

According to Custom

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN
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The night was perfect. Over picturesque Havana a yellow moon poured a flood of glory, throwing strange shadows on the old muros, where the O'Donnell tower light revolved with steady flashes, and sleeping all the world in a subtle, elusive spell.

On the Malcon the band was playing. Light-hearted laughter floated from the thickly clustered benches and carriages. It was not a night to be alone.

Jerry Benedict, standing on the edge of it all, felt the beauty and knew the loneliness. He had come to Havana at Tom's suggestion. "There is a good opening down here which might suit you," his brother had written. And now, on arriving, he found Tom gone to Cienfuegos, not to return for several days. Jerry, wandering about by himself, had passed a few hours in the quiet little city, its gayly painted houses, dusky white clad men and pretty señoritas. Havana was not a bad place, he decided. But tonight he was restless. The moon was almost too powerful in its splendor and charm.

Turning away from the merry crowd that made him feel an alien and an outcast, he decided to walk to his brother's house in Vedado. There was a fresh coolness in the air. A walk would do him good. He struck accordingly into one of the nearby streets.

On his side the pavement was quite dark, but across the way the moon, reflecting with dazzling brilliancy upon the pink and white houses, showed every detail of window and facade and revealed plainly any one within who leaned out to breathe the air.

Suddenly Benedict stopped short. In an upper window, alone, stood a girl, certainly the most exquisite girl Benedict ever had seen. Against the blackness of the room behind her, her face, half of hair and half that is, half ale and half beer, half ale and half twopenny was pale as a moon flower. Heavy masses of dark hair crowned the stately little head, and just back of the tiny ear lay one splendid crimson blossom. Benedict caught his breath. The girl could not see him there in the darkness, he thought, and he remained motionless, staring with eager eyes. Who could she be?

The sound of a footfall roused him, and he turned abruptly just at the moment to collide with a slender, carefully dressed man. Benedict, his eyes still full of moonlight, mumbled some word of apology, but she, who had cast a further glance at the window, looked back at the young American, and a slow smile began to dawn on his lips.

"But you are quite excusable, señor," he said in pretty English. Again his eyes sought the window. "It is for me to apologize," he laughed. "The sight of the Senorita Carmela is reason enough."

"You know her then?" burst out Benedict. Then he started and recollected. "I beg your pardon," he stammered distressfully. "But—but—"

The man nodded more gravely. "I judge you are a stranger here," he remarked. "Young Benedict, after a certain way, is not a stranger here, and I am sure you are not a stranger here, and our customs are not yours."

And before the somewhat indignant Benedict could recover speech the stranger had bowed, replaced his cigarette between his lips and was gone.

The girl at the window, too, had vanished, and Benedict, accepting perfectly the other's advice, walked on. But the sight here and there in the dusky street of a man leaning against the iron bars which guard the lower windows, exchanging low remarks to some inmate, evoked strange longings.

In the morning, however, Jerry could learn nothing of the whole episode. A girl's face at a window—surely he had seen plenty such. And it not quite so wonderful as this one—well, the Cuban's remarks had been well meant and were worth remembering. So he lied away an hour or two in the Oalle Obispo, with its gay shop windows and bright awnings stretched the width of the narrow little street. Then he went to the bank for letters and had luncheon at the Englaterra, where he looked in vain for a familiar face. He did not mean to go near that street, her street, again, he assured himself. And yet somehow as 5 o'clock drew near he found his feet took him in that direction. He scolded himself, turned and began to walk away. But it seemed foolish to avoid a street just because a pretty girl lived there, and it was the shortest way home. He was sure that the next moment he was peering rapidly along it.

As he drew near the house where he had seen her, however, his step began to slacken. Would she—could she be there? He looked, hardly daring to hope. All at once his heart thumped madly. She was there, and she was looking straight at him. He could have sworn that she recognized him. Yet how was that possible? And then, slightly, almost imperceptibly, but to Benedict quite unmistakably, she bent her head.

"Tom was still away. There was nothing to do," Jerry fell into the way of passing through that street once or twice a day. The girl was usually in her window. He would bow gravely. She would respond with the faintest smile. And one never to be forgotten afternoon there fell at his feet a small scarlet flower.

The night Tom came home he watched his brother through the window with puzzled, thoughtful eyes. He did not know much about the "kid," he reflected, nor how he took things.

"I saw Don Enrique Galdos today," he began abruptly. Then, as Jerry seemed uninterested, he added, "He said that he had met you one night outside the Martinez," Jerry nodded.

"Oh, that chap? You'd better give me some talk about living on, I believe."

Cupid, Medical Assistant

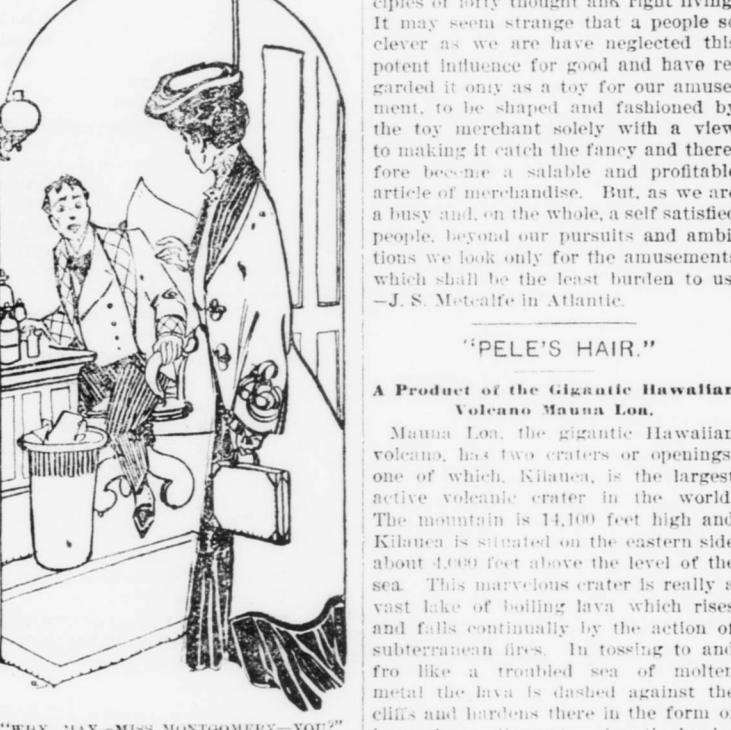
By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK
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Diek Frenon was in a romantic state of mind. A little Cupid, which was holding a dagger to its lips and gazing at him from the top of an inkstand on a table by his side, seemed to warn him that he had been physically exhausting himself lately. He had been working too hard. At present he had pains all over his body. His tongue was distinctly discolored, and his pulse was weak. His head was throbbing, and there was scarcely a portion of his body which did not ache. Loss of time meant loss of money to him, for he wrote for a living. If he did not work he was perfectly aware that some one else would get ahead of him. Not that he had easily given up, but the task of putting things together had proved in his present condition as hard as carving blocks of stone.

In his extremity he thought of a doctor. Of all medical men he had a horror. At the moment, however, there seemed to be no excuse for not consulting a doctor.

To claim that the stage, no matter how improved, could work an immediate revolution in the manners and taste of our people would be manifestly absurd, but it is entirely safe to say that the theater could, in the matters which are apparently so unimportant in life, yet which mean so much, be an important factor in molding at least the external of our national character. The means, that we have at our disposal, we should give the theater a more important place in our thoughts and in our scheme of popular education than at present allotted to it. Nor is the claim that the theater might be made a teacher of improvement in the minor things of life the only one which rises to the height of the elevation of the popular taste in all the arts and in literature and even for the inculcation of the principles of lofty thought and right living. It may seem strange that a people so clever as we are have neglected this potent influence for good and have regarded it only as a toy for our amusement, to be shaped and fashioned by the toy merchant solely with a view to making it catch the fancy and therefore become a salable and profitable article of merchandise. But, as we are a people who have thought most likely, yet made no use of it, we are a people who look only for the amusements which will be the least burden to us.

—J. S. Metcalfe in Atlantic.



"PELE'S HAIR."
A Product of the Gigantic Hawaiian Volcano, Mauna Loa.

Mauna Loa, the gigantic Hawaiian volcano, has two craters or openings, one of which, Kilauea, is the largest active volcanic crater in the world. The mountain is 14,100 feet high and Kilauea is situated on the eastern side about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This marvelous crater is really a vast lake of molten lava which rises and falls continually by the action of subterranean fires. In tossing to and fro like a troubled sea of molten metal the lava is dashed against the cliffs and hurries there in the form of long glassy filaments, gigantic knobs, miniature trees and in imitation of grass, leaves, etc.

A number of glassy filaments to be found along the shores of this fiery lake is in the shape of queer bunches and tufts of lava made up of an aggregation of vitreous threads which the natives call "Pele's hair." Pele being the goddess to whom the mountain is dedicated. These glassy threads appear to be blown by the passage of steam through the molten lava. In so doing small particles in the shape of bubble-like balloons are thrown into the air, leaving a tail behind like a comet. When the scene of these miniature steam eruptions is near a rock or shore all solid and cool surfaces are found covered with long, curly, and "hair" which is very firmly used in native ceremonies.

ALL-HALLOWEVE.

His observance is clearly a relic of Old Pagan Times.

The observance of All-hallowe eve, or Hallowe'en, is clearly a relic of pagan times, for there is nothing in the church observance of the ensuing day of All Saints to have originated such extraordinary notions as are connected with this celebrated festival or such remarkable practices as those by which it is distinguished. The leading idea respecting Hallowe'en is that it is the time of all others when supernatural influences prevail. It is the night set apart for the walking abroad of spirits, both of the visible and invisible world. One of the special characteristics attributed to this mystic evening is the faculty conferred on the immaterial principle of man to detach itself from the realm of space. Divination, or second sight, is believed then to attain its highest power, and the gift ascribed by Glendower of calling spirits from "the vasty deep" becomes then at the command of all who choose to avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion. There is a remarkable uniformity in the festive customs of this night in all parts of Great Britain. Nuts and apples are everywhere in requisition and are consumed in immense quantities. Indeed, the name Nutterack night, by which Hallowe'en is known in the north of England, indicates the predominance of nuts in the entertainments of the evening. They are not only cracked and eaten, but are made the means of divining and prophesying in love affairs. Apples are also used in many of the evening games for the same purpose.

CLOTHES IN KOREA.

Changed According to the Calendar and Not the Weather.

A characteristic of the Koreans which has helped to their undoing as a nation was the fact that they were guided wholly by precedent. When a new situation presented they did not cope with it in the light of the day they were living, but were guided entirely by the old ways and the ancient maxims of wise men who had been dead a thousand years or so. A striking illustration of this national trait was furnished in the matter of their wearing apparel, which was changed according to an ancient calendar and without any regard to the temperature of the day.

Korea is a land of great extremes of heat and cold, and the man who drafted the calendar by which all clothing is changed, though a Chinese sage, it is said, was not a success as a weather prophet, unless, as some maintain, the climate in the course of the hundreds of years which have elapsed has changed. When the calendar was first made became the period of greatest cold the conservative Korean, although the air may be soft and balmy, puts on his thick garments with six or seven thicknesses of cotton wadding, until the thin man becomes a fat man and the stout party swells up to such enormous size as to knock up anybody. Again, in the month of spring and early summer, when the heat and the heat prevailing here almost tropical, the Korean sweaters about in his wadded clothing in perspiring veneration of his hereditary calendar. —New York Herald.

TREACHEROUS RIVER BEDS.

A Homesteader's Oath When Caught in the Gatekeepers.

The "maverick" wagon caravans covered and traveled west, is always picturesque. The traveling horse for a family and all their worldly goods, from furniture to poultry, is still a familiar sight on western roads. The spirit of dissatisfaction and longing for newer fields that lurks under the broad expanse of the prairie, and the spark of the same fire that has been the theme of our history. By some stream under the cottonwoods of an evening you may sometimes see this half grizzly, and the fire with its accompanying smell of bacon and beans or the song and whistling of a man as you drive by why the roving has always its fascinations.

There are, however, the long dusty days of travel and sore backed horses, the occasional swollen floods, and all ways present, though seldom encountered, are the quicksands of the dry bottom streams. The area is indistinguishable and silent. The shallow rivers of water flow over them as over all the rest of the river bed, but once fairly in their grasp there is a remorseless, certain settling, which a struggle only hastens and which ends in an everlasting disappearance. Cattle and horses are caught in it often, and, if seen in time, can be pulled out with a rope and horse, but into its hungry maw have gone horses, wagons and men, and even a locomotive, going through a bridge, has been known to disappear in this bottomless mystery.—Allen True in Outing.

HAIR POWDER.

The High Price of Grain in England Sealed Its Doom.

During the last years of the eighteenth century the price of grain in England was very high. So much flour was used as hair powder that an attempt was made to check its use. A book, "At the Sign of the Barber's Pole," contains a copy of a document issued by the "mayor, justices and principal inhabitants" of Great Yarmouth, recommending the disuse of hair powder for a time.

"We flatter ourselves," they said in this proclamation, which was issued in January, 1795, "the military will not hesitate to adopt it, being fully convinced that appearances are at all times to be sacrificed to the public weal, and that in doing this they really do good. Jan. 27, 1795."

In the following April a party of gentlemen at Wolburton abbey entered into an engagement to forfeit a certain sum of money if any of them wore their hair oiled or powdered within a certain period.

Nevertheless the Tories regarded with distrust persons who did not use hair powder. So late as 1820 a certain Major Cox of Derby, an excellent Tory, declined to allow his son to become a party of well known clerical turf for the reason that the clergyman did not powder and that he wore his hair short, which suggested that he must be a dangerous revolutionist.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

The Hardest to Make Are Orchids and American Beauty Roses.

The orchid and American Beauty rose are the two most difficult flowers to make. A skilled worker can construct only about six American Beauty roses in one day, and this number only if the leaves and petals are all ready to put together. The small flowers, like the jessamine, are also difficult to make, and good skilled hands can be intrusted with this work. The majority of the small and delicately made flowers imported for millinery uses are made in the prisons of France. The work of making flowers is pleasant and well paid, and the girls receiving an average of \$25 for the best workers. Much of the finer grades is given out for home work, women and girls taking large boxes of flower petals and leaves to put together. One market for artificial flowers is that of the hat-makers, who order bunches of violets and other small flowers and resell them to grooms for the decoration of their horses on tulip trips and other gala occasions. Many of the handsome evening bouquets of orchids and violets so much admired at the theater and opera are artificial.—Leslie's Weekly.

HAND MYSTERIES.

Man's "Lesser Side" Works to Keep the "Stronger Side" Free.

A group of men, which included a salesman for a Chicago cigar house, stood talking near the news stand in a hotel when the subject of cigars came up.

"Say, Stribben," said one of the men, "you're a cigar salesman. Tell me why it is that all smokers hold their cigars to the left side of the mouth?"

"They don't," replied Stribben—"that is, all don't. It is only the right handed men who do. Left handed men hold their cigars in the right side of the mouth. The reason, I have been told, is this: It is natural with all men to make their 'lesser side' do what work it can to keep their 'stronger side' free for more important emergencies. If a man has a package to carry he holds it in his left hand if he is right handed; if he is left handed he holds it in his right hand. In either case the hand he has the most confidence in is free for emergency use. This same idea he stretches to cover the muscles of his lips. It is just the possibility that he may need the muscles on the right side for emergency use that makes the right handed man hold his cigar in the left side of his mouth—it's just that idea about his whole 'lesser side' that makes him do it." —Denver Post.

QUEER MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

The Malay Bride Has to Have Her Feet in Fire.

Some of the national marriage customs of other countries are distinctly quaint and interesting and to us appear curious enough. Our conventional white satin and orange blossoms are certainly traditional, but otherwise we indulge in no real mad old sport from the throwing of rice and adash.

In Japan the symbolic grille, so much more expressive than our simple wedding ring, is the outer sign of marriage, while in Burma the piercing of the ears is the prelude to matrimonial considerations.

In Malay, however, the poor bride experiences a bad quarter of an hour before her marriage, inasmuch as she has to have her teeth filed down almost to the level of her gums, a process slowly painful, well as disgusting.

In spite of this pain, however, she is expected to participate in the wedding dance and festivities generally.—London Standard.

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VICTORY FROM DEFEAT.

Two Notable Instances in the War Record of Great Britain.

Only one instance has a British force offered terms amounting to surrender before the commencement of an action, but this is what the Black Prince felt himself obliged to do by the overwhelming forces of the French before the battle of Poitiers. So certain did he consider defeat to be that he actually ordered to give up all the prisoners he had taken, instead the greater part of his force and give an undertaking not to fight against the French for seven years, and so confident were the French that they refused these terms. The result was one of the most brilliant victories that adorn the British arms.

In modern times the victory of Annapolis in the peninsular war, is another instance of apparent defeat being turned into victory. After the capture of the French intrenchments and the loss of the second battle, Annapolis was falling, a desperately prevented the use of the bayonet, and Bonaparte was preparing for retreat when the valor of Colonel Bugeo saved the day. The battle, which lasted only four hours, was the scene of terrible carnage, and when it was over the so far victorious French were driven headlong down the hill, on the summit of which 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 7,500 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant.—London Spectator.

BATTLE OF MARATHON.

The Most Decisive Day in the History of the World.

The single day in the world's history which was fraught with the most tremendous consequences to mankind was the day on which the battle of Marathon was fought. The handful of city states that inhabited Greece had developed facilities which indicated that man had advanced another stage toward the highest ideals.

Everest among those little nations was Athens, which state, too, contained the genius of human freedom. It was the forerunner of the democracies of the world. But the very existence of Athens and Greece was threatened by the huge barbaric empire of Persia.

Darius had sent out his hordes of warriors to add the freedom states to his vast dominions. Face to face his forces met the Athenians on the plains of Marathon.

Hitherto invincible in the field, the Persians looked upon the little army opposed to them with contempt. The Greeks themselves hesitated to hazard a battle with the conquerors of the world. Their generals debated the question, and the decision to fight the Persians was caused by the eloquence of the immortal Miltiades. He led his 10,000 Greeks against the Persian host and gained a decisive victory. The glorious day of Marathon beat back the advancing tide of eastern despotism and barbarism and saved the freedom and civilization of the western world.—Pearson's Weekly.

MAKING OLD POTATOES NEW.

This is the way new potatoes are manufactured in Paris: Old potatoes, the cheapest and sweetest that can be purchased, are bought by the millioeurs de pommes de terre, as they are called, who carry their property to the banks of the Seine, a good supply of water being necessary. The potatoes are put into tubs half filled with water; then they are vigorously stirred about by the feet and legs of the manufacturers, who roll up their trousers and stamp on the raw potatoes until they have not only completely rubbed off their dark skins, but have also given them that smooth and satiny-like appearance which is so much appreciated by gourmets. They are then dried, neatly wrapped in paper and arranged in small boxes, which are sold at the markets for 5 francs a box. The oldest part of the whole business is that the rad-toileurs make no secret of their trade.

CAMELS OUTDONE.

Creatures That Go For Extended Periods Without Drinking.

Other creatures than the camel are able to get along for extended periods without drinking. Sheep in the southwestern deserts go for forty to sixty days in winter without drink, grazing on the green, succulent vegetation of that season. Pecaries in the desert of Sonora live in little dry hills where there is no natural water for long periods. They cannot possibly find water—in fact, for months at a time. The only moisture they can obtain comes from roots and the fruits of cacti, but the most extraordinary case is that of the pocket mouse, one of the common rodents of the desert. This little creature, by the way, has a genuine fur-lined pocket on the outside of its cheek. When it is hungry it takes food from this pocket with its paw, just as a man would pull a ham sandwich from his pocket. One of these mice has been kept for three years with no other food than the mixed bird seed of commerce. During this period it had not a taste of either water or green food. Other experimenters have found, in fact, that these mice in captivity refuse such treats, not seeming to know that water is good to drink. The bird seed put before this mouse contained not more than 10 per cent of moisture, which is less than is necessary for digestion. Stuff so dry as this cannot even be swallowed until it is moistened by saliva. Yet this remarkable mouse gave nothing but his time to the interests of science. He suffered nothing in health or spirits during his captivity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MAN'S "LESSER SIDE" WORKS TO KEEP THE "STRONGER SIDE" FREE.

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