

With Claudia's Assistance

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1905, by E. C. Pearce.

From the doorway Fitzgerald looked moodily at me from in front of the dresser. I looked moodily at Fitzgerald.

"She refused me," he said.

"I've got to go to Mrs. Whiting's dinner," I answered.

Fitz nodded and threw himself heavily into a chair.

"I wouldn't go, you know, after Mrs. Whiting's niece refused me, so she had to refuse you."

I stared at him, then jerked open the top drawer.

"Seems to me, in the interest of humanity, you might have staved off Mrs. Whiting's niece for a few days longer. I've got to take Miss Whiting in. What shall I say to her? I'm no society man."

"You might talk about me. It's damned strange she refuses me," Fitz responded modestly. "Of course I'm fat, but what of that? Look at my figure?"

I turned from my hat brushing and regarded Fitz with surprise.

"She's different from other girls," he went on mournfully. "You never know what she is going to do or say next. She said if she ever found the man she married she would marry him. She said she would propose to him. You say a word for me, old man, and maybe she will change her mind about it."

"All right," I said and started for the infernal dinner. If I had been left in peace I could have translated a few more pages of that Latin work I was on.

Why I should have figuratively of course fallen on my face and worshiped Claudia Whiting the moment I saw her I don't know. That any man could help admiring her after he came to know her is incredible. But that she had been before ever she said a word to me. It couldn't be because her eyes were the bluest I ever saw or her hair crinkled sunshine—I suppose a post would describe it better—or her lips red as the roses she wore in her belt. One day since the dinner she had something about admittance. It may be that mysterious word holds the reason. What we talked of is vaguely remembered. I know that I walked homeward carrying with me a vision of sweetest seriousness, for that describes Claudia as she appeared that day.

When I turned the corner, beyond which were my lodgings, I saw Fitzgerald at my gate, his broad back toward me. I remembered my forgotten promise and fled incontinently. I couldn't face him. Later I stole into my room like a thief at night. Next day I went to call on her and to make my peace with Fitz, who had interviewed me that morning. She was in the garden, and I stated the object of my call at once.

"If you know him better you would appreciate him more," I said, and handed forth the list of the most peculiar graces and virtues. Claudia listened, and when I had finished she leaned toward me, smiling roguishly.

"And didn't you care about coming to see me? If it had been for Mr. Fitzgerald you would have come any way, wouldn't you?"

To think that she should have looked straight into my heart and discovered my perfidy! I almost let go of my secret. I almost answered, "I came because I love you." And this on the second meeting.

Then because I must talk, and there were some things I must not say, I began talking of myself—my college life, my falling health, forcing me to live for years in the pine forests; then when my health was restored how the woods still held me with their soil, and so that I was unhappy and ill at ease in society.

"I have quite a pretentious cabin there," I said. "It is in my books and my violin. Back of it flows a clear stream with trout waiting for me to clear them for my breakfast. Nothing is wanting there to make me entirely comfortable."

My face grew hot, for at once I realized there was a want—a void—to be filled. That if I went back to my cabin now it would be as lacking as the body whose soul is not within.

"I was born and bred in the woods," I exclaimed. "I can't see a pine tree, a brook, a stream, a bird, a flower, a leaf, a dew drop, or a stone without it looks like they are talking to me."

Then she asked me about my books, and I told her of my published ones and those in contemplation—dry old tomes—why should I have supposed that they would interest a young creature like her?

But I rambled on, lost in her sweet companionship, till the sun suddenly dropped out of sight, and I saw her shiver in the breeze that stirred the poplars. Then I remembered Fitz.

"Do give him another chance," I said perfunctorily as I rose to go. She looked at me seriously, but made no answer.

For the greater part of a month Fitz was away from town, and I saw Claudia nearly every day. Before going he asked my promise to say a word in his favor every time I saw her. There are limits to the duties of friendship, but I promised because I felt that he would make her a good husband. He was an honorable man and had more money than he knew what to do with.

She was such a bewildering little creature, was Claudia. At the first meeting she was so sweetly serious. She had told me since that she was frightened to death of me because I knew so much. Fancy it! The day she told me, though, she was bubbling over with laughter. I suggest she was poking fun at me in her irresistible way. Then there was the morning when we walked together to church and she talked so quietly of holy things, and there was that last afternoon in the garden before Fitz came home.

That day it was the hardest of all to forget myself and remember Fitz. Sometimes when the tenderness of my heart would creep into my words little spots of color would come and go in her girlish face. I scarcely saw her eyes that day. The white lids she wore so insistently over her blue beauty. At last I pulled myself together with the thought that he could do so much more for her than I, even if she could bring herself to think of me at all, and made my last earnest speech for him.

She frowned a little, then she smiled and looked thoughtful.

"I think I shall have to teach you to read poetry," she said.

"Will you?" I asked eagerly.

"Begin on 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,'" she answered and ran, laughing, up the walk.

"I did the best I could for you, Fitz," I told him when he returned that evening. "And I rehearsed the last speech in full."

"What did she say?" he demanded.

"Why—she didn't say anything to that. She told me—or hinted—that my education was deficient because I had little knowledge of poetry, and she told me to begin on 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.'"

Fitz looked at me mournfully. "That's my finish then. Have you read it?"

"I was just beginning."

Fitz walked heavily from the room, and I took up my new Longfellow.

Short of statura he was, but strongly built. Brown as a nut was his face, but his eyes had patches of snow.

Very good description of myself, I thought. Not exactly patches, but there were certainly threads of gray. I read till the speech was finished, the ecstasies of Miles Standish; then I bowed my head in shame and anger. I had talked steadily of myself and my work, but she had led me on. She had no right to call me back so. Tomorrow I would go down to my cabin and forget, but yet I knew I should always remember. I was still brooding when Fitz came back.

"I don't blame you, old man," he began. "Probably you'll make her happy, but Lord, look at my money!"

I blushed at him as he settled down. "Not that she had of bringing matters to a focus," he went on, picking up my book which lay face downward on the table. "Why, damned if I believe you've read it all!"

"I've read enough," I said resentfully. "I read what she thinks of me."

One moment that blessed Fitz gazed at me, then in words of one syllable he gave me the gist of that poem—made me understand that my Claudia was impersonating the Puritan maiden in her immortal speech. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

And to think I ever had deemed Fitzgerald stupid!

I found my blessed girl in the garden, but she did not hear my approach. She was on tiptoe, trying to reach a rose which hung above her head.

"I have come to speak for myself, Claudia," I said.

The dear hands ceased from their quest to bid the blushes of her sweet face. Her girlish form trembled.

"You think me bold?" she cried approvingly.

"It was such a glorious affair to prove to her just what I did think of her, and it took a long time. And then she explained to me about admittance."

Some Funny Speeches.

An Irishman who was very ill, when the physician told him that he must prescribe an emetic for him, said, "Indeed, doctor, an emetic will never do me any good, for I have taken several and could never keep one of them upon my stomach." An Irishman had cards, on inspecting the post and finding it deficient, exclaimed: "Here is a shilling servant. Who put it in?" A poor Irish servant maid who was left hand placed the knives and forks upon the dinner table in the same awkward fashion. Her master remarked to her that she had placed them all left hand. "Oh, yes, indeed, sir," she said, "and so I have! Would you be pleased to help me to turn the table?" Doyle and Yelverton, two eminent members of the Irish bar, quarreled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, a powerful man, landed a fist, knocked down Yelverton twice, exclaiming, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, replied, with equal indignation: "No, sir; never! I defy you! You could not do it!"—London Spectator.

The Queer Burmans.

One who has lived among them says: "The Burmans are a primitive people. They are a very young people. There are certain marks and signs by which physiologists can determine the relative ages of a race. One of these is the physical differentiation between boys and girls. In early races it is slight. As the race grows old it develops. If you dressed a Burman boy of eighteen in a girl's dress or a Burman girl of the same age in a boy's dress you could not tell the difference from false. Face and figure and voice are very similar. In as old people such as the French or the Brahmins in India a boy begins to differ from a girl very early indeed. Their faces seem almost different types. Their figures even at twelve are quite disguised by any clothing. Their voices are utterly different."

—one smallest bird cannot alight upon the greatest tree without sending a shock to its lowest bough. Every mind is at times no less sensitive to the most trifling words.

Winning a Verdict.

Sir James Scarlett, the famous English lawyer, held that verdicts could be won without eloquence, and he proved it many a time in his own career. His skill in turning a failure into a success was wonderful. In a breach of promise case the defendant, Scarlett's client, was alleged to have been coaxed into an engagement by the plaintiff's mother. She was a witness in behalf of her daughter and completely misled Scarlett, who cross examined her. But in his argument he exhibited his tact by this happy stroke of advocacy: "You say, gentlemen of the jury, that I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?"

Era of the Olympiads.

The "era of the Olympiads," or the "Olympian era," began July 1, B. C. 776. An Olympiad was a period of four years, the games being celebrated every fourth year. When it was first proposed to use the Olympian era the earliest record that could be found was that of the victory of Choroebus, who won the great foot race long before horse racing and chariot racing were introduced. His victory was taken as the starting point of the Olympiads.

Good News.

Cashier—Have you heard, sir, that John Jones is a bankrupt? Banker—Well, that's good news. We'll now get a little of what he owes us, whereas, if he had remained in business, we'd never have got a cent.—Pile-de-Blatter.

Philosophy and Trivia.

May a philosopher in the course of his disquisitions fall into a ditch and drown? The fate of Professor Curie, the discoverer of radium, who, intent upon his possibilities, fell under the wheel of a wagon and was crushed to death, might be paralleled by several instances of the kind from lives of philosophers, notably that of Archimedes of Syracuse, who was so concentrated on a mathematical problem when his Roman besiegers at last burst into that city that he fell under their swords in spite of his impatience. "Noli turbare cicutas!" Stenpeluk, the Russian refugee, was so engrossed with the study of arithmetical questions in the course of a walk in a London suburb that he was run over and killed by a train at a level crossing.—London Chronicle.

WOOING CINDERELLA

By Ruth Sautelle

Copyright, 1905, by Homer Sprague

Scarcely had Dudley forced his breathless way through the thicket into the little cleared space at the edge of the bluff when a young voice called him.

"I thought you would come before long. You are the prince, of course."

He wheeled with a start and stared. She sat on a low rock, looking straight at him out of smiling brown eyes. There was a general impression of brownness. It seemed to be a gown of some shimmering brown stuff—or was it gold?—and a kind of aureole of fluffy, light brown hair. How the deuce did a girl get up that cliff? About how near—

"Put a man couldn't keep track of his breath! He'd go into training on that hill till he could take it on the run without turning a hair—he would, by Jove! Must be something the matter with her eyes. He'd never seen that to say, they sort of—"

"You said yes, didn't you?" she interrupted sweetly. "Surely you must be 'Miles'!"

"I beg your pardon," began Dudley, suddenly realizing that he had asked a question some minutes ago and that an answer was expected of him. "The prince, you say? I've never been called before, you know?" And then, in a flash of comprehension, "Most certainly I am the prince—if you are the princess!" He smiled triumphantly.

"The brown eyes twinkled into his more distractingly than before.

"Oh, not at all," she laughed. "I'm only poor Cinderella."

"Cinderella!" questioned Dudley, looking the mystification he felt.

"Why, yes—you see—" She hesitated. And then a very wonderful thing happened. A line of rosette pink appeared just above the brown collar and crept up stealthily, enveloping the tiny ear, finally into flame on the white hair and hiding at last in the light hair that blew about her face. Dudley, fascinated, watched its progress and forgave the intrusion.

"Of course it's very simple, only disgracefully stupid of me. And—sitting up straight and suddenly becoming very happy—I'm not in the least afraid to tell you."

Dudley mumbled suitable assurances, while the girl moved unhesitatingly on her rocky throne and continued to look brave.

"I just—I only—the flower was held over the edge of the bluff, and—I held on to a branch and leaved—I saw my head get wedged by a stone—and—There was a tentative shifting of the shimmering skirts, then a hasty motion of withdrawal beneath them. "And I—lost the mate to that?" she finished, with desperate courage, thrusting into sight the other foot, laced in a stout little brown walking boot.

Two furious blanches were in full operation by this time.

Dudley gazed fixedly at the small trim loot. "You say the one you lost was just like this?" he questioned, with great solemnity.

"Oh, no," he belonged to the left foot, you know," she responded, with corresponding earnestness.

And then came the welcome relief of laughter, under the relaxing influence of which Dudley sank upon the edge of the rock.

"I only meant to suggest," he announced fervently, "my unbelief that there could be another like it in the world."

"Bravo, bravo!" she applauded gaily. "That is pretty enough to savor of much practice in such speaking."

Dudley's ardent expression was replaced by one of due submission to reality.

"It is meet," he said as his hand sought a capacious coat pocket and disappeared therein, "that the dowdier should should arise to do thee service. Perhaps I can aid you better than you know."

"I'm sure you can," she interposed hastily. "But let me tell my plan first. I couldn't tell you to go and find it and leave me helpless and alone again."

"Of course not," Dudley's face assumed a thoughtful expression, and his hand slowly left the big pocket. "I—a hardly suppose you could borrow mine."

Again her bright laughter rang out. "Oh, datterly, where is thy sting?" she cried gaspingly. And Dudley, looking ruefully from his own generous boot to the adorable maid, realized that once more he'd "put his foot in it."

"Forgotten," she declared in triumph, "because of the pretty one you said first. And so, to go back to our nauticos, I see only one way. And yet, of course, it's such a little distance—the camp's just back in the trees there—I could hop on one foot, I suppose."

She paused mischievously for the mere pleasure of regarding the look of frank disappointment; also to observe whether it occurred to him to wonder why, with friends so near, she had not called for help.

"But I should be sure," she relented, "to lose my balance and let the wrong foot loose." Dudley brightened perceptibly. "That's very strong and good, I know, would hurt dreadfully. So after all there is just the one way, as I said."

She tilted the lonely boot back and forth on its heel and regarded it pensively. Dudley did likewise. When this had gone on long enough she raised to him an expectant look.

"Yes," he said almost mournfully: "He only remains for me to help you. I suppose I ought," he continued, while his hand moved again ever so haltingly toward the pocket, then rapidly away from it, "to—"

"Oh, pray don't feel any obligation in the matter," was the hint, with just a bit of loss in the tone.

"To avail myself of the most fortunate opportunity that ever befell an undeserving bargainer!" he finished, laughing hilariously as he assisted her to her feet; that is to say, her foot.

Mere words cannot approximate the delight of that trip in the neighboring woods to the laboring camp. They were the girl's children and clung each other in frantic mirth. And with what exulting care and deliberateness it was necessary to proceed! The most inoffensive pebble was occasion for a wide detour, in spite of the lamentable fact that it increased the distance. And did the little maid not hop so much as across the ground in his waddling career Dudley was ready to weep in worshipful ecstasies. It was almost too much joy to discover in the course of the hysterical conversation that this was Tom Hutton's ranch—his old Tom Hutton ranch—ever since the college days and Cinderella's life-long ago.

But as all present moments came to an end, so, alas, did this, as Cinderella dropped first, but still more heavily

WOOING CINDERELLA

By Ruth Sautelle

on the bungalow piazza.

"And then the prince," he said slowly, looking down upon her with compelling eyes, "caused his heralds—no, I think you know what the prince did without my telling you."

"Ah," she cried, her own eyes falling into his serenely. "But first you've to find the slipper!"

"Yes, first I've to find the slipper. And when it is found, I've the advantage of knowing where dwells Cinderella—and that the slipper will fit."

"Which last is yet to be proven!"—testily.

"I've put it to the test?" he begged, "no, Faithful!" she whispered mockingly, "Try and see."

Whereat Dudley began a most peculiar course of behavior. Going quickly around the corner of the cabin, he bumped his head softly several times against the wall. He then took a violent shake and then strode through the trees to the low rock in the little cleared space at the edge of the bluff. Sitting down, he plunged an empty hand into the deep pocket and brought it out full of a stout brown walking boot of such size and shape as to fit—

"To his credit be it said that there was self-demonstration in his aspect as he sat turning it miserably over and over. Oh, yes; of course he'd had it there all the while. Well, hadn't he tried to let her have it at the very first, and didn't she keep interrupting him to say, 'I'm not in the least afraid to try?' Suppose he was the biggest ever had a better excuse! Hang it! What did he have to look at him that way for? How could he deliberately hand the thing over and put an end to the happiest moments he'd ever spent, or ever expected to spend, for that matter? For surely by this foolishness he'd dashed any prospects of further acquaintance about as effectively as possible. Well, anyhow, this was torture; might as well have the confession over with and go off and shut himself up in his room."

"In three minutes he was back. The trial trip had taken twenty to navigate. She was waiting and still alone. Oh, yes; rub it in! She might have cared if he hadn't spoiled it all.

"Most elegant knight!" she called in greeting. "Was your success? Did you find it?"

"No, no, no," she said, "I've not found it, but I'll take you down the ravine before you could lay your hands on it. It's in my pocket all the while. Now send me away, for I can't go unless you do."

But Cinderella leaned forward to take his generous face between two buttered hands.

"Oh, boy, boy," she cried softly, "most innocent of boys! Did you think I didn't know? I saw you pick it up down below me, you shall have all the truth; it fell—I let it fall because I saw you!"

Then Tom Hutton, seeming to sound the corner of the house, decided he could quite as well postpone his errand.

Wellington's Integrity.

The great Duke of Wellington was noted for his rigid integrity. Here is an instance which occurred in reference to his lands near Stamford, forming his lands were for sale, and his agent negotiated for him for the purchase. Having concluded the business, he went to the duke and told him he had made a capital bargain. "What do you mean?" asked the duke. "Why, your grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure, your grace, for I have carefully surveyed it."

"Very well, then, pay the gentleman from the balance between what we have already given and the real value of the estate."—Argonaut.

When Soft Crabs Are Dangerous.

"There is no danger in eating soft shelled crabs," observed an epicure, "if they are fresh, but they are poison if they are not. They should be well seasoned and an extra lot of pepper put on them as a preservative, especially if the weather is very hot when they are eaten or if they are eaten shortly before an asthma. It is the habit of many persons to eat soft shelled crabs at night, and I do not know but that they taste better then. It is somewhat dangerous to many to drink milk after eating crabs. Milk seems to develop the colic that follows eating soft shelled crabs with some persons. Another thing that should be remembered, and that is a sharp thunderstorm will kill soft shelled crabs, and even the hard shelled crab at times. Unless the soft shelled crab has been cooked before the thunderstorm, I think the safest plan would be to decline to eat it. Under all other conditions there is no danger in partaking of them, for I do not think any one would be criminal enough to cook a dead crab, hard or soft shell. The proper way to kill a crab is to throw him into a kettle of boiling water. I know that some people eat soft shelled crabs, but such a person rather than to stay them with a needle or kill them with chloroform, as I have known some extra sensitive persons to do."—Washington Star.

Apaches Never Took Scalps.

The taking of scalps has been spoken of so commonly in the press of the United States that it has become a general practice, when speaking of a man having lost his life among the Indians, to say, "He lost his scalp." Novelists even of today, when locating their stories in Apache land, almost invariably scalp the victims of Apache violence. I think the safest plan would be to decline to eat it. Under all other conditions there is no danger in partaking of them, for I do not think any one would be criminal enough to cook a dead crab, hard or soft shell. The proper way to kill a crab is to throw him into a kettle of boiling water. I know that some people eat soft shelled crabs, but such a person rather than to stay them with a needle or kill them with chloroform, as I have known some extra sensitive persons to do."—Washington Star.

Marriage by Proxy.

In Holland, says a South paper, marriage by proxy is allowed. This is the so-called "marriage by the glove" and is usually put in practice by a Dutchman who isjourning abroad and wanting a wife, is too poor or too far off to return home for one. In such a case he writes home to a lawyer who enters one communicable to the requirements of his client. If the gentleman approves he next sends the lawyer a soiled left hand glove and a power of attorney, which settles the business. A friend marries the woman by proxy, and she is thereafter promptly shipped off to her new home.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

The Queer System That Exists in the Sinai Peninsula.

In the Sinai peninsula trial by ordeal is still practiced. In all criminal cases no witnesses are forthcoming the judges "el malabasha," tests, the suspected person by fire, by water or by dream. In the first the judge places an iron pin in the fire until it is redhot and gives it to the accused to touch three times with his tongue. If marks of burning are shown on the tongue the accused is pronounced guilty. The theory apparently is that if he is not guilty the moisture on the tongue prevents it from being burnt; if guilty his tongue would dry up from fear of being discovered.

The test by water is described as follows: "The malabasha" sits with the accused in the center of a circle with a copper jug full of water placed in the center. This jug is then made to appear to move round the circle by means of witchcraft or hypnotism. If the jug returns back to the judge the accused is pronounced not guilty, but if the jug stops opposite the accused he is pronounced guilty. This description is rather wanting in detail, and it is difficult to know how a jug which only appears to move can be a trustworthy index. In the test by dream the "malabasha" sleeps and sees in a dream if the accused is guilty or not.—Chicago News.

The Singers.

"You opera singers are all jealous, aren't you?" quizzed the friend of the prima donna.

"Oh, no," replied the prima donna, "lots of us never sing in church choirs!"—Philadelphia Record.

Great Tide Waves.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful career of the moon raised ocean waves which cause the tidal flux and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean to ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going. This once in every twelve hours the moon raises a tide hollow in the southern Indian ocean. When this hollow passes the Cape of Good Hope on its successor is already born, and by the time the first hollow has reached the Azores islands at midnight the second is rounding the cape and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the cape the tide hollow reaches the English channel, and there the shallow water delays it so much that it does not arrive at the strait of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the morning tide is raised, and the tide rises very high and almost puts an end to the waves. In the meantime another branch of the hollow runs around the western side of the British islands, reaches the north point of Scotland and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England until it finally flows up the Thames and laps the wharfs of London.—London Graphic.

Reaping Always.

There is no month in the year in which the song of the reaper is not heard in some land on the globe. In January is the wheat harvest of Australia; in June, the harvest of the Argentine Republic; in February and March, those of Egypt and India; in April, Lower Egypt, India, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, Mexico and Cuba; in May, Texas, Algeria, central Asia, China, Japan and Morocco; in June, California, Oregon, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado, Missouri, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Russia, Portugal and south of France; in July, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, California, Wisconsin, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland and central Russia; in September and October, Sweden, Sweden, Norway and north of Russia; in November, Peru and South Africa; and in December, Burma and the East Indies.

An Ecclesiastical Hat.

A milliner who works in a large city says that one day a woman came into the store very much excited and wanted the trimming on her new hat changed. She said that it had been trimmed on the wrong side.

"What side is the saleswoman," the trimming is on the left side. That is where it ought to be."

"It doesn't make any difference whether it is in front or back or right or left, it's got to be on the church side."

"Church side?" gasped the astonished girl.

"Yes, church side! I sit right next the wall in church, and I'm not going to have all that trimming next the wall. I want it on the other side, so the whole congregation can see it."

The trimming was promptly placed on the "church side" of the hat.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CONSUMPTION, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGHS, AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES, OR MONEY BACK.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, OR MONEY BACK.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

THE SAVAGE MORO.

His Terrible Religious Frenzy Which Resulted in Murder.

The Moro is a savage, a primal man, a Malay, which is a branch of one of the oldest stocks of which we know. He is subject when not under the influence of a self-contained ruler to strange, murderous fits of insanity. When a Moro, without effort on his part, becomes seized with a desire to murder he is said to have "run amuck," and at such times he will rush wildly, slaying and killing every one he chances to meet, even his own people. When, however, he purposely works himself into a religious frenzy it is with the desire to kill Christians and by the faith of the prophet ascend northward into paradise. The Moro in this state of passion is said to be "un-governable." He has then taken a religion, but the Moro is a fanatic and is doomed to slay until he has himself slain.

The Moro is a Mohammedan, but he has pre-occupied the Mohammedan belief until at times it is a weird, grotesque and terrible religion. In the heart of the Moro there is no fear of death. It is to him but an incident of life, and his belief, as he has fashioned it, is that he who dies in battle is cleansed from sin and goes straight to the bosom of the hours in paradise. The Moro's idea of government is force. He has never known anything else. If you are kinder to him than he gives you a name, his world is ruled by fear, not love.—Hamilton Wright in Leslie's Weekly.

A Will in Three Words.

In the probate division of the London county court Sir Gerald Barrow was asked to admit to probate the will of Frederick Thorn of Amesbury avenue, Streatham, who died leaving property valued at \$4,000. A day or so before he died, counsel stated, Mr. Thorn had a paralytic stroke. He asked for a piece of paper, and they gave him a pen and ink. He wrote on the back of it, in the presence of his wife and two of his children. "All to mother, F. T." This was witnessed by Arthur Thorn and Percy Thorn. The will was handed up to his lordship, who remarked that he was probably the shortest one on record. It was duly executed and witnessed and he therefore pronounced for it.

Worse Than Lost.

"You lost your money in Wall street, didn't you?"

"I wouldn't say I lost it," answered the precise thought unworriedly.

"The word 'lost' implies a remote possibility of its being found again."—Exchange.

A MODERN ARCADIA.

Nowhere Are Life and Property So Safe as in Labrador.

A traveler who recently visited the coast of Labrador says that nowhere on earth are life and property held so sacred as in that little-known and barren land. A thousand miles of lonely seaboard, along which is scattered a population of some 10,000 people, about one-third of whom are white, would seem to give every opportunity for crime, yet there is no police officer of any kind, no court and no jail. Nor are they needed. The only criminal charge within fifty years was one against an Eskimo, who shot a rival in love.

In addition to the resident population the coast is visited every summer by about 10,000 Newfoundland fishermen, and while Newfoundland itself is not by any means free from criminals, some appear to come among the fishers or else the example of the natives of Labrador causes them to refrain from any wrongdoing while there. Years ago a circuit court visited the coast every summer, but as it found nothing to do it was abolished. Now should any serious charge be made against a man a magistrate would be sent from Newfoundland to investigate it.—Harper's Weekly.

An Eagle's Bill of Fare.

The voracity of the eagle and similar birds of prey is well known, but the contents of a nest which was recently discovered in the Alps by a Swiss hunter show the following remarkable variety in the daily menu: A hare, twenty-seven chickens' feet, four pigeons' feet, thirty pheasants' feet, eleven heads of fowls, eighteen heads of grouse and the remains of a number of rabbits, hares and squirrels.—London Chronicle.

A Politician's Way.

Somebody suggests that the boy who ran away from home because he didn't get enough pie has the instincts of a great politician. The politician would have stayed at home, stolen the pie and made his mother think she had eaten it herself.—Philadelphia North American.

Death by Drowning.

Two Minutes Under Water Sufficient to Cause Fatal Results.

Drowning is a quicker death than most people suppose. Insensibility is said to begin in about one minute, and fatal unconsciousness generally supervenes in the neighborhood of two minutes. Even practiced divers cannot remain under water more than a minute and a half, and it is almost fatal to remain beneath the surface longer than that.

At Navarino, where there are many expert divers who plunge into the sea after sponges, not one was found who could remain under water for two minutes. In the Red sea the Arab divers generally remain down one and a quarter minutes, while at Ceylon the pearl fishers can seldom stay below for even one minute. There is a case on record at Folkestone, England, where a diver had descended eighty feet and on giving the signal was drawn up slowly, so it was two minutes before he reached the surface. Blood ran from his ears and nose, and he was insensible. He died without speaking.

Insensibility, however, does not always signal death, for many have been a person may be resuscitated by the use of energetic measures. The bringing to life of people who have been under water for five consecutive minutes, however, is considered doubtful by physicians. There have been extraordinary cases related, nevertheless, where persons have been brought back to life after having been submerged for fifteen or twenty minutes, but it is probable that they have come to the surface again and again during that time.—Blackwood's.

LA KAWANNA RAILROAD

—BLAUNSBURG DIVISION

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

In Effect Jan. 1, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE.

EASTWARD.

7:07 a. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 9:42 a. m. and connecting at Scranton with the Philadelphia and Buffalo.

10:19 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 12:36 p. m. and connecting with the New York City, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

2:11 weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 4:50 p. m.

3:25 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Esopus, Plymouth, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 4:50 p. m. with trains arriving at New York City at 6:59 a. m., Philadelphia at 9 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 6:35 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 6:30 p. m.

12:44 p. m. daily from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 10:10 a. m. and connecting there with train leaving Buffalo at 2:25 a. m.

4:25 p. m. weekly from Scranton, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:55 p. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 9:30 p. m., Philadelphia at 7:02 p. m. and Buffalo at 6:30 p. m.

T. E. CLARKE, Gen'l Supt.

T. W. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt.

DO YOU WANT ANY PRINTING DONE?...

We want to do all kinds of Printing

JOB WORK!

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

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

THE MORNING NEWS

No. 11 E. Mahoning St.

Subscription 6 cents per Week.

The Home Paper of Danville.

Of course you read

THE MORNING NEWS.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER.

Everybody Reads It.

Published Every Morning Except Sunday at

No. 11 E. Mahoning St.

Subscription 6 cents per Week.

New Type, New Presses, Best Paper, Skilled Work, Promptness—

All you can ask.

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

THE MORNING NEWS

No. 11 E. Mahoning St.

DANVILLE, PA.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CONSUMPTION, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGHS, AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES, OR MONEY BACK.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, OR MONEY BACK.