

## PIRACY AND PROPOSAL

By EPEW W. SARGENT

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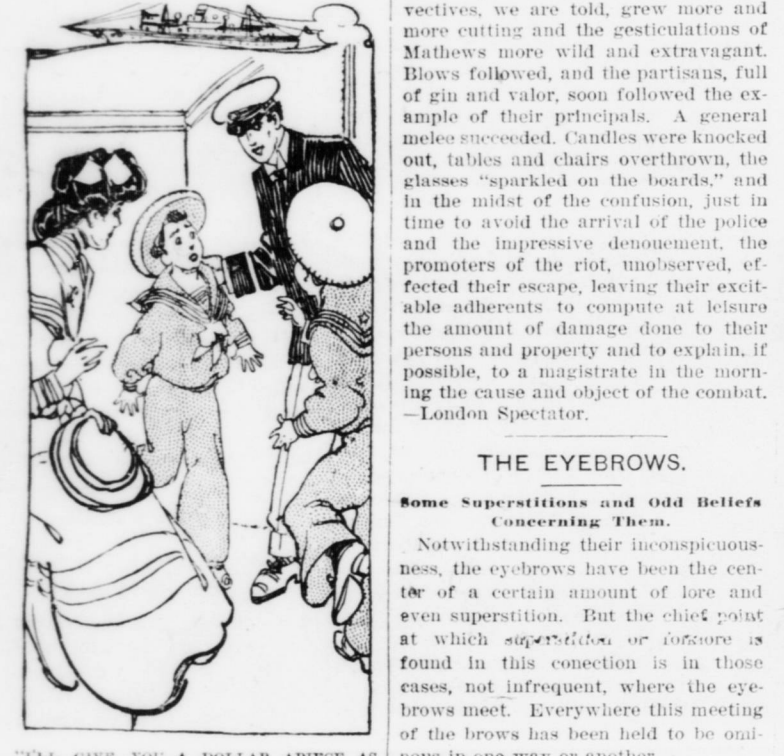
Perhaps one reason why Hoffman respected his nephews was because of the excellent understanding between the actress and Alice Cutler. Ewan was beautiful and self-conscious in her presence, but the twins were her claims, and Ewan envied them. He had been trying for six weeks to decide whether or not Alice cared for him, and he was afraid to put his fate to the test. He was not much of a ladies' man, until he had seen Alice. His yacht had been his sweetheart, and a cruise with a lot of good fellows outweighed all the ailments of feminine society.

Now he regretted a little—just a little—the devotion to the sea. He did not even know whether Alice thought of him as his nephews' uncle or as himself. Unversed in the ways of women, he could not decide. He might have asked his sister, but he dreaded Gertrude's gibes, so he devoted himself more than ever to the twins, and this was a right occasionally to enter the charmed circle, the center of which was Alice Cutler.

Then came the twins' inspiration. Bedtime tales of the Spanish main had fired their imaginations. Here they were on the gulf of Mexico, whence the golden legend had been told. Nothing would satisfy but that they should go upon a pirating expedition.

Their mother was glad enough to be rid of them for the week the cruise would occupy, and Alice Cutler manufactured a most imposing skill and crossbones flag to be broken out from the masthead when the quarry should be sighted. The twins carefully looked after the saluting cannon and its supply of ammunition, and laboriously practiced carrying wooden daggers between their teeth.

Then came the day of embarkation. The twins kissed their mother goodby, and



"GIVE YOU A DOLLAR PIECE AS RANSOM," HE SAID.

as dutiful pirates should, and set out with Alice for the pier, while Ewan hurried over to the postoffice to make sure that a belated business letter was properly posted.

He cursed his fate with true piratical fervor when he came to the dock and found that Alice had returned to the hotel without a goodby for himself, but once on board and under way he became absorbed in the twins' play.

It was one of their greatest charms that they could "make believe" with such absolute seriousness as to convince an outsider that their pretense was real, and Ewan grinned over their circumstantial account of the capture of a beautiful maiden, whom they were holding for ransom.

"We just tied the landlubber over her mouth," explained Dudley, "and says, 'Less we get ten thousand dollars from your father we'll send him your ears.'"

"An' she cried," supplemented Gordon, "an' tried to take the bandage off, an' we tied her hands, an' it was double-doubles, not dublins, what we said."

"Taint it, dublins," defended Dudley, and by the time the arbitrator had decided that neither was right on the pronunciation of double-doubles the twins were ready to go down into the cabin and decide upon their course.

"Now, what I propose," explained Ewan, "is to get out in the gulf and wait for the galleons from the mines. They should have left Vera Cruz before yesterday. Shall we do that or shall we set sail for Brazil, land a force and plunder the storehouses of the mines?"

"I don't think mother would like it," objected Dudley. "It's too far away. Besides, we're the beautiful maidens dependent on ransom. We ought to cable her father, as we promised."

"Pirates don't cable," suggested Gordon. "They send messengers in disguise."

"I guess modern pirates use the cable," laughed Ewan, stopping a demonstrator. "You youngsters had better pile on deck and keep a sharp lookout for treasure ships."

The twins departed, still arguing the question of to cable or not to cable, and, lighting a cigar, Ewan gave himself the point of view of the mother were telling you about, sir."

"There's no young woman in the cabin," denied Ewan. "It's a part of their make believe."

"I thought you knew, sir," persisted the steward. "There's a lady in that cabin."

Hoffman made two steps to the door indicated and threw it open. There on the bank by Alice Cutler bound hands and feet and with a towel across her mouth. It was the work of a moment to release her, but it was five minutes before her lips permitted her to speak.

"Don't mind," she smiled as she listened to Ewan's horror-stricken explanations. "I imagine that the boys took their prayer too seriously. It was all done so suddenly that I could not help myself, but I was sure that you would find it out when you came on board."

"And to think," he groaned, "that I was sitting in the cabin all the forenoon, and you were lying here suffering."

"It wasn't so very bad," she consoled, "and the boys were so full of their cruise that you really cannot blame them. I hope you will not punish them."

"Punish them!" he echoed savagely. "If they are going in for this sort of

## Sewing a French Hem

By Belle Maniates

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastman.

"This looks just as good as it sounds—Riverside farm," ruminated Cleo, as she sat by the open window of the big, airy bedroom she had rented for the summer.

"And Mrs. Lacey," she continued in her musing, "is the ideal farmer's wife. There is only one drawback—the she referred constantly in our drive from the station to her handsome son. I hope he won't think it is in his line of duty to be attentive to his mother's summer boarder. One reason I came off up here was because I was so tired of attentions."

Her reverie was interrupted by a sound of voices from below.

"Now, Hugh," she heard Mrs. Lacey say pleadingly, "you really must overcome your dislike of girls and show this one some little attention."

"Oh, not me!" was the remonstrative response. "If I had supposed that was to be on your programme I'd have opposed you sooner. Boarder plan more strongly than I did."

"But we ought to do something to make her stay pleasant," persisted his mother.

"What is your mother? I'm a man's man and you know it. Girls don't like me. I'd give a better time if—"

"Now, Hugh, you've got your idea of girls from the giggling ones about here. This one is sensible and—"

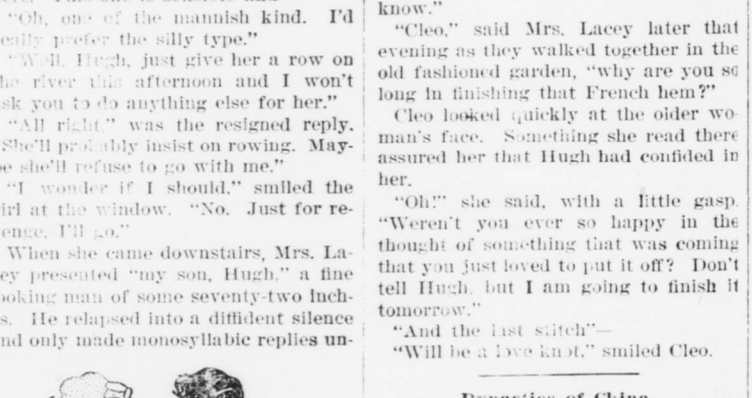
"Oh, one of the manly kind. I'd really prefer the silly type."

"Well, Hugh, just give her a row on the river this afternoon and I won't ask you to do anything else for her."

"All right," was the resigned reply. "She'll probably insist on rowing. May-be she'll refuse to go with me."

"I wonder if I should," smiled the girl at the window. "No. Just for revenge, I'll go."

When she came downstairs, Mrs. Lacey presented "my son, Hugh," a fine looking man of some seventy-two inches. He related into a different social and only made monosyllabic replies un-



CLEO WAS SHAKING OUT HER SATURATED DRESS SKIRT.

There have been twenty-two dynasties in China, the royal history of this country being better ascertained than that of any other which reaches back to ancient times. With some few breaks, the Chinese have had a regular succession of sovereigns since Fuhli, who, the Chinese say, reigned from B. C. 2852 to 2577. According to Chinese tradition, Fuhli was no less a personage than the Noah of the Scriptures, who, after leaving his ark on Mount Ararat, traveled east and founded the Chinese empire. Chinese history asserts that several of their early monarchs ruled for over a century each, one reigning over China for 115 years, another for 102, another for 100, and so on. It is considered probable by historians that these figures represent rather dynasties than the reigns of individual sovereigns. China has had in almost direct descent, with no more than two or three breaks in the history of the royal family, thirty-three sovereigns, ninety-two emperors, and two Tartar kings. Mongol emperors and three empresses.

Why Bees Work in the Dark. Bees go out all day gathering honey, and work at night in the hive, building their combs as perfectly as if an electric light shone here all the time. They have been seen to work in the dark? is often asked. Every one knows that honey is a liquid with no solid sugar in it. After standing it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance or granulates and ultimately becomes a solid mass. Honey has been observed to be gathered in well-corked flasks, some of which were kept in perfect darkness, while the others were exposed to the light. The result was that the portion exposed to the light soon crystallized, while that kept in the dark remained unchanged. Hence we see why the bees are not seen to work in the light. The windows which are placed in their lives. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this it would in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

Artificial Flowers. Each Part of the Larger Ones is Artificial flowers were invented by pious nuns. In the Italian convents the altars and shrines were up to the end of the eighteenth century decorated with artificial flowers, laboriously put together, of paper, parchment and other stiff materials. In a Venetian warehouse the most wonderful production of artificial flowers are exhibited in glass cases, and in many cases, not only the richest and most brilliant colors, but the very scent of the flowers has been stolen from nature, for some of the artificial flowers are steeped in the perfume distilled from the flower which it represents.

It is a pity that the inventor of the machine for cutting out the leaves and petals, but it can only be used for the smaller kinds, such as are wanted for bouquets, lilies of the valley and other small flowers. In larger petals the irregularities of manual work are preferred to the stiff and correct form produced by machinery. This material of which the petals are made is woven in special factories. The scissors and other tools used by the girls employed as well as the presses in which the veins are traced on the leaves are of a shape specially adapted to the work. Each part of a flower is made by special machinery. For instance, only stalks of flowers and leaves are made; in another, fruits and berries of all kinds are cast if they are wax or blown if made of glass. The cleverest workers are employed in making blossoms of the single petals and bouquets, wreaths and garlands of the single blossoms.—Domestic Advertiser.

St. Valentine. St. Valentine, presbyter and martyr, unlike many saints who are specially remembered, did nothing which could have suggested the manner in which his day is celebrated. It was his fortune to suffer martyrdom for the faith at a time when the heathens of southern Europe were accustomed to observe the return of spring. The quick eyes of those dependent upon sunlight for warmth learned to note and welcome every indication of the approaching season. They watched the birds, and when they saw them mating and making love they were minded to do the same, and so strong was the habit that, as with Christmas day, the good folk there did not attempt to root out the custom, but to connect it with some holy name, and St. Valentine's day of matrimony fitted very nearly to that time.

He will never accomplish anything who doubts of what he will do. Instead of showing what he can do.

"If I had a sister," he said earnestly, "I'd like her to be your girl." Cleo's eyes sparkled at the ingenuously of the big, awkward man. "You're sure you don't mind about the skirt?" he persisted as they walked through the meadow again. "Not at all," she declared in a conciliating tone.

"Then maybe you'll go again tomorrow afternoon," he said anxiously, "and let me show you."

"That you can remember I'm in the boat?" she laughed. "Yes, I'd like very much to go again."

Farm work, however, it was August, between cultivating and harvesting, so Hugh was not very busy. He passed next morning by the old cherry tree, where Cleo sat with her work.

"Is that the French hem you are making?" he asked interestedly.

"Yes, it's the French hem."

"Then I'm going to watch you," he declared, sitting on the grass.

In the afternoon there was a longer ride up the river, and the next morning work was resumed on the French hem with Hugh in attendance; in the afternoon the river. At twilight he must show her how lovely the shadows would be on the grass. This became the regular programme for each day of Cleo's stay.

"I'm afraid," remarked Mrs. Lacey to Hugh one night, "that Cleo won't finish that French hem in time to get much good out of the skirt this season."

"I am very anxious for her to finish it," said Hugh. "I don't see how I am afraid for the time to come."

"Why?" asked his mother in surprise.

He was silent for a moment, then he looked at her with shining eyes.

"Because," he said softly, "when she takes the last stitch she will be going to me. I'll be glad to see her."

"Cleo," said Mrs. Lacey later that evening as they walked together in the old-fashioned garden, "why are you so long in finishing that French hem?"

Cleo looked quickly at the older woman's face. "Something she read there assured her that Hugh had confided in her."

"Oh," she said, with a little gasp. "Wasn't you ever so happy in the thought of something that was coming that you just loved to put it off? Don't tell Hugh, but I am going to finish it tomorrow."

"The last stitch?"

"Will be a live knot," smiled Cleo.

## A SENSIBLE LOVER

By C. B. LEWIS

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Miss Minnie Stacy, twenty years old, had come out from the city to stay with her Aunt Jane in the country for a month while her parents made a hurried trip to England. It was the last of February, and there was snow on the ground.

The next farm to Aunt Jane's was the Rossiter place, and Mrs. Rossiter was also a widow. A hired man named Jim Williams plowed, planted and reaped for her. When Jim heard that a girl was stopping with Aunt Jane he went over to see her for himself. He didn't stop to put on a clean shirt or to grease and lampblack his shoes. He entered the house in his familiar way farmers have among themselves, and when introduced to the visitor he held out a hand as big as a washboard and shook her small one vigorously.

"How are ye? Nice winter weather here having," he said.

The young lady of wealth and social standing tried to squelch him, but Jim drew up his chair and spoke of spring calves and kicking cows in a way meant to be highly entertaining. He refused to be squelched, and he wouldn't take a hint.

When the subject of music was referred to he volunteered to sing a ballad or two, and when 10 o'clock came he took his hat, held out his hand again and departed after saying:

"Well, Minnie, I don't know when I've spent a more interesting evening, and it's all owing to you. I'm not one of these stuck-up chaps. I'm just plain Jim Williams, and you'll find me a card while and all word every time. I'll run in quite frequently and cheer you up."

Miss Minnie had many criticisms to make after the caller had left and asserted if he came again he would get a setback to last him his life.

Aunt Jane tried to soothe her. "Oh, you mustn't mind our ways out here in the country. As Jim has fallen in love with you at first sight he will—"

"What?" exclaimed the horrified girl.

"Why, couldn't you tell that he had fallen in love with you?"

"I never saw any 'How dare he do such a thing?'"

"I don't see why you make such a fuss over it. If you don't want to marry him you can say so when he asks you."

When Jim had retired that night he got to thinking things over. "I'm Jim Williams," he soliloquized. "I'm a stout as a bull and have an appetite like a horse. I'm twenty-seven years old and have \$300 in the bank. There ain't no flies on me, and I'm a good bluff match for any gal that lives. I'm in love with Minnie Stacy. I don't like her, but I ain't got no choice. She'd make her will to marry me. I'll do my best to make her a good husband. We'll take in Niagara falls on our wedding trip, and if she wants candy at 20 cents a box she shall have it. There was a glad relief to him when he heard her voice calling him soon after daylight.

The sky had lightened up, but the blizzard was still howling away. Jim made coffee and fried bacon and warmed up the frozen bread and invited Miss Stacy to breakfast. She had passed the worst night of her life and lost her appetite. What she wanted was a hot meal and a good night's sleep. The quickest man possible, Jim listened to her request and then shook his head.

"We've got to wait awhile for this blizzard to let up," he replied. "We couldn't go ten rods without being lost, and being lost would mean being dead. I can't tell you how a bull throwed me over the fence two years ago and elbowed you a bit."

The girl refused to be chirked. She set swathed in horse blankets like a mummy, and her tears formed beads on her cheeks. Noon came, and the blizzard was still with them. Jim tried to make a dash for it, but he found his feet too heavy to move. "I'll give her a week to sort of get acquainted, and then I'll pop the question."

It was all settled in his mind when he turned over and went to sleep, and he saw the clouds on the horizon as he awoke in the morning. Just before the blue of ten nights he was a regular caller at Aunt Jane's house. If he saw Minnie he tried to interest her in snakes, mud turtles, frogs and other novelties of farm life and gave her interesting statistics of how much hay a cow would consume in the winter.

When Minnie struck to her room and refused to come down he had Greening apples and other messages for her and continued to grow more deeply in love. About the 1st of March the maple sugar season opened. The making of the sugar is part of Jim's spring work, and from the first run of sap he sent the city girl some maple wax on a stick.

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## QUEER LOVEMAKING.

A South American Bird Which Wins Its Mate by Dancing.

There is a bird in South America that makes love with its feet. It is a handsome creature, but walks clumsily, and the only sound it can utter is a hoarse cluck. It dances, however, in a way that wins admiration from the females of its sex, though its antics only serve as an incentive to laughter to human beings who see them.

This bird, known as the cock of the rock, lives in the northern mountainous portion of South America. It is about the size of a large chicken.

The entire body—bill, head wings and tail—is blood red in color, with the exception of the tail feathers, which have a narrow band of brown across them near the ends which are tipped with buff. The head is a crest of feathers like a crown, red ball, which contracts or expands at the pleasure of its owner.

When the mating season comes seven or ten males seek some secluded spot where there is a level patch of ground and clear it of any sticks, stones or leaves, stamping down the dirt till it is hard and level.

Then they call the females who stand at the edges of this novel arena. One at a time the males then perform a most curious dance. Each dancer will first strut up and down a few times and then, in the apparent delight of the rest, commence to caper around in an extremely ludicrous manner, spreading his tail and wings, pulling up his crest, bowing to the others and at the same time keeping up a hopping gait until he is exhausted.

When all the males have danced each female will choose a mate, and the happy pairs depart to begin housekeeping.

No Pure Gold in Use. "Gold when refined from all impurities," said a jeweler, "and alloys of inferior metals is denominated pure. This means gold of twenty-four carats, and this is the standard recognized by the mint master and dealers in gold. As a matter of fact, however, there is no gold so pure. Gold of twenty-two carats is about as pure as it can be had. It has two parts of silver or one part of silver and one part of copper. The copper darkens the color of gold, while silver lightens it in color. Twenty-three carat gold is occasionally seen, which means a half carat of silver and one carat of copper. Ordinarily eighteen carat gold is the best gold that can be had. Certainly it is the best for jewelry, for pure gold, as it is called, is too soft and will wear away much faster than the owners of it desire."

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7:00 a. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 9:42 a. m., and connecting at Scranton with trains arriving at Philadelphia at 3:04 p. m., and New York City at 5:30 p. m.

7:30 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 12:35 p. m., and connecting with trains for New York City at 1:25 p. m., Philadelphia at 3:52 p. m., and Buffalo at 7:10 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE

9:15 a. m. weekly from Scranton, Pottsville, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6:53 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 10:30 a. m.

12:45 p. m. daily from Scranton, Pottsville, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 12:15 p. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 9:05 p. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pottsville, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6:53 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 10:30 a. m.

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