

Man of Mouse?

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1926, by P. C. Eastman

The water, lapping and lapping, in view. The day was giddy May, and the invited young Lorena, moreover, owned all the fully normal to shrewd. So although it would have been a miracle if things had gone exactly as they should. A proper young woman of course would have reckoned chances before having her feet and dancing joyously in midstream, where the pebbles lay smoothly bedded in the sand and gleaming jewel-like wherever a sun ray struck through the ripples.

Lorena did not let herself remember that the ford was but fifty yards higher up or that this special shallow reach of the creek lay between the two lakes that gave the finest fishing. They were not true lakes, of course—only water mirrors, still and deep, impounded by dams of the winter floods' building. Lorena did not love them. They were so placid they reminded her somehow of Johnny—something whatever that put her out of temper.

She loved glitter, motion, excitement. It was ecstasy to her to dance all day long and half the night after, footed as lightly, as feathery, as wind blown thistle seed. If only she could dance alone! But since that was out of the question she naturally preferred partners who kept step and were nimble. Johnny was neither, yet all the time she had been engaged to him he had felt it his right to say, if she did not dance with him, she must dance with hardly anybody else.

And not at all with Granville Gore, the very prince of partners, who was handsome and slender and light hearted, with money in both pockets and a trick of spending it with both hands for as Lorena would say, "Milk is right. He is a man. You can't do a man into decency, but a mouse always runs away."

Somehow the emphasis on the last word always made Lorena feel as if she recalled it. It would she felt it when Johnny was toward other folk the soul of kindly justice? Still she had felt that he was unfair. If he really knew anything he might let her know it likewise.

If Johnny could have brought himself to tell her the break might not have come. But he was too proud and nervous for that. His wife must believe in him enough to understand that he had reasons for any and everything. Besides he was afraid of seeming unrich and jealous of a man so much richer and better looking. Moreover he did not really know much that could be told categorically. It was Gore's general air and manner, conjoined to words dropped here and there that made Johnny certain he had no real reverence for anything remaining.

A girl, any girl, was fair game to him if she didn't sense enough to look out for herself. Yet Gore was not distinctively vicious—rather, indignantly vain. He did not mean to make her look at them and grin like that to make her love them then ride away. Marry! Not he! Not the finest girl alive!

If Lorena had known that! Unknowing it, she had thought a great many times and a great many things of the fascinating Granville in the three months since the break. He had been away for two of them, and since he came home she had seen him only in crowds. But he had used his eyes so eloquently as to set her heart wildly fluttering. But, sadly enough, she had flattened even her cheeks by chance and grinned then to make love to them then ride away. Marry! Not he! Not the finest girl alive!

Substitution—And Weddings

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Elizabeth crossed the turf so lightly, so lightly, she left a waving trail of deep green footprints all around the gray grass. The line was stopped and half turned about, but from the last and lightest of the blotches it ran straight to the wicket gate in the hedge. The path to the gate led around, almost under the library windows. Therefore she had avoided it. She did not want to be spied upon, and though the library commonly was empty until long after sunrise, she had come to it here there was no counting on where Miss Prudence Weir would be at any special hour.

The wicket gave upon a lane shady and secluded, yet a public passway notwithstanding both sides of it belonged to Elizabeth's uncle, Dan. He had been trying to close it ever since he bought the old Moors place, but his rustic neighbors had held stoutly to their right of way. So the young man walking slowly along the lane was not trespassing, when he walked warily, keeping close to the hedge. Elizabeth smiled shamelessly to see him. Now that she had really brought herself to a clandestine meeting she was all in a happy flutter and amazed at her own hesitations.

Yet she said, smiling up at her tall sweetheart: "You must go right back, Billy, must. Do you hear? Miss Prudence Weir sleeps with both ears and one eye open. Besides, she gets up early more than half the night. And you know she can make Dandy believe anything in the world, except that he ought to marry her."

"H-m! That's a pity! Skepticalism on any other point would be less inconvenient," Billy Melvin, painted hurriedly Elizabeth along the lane toward the woods beyond the main traveled road. It was not at all the way he should go to go home, but somehow Elizabeth made no protest.

Soon they were walking through dew sweet shrubs, with lilies straggling their sweet above their heads. And presently Billy had his arms about Elizabeth and was saying, with his lips in her hair: "Honey girl, I've been thinking—hard. Miss Weir is the lion in our path, and there's just one way to get round her."

"What?" Elizabeth interrupted, lifting her head a little. Billy looked up among the leaves and colored faintly as he answered: "Oh, we must show Dandy how deceitful she is. She's made him believe it would be sin to let me have you. Don't you think it would shake his faith in her if he knew she was willing to take me herself?"

"Billy," Elizabeth explored, shaking with laughter, "you wouldn't dare propose to her. Can you live through a breach of promise suit? If only through a breach of promise suit, you could do it. But you never in the world can."

"Sure you won't be jealous?" Billy asked, pinching her ear. She made a face at him as she answered: "Just you try it. Why, even if the worst happened if you got married to the stout present which the dealers make to their customers as a sort of inducement to cut again. The custom is so firmly established that the people are in the habit of waiting for their little present after they have made purchases, and children ask for it. Mrs. Hort in her book 'The Garden of the Pacific' describes a similar custom in Valparaiso. The Chileans, however, call the gift a 'yappa,' which one readily sees is kindred to the word used here."

Gerald's Wife

By IZOLA FORRESTER

Broderick swung off the 435 express, walked quickly up the steps leading from the railroad platform and took his first look at Pineville. Those who lived in Pineville proper were content to call it Pineville. Gerald had written that they did not live in Pineville proper, but in Pineville-by-the-Sea, otherwise Pineville-improper.

All that Broderick saw were pines, plenty of them, a flat white ribbon of roadway and a lot of postoffices, roughly slung, in the midst of the nearest clump of pines. He stepped into the postoffice as the central spot of civilization. Some one was stamping letters behind the glass enclosure, a girl with smooth dark hair. Beatrice had smooth dark hair.

He watched the girl stamping letters with interest and wondered why some one did not tell her to wear her smooth dark hair in two soft braids around her head, crown fashion, as Beatrice did. "Where is the Vaughan's living place?" he asked finally, when the stamping ceased.

"The Vaughans? Oh, Mr. Gerald Vaughan and his wife? It's a brown house down near the shore, with a wide veranda and a funny roof. About a mile straight down the road. But there had been no actual engagement. That sounded like Gerald. He wondered how Gerald's wife liked it. Beatrice was artistic, but not artistically eccentric. She had a horror of things odd, bizarre, so called bohemian, and yet she had married Gerald. And Gerald's brother knew that Gerald was utterly odd, bizarre and bohemian, so called.

He walked on down the flat white ribboned roadway and wondered whether he would find her like the girl Gerald had always admired. A handsome, limp, blessed damozel type, with close silky gowns and loose floppy hair. Last summer she had not been that type. He thought of the trim girl figure holding the rudder of the Water Lily that last day. She had been married, she had been in a good fellow, a stanch friend. And as he watched her he had stopped rowing, and they had drifted slowly in the sunset glow that flooded the lake while he told her.

There had been no actual engagement. He had nothing to reproach her with. He had not been in a position to ask her to be his wife then, but he had thought a girl like Beatrice had meant more by a kiss, a hand clasp, a few vague words of understanding, than other girls. He had thought she might wait until next summer. And now, in April, he had returned to New York to learn that Gerald was in disgrace, had married on nothing, eloped to Pineville-by-the-Sea, N. C., and his wife was Beatrice.

Gerald's mother had said they were penniless. Gerald's father had remarked that he didn't give a rap. They could exist upon love and art.

More or less for Beatrice's sake and a little for Gerald's, Gerald's brother had taken it upon himself to visit the bridal couple and help Gerald. Smoothing his own love, he had made up his mind that as long as Beatrice had married a Vaughan she should not suffer from it.

Milk in the Sickroom

By IZOLA FORRESTER

Milk is the chief article of food and nourishment in every sickroom and hospital, and every physician and nurse should know how to procure it in any form for invalids and convalescents. It is not enough that it comes as "country milk." There must be a certain quality and experience back of it. It has been scientifically demonstrated and proved that the most nutritious, economical and easily digested foods when the milk is obtained in all its purity and kept so from pasture to consumer.—Charles E. H. Hall in *Ladies Weekly*.

CLEVER ANSWERS.
Cases Where They Won Promotion in Civil and Military Life.
A long list might be given of men who have owed their advancement in life to a clever answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was asked to recount with great pride how he once picked up the emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, without noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sir?" he instantly inquired. "In the 100th regiment of foot," answered with a smile, "my grandpapa. For I see you know how to be proud." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related by the Rev. Dr. S. J. May, who when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but the soldier, without answering him, said: "I would tell you that my grandpapa had a great deal of money, but he was not here to see you." "What is the difference between your grandpapa and myself?" "My grandpapa could make me a lieutenant, but you can't even buy me only to say the word." "I say it now," answered Suvoroff, "and a right good officer you will be."

The Sun Not Burned Out.
It has been stated by such authorities as the Rev. Dr. S. J. May and others that the future of the sun's activity will be comparatively short—not more than 10,000,000 years—and some have even suggested that the sun's activity already shows signs of waning. So far is this from being the case that only one-fourth of the sun's activity has been expended, and three-fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of the world is not yet in sight. Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.—T. J. I. See in *Atlantic*.

The Wonderful Parasol Ant.
The greatest human curiosity of insect life, as far as habits are concerned, at least, is to be found in the queer "parasol" ant, so called, so common in all parts of tropical America from Texas to Venezuela. The common name by which the creature is known has been bestowed because of a queer habit this species of ant has of stripping certain kinds of trees and shrubs of their foliage and carrying the leaves to their nests. An army of these ants which have been off on a foraging expedition present the queerest sight imaginable as they march in single file, each holding a leaf in its jaws, the leaf itself shading the little insect's body like a parasol does the face and shoulders of a lady. The early naturalists imagined that these ants carried leaves for the same purpose as the tropical sun, but investigation shows that they have another use for the bits of green they gather. The leaves are only wanted as soil upon which to grow a certain species of fungi of which the parasol ant is very fond.

The Hudson Bay Company.
In 1670 Charles II. granted a charter to the Hudson Bay Company, giving to that association the whole and sole trade and commerce on the waters lying within the entrance of the Hudson Strait and on the lands adjoining. After the cession of Canada to Great Britain in 1763 the Northwest Fur Company in 1763 the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal sprung into existence, and by its competition with the older corporation compelled an amalgamation in 1821.

THE SPANIARD.

Courtesy, His Cigarette and His Lottery Ticket.

The courteous manners of all Spaniards a traveler writes: "So anxious is every one to be of service to others that the stranger is apt to consider the Spaniards very inquisitive people. An experience in a Madrid tramcar was enlightening in this direction. A woman in getting into the car appeared to have slipped and hurt her foot. She and her husband began an animated discussion upon the incident, and of the dozen others in the car every one except ourselves craned forward to listen. The passengers were well assorted, ranging as they did from a captain in uniform down to a woman almost of the gutter class. But one and all returned to the discussion without exciting the least resentment, opinions being apparently welcomed. Gentleman arriving at their destination ceased arguing, raised their hats and went out, leaving others in possession until the principal's left."

"There is no hour of the day or night which a Spaniard deems inappropriate to the practice of smoking," the same writer observes. "Whenever he finds time hanging heavily, which is frequently the case, he lights a cigarette. Time hangs heavily on a Spaniard's mind in the brief interval between the courses at lunch and dinner, whenever he wakes at night, when traveling between station and hotel in an omnibus and always when in a railway train, regardless of hours. The practice of smoking is so universal in Spain that railway compartments for non-smokers exist in theory only, and the habit, combined with that of loud talking at all hours of the night and morning, makes the average Spaniard undesirable as a traveling companion, especially at night."

Of the sturdy beggars who overrun Madrid: "The beggars usually have some pretense for asking alms in the shape of a decrepit gnat or fiddle under the cloak, whose remains, after other pleas is the sale of lottery tickets, the lottery being a great institution in Spain. Each ticket costs five pesetas (about \$1), and beggars in absolute rags, as often as not children, rush about with strings of these for sale."—Chicago News.

Learned Better.
"My daughter has learned one thing at boarding school," exclaimed the man, "and that is how to write a letter to her mother." "How did it happen?" asked a friend. "She kept writing home for money," said No. 1, "and I sent back word I couldn't send a word of her letters. It soon cured her of that Chinese citharography."—Detroit Free Press.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD
—BLOOMSBURG 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 9:22 a. m., and connecting at Scranton with trains for Philadelphia at 3:08 a. m., and New York City at 3:30 p. m.
10:19 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Pittston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving 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 4:50 p. m.
5:43 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Esopus, Plymouth, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 8:25 p. m., and connecting there with trains for New York City at 9:30 p. m., Philadelphia at 7:02 p. m., and Buffalo at 10:30 a. 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 12:25 a. m.
4:35 p. m. weekly on Scranton, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:55 p. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 9:22 a. m., and Philadelphia at 9:00 a. m.
9:05 p. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pittston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6:35 p. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 1:00 p. m., Philadelphia at 12:09 p. m., and Buffalo at 3:30 a. 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 well printed, tasty, Bill or Letter Head, Post Ticket, Circular Program, Statement or Card, an advertisement for your business, a satisfaction to you.

New Type, New Presses, Best Paper, Skilled Work, Promptness—All you can ask.

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. No. 11 E. Mahoning St. Subscription 6 cents Per Week.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CONSUMPTION Price 50c and 50c & \$1.00 BOTTLES. Free Trial. 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 HIXSON CO. 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 HIXSON CO. 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 HIXSON CO. For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work. Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST! QUALITY THE BEST!