

# APRIL SHOWERS

By FRANK H. SWEET

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There was a swift turn with scarcely any slackening of speed, the two outer wheels an inch above the ground, as they swung the corner, then the automobile settled down to a long straight run.

"Do you think we can make it, Mr. Townsend?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Make it"—lightly—"of course we can. It isn't over ten or twelve miles, and we can go at a snail's pace, and do it in thirty minutes, unless those clouds yonder are not halfway up the sky yet."

The girl's face showed relief.

"I suppose it's foolish," she said, "but I do hate to get caught in a rain. And you don't know—rather, probably you don't know—it's a sort of life and death affair for a girl with a brand new hat and costume to get mixed up in a shower. Every true woman can sympathize with the girl who saved her hat at the expense of a month under a doctor's care."

"Well, save yours without the expense of so much as a hatpin," he responded.

But he reckoned without thought of the month.

The rain, and the clouds had not rolled up appreciably higher. Then suddenly a rain drop splashed against the girl's face, followed by a dash of water that dropped an ostrich feather toward her eyes. The girl's hands flew to her hatpins, but before they could be drawn the rain was coming down in torrents, and the hands flew to her side with a tragic motion of helplessness. Both shot a quick glance behind. There were no dark clouds rolling up and above them. On all sides save where the clouds were creeping up in front the sky was blue, but overhead a slight patch of mist had obscured the sky, but not so thickly as entirely to shut out the blue. The man scowled understandingly.

"It's April," he said, "and a crack opened in the sky just wide enough for a cloud to slip out. Human foresight isn't proof against that. And your dress, too. I'm sorry, Miss Ellis."

"Yes, so am I," enthusiastically, her good humor quickly returning. "The costume was only sent home this morning, and I counted on it helping me out at the home party next week. What shall we do?"

"Search for shelter. I have already doubled back. There," as a white spot showed under some trees in the distance, "that's a house, I think. No," as they rushed toward it, "it's a small hotel. We'll stop there."

Another two minutes and they had swung from the road and across the lawn, up to the very door, without regard to path or grass, and Mr. Townsend sent himself from the car and lifted her almost bodily to the shelter of the brick piazza. Then he started back toward the car.

"I'll run up to the city and get you a change of clothes," he called hurriedly. "I can go to your home and be back in half an hour. Meanwhile go in somewhere away from the car. But she threw up a hat protestingly.

"What nonsense!" she cried. "The shower'll be over in five minutes. See, it's already breaking away; and just as soon as the sun is out it will be warm again. I would rather go on with you." She glanced down at her wet garments ruefully. "It would not be any satisfaction staying here," she added. "You may see if you can borrow me some kind of wrap, though."

"You're Welsh," he said eagerly.

The man with the couch looked puzzled. Then his neighbor poured out a volley of Welsh words that ended in English with, "What part of the country did you come from?"

"The man with the couch shook his head, and his neighbor became indignant. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, to be a Welshman," he said, "so why not admit it?"

"But I'm not Welsh," said the man with the couch. "I wouldn't know a word of the language if I heard it."

His neighbor was still indignant. "You just said a Welsh word a minute ago," he growled. "You can't fool me. You forgot yourself for a minute."

"I didn't. I only coughed," came in protest, and the man laughed again.

"That's it," he said, "that's the Welsh name enthusiastically. 'That's the word I heard.'"

But the coughing individual lost himself in the crowd, murmuring something about "fools being allowed to run loose."—New York Press.

### London's Last Public Hanging.

The gruesome spectacle of a public execution in England is happily a thing of the past. The scaffold used to be erected in the roadway outside the prison, and crowds would assemble to witness the sight. The last time a man was hanged in public being when Michael Barrett suffered the extreme penalty in May, 1868, in Old Bailey, outside Newgate prison, for expelling a rack of expelling under the walls of Clerkenwell prison to release the Fenian prisoners Burke and Casey, a mad act that killed several and injured still more.—London Graphic.

**Why He Liked It.**

"Do you mean to tell me that you have lived in this out of the way place for ten years?"

"That's right, stranger. Just ten years."

"I'm surprised. I can't see what you did here to keep you here."

"I can't say anything. That's the reason I like it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## WHERE'S THE GENTLEMAN I WAS TALKING WITH A FEW MINUTES AGO?

"Where's the gentleman I was talking with a few minutes ago?" she asked of the clerk.

"Gone off in his auto," the clerk replied. "Seemed in a hurry."

The young lady stared, then her eyes filled with tears, and she turned hurriedly and left the room.

Meanwhile Townsend was defying all consequences of speed in his mad rush to the city, fearful that the train was being rapidly left behind. When he reached the residence of Miss Ellis it was stopping at a way station three miles away. He slipped into the vestibule, wet and miserable.

A half hour later her carriage drove up and stopped beside his automobile. He was at the carriage door when it opened. As she saw him Miss Ellis recoiled, her face darkening.

"You here," she began.

"It was my sister you saw," he broke in hurriedly and incoherently. "Just my sister Edith; and"—

"Edith? What?" she asked in a coddly.

"She was, but they got back earlier than expected. And now I suppose she is cross, too, from the way I left."

Miss Ellis waded inquiringly, but as he explained her face cleared like the sky after the shower. When he finished she was smiling.

"I think we can make it all right, Harry," she said. She never had used that name before. "You run on to your hotel and put on dry clothing, and I will go in half an hour or so, and we'll go to the hotel and spend the evening. Your sister will laugh with us when she hears the explanation. Hurry!"

Harry Townsend did hurry, and now his own face was as clear as the unclouded sky.

"Blessed old April shower!" he cried as he sprang into his automobile. "It helped me on with Miss Ellis more than a year of ordinary acquaintance could have done."

## KITTY'S KISSES

By EPES W. SARGENT

Copyright, 1906, by Talia Douglas

"It's for charity, Jack," reminded Katherine.

"It has always been said," he retorted, "that charity covers a multitude of sins."

"You are impolite," she scolded. "I am sure you might know that I would not do anything wrong. If I want to kiss kisses for a dollar apiece, I don't see why you should object. You have never established a monopoly—yet."

"I don't know that I am particularly anxious to," he said coldly. "What first attracted me to you was the fact that in spite of your popularity not a breath of scandal had ever touched you. Now you purpose selling your kisses at a dollar each for the St. Mark's fund, and you are surprised that I should object."

"Because you should know me well enough to be assured that I would not do such a thing unless I was satisfied that it was proper."

"There may be a divergence of opinion as to the propriety," he said. "I must insist, sir."

"I guess it might as well be 'twice," she laughed. "I have you assume such a tragic pose it shows that you are in need of a kiss."

She held out the ring, and without a word he took it and left the room.

Before he had descended the steps Preston was minded to go back and appear to her, but he felt sure that he would be breaking up the engagement would be a sharper lesson than any argument. Somehow he did not fare well when he argued with Kitty. She never lost her temper, and this always put him at a disadvantage.

The announcement that Katherine Elliott was to sell her kisses at the St. Mark's fair had its intended effect. Kitty was the undisputed belle of her circle, and more than one unfortunate swain wondered why she did not de-

### A CURIOSITY IN BOOKS.

The Famous Chained Library of Wimborne, Ireland, is noted for many things, but its famous chained library is perhaps the most notable of its curiosities. The library possesses unique interest as being one of the earliest attempts to disseminate knowledge among the people. The collection was made by the monks of the convent in 1694 and numbers some 200 volumes. The security of books and the value of the collection are both indicated in the care taken for their preservation, and especially against loss of such treasures by theft. By means of chains and the books were securely fastened to the shelves, and these chains, it is rather surprising to learn, were not removed until 1877, when the library fittings were repaired. Among the interesting works of the collection is a copy of the first edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," which has suffered from fire and tradition says that Matthew Prior was responsible for its condition, the story being that he fell asleep when reading it once upon a time, and the pages were burned by his candle. It has been neatly repaired, and its misadventure is noted in the book. The only volume in the library is a fine old copy in vellum of "Regnum Animarum." It is in manuscript and bears the date 1343.

**First Glimmer of a Star.**

A little girl, the French critic Sarcy related, once presented herself at the Paris Conservatoire in order to pass the examination for admission. All she knew was the fable of "The Two Pigeons," but she had no sooner recited the opening lines when Aubler stopped her with a question.

"Enough," he said. "Come here, my child."

The little girl, who was pale and thin, but whose eyes gleamed with intelligence, approached him with an air of assurance.

"Your name is Sarah?" he said.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"You are a Jewess?"

"Yes, sir, by birth, but I have been baptized."

"She has been baptized," said Aubler, turning to his colleagues. "She has said her fable of 'The Two Pigeons' very well. She must be admitted!'"

Thus Sarah Bernhardt, for it was she, entered the Conservatoire.

### CURIOUS LAND LAW.

**Beyond a Certain Depth.**

One of the curious phases of the land law in Belgium is that the earth of a landowner beyond a certain depth does not belong to him. Should the owner of the surface discover a coal or gold deposit underlying his property he must first obtain a government concession before he can begin mining operations. The land beyond the prescribed depth in which wealth in the raw has been discovered may be conceded to a person other than the surface owner, who must maintain certain general regulations, one of which is that the owner of the surface is entitled to 2 per cent of the value extracted.

The mine pays to the government an amount determined by the value and importance of the concession, after which it must pay to the government a sum proportional to the value of the total extraction. The government makes the conditions under which the mines as well as other industrial establishments shall be operated and protected and safe-guard the health and safety of the workmen as well as provides for the public safety.

The minister of industry and labor appoints a state board of mining engineers, authorized to regulate the working of all mines and all establishments considered dangerous or insanitary, whether shaft or open mines, quarries, factories, coke or plant or briquette works.—Boston Globe.

### FISHING FOR BIRDS.

**Catching Gulls and Albatross With Rod and Line.**

Curious though it may seem, it is a fact that birds are caught with rod and line in many parts of the world. The practice is so general that it almost amounts to a fishing. Gulls in Newfoundland are caught in this way in large quantities. In New England fishing for gulls and petrels is an important industry.

The method of bird fishing is practically the same as that of ordinary fishing. Two men go out in a dory and throw pieces of cod liver on the water. When large quantities of birds have been attracted to the spot more cod liver is thrown out on a hook. This the birds greedily swallow and thus fall easy victims.

Albatross are fished for in the same way off the Cape of Good Hope. A piece of pork is attached to a long line and thrown overboard. The bird will eye it for a long time, gradually and cautiously making toward it. Suddenly he will seize it and hold it in his beak. When he discovers that he is caught he will sit on the water and vigorously flap his wings. However, he will be drawn into the boat and made a captive.

Albatross fishing is good sport, since the bird requires careful handling. So long as he pulls against the line it is easy enough. The moment, however, he swims forward the hook will drop from his beak unless it is skillfully manipulated, and the bird will find himself free.

**Importance of Bobbies.**

For the well being and stable balance of every mind it is normally necessary that every man should have some pursuit which shall be unconnected with his business, which he must pursue with absolute seriousness. The hobby may be a game, it may be a collection of some sort (seven stamps or it may be some artistic achievement), and whether a man severely attains mediocrity even in it matters not at all, provided he pursues it with the fixed idea that nothing else in the world matters.—London Sun.

**Tree Snakes of Borneo.**

The Biting frogs of the Malay Peninsula appear to be mythical, but the tree snakes of Borneo are credited with taking flying leaps from the boughs of trees to the ground. It is found that scales on the lower part of the body may be drawn inward so that the whole lower surface becomes concave. The resistance to the air is thus greatly increased and experiments indicate that the snakes do not fall in writhing coils, but are let down gently in a direct line by the parachute-like action of their peculiar bodies.

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10:05 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 12:50 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 4:50 p. m.

3:41 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Esop, Piquette, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pileston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 6:35 a. m. and connecting there with trains arriving at New York City at 9:50 a. m., Philadelphia at 7:42 p. m. and Buffalo at 10:30 a. m.

12:49 p. m. daily from Scranton (Pileston, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 10:10 a. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 9:30 p. m., Philadelphia at 7:42 p. m., and Buffalo at 10:30 a. m.

4:20 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 9:00 a. m.

6:05 p. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pileston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:55 p. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 10:00 p. m., Philadelphia at 12:30 p. m., and Buffalo at 11:20 a. m.

T. E. CLARKE, Gen'l Supt.

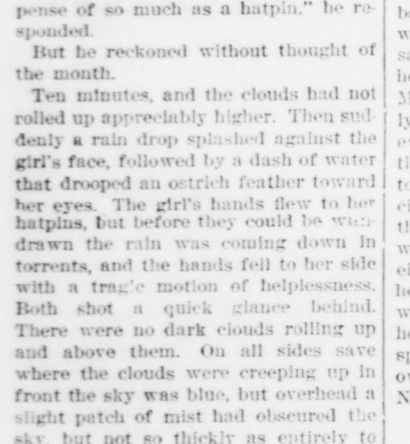
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### KEEP THE LIVER CLEAN.

Don't Overwork It and Give It a Rest Once in a While.

A man of common sense and a doctor at that said the liver is misunderstood and underestimated in its functions. If it can be kept clean and active there is no reason why we should ever be ill a day, and we should live to be 150 or 200 years old. It is not necessary to rip this organ all to pieces with ten grains of calomel to get it stirred up. The best thing to do is to shut off your food supply for two or three days, drop your whiskey and abstain from tea and coffee, and give your liver a chance to rest. This should be done once a month.

It is well known, of course, that the blood then the liver was supposed to be the seat of the affections. Friends when they met in the morning did not salute each other with "How's your health?" but with "How's your liver?" Men take horseback exercises principally for the benefit of their liver. A good shaking up every morning drives away the ethereal effluvia encroachment. It is an error to assume that whiskey alone produces cirrhosis. Overfeeding is more often the cause. If the digestive organs would organize a union and withdraw their forces from a day or two would be healthy and long lived. The trouble is we require the liver, stomach, bowels, heart, brain, muscles, nerves, kidneys, spleen, etc., to work all the time and overtime. Wrong. Give them a rest.—New York Times.



HE PUSHED PRESTON THROUGH THE CURTAIN AT THAT MOMENT.

### REGULAR LIVING.

**What Nature Demands in Return For Good Health.**

First of all, one thing that nature most abhors is irregularity. We cannot sorrowfully battle up sleep tonight for tomorrow night's rest, nor force our stomach on one meal and expect to eat sparingly the next, nor become exhausted in working night and day, expecting to make it up later.

Nature does nothing before her appointed time, and any attempt to hurry her invariably means ultimate disaster. She takes note of all our transactions, physical, mental and moral, and places every item to our credit.

There is no such thing as cheating nature. She may not present her bill on ordinary occasions, but when she gets going she will surely foreclose. She may lend us all we want today, but tomorrow, like Sisyphus, she will demand the last ounce of flesh. Nature does not spare men for weakness, in the eleventh hour, but Preston knew that he was at the top of his condition.

Nature's machinery, as it exists in the human body, is most complicated and delicately adjusted. No machinery constructed by man can compare with it in the perfection and proportion of all its working parts. Every machinist knows that his wheels and gears and gears must run absolutely true and with uniformity or they will soon break down. It is the same with the machine that keeps the human body going.—New York American.

### MINING FOR RUBIES.

**The Primitive Methods That Are Still In Use In Burma.**

The system practiced for obtaining rubies in the mining districts in Burma is one of the most primitive descriptions that are known. The mining shafts are simply holes about two feet square sunk to a depth varying up to fifty or sixty feet. The shoring up of the walls of the shaft is most crude, the sides being supported by posts at the corners and branches of small trees secured carefully against the sides by means of stout sticks.

The miner carries a tin pot similar in shape to a blunt edged cone on his head. He squats down in one corner and digs between his knees in the opposite corner. The earth, or byon, as the ruby bearing earth is called, is conveyed to the top as fast as it is excavated in small buckets let down from above.

The apparatus for raising and lowering the buckets is simple in the extreme. A stout bamboo post about twenty feet high, called a manchineel, is fixed upright in the ground at a convenient distance from the pit, or dwin, and a long, thinner bamboo pivoted horizontally into the upper end of it so as to project an eighth from the mine and the long arm toward the mine.

### Had a Welsh Couch.

There was a crowd watching the fire when one of the bystanders gave a smothered, guttural cough. Immediately the man beside him grabbed his arm.

"You're Welsh," he said eagerly.

The man with the couch looked puzzled. Then his neighbor poured out a volley of Welsh words that ended in English with, "What part of the country did you come from?"

"The man with the couch shook his head, and his neighbor became indignant. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, to be a Welshman," he said, "so why not admit it?"

"But I'm not Welsh," said the man with the couch. "I wouldn't know a word of the language if I heard it."

His neighbor was still indignant. "You just said a Welsh word a minute ago," he growled. "You can't fool me. You forgot yourself for a minute."

"I didn't. I only coughed," came in protest, and the man laughed again.

"That's it," he said, "that's the Welsh name enthusiastically. 'That's the word I heard.'"

But the coughing individual lost himself in the crowd, murmuring something about "fools being allowed to run loose."—New York Press.

### SOURCE OF SHELLAC.

**The East Indian Insects That Produce the Resinous Substance.**

India is the home of the Coccus leuca, the insects that produce the resinous substance known as shellac. The females puncture the twigs of several different kinds of trees, among them being the cotton tree, the orange tree and the fig. The twigs become furnished with a hard, nearly transparent, reddish, resinous substance that serves the double purpose of protecting the eggs and finally furnishing food for the young insects.

The insects twist are broken from all the twigs, and crushed with water in a mortar, by which nearly all of the coloring matter is removed.

To prepare shellac the residue is put into a shallow dish and laid over with water in a wooden tray. When the resin begins to clear the trays are twisted, and the pure, clear resin is allowed to flow upon the flat plates or the smooth stems of the long-leaf tree and cools in the thin plates or shells which constitute shellac.

Pure shellac is very valuable. It is much harder than copalony and is easily soluble in alcohol.

### Men With Women's Voices.

Generally speaking, voices living in high latitudes have weaker and more hoarse tones than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful. Thus among the Indians living on the plateau between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from ten to fourteen thousand feet, the men have voices like women and the women like children, and their singing is a shrill monotonous. The Australian native has a weak voice, but a knack of sending it a long distance, and the lowest tribes of African bushmen also possess weak voices. Of all human beings it is the actor who has the most powerful voice. The cultured voice discovered by Stanley in central Africa, in point of volume and compass, the weakest of human voices, and this is only what one would expect from the feebleness of their physique generally.

### Modern Love.

Anxious Father.—But you feel sure that you can make my daughter happy? (Calm Youth.) I haven't thought about that. But I have finally decided that she can make me happy.—Somerville Journal.

**The Nutmeg.**

The nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit of several species of trees growing in the East Indies, and also in the Malay Peninsula. The cultivated nutmeg tree is from fifty to seventy feet high and produces fruit for sixty years. The fruit is of the size and appearance of a roundish pear, yellow in color. The fleshy part of the fruit is rather hard and resembles candied citron. Within is the nut, encased in a corky yellowish red shell known to us as mace. To prepare the seeds for use they are dried in a moderate heat for about two months. Then the shells are broken and the nutmegs picked out and assorted. The inferior ones being reserved for the oil press. As the essential oil of nutmeg brings a high price, dishonest grocers often steep the nutmegs in hot water to extract the oil from them. They are then coated with lime and sent into the channels of commerce. Such nutmegs are worthless, their aroma and pungency being entirely dissipated. The qualities being due exclusively to the oil. If, on inserting a pin no oil rushes out to the surface, the nutmeg is, all its intents and purposes, a wooden nutmeg.

### A ZULU LEGEND.

**Odd Story of the Origin of This Savage People.**

The Zulus according to their origin, says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman (English), by a story of a talking elephant who fed upon children. He met a woman laden with an ax and bundle of faggots, accompanied by her child. Seeing the elephant, she gasped in astonishment and pleaded " spare my child, oh elephant!" The elephant refused. "Then," said the mother, "if this evil must happen swallow me, too, oh elephant!" So the elephant swallowed mother and child, and they found themselves with all the other children who were eaten previously, in and by the child grew hungry, and the mother lit a fire with her faggots. She then by her ax cut away the elephant's flesh, cooked it, and they all ate. As the fire burned, its great heat killed the elephant with pain, and he ran and ran until he fell, his body the thunder of his hoofs racing over hill and valley. At length, exhausted, he dropped down dead. Using her ax, the mother chopped and chopped until she made an opening in the elephant's side. After this they crept out and became a new nation in a new country.

### Bees as Ventilators.

It is not generally known, but most beekeepers will inform you that such is the case that each beehive has a corps of what could properly be termed "ventilating bees." During the hot seasons these ventilators station themselves at the entrance of the hive and fan the interior with the incessant motion of their wings. These ventilating corps are usually in relays of from four to a half dozen, and they are relieved at short intervals by fresh workers who keep up the fanning process. They are kept at work by a sort of patrol of bees, which incessant activity on the part of the fanners during the time they are at work. This story may sound strange to those who know little concerning the wonderful intelligence of bees, but it is a scientific fact that has often been authenticated.

### An Eye Opener.

"How does your father seem to regard Ad-hunt of little Bobby, while Miss Mant was upstairs getting ready to present herself?"

"He doesn't care nothing about it," replied Bobby carelessly.

"So he has no objections, eh? But what did he say, my little man?"

"He said 'I don't mind it, I don't mind it, I don't mind it, but I don't mind it.'"

Personal.

### Tagged Him How to Die.

It was after seeing Henry Irving act as Becket that a young Japanese studying theology in this country said to a friend who took him: "I thank you very much for all you have taught me. You know, I may have to suffer some day for holding to what I believe to be the truth, and I have often thought that I would never be able to play my part in the right way. From now on I shall never be troubled with such a thought, for when the time comes I will remember that Henry Irving has taught me how to die. Yes, I should like to die like Becket." Thus did Becket in the flesh and Tennyson, the dramatist, and Irving, the actor, nerve the potential Christian martyr that may be—Boston Transcript.

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