's name? Why, sure, McConde," and you walk up to him and stick out your hand while he's gassing with somebody and there's that smile on your face that says, "I know you, but you don't know me" and he takes it in a limp sort of way and starts to say, "You have the advantage of me," when, all of a sudden, he grabs your hand as if he were going to jerk your arm out of its socket and best you over the head with the bloody end, and shouts out: "Why, hello, Billy! Well, suffering Cyrus, and all hands around! Hold still a second and let me look at you. Gosh darn your hide, where you been for so long? I thought you'd clean evaporated off the face of the earth. Why, how air you? How's everything? That's good. Let me make you acquainted with my wife. Molly, this is Mr.—" but she says: "Now don't you tell me what his name is. Let me think. Why, Willie Smith! Well, all things. Why, how you've changed!"—Eugene Wood in McClure's.

ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS PIPES I have seen I bought from a Cree on a reservation east of the refuge Sioux. It is in the shape of a war hatchet, of a metal which I do not know, though I suspect it is galena mixed with clay, the edge being sharp enough, but the back of the ax being a bowl and the handle a pipe stem. The old lines in Indian carvings and woven work are without meaning. Fighting Mistah could read a legend where we saw nothing but bizarre markings. There were the circular lines, hollow down, meaning clouds; the cross, meaning the coming of the priest; the tree, a type of peace with its branches overshadowing the nations; the wavy line, signifying water; the arrow, war. The ordinary Indian can read a tribal song or chronicle from obscure drawings on the face of a rock or crazy colored work on a scraped buffalo skin.—Outing.

POINTE PARAGRAPHS.

Be a gentleman, and some people will not appreciate you.

Defeat is often a good thing, as it shows a man how little he amounts to.

If you want to enjoy the society of people never become intimate with them.

Rich men are hated and this is the reason: We poor people are in the majority.

The house is too noisy for comfort with a child in it and too lonesome for comfort when the child leaves. And there you are.

Every house owner should ask himself this question tomorrow, "Is my house a nuisance in the neighborhood?" Look yourself over.

As a man gets older he finds that the path from the cradle to the grave is not near so long as it was from soup to dessert when he was a child.—Atchison Globe.

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AN EFFECTIVE BAIT.

Clever Detective to Send After a Missing Debtor.

A registered letter is a mighty effective bait. The Seventy-eighth street woman nibbled at the first throw. "Of course it is for me," she said. "That is my name, and that was my address before I moved here."

"Yes, that part of it's all right," the postman admitted, "but it says 'require.' You're not require."

"Of course you are sure," he put in, "but I can't leave the letter. This is a registered letter, and we have to be very careful of registered mail. The best I can do is to give you the name and address of the writer. Then you can make inquiry and ask to have the letter addressed properly."

The woman eyed the prosperous-looking man inquisitively, but when she saw the compromise offered was the best bargain obtainable she accepted it. The situation was puzzling. The name of her benefactor was totally unknown. Fortunately he was situated in a downtown office building, so immediately after lunch she attempted to elucidate the mystery of the registered letter. Once inside the office she recognized her correspondent as the manager of a concern to which she had owed \$2 for typewriting supplies for the last six months. She mentioned the letter; the man produced a bill.

"It was a copy of this," he said. "You had no money, you could not find your way, you were overcast on your part of course—still, in order to keep our accounts square—you understand?"

"The woman was so mad she wasn't sure whether she understood or not, she paid the bill. When she had gone the manager treated himself to a fresh cigar.

"Registered letters," he said, are the best detectives going when the person you are after moves frequently and is guilty of no greater crime than shirking a little bill. An ordinary letter, though forwarded to the proper address, may elicit no reply, but very few people can withstand the appeal of a registered letter. To bring results it must, of course, be improperly directed, so that the addressee cannot receive it. In that case it either arouses sufficient curiosity to bring the delinquent down here to investigate, or is returned with the proper address marked on the envelope. In either event we get on the track of the debtor and are pretty sure to collect the money."—New York Press.

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