

The Bisque Token

By JOHN ERIC VIRGINI
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The long sand beach seemed to be deserted—not a single soul in view. Suddenly from the gray timbers of a wrecked vessel's stern rose Dickie Boy's head. Half kneeling in his worn and scanty garments, he rested a hand on the jagged edge of a beam and, craning his neck, looked up and down the beach.

For a second he knelt there, facing the gleaming sea. The sun was in the west, but it was still bright. It was early yet, and the sun held a bit nearer sunset time. He hastily dived into one of his pockets and from the tangle that crammed it extracted three marbles, a fishhook and his dearly bought treasure. The salesgirl had wrapped it daintily for him with narrow white ribbon, and he held it reverently, almost reverently, in both brown little hands.

"Jiminy, I'm glad I've got something to give her before she goes away—something to remember me by."

For a quarter hour more the sun marched toward the western horizon, and then she came. But, alas, she was not alone. A man was with her—not one of her numerous summer admirers, but a man whom Dickie never had seen. He was young and vigorous, but there was something about him that bespoke age—a sternness, even a hardness, as of one who had fought battles.

They passed the corner of the wreck whence Dickie Boy's head had risen just before and went down to the other end of the vessel, where some fallen timbers made a sheltered seat. They were both looking away from the dismantled stern, and through a convenient opening in its joints a pair of blue eyes watched them eagerly. It was not in Dickie's character of youthful rascal to sneak or hide, even less to be an eavesdropper, but somehow a curious shyness had invaded him at the sight of the stranger, and he found himself unable to go forward or speak, but the conversation which reached his ears was still such a mystery.

"How plainly we hear the boy?" said the girl, arranging the border of her blue serge skirt close to her russet shoes. She was intent upon speaking of impersonalities. The man looked out to sea, where the blue of the fitful tone at disconcerting intervals.

"What makes it so sad?" she speculated idly, picking up a pebble and throwing it into the surf. "The irregularity of the sound, do you think?" "Irregularity is not necessarily sad," the man objected. "It might be, perhaps, if it's the amissness, the futility of it, dear. A bell ought to call people together, and this one warns them off. Therefore it's lonely. It must ever be lonely. That's why it's sad, little girl."

The bell swung at the mercy of the wind and water. Its sound came to them in the pattern of the surf.

"Keep away, keep away!" chanted the girl, with the same measured intervals. "Yes, I don't know but you're right. It's a rather doleful burden."

While the girl looked silently out to sea he reverently studied her face, with its somewhat pale beauty—the effects of the gold hair under the yachting cap and that of the chastening indifference of her eyes.

A golden opportunity to prove that there are times when discretion is the better part of valor. He did, or, to be truthful, he limped abruptly down the little path toward the village. As he collected his thoughts, being a good lawyer and a wise jurist, he decided to revise and to overrule his previous judgment as to blame.

"Girl! blame eighteen years of age and upward, with rosy cheeks, laughing eyes and fluffy hair and saucy dimples," mused Mr. Lloyd, a smile playing round the corners of his mouth, "do not come within the purview of the precedents you have heretofore cited to me. My judgment is accordingly rendered for the infant defendant, with costs to the belligerent plaintiff. Case dismissed."

Mr. Lloyd returned to the Melton household to dinner as placidly as usual. As he progressed he learned whether his decision as to one girl had in particular was to be affirmed by a higher court, from which there is no appeal.

Winter Fishing.
Winter fishing has one merit, which all true sportsmen will recognize as such—namely, considerable uncertainty. One day you may fish certain waters—whether deep or shallow, whether weedy or free—and very high draw a blank, while the very next day the same waters will give rich finny returns. What is more strange is that not seldom on the same day there will be good luck in different depths and in different waters of the same lake or pond, and observation through the clear black ice of early winter or late autumn has convinced the writer that these mystic fishy moods of biting in winter are almost or quite independent of the movements of the schools of "bait" fish. About all that can be said on such points in the way of general suggestion is that winter fish bite usually better on a mild day than a cold one, best of all during a gentle thaw; that they take the bait more freely under thin ice—that is, in early winter—than after the ice has thickened, and that they appear to be quite unaffected by such points as the nature of the water or the gentle thunder of the "settling" ice. It is certain that some of the best strings of a lifetime have been taken when the fun of skating could be joined with that of watching the lines.—*Outing Magazine.*

THE SUDAN NATIVES.
They Once Thought White Men to Be Submarine Monsters.
There is a passage in one of the ancient Arab histories to the effect that "the white people come from the other side of the sea." This statement has become so distorted among certain tribes of natives of the Sudan that they believe that the white men come from the bottom of the sea. A wily Arab leader in this district once informed his followers that they had nothing to fear from the white men, as they could not live away from the water. The fact that a high official took his bath daily was further considered confirmatory evidence of the submarine origin of the white man. The Arabs, in order to retain their influence over the natives, spread broadcast the report that the white men were cannibals. The fact that they did not eat black men was explained as due to their devilish cunning. They wanted to make themselves strong in the country before beginning their horrid practices, but as they could not altogether do without this kind of food they brought human flesh with them in cans. In West Africa a French expedition had the unfortunate experience of finding a portion of a human finger—cut off, no doubt, by some accident—in a can of meat. Here was fresh and conclusive confirmation of the story, in which the people had almost ceased to believe, and it was only after a considerable lapse of time that the idea was at length eradicated.—*Chicago News.*

AN AFRICAN FOREST.
Peculiar Effects Produced by Wind, Sunlight and Shadow.
An explorer describes a central African forest. "Ten miles west of the lake begins the only piece of real virgin forest met with. It is throughout a dense virgin forest and almost impenetrable. It consists of very large trees of many varieties. The upper parts are festooned with a light grayish green moss hanging in long streamers that give to the forest a very fantastic appearance. When these long streamers are agitated by a storm they make the whole forest, seen from one of the hills near, look like a rough sea. Again, when the sun is vertical the whole forest appears dark, but when the sun is at an angle a general effect on the sunny side is curiously light."

"All the trees are bound together with innumerable lianas and creeping plants. Between the stems is a dense tangled mass of lesser vegetation. The forest stands to a great extent in the water and mud of the swamp. A singular feature of it is the abruptness with which it begins and ceases on the plain. The grassy swamp or open country reaches to the mighty wall of trees, which continue in the same density from one side to the other. There is no smaller wood or scrub outside forming a transition from the open plain to the forest."

"Inside the silence and gloom are accentuated by the apparent absence of animal or bird life. There are some herds of buffaloes that make it headquarters, elephants visit it occasionally, monkeys and parrots are sometimes seen, and a humped antelope now and then appears at the edge, but the general impression left is one of lifelessness."

Calcium.
Calcium was first made in minute quantities by Humphry Davy. In the new process chloride of calcium is placed in a receptacle and fused by electrolysis. An iron cathode forms a basis upon which the molten calcium deposits itself, and the once rare metal sinks itself up into an irregular rod resembling a cabbage stalk. When the stalk has grown to the right length it is clipped off and dipped in paraffin wax to preserve it from the action of the air.

Three Strange and Remarkable Men.
As Dumas, the grandfather, prided himself more upon his wonderful strength and skill in athletics than his generalship, as Dumas the second prided himself more upon his knowledge of science than the authorship of "The Three Musketeers," so Dumas the third prided himself more upon his knowledge of art than upon the writing of "La Dame aux Camélias." They were three strange and remarkable men.

The "Baby"

By EDWARD L. RECKARD
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Mr. John Lloyd suffered the guilt of an eavesdropper, and for the moment was deeply and regretfully conscious of his crime.

He mechanically removed from his mouth an unlighted cigar, and pressed his lips alternately. There could be no mistaking the words spoken in Mrs. Melton's soft, motherly voice. Mr. Lloyd stopped still on the staircase and deliberately listened.

"Martha is coming with the baby tomorrow on the 12 o'clock train from Albany." Mrs. Melton was saying. The meaning of her words was plain. The source of information to Mr. Lloyd was plain as if he were in the sitting room itself.

"And to stay a whole month!" cried Miss Edith, the one remaining member of the Melton family who as yet had escaped, through no fault of her own, the matrimonial snare. Mr. Lloyd tolerated Miss Edith because she was in the house when he took up his residence with the Meltons a year ago. Next to babies, Mr. Lloyd abominated spinsters of certain age out of pure fear of their possible designs upon innocent and unsuspecting bachelors.

"They can have the big spare room, can't they?"

Mr. Lloyd did not wait to hear the conclusion of the sentence, spoken in Mr. Melton's hearty tones. He stepped quietly out of the wide, old-fashioned hallway into the twilight and moodily walked to his law office, adjoining what used to be his law office, and moodily walked to the courthouse at the other end of the prosperous little county seat where he had won a name for himself in the few years he had resided in Biddeford.

The spare room was across the hall from Mr. Lloyd's own ample and handsomely furnished snugery. So "Martha and the baby" were to go in the spare room, were they? The doors were to hang, the baby to be carried and all of the members of the household were to run up stairs and down again forty times an hour for eighteen hours a day, and Mr. Lloyd's sympathy and pitifully devoted understanding as to babies, eighty-one hours a night, waiting on "the baby," making life miserable for himself, starboard and supposedly delightful for everybody else? Not if John Lloyd knew it! He would return to the home he had left in Biddeford.

The parliamentary whip is something more than an arranger of pairs, however. It is a symbol of authority in seeing that all members of his party are present when there is likely to be a need of their vote, and for this purpose he sends out through his assistants notices in which the importance of the events to come is shown by the number of the underscored lines used.

A one-line whip, wherein the subject of the debate and other information are understood but once, is not regarded as being particularly pressing, but a two-line whip commands attention, and a three-line whip means that the recipient who absents himself is liable to find himself in disfavor with his party. At times there are used only in announcing great events, and no one who receives the occasional five-line whip would think of remaining away unless ill in bed.

swelling with dignity. "Why, Dickie, Dickie Boy! Wherever in the world did you get so much money?" she said tenderly, drawing him down to her side and pushing back his locks of hair while she looked into his eyes.

"Worked," answered Dickie laconically, displaying his hard, brown little hands, which showed unmistakable signs of wrestle with a stubborn soul.

"Oh, Dickie, Dickie Boy! And you did all this for me?"

"Do more'n that for you, I would. I'd do anything for you," said he stoutly. "An' I wanted you to have something to remember me by when you was gone."

Involuntarily Eleanor turned to the grave face behind her. Blair had not spoken. He was looking at the cliffs which frowned darkly against the glow of the setting sky, and it suddenly struck her how deep were the lines that loneliness and pain had carved, quickly she glanced down again at the quivering small countenance on her arm.

Years before Blair's face had had that same look of boyish idolatry. The remembrance of it touched her heart as his own devotion had failed to do.

"I'll keep the little heart alive, Dickie," she said, rising from the sand and stooping to kiss the boy's forehead as she did so.

"An' you won't break it?" inquired Dickie anxiously. Eleanor smiled strangely. The bit of bisque had come to her as a token of love, and she would carry it home with her. I shall never break any more hearts, I think—never any more." Turning to the man, she said gently: "Blair, dear, I'd like to walk up the hill and see the last of the sunset. Will you come?"

The man stopped at sight of the girl's face. There was about it the magnetic radiance that touched while it uplifted him.

And as the two went up the hill together Dickie followed at a respectful distance, turning handsprings.

BLACK FRIDAY.

The Mad Scene in the Gold Room on That Eventful Occasion.

In the middle of the gold room was a small party. About his day's proceedings began, writes T. Hendrick in the American Magazine, Jay Gould's own brokers, pale, haggard, half-distracted and half-ashamed of their work, started the bids. Gold had closed the day previously at 144. Now a Gould broker offered 145 for \$100,000 gold.

His only response were the curses and fist shakings of a bedraggled, perspiring crowd.

"One hundred and forty-six for \$100,000 gold!" Still there was no response.

Each advancing point meant millions in profits to Gould and likewise millions in losses to the community. At every advance the crowds, losing all restraint, alternately roared and wept.

"One hundred and forty-seven!" "One hundred and forty-eight!" "One hundred and forty-nine!" "One hundred and fifty!"

A few uptown merchants now, however, started to purchase. Soon the bidding degenerated into panic. Every one scrambled to get his gold now while the price, judged by what had already happened and the unquenched power of the gold, seemed to rise. All purchases, however, meant enormous losses.

Fortunes accumulated through years of self-sacrificing toil were swept away in a moment. In their crazy men ran aimlessly about the room, moaning, screaming, vainly appealing for help. Outside the crowds lawlessly waited announcements, the same scenes were repeated. Rained men, unable to get into the building itself, pushed, cursed and fought. At each rise in the price the rage against Gould increased.

When the bid reached 150 there were cries of "Lynch! Lynch!" The crowd outside the building was the picture of all his mischief doing? He was selling gold. To whom was he selling? To Fisk and all his own associates. He was the only man who really understood the situation—who knew, that is, upon what a flimsy basis "corner" was made. It was Fisk, Belden and Speyer into the gold room to advance the price ostensibly for the benefit of the clique, and when it had reached a certain point unloaded on his own account. He had sold largely, unknown to his confederates, the day before.

The Amazon is the king of streams. From first to last it receives over 1,200 tributaries, of which more than 100 are large sized rivers and rise so far apart and have their floods and ebbs at such different seasons that the Amazon is at about the same height the year around. At some points on its lower course one bank is invisible from the other. The beholder seems to be looking on a great yellow sea of fresh water. When discovered, some tribes of Indians on the lower portion know nothing of the existence of the river, and did not believe that it existed, saying that "the great river flowed all around the world." Its mouth, including that of the Para, is 180 miles in width, and it is navigable for large sized ocean steamers for 1,000 miles from the sea, and was the flood that the ocean is tinged yellow for 100 miles from the coast of Brazil.

PARISH REGISTERS.

The Sort of Entries They Kept in the Old Days in England.

A vicar, John Printer of Worle, is accused in L.S.A. of having got so drunk "at a Tavern in London, being the house and sign of the Swan in old Fish Street," that he had to be "carried to his Lodgings, or some other convenient place, one being so dronke, not habbe hymself to goe." That is, well, he is also charged with being "a common player at Bowles in the churchyard of Worle this own parish and a common haunter of Tavernes, richouses, Beerbeating (baiting) and Bullbeating, yea, upon the Sabbath daies, and an usual player at Tables (backgammon) & Charles in the alehouses and Tavernes."

On Sept. 25, 1621, John Brook of Dundry is presented.

"For unlawfully playing of the flutes and cymbals in the churchyard there on Sabbath daies and holie daies, as mannie use, with others, did see upon St. Marthe's daie past, and being reproved by the churchwarden for the same, he came him a froward answer, saying, we came at exercise to doe the kings service, & you will not suffer us, but the whyles you cut your neighbors throats."

"That on Sommdaie, 1 Julij, & on Sommdaie 21 Junij ult, hee, Arthur Payton, and Edward Ward, taylor, did dance in the churchyard thereof," and Richard Hulford "played upon his instrument to those that usually dance in the churchyard there"—London Academy.

THE BIRD OF DEATH.
It is the Only Venomous Member of the Feathered Tribe.

Among all the thousands of feathered creatures classified by the trained ornithologists but one, the ript n'ook, or bird of death, is known to be venomous. This queer and deadly species of the winged and feathered tribe is a native of the island of Papua, or New Guinea. The bird is described as being about the size of a common tame pigeon, of gray plumage and a tail of extraordinary length, ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet red. It is a marsh bird and is found to inhabit only the immense stagnant pools adjoining the lakes of the interior of the island. The ript n'ook has a hooked beak as sharp as a rapt's spur and hollow. The venom with which it inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which nature has provided for that purpose and which lie in the upper mandible. Just below the openings of the nostrils. Under this poison secreting laboratory in the roof of the mouth is a small fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound. No man, native or otherwise, was ever known to recover from a bite inflicted by a ript n'ook. The suffering in such cases is said to be much more agonizing than in cases of rattlesnake and Gila monster bites.

The Fish Net.
A curious custom was at one time in vogue at Gloucester, Mass., which illustrates the swiftness which seems to surround a fish net and the protection which the law affords that class of property. Whenever it became necessary to quarantine a horse because of smallpox or other contagious disease the quarantine was effected by stringing nets about the building on the outside. The penalty for disturbing a net was so great that no one dared to meddle with the barrier.

A King's Race.
Alfonso, King of Aragon, was one day examining the different articles in his jeweler's shop in company with many ladies of his court. He had scarcely left the house when the jeweler raised a diamond of great value and ran after him, complaining of the theft. The king, not willing publicly to disgrace any of his attendants, commanded a large basin full of sand to be brought him, into which he directed each person to put in the hand-diamond and to have it out that. By this means the diamond was left in the sand, unknown by whom.

TONS OF GOLD TREASURE.

Last Store of Wealth Emptied From New World Into Old.

It has never been told how vast was the treasure that was emptied from the new world into the old in the glorious days of the Spanish dominion. We can only judge of how great it was by cultural evidence. The bottles of Cortes and Pizarro are famous in annals of new world history. In them we have read how the soldiers of the former carried away only a small part of the treasures found at Mexico, yet were so loaded down with stolen gold that when they fell from the caseway into the lake in the memorable retreat from Mexico they sank and drowned as weighed with plunners of lead; also we read how Pizarro exacted as a tribute for the liberation of the Incas Atahualpa 2500 that filled to the depth of several feet a room seventeen feet wide by three feet two feet long and that was valued at 1,200,000 pesos (or, the equivalent of nearly \$15,000 of our money).

When Drake sailed the south sea in the Golden Hind upon his piratical voyage of circumnavigation in the years 1577-79 and when he captured the Nuestra Senora della Concepcion—surnamed the Galleon or Spilltre of Cape San Fernando, it took three days to transfer the treasure from the captured ship to his own. In that single haul there was realized a "purchase," as it was called, of over twenty-six tons of silver, besides eighty pounds of virgin gold, thirteen chests of pieces of eight containing over \$1,000,000 in money and an enormous amount of jewels and plate.

From the evidence of John Drake we read that when the Golden Hind laid her course for England, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, she was so heavily "ballasted" with pure silver that she "tried" exceeding deep in the water."—Harper's Magazine.

THE MOONSTROKE.
A Sailor's Experience After a Night Nap on Deck in the Tropics.

"People laugh at moonstrokes," said a sailor. "They call them shellbacks' superstition. I once had a moonstroke, though, and I tell you it was no laughing matter. It's a fine moon one night in the tropics I fell asleep on deck. The moon shone directly on me. I lay in a white pool of moonlight. So three hours went by.

"Then, when they woke me, I felt like a man in a dream. My mouth hung open, as it does when I sleep, and I couldn't close it, and my head lay over on the side, and I couldn't straighten it up.

"No could I understand what people said to me, nor could I obey orders. Voices I'd hear far away, but they seemed meaningless, unpleasant. I was very drowsy. All I wanted was sleep.

"They worked on me for two days, rubbing me down with cold water and dosing me with opium oil, before they brought me ashore. And always after that I have been careful never to get where the moon's rays could get at me. My moonstroke happened eight years ago, but still at every full moon I am stupid and drowsy, and my mouth drops to one side, and my mouth tends to hang open.

"There's many a sailor has been moonstruck, but this accident never befalls busmen, landsmen, you see, never sleep out of doors."—New York Herald.

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"The Bridge" Born of Sorrow.

"My poem entitled 'The Bridge,' said Longfellow, 'was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I had intended to go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends and return near midnight by the same way. The way was silent, save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose or fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great hush on the Brighton hills whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late, solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge has been greatly altered, but the place of it is the same."

The Beggar.
"You ought to take this horse," said the dealer, "for a bargain."

"Well, then, I don't want him," said the customer. "I want something to drive, and I never could drive a bargain."

The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.—Montaigne.