

By EDITH M. DOANE
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"Extra! Extra!" The shrill cry of a newsboy outside broke sharply on the silence of the warm, sunlit room.

"Horrible disaster! Wreck of the limited! Twenty people killed! Extra! Extra!"

The girl before the fire started nervously. She rose palely and her eyes were large and dark with excitement. She listened intently till the last faint sound died away; then mechanically she smoothed open and read the bit of yellow paper in her hand.

"Unlucky wrecked; escaped unhurt; will be with you tomorrow, John Brownson," the telegram read.

With a little passionate cry of relief and joy she pressed the crumpled yellow messenger to her lips.

All the next day she listened anxiously for his ring, and yet when he finally



"SOME DREADFUL THING WAS CROSSING UP BEHIND YOU."

"Some dreadful thing was crossing up behind you," she said, looking at the woman who had just entered the room to her with a quick, easy stride, she could find no words for the wild rush of joy that enveloped her, but stood motionless, holding out her hands to him in the dim, firelit room.

"Martha, Martha," he said, instead of grasping the slender, outstretched hands lightly in his own. And when she did not speak—

"Martha, have I made a mistake? Do you want me to stay? Tell me the truth."

"Yes, yes," she answered tremulously, leaving her hands in his in her tumult of delight. "Oh, can you not see it?"

"I never meant that other," she went on, breaking into low, nervous laughter. "I knew even when I said it that I didn't. Then yesterday—oh!—the clergy of my slender fingers tightened on his. 'I don't know what I should have done if you had!'"

She stopped abruptly and, with a heavy, tender burst into tears in his strong, tender clasp of his arms.

Some time afterward she slipped away from him and dropped into the deep leather chair drawn up in front of the fireplace. A little sigh escaped her. She motioned him to a neighboring chair, but gravely and not with her accustomed anxiety.

"Too far off! I can do the subject just only at close range," he objected.

Standing on the hearth rug, he smiled down at her. She was looking straight before her, wide eyed and motionless, staring into the dancing flames. He regarded her searchingly and as if impelled to the question because of her extreme stillness.

"Of what are you thinking?" he asked.

She turned to him, drawing her breath quickly. The logs in the fireplace flamed up in sudden brilliancy, and for the first time she noticed his pallor and the dark circles under his eyes. His face, too, was graver than its wont in spite of its great content.

"I have forgotten how hard it was for you, too," Martha said, with quick contrition. "Do you know, Robert, she set up suddenly, her eyes dark with horror. 'I thought I was there with you. I heard the shrieks. I saw the red glare of the flames. I felt the train away and jar as the cars ahead crashed into the engine. Oh!'"

She broke off with a long, shuddering breath.

"Robert," she said solemnly, "I did see it. I was on that train!"

He looked at her strangely, then seated himself on the arm of the big leather chair and, slipping his arm around her, drew her gently toward him.

"It was yesterday," she went on in a choked voice, nervously clasping and unclasping his hand. "I was sitting here, and I kept thinking and thinking of you, and then suddenly I saw you. You were sitting in a car smoking and laughing and talking, and all the while some dreadful thing was creeping up beside you—closing in around you—and you would not see. With all my might I called to you to come away, and at last that same instant came a terrific jolt and the horrible grinding sound of crashing cars. I tried to close my eyes to the blinding glare of the spreading flames, and then—I was here again—just sitting here before the fire at home."

A sob shook her, and he drew her closer. Then she went on again, nervously, in a half smothered voice, a little pause between each sentence.

"The dream haunted me. Then your telegram came, Robert, and she changed her position somewhat and regarded him earnestly. 'I did not dream it. I saw it. Tell me that you believe I did not dream it.'"

He nodded, regarding her gravely.

"But how could I see it when I was here in this room all the time?" she went on, with a little laugh. "Then her nerves, already strained to the breaking point, gave way, and her slender body quivered with heavy sobs.

The clasp of his arms reassured her. He drew her head to his shoulder, and they sat in silence in the fast darkening room, lighted only by the flames leaping in and out between the heavy logs.

His voice, intense and hushed, was the first to break the silence.

"I was in the front part of the train in the smoking car," he said gravely. "I had finished one cigar and was about to take another. Indeed, the

cigar case was in my hand, and I was just about to offer it to my companion when I looked up and saw you. There you were, standing just inside the door at the end of the car. I remember you standing there, so I must have seen your whole figure, but all that I noticed were your eyes—intense, compelling, electric with some message—fastened on mine with a look of passionate, agonizing appeal.

"I do not remember that I was surprised. My only thought was that you wanted me. As I went down the aisle toward you, you opened the door and passed swiftly into the car beyond, your eyes, with their compelling appeal, still fastened on mine. So in this fashion, in a sort of trance, I followed you from car to car till we stood in the observation car at the end of the train.

"Then I came to my senses. I started to call you, to cry out, and just at that moment," he went on, his voice tense with emotion, "the train struck an open switch, and the engine left the rails and plowed into the ground, tearing up the track for yards."

Martha pressed closer to his side, and he bent and touched his lips to her forehead.

The logs in the fireplace burned low, and the room grew dim and vague and mysterious in the uncertain light.

"The two cars followed the engine—the smoking car and one other—jammed into it and were crushed, the fire from the engine setting them ablaze. Most of the occupants were either killed or severely injured. There were some slight injuries to the passengers in all of the other cars except the last."

His voice was heavy with emotion.

"Every one in the observation car," he said unsteadily, "escaped unhurt."

Maaculine Curiosity.

At Eaton hall in the days of the old Duke of Westminster there stood on the mantelpiece of the principal guest chamber a clock of somewhat remarkable design. Underneath hung a card bearing the legend, "Please do not touch this clock. It will get you into bad luck for bachelor visitors especially. An eminent politician to whom this room had been allotted asked his host one evening after dinner the reason for the prohibitory injunction. The duke replied, "I have often contended with my wife that women are more curious than men. To satisfy me of the contrary fact she has placed the clock to which you refer in the bachelors' room with the notice affixed to it. The result has been that every man, with one notable exception, who has occupied the room has asked me the reason of the notice." Elizabeth Stokes, the visitor, "who may I ask, was the notable exception?" "Mr. Fawcett, the postmaster general," was the reply. "But then, poor man," he was blind."

Women Boxers.

Many modern Englishwomen smoke. Some of them used to be expert boxers. Ann Field of Stoke Newington, donkey driver, issued this challenge: "Well known for my abilities in boxing in my own defence, having been affronted by Mrs. Stokes, styled the European championess, do fairly invite her to a trial of the best skill in boxing for £10 (\$50), fair rise and fall, and question not but to give her such proofs of my judgment that shall oblige her to acknowledge me championess of the stage to the entire satisfaction of all my friends." There the gentle Elizabeth Stokes stood. "I have not fought in this way since I fought the famous boxing woman of Billingsgate twenty-nine minutes and gained a complete victory six years ago, but as the famous Stoke Newington woman dares me to fight her for the £10 I do assure her I will not fall meeting her for the said sum."

Building Wreckers.

Perhaps no band of men in the world suffered such constant injuries, if not death, as the corps of building wreckers to be found in every large city. They visit a building which has been gutted by fire, the tottering walls of which are still standing and which accordingly are a menace to pedestrians. It is the business of these wreckers to pull the walls down, and a half hour spent watching them at this work brings the quick thrill as nothing else in our humdrum urban civilization can. They swarm over the swaying walls with reckless impunity, fastening ropes here and there, preparing for the long and strong pull. Frequently the walls go in simply because of the weight of the men at work upon them. The bodies are dug out of the mass of iron and brick, and the work goes on as if nothing had happened.—Technical World.

A Car and a Wheelbarrow.

When Earl Peter the Great visited England in 1068 William III, hired Bayes Court, the manor house of Deptford, for use as his court and palace, near the King's dockyard, where he proposed to instruct himself in shipbuilding and to work as a shipwright. During his tenancy the ear's favorite morning either wheeled his favorite Manokoff or was himself wheeled in a barrow in every direction over the charred beds, walks and borders, trampling all into one general wreck. A path was broken through Mr. Evelyn's famous and almost impregnable holly hedge, which was 400 feet long, 6 feet high and 5 feet thick. In short, he did so much damage during his three months' residence from January to April 23 that Mr. Evelyn had as compensation £150 from the government.

Great in His Line.

Mr. Robert Barr once showed a portrait of Mark Twain to a silk merchant of Lyons. "Tell me who that is," Mr. Barr said. The merchant gazed at the portrait and answered, "I should say he was a statesman." "Supposing you wrong in that, what would be your next guess?" asked Mr. Barr. "If he is not a maker of history he is perhaps a writer of it, a great historian, probably. Of course it is impossible for me to guess accurately except by accident. But I use the adjective 'great' because I am convinced this man is great in his line, whatever it is. If he makes silk, he makes the best." Mr. Barr told the French merchant who the portrait represented and said, "You have summed him up in your last sentence."—London News.

Roads.

"American road absolutely nothing of one of the greatest cities of all Europe," said a returned traveler. "I refer to Budapest. Do you believe it has over three-quarters of a million inhabitants and is foremost in many of the arts and sciences? Take my word for it. Why it has a university with nearly 5,000 students and 230 professors. The railway was developed in Budapest. Most of the population is Magyar. Buda has the finest Jewish synagogue in the empire. The Danube, dividing Buda from Pest, is a beautiful stream, spanned by magnificent bridges. The largest electrical works in all Europe are in this wonderful city."—New York Press.

SPELLING AND SUSPICION

By COLIN S. COLLINS
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With a gesture of impatience Elder rose. After nine months on a foreign mission the little fact seemed wonderfully homelike, and he had hoped for an evening of quietude. Probably it was one of the chaps who had heard of his return and who had looked him up with the best of intentions.

It was all very kind of him, but Elder would rather he had remained away until the morning, and it was with a slight frown that he threw open the door leading to the hall.

He gave a start of surprise as he perceived a woman's figure silhouetted against the brighter light in the hall, but Elder was accustomed to receiving strange visitors at all hours, and he stepped aside to permit her to enter.

It was not until they were in the tiny sitting room that the girl threw back her veil. Elder started back, "Erica," he cried, "this is most indiscreet."

"You receive other women on business," she defended as she clasped her hands.

"No business," he repeated. "Surely you can have no business with a detective."

With a little cry the girl sank into a chair. "Jack Brynton told me at the Romainettes that you were back," she said. "I could not sleep until I had seen you. I came on from there. I had gone to consult Mr. Bennington. I shall tell only a few minutes."

Curiously Elder watched her, the woman he had loved for years. Versed in the play of expressions, he could see that it was something serious which had led her to violate convention, but he could not imagine what had brought her to seek his aid.

"I suppose you know," she went on, "that Uncle Jim is dead?"

"Mr. Westcott?" he gasped. "Why, I saw him the night I left. He looked good for a dozen years."

"He was killed," the girl went on. "There was an effort made to make it

As in the previous trial, the evidence hinged almost entirely upon the letter. There was brief testimony to the effect that Paul Westcott had been in danger of being wiped out in the market place of the great city, that upon his arrest he had been unable to negotiate bond and had lost heavily. Then the prosecution put in the evidence of a handwriting expert, who had testified at the previous trial, and who discussed learnedly the individual peculiarities that, even in a forgery, will unconsciously betray themselves.

Almost letter by letter he compared the formation of the characters of the supposed last message with Paul's handwriting, and with each fresh slide there was more firmly established the fact that it was the fact that Paul must have written the letter.

With the letter the prosecution rested the case, and the defense began. Elder was the first witness, and to the surprise of every person, he took his stand by the lantern which had figured so spectacularly at both trials.

The first remark upon the screen half dozen examples of Paul Westcott's handwriting, and then in succession showed another hand displaying many of the same characteristics.

"You will perceive that the two men whose handwritings I have shown have many traits in common," he said, "but in his eagerness to prove guilt by analogy I neglected his orthography."

"The first examples were those written by the defendant prior to the commission of the crime. The ones last shown were written by his cousin, who studied under the same tutor in his uncle's house. I will now show half a dozen examples of the late James Westcott's handwriting, asking the jury to note that in every instance 'until' is spelled properly, as it was in the examples shown of Paul Westcott's hand. Only in Gordon Westcott's letters will the word be found to be persistently misspelled 'untill,' as was the case in the forgery. A writer unconsciously betrays himself, but in this instance the forgery is so perfect that the formation which took place."

"I also show a letter from Gordon Westcott to a money lender, written immediately after the murder, in which he calls attention to the fact that, as Paul Westcott could not inherit, the estate would be divided between himself and his cousin Erica and that hence he was able to make the deferred payments."

The defense rested its case, and as soon as the opposing counsel had summed up the jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," and Gordon Westcott was placed under arrest.

Erica, her arm about her brother's neck, reached forward in the cab.

"Fred," she said, "I will take back all I told about not marrying you until you gave up your detective work."

"What's the incentive to give it up," he laughed as he kissed her, "when a simple matter of spelling pays me so large a fee?"



"CONVICTED," HE GASPED. "WHY, PAUL WOULD NOT HAVE KILLED A FLY."

The Test of Hardness.

A good many people appear to think that the test of hardness is a matter of hardness in minerals, whereas it is resistance to erosion. Ignorance of this fact led a man not long ago to experiment on what appeared to be a large and unusually clear garnet of rather light red color. He took a hammer to it and smashed it to atoms. A diamond is the hardest substance in the world, yet it may be broken by a tap from a hammer or even a fall on the sidewalk, as it is apt to split along any of the cleavage lines, which are parallel to its faces. Experts test an undetermined gem thus with a file and a diamond. The test is not of differing hardness. If it yields to the file, it is a glass or something no more durable than that.

People Who Never Sneeze.

"Africans never sneeze," said a globe trader in the city of London, of the colored people of his own land. If they are pure blooded, don't sneeze either. A cold, damp atmospheric condition is the cause of sneezing. Since it is practically never cold and damp in Africa, no man sneezes there whether he be native or foreigner. The natives, because they have never sneezed in Africa, can't sneeze when they leave Africa for the same reason perhaps that one who has never been in the water can't swim when he falls overboard. At any rate, he the reason what it may, the fact remains that the African, either in the jungle or on Broadway, never rends the air with a kee-choo!—New York Press.

Canal Locks in China.

The canals of China are very simple—stone boards, with ropes at each end of them, being let down edgewise over each other through grooves in the stone piers. Boats are dragged through and up the sluices by means of ropes communicating with large windlasses on the bank, which have them safely, but very slowly. Artificial basins were hollowed out in the banks of the canal at these locks, where boats might anchor securely. The sluices which keep the necessary level are of very rude construction. Soldiers and workmen are constantly in attendance, and the danger to boats is diminished by coils of rope hung down at the sides to break the force of possible blows.—Technical World Magazine.

Old Time Astronomers.

Kepler, the astronomer of the seventeenth century, explained rather quaintly why so many medieval astronomers were obliged to dub in the seven celestial sciences. "Ye overwise philosophers," he wrote to his "Tertius Interveniens," "ye ensure this daughter of astronomy beyond her deserts. Know ye not that she must support her mother by her charms? The scanty reward of an astronomer would not provide him with bread if she did not sustain hopes of reading the future in the heavens."

THE LODGE.

In Many Towns It Has Become the Great Social Center.

The lodge has become the social center of many a town. It is so to a greater degree perhaps in the west than in the east. On the plains distances between population centers are greater, the ties of old family acquaintance are lacking, the fraternal order is the one thing that knows no barrier of wealth or position. The fact that many of the orders are men and women together in their membership on the same terms adds to the strength of the social claim; it also brings about odd situations.

"I am going downtown tonight," remarked a country town banker one evening to his wife. "The lodge meets this evening."

"That will leave me alone," was the response, "for Anna" (their one servant) "is going to lodge too."

"Yes," agreed the husband. "We belong to the same lodge."

This very country brings about a comeliness that in the newer communities makes easier the ways of life. You have an employee in your office or store. He works with his coat off, and through the day you consider him but little. You do not ask his opinion or defer to his judgment. But on lodge night when you enter, the portals of the lodge door, though it may admit only to the second floor of an unpainted frame building, is always a "portal"; you make your obeisance and mystic signs before a dignified potentate in robes of red and yellow whom you recognize as your employee.—C. M. Harger in Atlantic.

A DROP OF WATER.

It is a Midget World Teeming With Struggling Life.

In a single drop of unfiltered water there is a miniature of the world that goes on perpetually in the world at large, for in the little drop there is a whole universe of life, with all its terrible and death dealing competition, with all its mystery and woe.

It was a French biologist who investigated the life of animals which dwells in the water of a drop. He called the method the "changing drop slide," and it is beautifully simple. A drop of water from the edge of an ordinary pond is placed in a hollowed out space on a small strip of glass and sealed with a bit of thin paper. And now day after day and night after night the hideous business going on in that one drop of perfectly clear and apparently pure water may be watched and studied at the leisure of the observer.

The drop of water is a world in itself. Millions of animals swim about in it with plenty of room. The giant worms with tremendous writhing tails, of whose approach one is made aware by the confusion and panic of the smaller creatures scurrying out of the way in fear of their lives, and countless bacteria inhabit that drop, as their permanent and proper home and their ranging place.

Electricity in Cold Weather.

A scientist thus explains why it is so dangerous to use alcohol in the polar regions: A moderate use of alcohol causes a deposit of fat. "Alcohol is not a nerve tonic, but serves as a pure fuel in the organism and replaces the combustion of fat. Alcohol is therefore dangerous in the extreme cold because it assists the throwing off of heat in a great degree. The effect is as if a stove in a room should be heated red-hot and then the doors and windows thrown open. Heat produced by muscular work in the body is best obtained from carbohydrates in the food; but, besides this, the indispensable production of heat is best obtained by fats. This explains the instinctive choice of the food of men. In the tropics they eat rice and meat, while in the polar dweller requires immense quantities of fat to keep up the bodily combustion."

Preventive Nest Hunter.

One of the most energetic nest builders is the marsh wren. In fact, he has the habit to such a degree that he cannot stop with one nest, but goes on building four or five in rapid succession. And there is nothing slovenly about his work either. Look among the cattails in the nearest marsh, even within the limits of a great city, and you will find his little woven balls of reed stems, with a tiny round hole in one side. There is a certain method even in his madness, for the nest in which his wife is brooding her seven or eight eggs is less likely to be found when there are so many empty ones around. Then, too, he uses the others as nesting places for himself.—London Opinion.

Quite a Difference.

"You won't be able to enjoy the same luxuries after you're married."

"Why not? I'm able to afford them."

"Oh, yes. I just said you wouldn't be able to enjoy them."—Judge.

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DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

Buried So Deep That It Was Lost For Sixteen Centuries.

When one hears of a buried city it is very difficult to realize what it can look like still more so to realize how a city can be buried so deep as to be utterly lost and the place of it known to no more for sixteen centuries. Yet this is what happened to Pompeii and Herculaneum, Stabiae and Retina and thirteen other cities of the plain on the ninth day before the calends of September, in the first year of the reign of the Emperor Titus. Thus it was when Pompeii was buried. When just the sun shone into her streets. The summer garment of the Laplander is usually of coarse woven goods and has something the cut of a shirt with a high collar. Among the sea Lapps it is for the most part undyed. Among the other Lapps usually blue, sometimes green or brown and even black; smock frocks have been seen. Round the waistbands, along the seam in the back and on the edges this smock is ornamented with strips of red and yellow cloth. Under this garment is a similar one, either plain or striped, worn next to the body, for the Lapp never wears linen underclothing. The trousers are of white woolen goods, rather narrow and reaching to the ankles, where they are tied inside the shoes with long slender shoestrings. Over these drawers are usually worn leggings of thin, tanned skins, reaching from the ankles to the knees. Stockings the Lapp never wears. He fills the upper curving tip of his shoes with a sort of grass, which is gathered in summer and beaten to make it soft and pliable. The winter costume only differs from that worn in summer in that every piece is made of reindeer skin with the hair on.

The dress of the women differs very slightly from that worn by the men. The smock is somewhat longer and is made without the big standing collar, instead of which a kerchief or cap is worn about the neck. To the women and young girls silver ornaments, such as a long knife, scissors, key, needle and thread. The head covering is not only different in the two sexes, but also differs according to the locality.

A Just Man.

A slight shower was falling and Mr. Ferguson discovered, when on the point of starting for church, that there wasn't an umbrella in the house fit for use.

"You can borrow one from the Thompkins next door," suggested Mrs. Ferguson. "They never go to church."

"No, Laura," he answered, with a grin. "It is wrong to borrow umbrellas on Sunday. I should have bought one by my carelessness by not going to church this morning." Thereupon he proceeded to punish himself further by receding in an easy chair and reading the morning papers.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Kinds of Ambition.

Men have two kinds of ambition, one for dollar making, the other for life making. Some turn all their ability, education, health and energy toward the first of these, dollar making, and call the result success. Others turn them toward the second—into character, usefulness, helpfulness—life making, and the world sometimes calls them failures, but history calls them successes. No price is too great to pay for an untarnished name.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

Funny Blunders.

A famous sculpture group recently exhibited in Glasgow represents Adam and Eve after they had left Eden. Eve, in despair, lies at Adam's feet. Through a mistake an intelligent attendant placed it with this description: "Motherless." At the same exhibition was a sleeping nymph, by a well known sculptor, which by another mistake appeared in the catalogue as "Mrs. A.," greatly to the horror of Glasgow. A Sunday school boy recently gave this account of the prophet Elijah: "Elijah, the prophet, was carried into heaven by a whirlwind, and the children stood up and cried: 'Go up, thou baldhead! Go up, thou baldhead! And before he went up he divided the Red sea.'"

LAPPLANDER STYLES.

They Haven't Changed Any in the Last Thousand Years.

There is one corner in the world where the fashions of the people have remained the same for the last thousand years. The Lapp lady is not concerned about the latest fogue from Paris, nor is she subject to that soul harrowing experience, the bargain counter crush. However, she may properly lay claim to having been the original bloomer girl, for the nether garment worn by her today is of the same design as that worn by her ancestors of a thousand years ago.

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The Great Chain.

The "great chain," the links of which were two and one-half inches square and one foot long, each link weighing 140 pounds, was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point, just below Fort Clinton, May 1, 1778, to prevent the British warships from ascending the river. The total weight of the chain was 190 tons, and its length was 450 yards. Parts of it are still preserved at West Point.

Christmas Fires.

If one would revive a memory of the old Yule fire, a baking of hard wood, the largest to be had, should be chosen. The hearth should be clean and cold before Christmas even and the log set in place with the cedar or pine or other "light wood" kindlings at hand. As the sun goes down fire is applied and the big log set alaze. In the days of the Druids, whence Yule log is derived, the priests lighted the annual log with an ember from the sacred perpetual fire they guarded. In the mountain regions of the south the hearth fire is kept with an almost equal fidelity, scarcely ever being permitted to die out from October to March, and in the cabins of the negroes it is no uncommon sight upon a Christmas night to see within the fireplace itself, their heads up the chimney, plectanulians of various sizes busied in warming their feet, their bare feet resting on logs of cedar or hickory or oak and their black eyes rolling with anticipations of coming good times.—The Farmer.

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