

# A Modern Knight and Maiden

By ELLA MAY BUNNELL

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"Mary, are you there?" sounded from the hallway as a broad shouldered, sturdy young fellow strode eagerly toward the kitchen door.

"Of course, come in," responded a voice cheerily, and Phil entered, taking a bit of the workaday life and laughing with him.

"What is it, Phil?" the girl asked, peering looking into the young man's troubled eyes.

"Must be tired tonight," he said, "and I'm tired." He attempted to smile, but a firm little hand seized him by the wrist.

"No, but that isn't all," she persisted.

"Well, Mary, I'm wondering when we are going to get married. I've been waiting for a month, and I'm getting impatient. There is nothing set for the future, and mine is an alarming salary." Phil's voice sounded pathetically discouraged.

"I should have gone into some of the old staid things," he concluded doubtfully.

"Phil," protested the girl, "you wouldn't have been satisfied with adding up columns of figures all day or going over rusty papers. There is a place somewhere among the railroad workers where you are going to do your best work, Phil dear."

"I just got an offer tonight," Phil responded, "to go and bring down a special from Springfield tomorrow. Each day I wonder what next."

"Mary looked up into his face. "Fair-knight-to-be," she chanted gaily, "it may be tomorrow that you'll win your spurs. Go forth to conquer, for your lady's sake."

"Bless your heart, Mary," he murmured as she caught and kissed her and then left the room.

The engine Phil took possession of at Springfield next morning puffed and glistened in the sunlight. The young man's eyes grew large and round, and his heart beat tumultuously, while his hand rested firmly on the throttle. The rails shone like silver ribbons in the sun, and the train was soon speeding over the track. Gradually Phil's spirits rose. The beauty of the day—his eyes were still on the fields and the world about seemed alive and happy—and the pounding of the engine filled him with the joy of life.

Phil laughed involuntarily as he looked out of the cab window to see the children in high glee at a game of tag. One station after another he entered, and the engine moved on. He thought that his immediate work was far from him, although Mary was always in his subconsciousness. At the last station before his home a glimpse of a light, girlish figure made Mary seem especially near to him. The girl had Mary's grace and airiness as she sprang on to a car platform, but even the fleeting vision made Phil smile happily, and again the train glided out of the station, and in a few minutes it had slowed up, and Phil's trip was ended. Another man would take the train to the city.

Phil almost pushed the throttle as the train came to a stop, and it was with regret that he would give up the engine. "A beauty," he thought, "and I guess I'm on time," he smiled.

He saw a visiting railroad official at the station door, nodding with apparent satisfaction as he looked at his watch. The man peered curiously into the engine cab, but he suddenly drew back in horror, and others were transfixed by what they saw. Not a man moved or spoke. They seemed helpless before some awful sight.

Phil read his own face in the somber countenances by the station. He saw the panorama spreading out before him through a veil of smoke, but he felt powerless. The engine was on fire. Something clutched his throat to choke him. He felt a hot breath against his cheek. Red points darted at him from an invisible "somewhere." He heard a curious, guttural tempest of sounds. Was it the wind? He wondered. He thought it was, but he didn't care.

Then something seemed to snap. Perhaps it was the expression on a face he saw in imagination that did it. He whistled, "Mary," and springing with all his strength for the opening out of the cab. As he leaped from the burning cab, which was an angry, surging, threatening mass, new life came to him. He began to understand. His mind worked rapidly and with precision. As he turned and instantaneously toward the coaches, back of the engine he saw it all—just what might happen at every second. Two thousand gallons of oil were in a tank at the rear of the cab.

He gathered himself together for the plunge. In a bang, deep breath, he held his head down, with his hat pressed against his face, and returned to the cab. He had gone with hand out stretched for the throttle. He felt thankful that it was not necessary for him to see; he could feel and knew just where to press the throttle most surely. In the moment in which he had entered the oil tank he had uncoiled the coaches, and when, blinded with smoke and flames, he felt and pressed the throttle the burning thing sprang away and off—perhaps to safety for those in the coaches, 200 souls or more.

The next minute seemed hours. Phil was conscious of just one purpose—to get away from the coaches, for he knew that the tank of oil would explode or burn itself out. He leaned far forward, pressing outward, but the engine seemed to crawl. His breath came hard through clenched teeth; his eyes were set on a spot ahead, but he whispered, "Mary."

Suddenly the engine spluttered and stopped. Phil's hand was still on the throttle. He scarcely knew that he had stopped the engine. He felt a great, exultant joy for the coaches were behind. With great difficulty he flung himself toward the open air. Falling, staggering forward, he felt himself seized by a dozen arms.

Did he dream what followed? A pair of strong young arms were around his neck, and his face was being bathed in something cool and wet. He felt the tense silence and wanted to break it. The one word he heard was "Phil!" which sounded like a curse, a sob and a prayer. Then he opened his eyes to smile faintly into Mary's dear face bending over him.

"Mary?" he whispered questioningly.

"Yes, dear," she replied. "I came in from the last station on your train, and I intended to skip away quickly, but I wanted to ride with you in the cab just once." Her voice trembled.

Phil turned his face to the wall.

The railroad official looked down on the fair head kindly. "A doctor will be here at once," he assured her, "but think he is all right as yet. He had he might comfort the girl."

# "It Is to Laugh"

By M. J. Phillips

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Bob Wentworth tucked his sister and himself snugly into their cutter and started old Dobbin on a brisk trot, for there were three miles of crisp white road to be covered, and it was almost dark time. When they were fairly under way Wentworth turned to his pretty sister, christened Elsie, but known as Toots to all her many friends, and said, "I hear you're going to get married, Toots."

Miss Wentworth's very becoming flush was no doubt due to the weather, for the thermometer hovered about zero. At any rate, she answered very composedly, "Oh, indeed! And who told you, Mr. Smarty?"

"A little bird, Elsie from Chelsea; a little bird," he bent a waggish glance upon her. "I say, which one is it going to be?"

"Ask your little bird," she retorted.

Bob tried a new tack. "Well, Harry Crossman is a nice fellow."

"Indeed he is," replied his sister.

"Good looking?"

"Better looking than Luke Cotter, I think."

"Do you?"

"And more money too."

"Yes."

"Romantic disposition too?" Bob was warbling to his theme. "Any fellow who will go west and be a cowboy for a year must have some romance about him. Now, I don't believe that Luke Cotter has even been out of the county."

"He was in Chicago last summer."

"With a load of stock. He stayed all of twenty-four hours. Seriously, Toots, I approve of your choice. Cotter's all right, but all he's got is a forty acre farm, and that's mortgaged."

He seemed almost dissatisfied with his sister's nod of assent. After a moment's silence he burst out hoarsely, "Oh, I say, Toots, be a good fellow! Which one is it, and when is it going to be?"

"Fess up now."

Toots reflectively smoothed her muff; then she said cautiously, "Do you promise not to tease me?"

"Cross my heart."

The girl looked down pensively. "They've both asked me."

"Good."

"And—and they're both coming to-morrow for their answers."

"Hurroo!"

"You're not to tease now."

"I won't, honest."

"Well, I haven't really decided which it is to be."

Bob checked gleefully. "What a beautiful situation! Toots, you're a winner. I've always said it. Peck's Bad Boy wasn't in it with you for getting into trouble. When are you going to decide, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't know."

Miss Wentworth essayed to say more, but her courage failed her. Bob slapped Dobbin with the reins, interrupting a long drawn whistle to grin expansively.

"Bob?"

He raised his hand. "Oh, I know what you're going to say, and my advice is, don't say it. You want me to help you choose, and I won't. I know you, Toots. If I picked one, you'd marry the other, and if he beat you up you'd blame me. No, my dear, a man should select his own neckties and a woman her own husband."

"I think you're just as mean as you can be," pouted Toots.

"The lady or the tiger," apostrophized Bob, waving a long arm at the horizon. "The gallant cowboy or old Stick-in-the-mud; the helr-to-well, thousands and the poor but honest youth; the bello, what's this?"

A sharp turn in the road had brought them to a most interesting tableau. A team of horses, attached to a sleigh, stood facing them. Behind the sleigh a man in a fur coat clung stubbornly to a long rope. At the other end of the rope an angry steer was plunging and bellowing. Evidently the animal had been tied securely to the sleigh, and worked the knot loose and had been about to make a dash for liberty. At this moment the driver had discovered the status of things and taken a hand.

The steer swung abruptly to the left. The man in the fur coat was swept off his feet by the move and sprawled full length on the snow. The steer whirled the reins as if they were so many matches and galloped into the smooth meadow lot beyond. The man still dangled at the end of the rope. As the animal began moving in a wide curve through the field he attempted repeatedly to rise, but his heavy coat and the plunging of the steers hampered him.

Bob leaped out of the cutter. "Luke Cotter!" he remarked. "His arm's tangled in the rope so he can't get up. The best can't hurt him, but that dragging will play the mischief with his coat."

There was a rapid thudding of hoofs down the road from behind, and a horseman, a handsome fellow, with dark hair, dashed by, with a smile and a nod. He swung his horse through the gap in the fence and bore down on Cotter and the steer. Bob climbed back into the cutter and grinned. "Harry Crossman!" He settled himself to enjoy the denouement. "The plot thickens." His sister sat silent and breathless.

Within half a minute the big bay was running easily in the rear of the

# CULTIVATING THE CHILD.

How Any Trait May Be Fixed in a Normal Human Being.

There is not a single desirable attribute which, lacking in a plant, may not be laid into it. Change which imparts to a seedling a flower, a fruit or a tree, and by crossing, selection, cultivation and persistence you can fix this desirable trait irrevocably. Pick out any trait you want in your child, grandchild, or in a normal child, be it honesty, firmness, justness, industry, industry, thrift, what not. It is surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving the closest communion with nature, by feeding him well balanced, nutritious food, by giving him all that is implied in healthful environmental influences and by doing all in love you can thus cultivate in this child and fix there for all his life all these traits—naturally not always to the full in all cases at the beginning of the work, for heredity will make itself felt first, and, as in the plant under improvement, there will be certain strong tendencies to reversion to former ancestral traits, but in the main with the normal child you can give him all these traits by patiently, persistently guiding him in these early formative years.

And, on the other hand, if you fail to lead him to the right, you may give him an unwholesome schoolroom or a crowded tenement up under the hot roof; keep him away from the sunshine; take away from him music and laughter and happy faces, cram his little brains with so called knowledge, all the more deceptive and dangerous because made so apparently adaptable to his young mind; let him have associates in his hours out of school, and at the age of ten you have fixed in him the opposite traits. He is on his way to the gallows. You have perhaps seen a prairie fire sweep through the tall grass across a field. Nothing, anything that is not burned itself out, stands before it; it must burn itself out. This is what happens when you let the weeds grow up in a child's life and then set fire to them by wrong environment—Luther Burbank in Century.

## Financial Distinction.

"There goes a man who was once a great bull operator in this town," said a broker as an elderly, listless gentleman passed through the lobby of a hotel.

"How long ago?" asked his companion.

"Oh, a good many years. He failed three times and his financial career illustrates a curious trait in human nature. After his first suspension the creditors got together for a conference with him. When it was found that his liabilities ran near the million mark they eagerly helped him resume, for the sake of preserving general business confidence, they said.

"Some years later he went under again. There was another conference of creditors. The liabilities were smaller this time, but ran into the hundreds of thousands. 'We mustn't impede an able financier,' they decided, and he was helped to become solvent once more.

"But after his third failure the liabilities ran up to almost nothing at all—for Wall street—hardly \$25,000. His creditors met and decided that the age showed too strong a tendency toward reckless speculation. So they drove him into bankruptcy."—New York Press.

## IMMORTALITY.

Our life does not begin with birth, nor does it conclude with death. It is only a section of the development of mankind before and after us. We explain to our children the flight of the years before we were born, and we repeat what the factors of our being have been, so our life leaves its after effects, and they will be what we have made them.

"The truth is that while there is no immortality in the sense in which most religions hold it if we accept their doctrine in their literal meaning, conditions in life are such in many respects, as if these doctrines were true. For, without our bodily existence is wiped out with all its physiological functions, the essential part of our own being (the thoughts themselves remain, and thus our immortality—not as a concrete individual, but bodily immortality, and our soul, our character, the impulses which we have given in life to others, our aspirations and most characteristic features—cannot be wiped out.)

A man who keeps this thought in his mind, either intuitively by realizing the power of good justice or by fashioning the problem philosophically in its very depths, will not live for the present moment, but in consideration of the after effects which his life leaves on the world. And I would say that one of the best tests for right action in a critical case is to ask himself, "If I had passed away from this life what would I wish that I had done in this emergency? I am confident that the answer given to this question would help us in the most difficult circumstances to find the right solution."—Dr. Paul Carus, Author of "The Soul Man," "Chinese Philosophy," etc., in Mount.

# BURIALS IN CUBA.

Customs That Remind One of the Purse of Bombay.

Burial customs in Cuba are almost as strange as the Purse customs and their towers of silence in Bombay. It seems that the reopening of graves in Cuba is the result of a long established custom of burying as many bodies as possible in a single grave. The cemetery routine is like this:

First some one, usually the head of a family, buys a plot. He at once sets to work digging his own grave and gives for all the members of his family. His dug several graves six feet long by four feet wide and one or two feet deep to provide for the possible death of a child. When the entire area of the plot is thus in open graves the digger turns mason and plasterer. He cements each grave, bottom and sides. Then he fills in the cemented graves with soil and goes home with the satisfaction that he may look upon his own grave during his lifetime and that it is ready for him at any time he is ready for it.

But the weirdest part of this custom is yet to be told. In the middle of the plot a square grave is dug, a hole five feet by four feet. This square hole is cemented like the graves and filled with soil. It should be explained here that the bodies in the graves are covered with quicklime. When the lime has disappeared and only the bones are left the bones are taken out of the grave and thrown into the square hole in the center of the plot. Then the grave is sealed over, and that particular family plot is abandoned and a new one purchased. London Tit-Bits.

## A JOCULAR MONARCH.

### Even the Terrible Had Cold Blooded Victims About Him.

Ivan the Terrible forgot neither his devotions nor his diversions. His palace alternately resounded with praying and cursing. For his pastime bears were brought from Novgorod. When from his window he perceived a group of citizens collected he let slip two or three of these ferocious animals, and his delight in beholding the flight of the terrified creatures, and especially on hearing the cries of the victims, was unbounded. His bursts of laughter were loud and long continued. To console those who were maimed for life he would sometimes send each a small piece of gold.

Another of his chief amusements was in the company of jesters, whose duty it was to divert him, especially before and after any executions, but they often paid dearly for an unseasonable joke.

Among these none was more distinguished than Prince Gvosdev, who held a high rank at court.

The czar, being one day dissatisfied with a jest, poured over the prince's head the boiling contents of a soup basin. The agonized wretch prepared to retreat from the table, but the tyrant struck him with a knife, and he fell senseless to the floor. Dr. Arnolphi was instantly called.

"Give me your servant!" cried the czar. "I have jestled with him a little too hard."

"So hard," replied the other, "that only God and your majesty can restore him to life. He no longer breathes."

Ivan expressed his contempt, called the deceased favorite a dog and continued his amusements.

Another day, while he sat at table, the waywode of Startza, Boris Tif, appeared, bowed to the ground and saluted him after the customary manner.

"God save thee, my dear waywode. Thou deservest a proof of my favor."

He seized a knife and cut off an ear. Tif thanked the czar for his gracious favor and wished him a happy reign.—Pearson's Weekly.

Speech is too often not as the Frobenian define it. It is the art of coolly thinking, but of quite a thing and suspending that bit so that there is none to conceal. Carlyle.

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

# PRECOCCIOUS INDIANA.

Voted For President Before She Was Admitted into the Union.

Indiana has the unique distinction of having voted for president before it became a member of the family of states. In June, 1816, Indiana adopted a state constitution, but was not admitted to the Union until Dec. 11. In the meantime, on Nov. 4, the first legislature met at Corydon. Indiana has been precocious from the first, and the members of the legislature had no thought of letting a little matter like the fact that what they called the state was not really a state interfere with their voting for James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins, for president and vice president respectively. As the Indianapolis News, which tells the story, puts it, Indiana politicians wanted to get in on the ground floor.

On Nov. 11, exactly a month before Indiana was admitted to the Union, the legislature adopted a joint resolution, "That it is expedient to provide at this time for the election of three electors to vote for president and vice president of the United States of America at the ensuing presidential election." This was a state constitution, but was not adopted later Jesse S. Holman, General Joseph Bartholomew and Thomas H. Blake were chosen electors by the legislature, this being the method in all the states at that time. While these electors were chosen before the state was admitted their vote was not cast until a few days after the admission. Indiana's right to vote was disputed when the national house and senate met to open and count the votes, but the new state finally won the decision.

## Inspired a Noble Poem.

It was the daguerotypist Hesler of Chicago who inspired Longfellow to write "Hawthorne." Mr. Hesler was one of the most eminent of his profession, and in 1851 the London world's fair awarded him the prize medal for daguerotypes. One of them, a picture of the falls of Minnehaha, came into the poet's possession and furnished immediate inspiration for the poem. In testimony of his debt to Mr. Hesler Longfellow sent him a bound volume of his poems with his signature and compliments on the fly leaf.

## Always on Hand.

Dick—Starred and Seratun. There were 5,000 people disappear every year in this country and are never heard from again. Harry—But, confound it, they never happen to be the people we owe money to!

## Appearances Against Him.

Brown—Is that Smithers an honest fellow? Black—He may be. But you never see him without an umbrella.—Woman's Home Companion.

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10:10 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 12:30 p. m., and connecting there with trains for New York City, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

2:11 weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 4:30 p. m.

3:45 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Esopus, Plymouth, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 5:25 p. m., and connecting there with trains arriving at New York City at 6:50 a. m., Philadelphia at 8 a. m., and Buffalo at 9:30 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 8:30 a. m.

12:44 p. m. daily from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:55 p. m., where it connects with train leaving Buffalo at 2:25 a. m.

4:50 p. m. weekly on Scranton, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:55 p. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 10:00 a. m., and Philadelphia at 8:00 a. m.

8:05 p. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pittston, Scranton, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 9:25 p. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 1:00 p. m., Philadelphia at 12:00 p. m., and Buffalo at 8:30 a. m.

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