

### Her Christmas Angel—Or His

A CHRISTMAS STORY  
By Sally Chamberlin

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"Whom do you think I saw today, Susan Strong?" said Ned, with his winning smile, as he walked into the room of his invalid sister at the end of his day's work.

"Eleanor Carrington," replied Susan promptly.

"Surprise overspread his beaming countenance.

"That's exactly who it was, but how in time did you guess?"

"A sort of second sight we invalids have, dear boy," answered his sister. "The moment you appeared around that curtain a sensation swept over me which I always used to have when I saw her standing across the aisle in church with her unapproachable bearing and her calm, Madonna-like face. I fairly worshipped her, Ned. Where did you see her?"

"At the Grand Central depot. She was helping a crippled boy out of a cab when his crutch fell under the wheels. Maybe I wasn't Mr. Johnny-on-the-Spot? My, but she is a queen!"

More than this he never said of any girl for it was Susan's greatest cross that her stalwart brother, the apple of her eye, had been obliged to give up his young, life, social and athletic, to bear the financial burden of her illness.

Ned Strong had held the record for hammer throwing at his university and had been crowned last year's football team when he had been forced to put it all behind him and turn his attention to sterner realities, including exorbitant bills presented by the specialists employed to relieve his sister.

For two years she had suffered with an affection of the knee which even the most eminent surgeons had been unable to name. For some weeks now she had been fastened in a brace which gave comparative relief and permitted her to sit up in bed, and with the cessation from suffering came renewed eagerness to hear of the beautiful outside world.

"Eleanor doesn't seem to be going in very strong for society," Ned continued, perching himself on the edge of Susan's couch. "When I was lunching with Billy Sanford yesterday he said she had spent almost the entire summer going to and from New York with children whom she was having treated at the hospital for cripples on Forty-second street."

"Why, Ned, that's the hospital where Dr. Gibbs is head surgeon. He was telling me about those patient little children only yesterday when he was working on my knee."

"Sure enough. I telephoned him this morning and he says he has a new contraption which he will try in a week or so that will simply disincrust the brace you have on now."

"I shall ask him if he knows Eleanor."

"Don't you worry. He isn't the kind of man who would let such a beauty pass unnoticed—and uncultivated—though I understand she's spoken for. Billy says Senator Elkus is the favored suitor."

"He's too old for her." This in a tone of disappointment.

"That's the way of the world, Sue. The man that's got the money is the only one who need come round. The rest of us poor devils can stand back and adore silently. Think of an ecclesiastic she could have treated on the senator's money! He flung back his shoulders as if throwing off an ugly thought, then he bent tenderly over the invalid. "Oh, Sue, it is splendid to see you free from pain once more," and he was resting his hand on her forehead and self sacrifice, he strode away to his solitary dinner.

In one of her wakeful night watches Susan lived back in the year which had preceded her illness. It came to her like a revelation that in those days Ned had not exactly stood aside and admired in silence. Eleanor Carrington had shared all his college enthusiasms, and though Susan, lively, golden haired little sister of a big strapping brother, had never entirely entered into these interests, in the new light of understanding conducted by the father's permission for physical deprivations she saw why Eleanor Carrington had suddenly dropped out of her brother's life.

When Dr. Gibbs called the next morning he was surprised at her animation.

"You want Christmas work to do? Now, see here, you're not worrying about bills and things?"

She shook her head. "I just want to make some one happy for Christmas. Don't you think I could dress some dolls for the hospital children?"

"That's the thing to make you forget the occasional twinges in this knee—that is, if you don't sit up too long at a time. I'll speak to Miss Carrington, who is chairman of our Christmas committee."

And he did not dream why the sudden, glad light came into Susan Strong's eyes.

Two days later Eleanor Carrington's carriage stopped before the humble Strong cottage. She brought into the sickroom a new and invigorating atmosphere.

"My dear girl, I have never heard of your illness. We have lived almost constantly in the country of late, and I seldom see your brother. Why didn't you let me know? I should have so glad to come. And now you send for me that you may help me in my work. You make me feel so—so selfish."

Her rich face dropped from her shoulders, and the tall, statuesque young woman fell to weeping. "The little invalid with the pathetic face, big, wistful eyes and short, curling hair."

"Oh, you mustn't feel that way," said the girl as she stroked the fur with her wasted hand after the water had subsided. "Such good care of me and I—well, I just need something to occupy my mind. Did you bring the dolls?"

"Dolls? Dozens of them!" said Miss Carrington, with a happy catch in her voice. "But you must let me see the clothes. It is enough for you to sew."

"This was the beginning of happy days for Susan Strong. Hardly an afternoon passed without a call from Eleanor, who wanted to see how the ray ladies from Paris, Berlin, Switzerland, Japan and Russia were coming on. Sometimes she laid aside her wraps and sewed with the invalid. During these hours Susan learned many things, not only of the hospital work, but of Eleanor's life at home and in the social world. And, best of all, she learned that the rumors regarding the beautiful girl's engagement to Senator Elkus were without foundation.

Only once did Susan, wise little girl that she was, refer to Ned.

### Circus vs. Cookery

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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Jackie Peters regarded the girl by his side almost with horror.

"I can't help what you think," she cried defiantly. "I just can't stand this sort of thing any longer."

"You don't have to," he urged gently. "You just say the word, Sally, and I'll see your pa tomorrow."

"Can't you understand, Jack Peters?" she cried, with a stamp of the foot. "That woman wouldn't let me take the high school course 'cause I'd be wanting to go to college next, she said. She just don't want to see me do anything grand; just get married and settle down starting for some man just as I've been playing for her ever since pa married her."

"Don't you think," he suggested gently, "that perhaps she means well? She's seen a lot of the world. Maybe she knows 't wouldn't do no good."

"There you go, preaching like all the rest," she retorted. "Some girl as these days she can't help and find me gone. I can be as good as her."

"I don't see why you want to go off and be foolish just because you don't like Mrs. Burrows," he declared gently. "She means well."

"I'm going to be like her," insisted the girl, pointing to a bird poster representing a young woman in gay apparel standing upon the tip of her toe on the back of a spirited horse. "She was one of 'em once. I guess I can ride that way as well as on a saddle."

"Huh," mused Peter, "a girl as can't cook as well as you ain't got no call for it tramping round the country with a circus."

Sally Burrows got down from the wall. "All the same," she cried defiantly, "I'm goin' with 'em, with a nod toward the circus posters. I guess I can cook for 'em until I can ride."

She started off down the road. Peter looked regretfully after her. He knew from experience the futility of seeking to overtake her.

Things had been well between himself and Sally Burrows until her father had married a circus rider but her father had been thrown from her horse and left behind by the show until her fractured leg grew well.

Long before that time she had won the affections of Hiram Burrows, and she made him a good wife. Sally, however, had refused to accept her new mother, and there had been quarrels ever since Hiram had brought home his bride. The girl resented the intrusion of another woman in her mother's place and her own dethronement as mistress of the house.

Now she chafed to leave the quiet home and make a name for herself even as the rival had done, and Jackie Peters pleaded in vain.

He had a strong ally in Mrs. Burrows, who saw that the girl in a home of her own would be far happier than in her father's house, but this very ally had been thrown from her horse and left behind by the show until her fractured leg grew well.

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### When Abner Hustled

By C. B. LEWIS

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Abner Hope, twenty-four years old, lived on a farm just out of Melville, with his sister for housekeeper. Adjoining his farm was that of the Widow Williams. She was thirty-five years old, but she moved around with the step of a girl. She had only put off her mourning when Abner fell in love with her.

The widow was looked upon as a catch by more than one, and Abner had to brush aside three widowers, two old bachelors and a young man or two before he stood in the front row.

Abner Hope was what some folks call a poke. He wasn't lazy, but he was easy going. He intended to take the widow under his arm in due time and clear away the line of fences between the two farms, but he didn't see any special hurry about it.

The widow had said that if she ever married again she would insist on a bride her tall as a corn cob, and she had to figure as to the most convenient time for sparing those two weeks from the farm. He also wanted to study the widow and make sure that she was what she seemed, and it was also a pleasant thing to sit with her on the veranda and talk romance and love. There were many reasons for letting things drag along.

Abner never had popped the question and been answered with a "yes," although it was tacitly understood that there was an engagement. One evening he trotted in his easy way to find the widow in a snappy frame of mind. She had been doing up preserves that day and burned her hand. Her greeting was not as effusive as usual, but that did not disturb Abner in the least. He sat down and began to talk about the corn crop, and the widow stood it for ten minutes before she snapped out:

"Look here, Abner Hope. Do you know that folks are talking about us?"

"I hadn't heard anything in particular."

"Well, I have. Mrs. Richards told me today that the whole neighborhood was wondering why you came here so often."

"Why—why, I come a-courting, of course. I thought everybody knew that."

"And what has come of it?"

"Nothing as yet, but as soon as I can get around to it I'm going to ask you to marry me. I suppose you understand that."

"Mr. Hope," replied the widow as she looked up with flashing eyes, "you needn't waste your breath asking me to marry you."

"Why, Mary, what's come over you all at once?"

"I am Mrs. Williams, if you please, and as I am very busy this evening I hope you will excuse me."

"Do you mean that you are going to marry some one else?" asked Abner after a moment's thought.

"My business is my own, sir."

"Don't be a dodo, Mary."

"How dare you talk to me this way? Sir, I did you good evening!"

She rose up and entered the house, and after sitting around for half an hour Abner started a slow departure and made his way home.

As he thought matters over his conscience told him that he was derelict. He should have settled the matter weeks before and been ready to get married as soon as corn husking was over. The result of his deliberations was that he would let a day or two pass to smooth down the widow's temper and then call and ask her to set the day. He realized that he loved her, but he didn't persevere over the thought of losing her.

It so happened that Abner had to go to town on a lawsuit for a couple of days and that he was extra busy with work on the farm, and it was a week before he made his next visit to the widow's.

### How Large New Zealand Is

New Zealand is popularly supposed to be a large of comparatively unimportant islands lying close off the coast of Australia and subject to what is vaguely termed "the Australian government." As a matter of fact, it is a large island in area, to be sure, but it is only 1,250 miles from the neighboring island, an independent, self-governing colony and possesses more beautiful and varied scenery than any other single country of the world except the United States.

This colony consists of two large islands and a third small one, called Stewart Island, to the south. The two large islands are properly called the North Island and the Middle Island, but in ordinary language the Middle Island is termed the South Island. As the South Island is nearer to the continent, it has, especially in its southern part, a cold climate. The North Island has a warm enough climate to cause the oleander and camellia to bloom luxuriously, and in its northernmost part the orange grows well.

As it is known generally that works of art were well paid for in ancient times, a German review furnished recently some particulars about that question. Polygnotus of Thebes, who lived about 430 B. C., is supposed to have received payment for his works and declared that he was sufficiently rewarded with the title of citizen of Athens, which had been conferred on him. But such instances were seldom limited. The Athenians were called the "Zeus of the Temple school." Pampylus of Syracuse gave a course of lectures on painting. Each pupil paid for attendance one talent, or \$1,200 a year. Apelles received twenty talents, about \$200,000. For a portrait of Alexander I. ordered by the city of Ephesus.

Hate All Around.

The famous English Chief Justice Holt and his wife hated each other to the limit, and when she fell dangerously ill he was so delighted that he became disgracefully pious. But his wife was equal to the emergency and sent for the great Dr. Huxtable, who hated Holt, and therefore out of spite when the case was presented to him came with great promptness and saved her life.—London Chronicle.

Goblets.

Goblets with stem and stand like those we use today were employed in Troy 900 B. C. Among the valuable objects found by Dr. Schliemann was a golden goblet. Vessels of this metal were commonly employed in the service of the temples.

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### THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

Their Religion is in a Way a Species of Water Worship.

Eagle feathers are much used in the ceremonies of the Pueblo Indians, and in order to make sure of a supply the Zuni keep the birds in cages, plucking a few feathers whenever they happen to want them. On the other hand, the Moki have eagles' nests located at various points within thirty or forty miles of their towns, which are considered the property of different clans among them. The eagle lays its eggs in the same nest year after year, and the clans inherit rights to certain nests from generation to generation.

The eagles are not killed, but the new fledged young ones are taken from the nest—that is to say, all but one or two, which must be left. To remind the eagle god to encourage the laying of more eggs by the birds an egg carved out of wood is placed where the divinity will be sure to see it; also, after being plucked, the eaglets are carefully buried in a certain cleft in the rocks, which is the eagle cemetery. Here the eagles have been interred for centuries, and the place is very sacred.

The Pueblo Indians have a tradition of the flood, and they say that the turkey is marked in commemoration of that event, its tail being black at the end where it was dragged through the water. The duck is another sacred bird, being associated with water. From the Pueblo point of view, anything that is related to the all-potent water in any way is an object of worship. Their religion is made up to a great extent of aquatic divinities and might be called a species of water worship.

The River Kongo.

Tropical rivers vary greatly in volume in the rainy season, flooding to the sea in vast torrential floods and near the end of the dry season flowing slowly and only in the central and deeper portions of their beds. The Kongo, however, the largest river in Africa, rises at the foot of the mountains of the Congo, which was at one time considered inexplicable, by the observation that the basin of this great river extends on both sides of the equator, and therefore one moiety of its tributaries are in flood while the other are at their minimum volume.

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7:07 a. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 12:15 p. m., and connecting at Scranton with trains arriving at Philadelphia at 3:48 a. m. and New York City at 7:00 a. m.

10:10 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 12:35 p. m. and connecting there with trains for New York City, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

12:11 weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 2:25 p. m. and connecting with trains arriving at New York City at 6:50 p. m. Philadelphia at 10 a. m. and Buffalo at 7 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE.

9:15 a. m. weekly from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6:30 a. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 9:30 p. m., Philadelphia at 7:02 p. m. and Buffalo at 8:30 a. m.

12:41 p. m. daily from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 10:10 a. m. and connecting there with trains leaving New York City at 2:55 a. m.

4:30 p. m. weekly from Scranton, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:50 p. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 10:00 a. m. and Philadelphia at 10:00 a. m.

6:10 p. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6:30 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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Schedule in Effect January 1, 1905.

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For Sunbury and intermediate stations, 9:00 a. m. and 7:51 p. m. week days, and 4:31 p. m. daily.

For Sunbury only, 12:30 p. m. week days.

For Philadelphia (via Harrisburg), 10:00 a. m., 7:11 a. m. and 2:21 p. m. week days.

For Harrisburg, 7:21 a. m. and 12:21 and 5:50 p. m. week days.

For Williamsport and Lock Haven, 9:00 a. m., 12:10 and 4:31 p. m. week days; for Williamsport and intermediate stations, 7:51 p. m. week days.

For Bellefonte, Tyrone, Philadelphia, Clearfield and Pottsville, 9:00 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. week days.

For Harrisburg and intermediate stations, 9:00 a. m., 12:10, 4:31, and 7:51 p. m. week days.

For Philadelphia (via Harrisburg), 9:00 a. m., 12:10, 4:31, and 7:51 p. m. week days; 4:31 p. m. Sunday.

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For Harrisburg, 7:21 a. m. and 12:21 and 5:50 p. m. week days.

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