

# A STUPID FELLOW

By EDITH M. DOANE  
Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

The low, rambling farmhouse lately purchased by the Rod and Gun club glistened in the early morning sunshine. Long shafts of golden light stretched across the leaf screened porch. In the old fashioned garden at one side huge pinies lifted heavy, dewy heads. A robin's song came from the orchard, and over all brooded the sweet silence of the Berkshire hills.

A mischievous little breeze strayed around the corner of the clubhouse, shook the dew from the lilacs, scattered the pink petals of an almond bush and with a sudden little puff tossed the bright hair of the girl who stood on the clubhouse steps in the flood of sweet June sunshine, her eyes fixed on the distant hills.

"The hills, rock ribbed and ancient as the sun," she murmured softly, stretching out her arms with an impulsive little gesture. She dropped then suddenly, a quick wave of soft color dyeing her cheeks as she encountered the admiring glance of a slender, dark eyed man who came lazily toward her.

"Invoking the poet of these hills?" he said easily. "By the way, what do you say to a little pilgrimage to my old home this afternoon? It must be somewhere near here. Perhaps Ellerton will know." He was on his way to a tall, broad shouldered young fellow who came toward them along the lawn with long, easy strides. His rod, his long, wet boots and his mud streaked clothing bore mute witness to his recent occupation. At sight of them he snatched off his cap and waved aloft an added twig from which glistened the body of a good sized trout.

"Three pounds if he's an ounce, Miss Blair," he called, flourishing the branch triumphantly. "The old sinner! I knew I'd fetch him, and in time for your breakfast, too," he went on eagerly.

She thanked him in her pretty, gracious way, smiling and nodding, sunburned face and still smiling, her eyes followed the tall, strong figure as he proudly bore his trophy through the garden in search of the cook.

Robert Underwood, leaning on the veranda railing, had watched the little scene impatiently.

"Poor fellow," he said aloud. "Fifty fates didn't give the same careful attention to his brains that they did to his bank account!"

The smile faded from the girl's face. "Hardly the remark to expect from my chief friend," she said coldly.

"He colored when you said 'poor,' but a good fellow," he returned lightly. "Say, Billy," he demanded as Ellerton came again into view, "do you know how far it is to Bryan's place?"

"Bryan?" The blue eyes were distinctly puzzled. "What Bryan is that? Not Tom Bryan on our team? I didn't know he had a place here." "Never heard of a post named Bryan, I suppose," Robert returned, with a quick, amused glance at Kathleen, whose eyes were again fixed on the distant hills.

ward the willow shaded bank where Kathleen stood.

"Because I thought you would be hurt," she answered softly.

In the road behind them Robert Underwood had resumed himself in the car and with assumed nonchalance was rolling a cigarette. Screened by the sheltering curve, they were alone in the silence of the woods.

Half credulous, with eyes radiant with the dawning light of a great happiness, she searched the sweet, half averted face.

"Would you have cared?" he whispered under his breath and then, "I thought it was Underwood," he added huskily.

"There was never any one else," she answered, and in the silence her words came clear and sweet. He drew her closer, and a wave of delicate color dyed her face, but the blue eyes met his bravely. "Never any one but you," she murmured softly.

Where is the Soul Located? At different periods in history since men first became imbued with the idea that human beings were possessed of souls various ideas have been advanced as to the exact spot which that intangible something claims as its seat.

Within the past thousand years reputed authorities on psychology have located it in widely separated sections of the brain as well as in several other organs of the body, such as the heart, liver, spleen and spinal cord. About the year 1889 Dr. A. H. Stevens of San Francisco gave the world his views on the subject, declaring that he believed it to be situated in that portion of the brain known to the anatomists as the corpus callosum.

More than 1,500 years before the speculative philosopher above mentioned started the world with his announcement of the discovery of the seat it was believed in Greece, Rome and Egypt that it was located in the pineal gland of the brain. This gland is a little sac containing calcareous grit and for which the physiologists have not discovered any particular use.

The discussion of the subject is an interesting one, but it is plain that it is a matter wholly within the unknowable and unobscureable.

Even the Bishop Suspected. Even a bishop shall not be deemed guiltless by the omnipotent housekeeper, according to a story told by an Episcopal clergyman.

"We had the bishop coming to spend the night with us a few years ago," said he, "and the whole house was in a bustle from the preparations my housekeeper made and made a pleasant visit. He had to go away the next morning early.

"Soon after he started the housekeeper came to me, trouble writ large on her face.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked. "Are you in trouble?" "She confessed that she was."

# When the Lawyer Came

By CARL DAY  
Copyright, 1906, by E. S. McClure

The village of Hillsdale, containing 400 inhabitants, had a grocery, a post office, a cooper shop, a blacksmith shop and a sawmill, but when any of its people visited other towns they didn't brag of these things. If they boasted at all it was of the fact that the village never had had a lawyer or a lawsuit.

Now and then differences of opinion arose among the villagers, and they always went to old Silas Warner to settle them. He was the "father" of the village. When he said it was going to be a hard winter or a hot summer no one thought of doubting his word.

He was ready with advice to old and young, and no one ever knew him to say a mean thing about anybody. He would hear both sides of a story and then decide according to his judgment, and it was seldom that his decision was appealed from or created hard feelings.

Uncle Silas had been fathering Hillsdale for twenty years when an event happened. A boom struck the town, and some one sold his house and lot, the cooper got an order for a hundred barrels all at once, and it was discovered that the water of a spring emptying into the mill pond was good for sore eyes.

It wouldn't have been called enough of a boom in Kansas, but it was enough to make them hot in their heads in Hillsdale, and it led to results. One of the results was a move to get a lawyer to come there and open an office.

"I ain't got to say yes nor no to it," Uncle Silas said when he heard of it, "but if we get a lawyer here we can look out for mumps and measles to follow."

The lawyer came. He was an object of curiosity for the first two weeks, and then he was an object of something else. To do him justice, he was no pettifogger to set neighbors by the ears, but the fact that there was a lawyer in town to be consulted had an influence with the villagers, and soon most of them discovered chips on their shoulders.

The cooper had a plot of ground on which he always raised about fifty bushels of potatoes. The sawmill man had six or eight hogs running at large that always managed to get in among the potatoes and reduce the crop by ten bushels.

Heretofore this matter had been carried to Uncle Silas for arbitration. He had taken a couple of days to think it over and then said: "Waal, naysurs, hogs is hogs, and taters is taters, and it's mighty hard to keep 'em apart. Fact is, hogs have got to have 'em. I can't say that it was anybody's fault in this case, but I guess if the owner of the hogs pays for an owner of the taters about a dollar and a half no one will be the wuss off."

That sum had been paid over without demur, and there never had been a hard word between the two principals. Things were different now, however.

One day the sawmill man got a letter from the lawyer directing that damages because his hogs had made their annual raid on the potato patch of the cooper.

"Yes, Joe," said the cooper when his neighbor came to see him, "I told the lawyer to write you that letter. It's time you took care of 'em them blamed hogs of yours. You've got to pay me \$10 for 'em."

"But you owe me \$7 for lumber, Jim."

lies. No one ever had heard of any trouble on this account, but the lawyer had been in the village a month when there was trouble enough over the wells alone to keep him busy for days.

People charged each other with drawing more than their share of the water and with damaging the pump or bucket, and hot words always led to a threat to begin a lawsuit.

It was four miles to the nearest justice of the peace, but within three months of the lawyer's coming he had secured lawsuits to the tune of that number on the way. Every one who had one suit seemed to ache for another, and the party who was beaten was prompt to take an appeal.

The crisis came when Uncle Jerry Thomas, one of the most peaceloving men of the world, suddenly decided that the Baptist church, which had bought a piece of land from him, had created him and should be sued for a greater price. That took out everybody who hadn't any lawsuit on hand, and Hillsdale was preparing for a fresh campaign when the lawyer suddenly disappeared.

"Think, master. This little house has had the incomparable honor of having been lived in by Victor Hugo."

The master smiled in his turn as he replied, this time without a trace of bewilderment.

"Ah, madam, you see I am not rich enough to have a house which has been lived in by Victor Hugo."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

SPORTS OF THE BLIND. Plenty of Amusement For Those Who Are Deaf of Sight. With closed eyes two young men in the blind asylum were playing chess. The board they played on had the black squares raised and the white ones sunken, while the black pieces were rough and the white ones smooth.

"Give us this handicap on account of our blindness," said one of the young men, "and we will play as quick and accurate a game of chess as anybody. Give us checkers and a checkeredboard constructed on the same plan, and there, too, our playing will equal yours."

"I would rather be blind than deaf," he went on. "Blindness doesn't rob you of much. The blind are excellent anglers. They play a good game of euchre or poker or bridge. They use cards that have embossed pips."

The blind are good runners, good gymnasts. In our last sports the hundred yards were done in under twelve seconds, and on the horizontal and parallel bars the giant swing, the cork screw, the straight arm balance and the finger balance were executed in a way that elicited salvos of applause.

Early Bargain Sales. There were bargain sales even when this country was in its early youth, but most of the bargains offered were choice lots of slaves to be disposed of at the old slave mart that stood at the foot of Wall street.

The Trial by Ordeal That Finds a Place in Perak. In Perak lawyers find no business, for a modified form of trial by ordeal decides all disputes. In place of the legal practitioner the pleader is a native boy who is assigned to one or the other of the sides and is given a bamboo tube in which is sealed the pleading of the person or party whom he represents.

When all is ready two stakes are driven into the bed of a stream, and by aid of a bamboo pole the heads of the two boys are submerged at the same time.

# VICTOR HUGO'S HOUSE.

He Was Not Its Owner, and For a Very Good Reason. The house in which Victor Hugo died in Paris was in the avenue which bears his name and close to his statue.

Arseus Houssaye, in Les Annales says that he never addressed a letter to him in any other fashion than— To Victor Hugo, At His Avenue.

Yet the house itself had a modest appearance. Its chief charms were a beautiful garden, with great trees and a delightful fountain, and the extraordinary checkers and furled-boarded floor.

The house did not belong to Victor Hugo. It had been built by the Princess de Lurignan, and Hugo finally tried to buy it from the princess. To his amazement she asked £30,000.

The lady smiled. "That is nothing," considering what she demanded the still bewildered poet.

"Think, master. This little house has had the incomparable honor of having been lived in by Victor Hugo."

The master smiled in his turn as he replied, this time without a trace of bewilderment.

"Ah, madam, you see I am not rich enough to have a house which has been lived in by Victor Hugo."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

# A SILVER BRIDGE.

Quaint Ceremony That Goes With a Romanesque Wedding. At Romanesque weddings it is the custom at the wedding feast for the groom to receive his bride over a bridge of silver.

Coins are placed in a double row across the table, and over this the bride dauntly steps to her husband's waiting arms.

The ceremony of laying the bridge is one of the interesting events of the wedding feast following the religious ceremony. When the guests are brought to a proper spirit of festivity by the good cheer at the board a space at the head of the table is cleared and from a bag are drawn silver coins procured for the purpose, the proper provision being the production of coins fresh from the mint.

These are laid in a double row across the table, and when all is ready the father of the groom makes a speech to his son, admonishing him to see that his bride's way through life is always paved with silver.

A proper response is made, and, mounting a chair, the elder man swings the bride lightly to the table. Carefully avoiding the displacing of a coin (for that would mean bad luck) the girl makes her way across the silver pathway and leaps into the arms of her spouse.

At wedding feasts where ostentation is desired the bridge is built lengthwise of the table.

MADE TO ORDER BEAUTY. Artificial Noses, Mouth Formers and Dimple Denters. The best artificial noses nowadays are made of paper mache, enameled. Such a nose is fastened to a spectacle frame sometimes for the sake of convenience and thus may be put on or removed at brief notice.

There is a patented contrivance, somewhat resembling a clothespin, for attachment to the nose to give to the organ a proper taper. Another device is supposed to improve the lines of the mouth.

Not a few people have no roofs to their mouths, having been born without any, or in other cases having lost them by disease. For such unfortunate artificial mouth roofs made of galvanized rubber are furnished.

There is a patented device for cleaning the tongue, consisting of a knife with a concave edge to which a sort of sponge brush is attached. When one is not well one's tongue is liable to be disagreeably coated, but the annoyance may be removed by means of the instrument described.

If you desire dimples you may wear a certain kind of wire mask at night to which are attached blunt wooden points that may be caused by the help of screws to press upon the points where the dimples are wanted. Thus after awhile the dimples are made to appear.

LIQUID LITIGATION. The Trial by Ordeal That Finds a Place in Perak. In Perak lawyers find no business, for a modified form of trial by ordeal decides all disputes. In place of the legal practitioner the pleader is a native boy who is assigned to one or the other of the sides and is given a bamboo tube in which is sealed the pleading of the person or party whom he represents.

When all is ready two stakes are driven into the bed of a stream, and by aid of a bamboo pole the heads of the two boys are submerged at the same time.

By grasping the stakes they are enabled to remain under water for quite awhile after their natural inclination would bring them to the surface, but at last one of them gives in and, releasing his hold of the stake, comes to the aid.

# A JAPANESE LEGEND.

The Girl Fish and the Shinto Shrine at Choshi. Most Shinto shrines in Japan have a story. Here is one which is told of the leading shrine of a seaside town.

It was entertained in the home of a rich man. A daughter of the host fell in love with the traveler, who did not care for her because she was ugly. Being under obligation to the family, he could not ignore the girl's love, so he told her that he meant to drown himself the next day. She decided to do the same and did it. The traveler gave up the idea if he ever had it.

One of the gods changed the girl into a fish, and to this day the fishermen of the town often see that particular fish in the waters near their shores. Sometimes she is caught in the nets, but she is always reverently returned to the sea. A shrine was erected on the hill above the town in dedication to the memory of the girl fish.

Before starting out to sea the fishermen go to this shrine to pray for good luck, and in their absence the families continue to invoke the favor of the god. A storm at sea or absence of good luck means that the fish god has been offended and must be appeased by special offerings. Chicago News.

PANTS AND VESTS. The Difference Between Them and Trousers and Waistcoats. Why do the trade journals ignore the word "pants" and what is the difference between "trousers" and "trousers" and between "vest" and "waistcoat"? asks a correspondent of the Clothier and Framer.

"Pants" is an abbreviation of "pantalons," a word floated upon us by the French, though possibly derived from the Italian "pantalone," which, according to the poet Byron, has an ill defined connection with the lion of St. Mark's in Venice. "Trousers" is old English modernized into "trousers," which is the proper spelling. "Vest" is an abbreviation of "vestment." Another poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, traces it to Londoners in his line which says:

The dangerous waistcoat, called by cockneys "vest."

General usage declares "pants" to be vulgar, though it and "pantalons" and "vest" have their place in trade and so receive recognition. We end the matter with another quotation from Holmes:

The thing named "pants" in certain documents is called by gentlemen, but "cents."

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS with Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGHS and CROUPS. Price 50c a bottle. Free Trial.

Most Sure and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division. Northern Central Railway Division. Schedule in force Nov. 1, 1906.

Trains leave SOUTH DANVILLE as follows: EASTWARD. 7:11 a. m. (weekdays) for Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Philadelphia, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah.

2:21 p. m. (weekdays) for Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Philadelphia, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah. 5:50 p. m. (weekdays) for Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Philadelphia, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah.

# DO YOU WANT ANY PRINTING DONE?

We want to do all kinds of Printing

JOB WORK!

It's Neat. It will Please. It's Reasonable.

A well printed tasty, Bill or Letter Head, Post Ticket, Circular Program, Statement or Card for your business, an advertisement for your business, a satisfaction to you

New Type, New Presses, Best Paper, Skilled Work, Promptness—All you can ask

A trial will make you our customer. We respectfully ask that trial.

THE MORNING NEWS. No. 11 E. Mahoning St. DANVILLE, PA.

# The Home Paper of Danville.

Of course you read

# THE MORNING NEWS.

Published Every Morning Except Sunday at

# THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER.

Everybody Reads It.

# THE MORNING NEWS.

No. 11 E. Mahoning St. DANVILLE, PA.

# STEPS TO HEAVEN.

The Legend of How Mount Omi's Stairway Was Cut.

# THE LAVISH JENKINS.

In October, 1886, a religiously minded Buckinghamshire farmer named Jenkins brought his firstborn to the parish church to be christened, and this was to be the name: Abel Benjamin Caleb Daniel Ezra Felix Gabriel Huggal Isaac Jacob Kish Levi Manah Nehemiah Oldish Peter Quartus Rechab Samuel Tobiah Uzziel Vaniah Word Xystus Zechariah.

# J. J. BROWN THE EYE SPECIALTY.

Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied.

# SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable TIN SHOP

# Wear Them During Thunderstorms If You Fear Lightning.

The one thing which a woman most dreads—barring, of course, a mouse and being out of style—is a thunder shower.

# JOHN HIXSON

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

# THE MORNING NEWS.

No. 11 E. Mahoning St. DANVILLE, PA.