By CLAUDE PAMARES

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It could not be said of Miss Hattie be expected is that she will be kind some one clapped a hand over ber its ried and have a desire to reform mouth and tossed her on to the bed ing of humanity generally.

iss Shetflin had that desire. In visiting New York city she had many, many times observed hard up looking men the tin horn man quietly said: who were seemingly drifting into was no one at hand to encourage them | that scrawny neck of yours." and hold out a helping hand. She had but her brother Ben happened to be he explained: along or she had seen some policeman watching her or the hard up looking ears and on your fingers and also man made a sneak as she was about to what cash you have lying around."

It was when Brother Ben went to clear of Fire island when she was in the city with her trunk and installed in Her trunk was not locked. From it with hanger gnawing at his vitals and use were such institutions to him?

"If you don't make a fool of yourself then I don't know how to make hash," replied the practical and tevel headed of a few hard up men of the scores that had taken her in for a few weeks' board since she had been in the boarding house business.

"But how can I make a fool of mythe opportunity to earn an honest living once more, where can you criti-

"Never you mind. You've got money, and you've got a heart, and I've nothing further to say."

If she had had anything further to say it would have done no good. It wasn't two hours later that Miss Shefflin set out on her quest. She hadn't far to look. Any one who is seeking a homeless, hopeless man from twentyfive to seventy years of age can find him in upper Broadway at any hour of the day or night. He is there and looking for a good thing.

Miss Shefflin found one leaning up

again t the railing in front of a drug law on the desert: store. His face betrayed gloom and his general attitude disconsolation, and as he looked in the bottles in the window he seemed to be wondering which held laudanum and which strychnine. She direction and said to the man: "Now, then, out of this or I'll run

you in." on wearily. He moved like one hurt and humiliated. He moved down toward the East river, as if he would take a header off the dock and end it

He was a man about thirty years old. tunch written all over him, but the old maid's eyes detected no sign. He looked at her for a minute and wondered what sort of a "plant" it was. Then he became conscious that he had struck one of those "good things" he had read about and heard tell of-a female philanthropist. Removing his hat and deepening his hopeless look,

"Miss, I have been out of work for weeks and weeks, and, so help me days. I was thinking of throwing myself under a street car and ending

"But of what use to live and walk

the streets penniless and hungry? Didn't you just see a detective drive me along like a dog?" "I did, and I felt almost like shooting him. Please follow me to my

boarding house and tell me your story." He followed. He winked at an acquaintance as he followed, and his wink was returned. He ran across the landlady as he entered the house after Miss Shefflin, and he heaved a sigh of relief as he found her face unfamiliar. At the same time, however, he realized that she was not a philanthropic landlady-not one to be taken in by any ordinary tale of distress.

Sitting in the parlor beside the old maid and working up all the pathos he could, the tin horn man told his tale It was one that brought tears to her eyes. He was honest enough to plead guilty to embezzling \$20 from his employer to bet on the races and penitent enough to say that nothing on the face of the earth ever again should lead him into crooked paths if he could get a new start.

She had been the first and only one to speak a kind word. She had been the first and only one not to condema him too strongly and to lead him to

believe that his crime might be condoned and a new start made. He was told that he should have free room and board until he could look around. Advertisements should be put in the papers to aid him. Miss Shefflin herself would go to various stores and offices and use her personal influence.

"I wish you joy of him," said the landlady when the arrangements had been completed and the young man had gime out to make his first application. "Please do not be so hard hearted, Mrs. Thomas," was the reply. "It is a combine care of distress. If I ever saw young man, willing to do anything to earn his way, being compelled to wal.

around hungry for two days in this great city." "I can't imagine it." "But why would he lie to me?"

lied to me?" "I tell you, Mrs. Thomas, that human a chance. If I hadn't spoken to the young man he would have been dead

under the wheels of a car ere this, and

I should never have forgiven myself.

I shall find him a place and make a

crateful nil bis dawn"

During the next four days the tin horn man was looking for a place between meals, and Miss Shefflin was making personal calls here and there. She met with no luck, but as some of the boarders smelled whisky on Tin Horn they thought be must be doing

On the fourth night, after the philanthropist and her subject had had their usual talk and he had shed more tears than usual, he went up to bed at sharp 9 o'clock. He wanted to get an earlier

effin, spinster, that at the age of The spinster followed half an hour fity-eight she was a good boking later. She found her door shut, but woman. A spluster of that age cannot unlocked, and as she stepped into the be expected to be. The most that can dark room and felt for the matches the world and elevate the moral stand- and had her bound hand and foot and gagged with a towel before she understood what was taking place. Then the gas was lit, the door locked, and

"If you make a fool of yourself I'll careers of wickedness because there choke the life out of you by way of It was easy to see that she wanted

often been tempted to address them, to speak in reply, and for her benefit

"I'm after those sparklers in your With her eyes she protested against this specimen of human ingratitude.

Europe on business that his sister determined to carry out her long cher"You are homely enough to stop a "You are homely enough to stop a Ished plans. She had the time and the clock, and the idea of your wearing money, and the steamer was hardly diamonds is absurd. Take a snooze

a boarding house where she had been he took \$300 in cash and other jewelry. acquainted for a number of years. In From about her neck he took a long confidence she told the landlady of the chain and a fine watch. From her object of her visit. It was all very well ears he took diamond pendants, and to denote libraries and to endow hos- from her fingers he roughly pulled her pitals and colleges, but when a man rings. She tried to yell, but the towel was walking the streets of New York muffled her voice. She tried to scratch, but her hands were tied with cords hope gone out of his heart, of what he had provided for the purpose. She tried to kick, but her ankles were lashed fast, and the effort was not a

"Take it easy, old gal," laughed Tin landlady, as she remembered the names | Horn. "I thought you had the disposition of a kitten, but I see you are an old cat. Let me see. I have watch, rings, earrings and money. I don't think there is anything else to take self, as you term it?" was asked, "If good, because they are last year's I speak kindly and encouragingly to style. Yes; I think this is all, and I some hopeless and penniless man, if I will now descend by the fire escape help him to a situation; if I give him and leave you to figure it out. Excuse me while I tie your ankles to the bedpost. I can't have you rolling off and giving the alarm too soon. long to you, old gal, and don't let this little episode discourage you from reforming the remainder of the world."

They found her after a time, but Miss Shefflin was no longer a philanthropist. She was simply a very mad old maid.

A LAW OF THE DESERT.

With Water and Food Scarce, Extreme Measures Are Warranted. It was in the camp of Bullfrog that Mitchell, the big brick red mining man of Nevada, told me his view of

"If you are prospecting with an unreasonable hog of a partner who wants to eat three slices of bacon and half a loaf of bread for breakfast and lets the canteen gurgle down his throat was about to address him when a plain while you get along with a strip of clothes detective came from the other bacon and just moisten your lips when you take a drink, then you're all right if you kill him. I'd kill him if there wasn't anything else to do. The hopeless man sighed and moved tough game, and it's your life or his on wearily. He moved like one hurt when you're lost or your grub stake and water are giving out."

These observations are suggested by "well," he said harshly, "what do the arrival in camp two days before "YOU WANT?" the arrival in camp two days before all. Miss Shefflin followed after, and of the bones of a prospector who had remain as long as the drought lasted, at the corner she overtook him and died of thirst some forty miles from until weeks of steady and violent rains Bullfrog during the previous summer. should some and transform the dry, "You seem to be in trouble, sir, and He had been a carpenter, earning barren veldt into a tropical garden. If I can assist you I shall be glad to do wages of \$8 a day in the new camps during the "boom," but the gold fever He had the horn gambler and free profitable toil. He picked up a partner, they loaded their burros and trailed off south toward the Death valley country to prospect in the Funeral

Three weeks after the desert swallowed them up the partner wandered into a freighters' camp, half crazed with thirst and exhaustion. He was able to tell the freighters that the carpenter was somewhere out beyond, lost and without water, too helpless to move. The partner was too weak and fevered to go back with the rescue party of freighters, so they left him in camp. He directed them as well as he could, but the search was bootless, "How wicked to think of taking your | and Griffin, the carpenter of Bullfrog, was added to the long list of desert victims. Several months later a party of prospectors tumbled by chance across what was left of him. There

were no traces of his outfit. He had thrown away his gun, his canteen and his hat. One shoe was found thirty feet from his body, and he had torn off and flung away most of his clothing. These were the ghastly evidences of the last great fight he had made to struggle on.

"When they're dying for water," said Mitchell, who knows the "desert game," "they throw away everything until all their clothes are gone, and you generally find them without a stitch on."-Ralph D. Paine in Outing.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Don't save your money and starve your mind. Vigorous thought must come from a

fresh brain. Tens of thousands of people fail be-

cause they love their ease too much. "Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental facul-

A man may build a palace, but he can never make of it a home. The spirituality and love of a woman alone

can accomplish this. If we are contented to unfold the life within according to the pattern given us we shall reach the highest end of

which we are capable. By proper training the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life and the good emotions rendered permanently dominant.

Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain you weaken its powers and you lose your authority to command its gervices. - Success.

Pigs In China.

A Peking correspondent says: "It is o uncommon sight to see twelve or thirteen enormous fat pigs, with their legs tied, huddled close together having a ride in a Chinese cart with some "Why have a hundred just like him | sort of light cargo on top of them and a man sitting on the cargo. The pigs are silent, and consequently one would nature is good if you will only give it think they should not be objects for the action of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The fact is that the animals are too fat and lazy to make any noise until disturbed at their journey's end, when bagpipes man of him once again, and he will be are as Italian opera to the terrific squealing heard."

On the Veldt

By FRANK H. SWEET

and the grass was burned down and balf covered with yellow dust. Not a kraal was to be seen or a habitation, not a tree or shrub so far as the eye could reach-only the ocher brown earth stretching away and at last ending in the same level sky lines to the north and south and east and west, and crossing the sun blistered waste one little animate dot, the canvas covered wagon of a Boer family trekking with the sheep and cattle in search of a water course that had not dried up.

For three days had the dot been wing across the waterless waste, and for three days had the sun left the thirsty sky line in the east only to down pitilessly until it dropped behind the equally thirsty sky line in the west, and now the tongues of the cattle were hanging from their mouths and the sheep bleated piteously, and the small quantity of water brought along for the trekkers' own use was

exhausted. By the end of the second day they and expected to find water, but the stream counted on had proved but a dusty, sun dried depression, and for ly four hours they had followed course, hoping to find some sink to from which the water had not Now_they were pondering the of seeking the next water another twenty-four hours that were dry also, what

miller had trekked over this Othe: veldt before them, and more would follow, for this was the annual custom. When the dry season came and burned every vestice of green from the home grazing tend the Boers would load their families into the great wagons, any spans of oxen, and, sheep and cattle before driving away. Your dresses would be no them, seek the water courses that had And there they would not drie



Then they would trek back home. Long before the sun rose for a new led him away from this safe and day of burning heat and thirst the dot of wagons and animals was ready for departure. But even as it begat was dry toward the one that might contain water, several of the mounted Boers who were circling about the cattle descried something less than a third of a mile away.

In the dim light they at first thought It a wild animal, and examined their rifles; then, as the object drew near, they made it out to be a man, and that he was on foot instead of horseback. But it was not until he had approached to within a few rods that they discovered he was very young, scarcely more than a boy, and that he was an outlander Now there is nothing more obnoxious

to a Boer than an outlander or witlander-alien. He feels that their coming into the country threatens his institutions, and that the very object of their coming is wrong. The treasures of the earth belong to the earth, and should not be wrested away. The bustle and desire for change, for wealth, for investigating, even the progressive ideas of these outsiders are causes for suspicion and dislike. So when a cherry "Hello!" came from the wayfarer their answer was but a gruff and unintelligible grunt.

All this time the train was moving forward, but slowly, for oxen are plodding travelers. The boy was obliged to pause for the animals to pass, and watched the long, straggling line with the interest of a newcomer. After the cattle and sheep and their guard came the creaking, unwieldy wagons, with their inspanned oxen. Beside the first of these wagons rode a large, broad faced man whose white hair and air of authority proclaimed him the head of the family. As he came opposite the boy stepped forward.

"Hello," he called again cheerfully The man looked down at him, his face hardening, but he stopped.

"Well" he sall harshly, "what d you want? Isn't it a little strange for a boy to be crossing the veldt without

"Oh, I don't know," the boy answer ed carelessly. "I walked up from the that is you are eating? Tramp (with coast three months ago. You see, I his mouth full)-No'm! Mrs. Jonesdidn't have money enough for a horse and a good outfit, and I needed the out- | felly and whipped cream. Tramp-Oh, fit most. Besides, I was raised on a farm and am used to walking. A man I met carried my outfit to the mines, and I pegged on behind."

"And now you are going back home empty handed?" the Boer asked, sar- fool a street car conductor with a "No. indeed." quickly. "I didn't

come here for fun. I'm going to college | Passenger-1 know it, madam. He some time, and that takes money; and gave it to me in change just now .- Chi-I've got half a dozen brothers and sis- cago Tribune. ters who are planning for different things. It was easiest for me to leave, so all of them put in their savings to ward my expenses. Of course I don't expect to get rich," frankly, "but I shall work hard to take back enough to get us all a good start." The Eoer grunted,

"Why are you going back, then, without your outfit?" he demanded. ut your outfit?" he demanded.
"Got to have something to eat," the are so highly prized that they are boy answered easily. "I went to the handed down from generation to genmines first, but the only opening was to | eration as heirlooms.

claim at a fabulous price, so I shouldered my outfit and struck off prospecting. I kept it up three weeks, and now," his eyes flashing eagerly into the grim ones above him, "I believe I've found a spot that will turn me in a lot of money. But I'm out of provisions and must go back after a supply. I don't suppose you have any you would

"No." shortly, "but where's your out

"Oh, I've concealed that in the sand. I guess it'll be all right. Anyway, there was nothing else to do. But I didn't stop you to talk about myself, coloring a little. "I wanted to say that your cattle are awful thirsty. At home e would drop everything to furnish ch cattle with water quick." The Boer's face relaxed somewhat.

Even if there was no water between four days' journey?" he asked contemptuously "You uitlanders, who would do all things, can make rivers as ou need them, I suppose?" "There is the water course only one ay's fourney behind you," the boy re-

ot attended to there. No matter the hurry a man may be in, it is a crime to neglect beasts as you have yours." "The water course behind was dry, as this is, and as the next one may be," the Boer said. "My teams have not had water in three days, and God knows what may happen if the next terest.

river bed is like this one and the last."

The boy's face paled suddenly. "The river dry," he gasped. "Why, I counted on getting water there. I've only just enough with me to last one day." Then he forgot himself in concern for the cattle.

"You must turn back toward the place I've found," he cried authoritatively: "it's only five or six miles away. There's a hole in the river bed that has water, and it's thirty yards or more peross and several feet deep. It for some weeks. And beyond it are head impatiently and went on. If he where the soil has not yet became dry. If you keep on this course the cattle will all perish.

The Boer had straightened up, preparatory to riding on, but at this he turned sharply.

"Water." he cried, "and plenty of it." He raised his hand to his mouth and of dull yellow that matched her girdle. called to the men in front. One of them rode back. To him he gave a showed through, dusky and rounded. turned back to the boy.

"Do you understand what you have done?" he demanded. "This place you have discovered will need water to work it, and if we use that, as we Clayton.

She was playing with a curious dagbenefit of your discovery for this sea-

The boy threw back his head as up, startled.

"Will you tell my fortune?" he quethough to ward off the insinuation. "The cattle need the water more than the land." he returned. "If the water is gone when I return with the pro- ver," she answered, her black eyes visions, I can go and prospect some- gleaming. where else, and perhaps come back money at the expense of suffering." his hand.

do not sell provisions, but we have plenty which we will give you. And it may be," with a friendly twinkle banishing the last trace of hardness from his eyes, "that we will be able to ad-

ALI SPICE.

Berries of the Beautiful and Fra-

The pimento, or allspice, tree is cultivated in the West Indies and Jamaica. This beautiful tree usually grows has a straight trunk, much brauched above and covered with a very smooth brown bark. The leaves vary in size and shape, but are always of a dark, shining green color. During the months f July and August the tree is in full bloom, the blossoms consisting of very fragrant small white flowers.

When a new plantation of pimento trees is to be formed no regular sowing or planting takes place, because it is next to impossible to propagate the young plants or to raise them from seeds in parts of the country where they are not found growing spontaneously. Usually a piece of land is selected either close to a plantation al-ready formed or in a part of the woodland where plmento trees are growing in a native state. The chosen piece of land is then cleared of all wood except these trees, and the felled timber the purpose of protecting the very young pimento plants.

thoroughly cleared, and only the most vigorous pimento trees and plants are left standing. The plants come to maturity in about seven years.

In favorable seasons the pimento crop is enormous, a single tree often yielding a hundred or more pounds of the dried spice. The berries are picked while green, because if left on the tree until ripe they lose their pungent taste and are valueless. The green berries are exposed to the sun for a week or ten days, when they lose their green color and turn a reddish brown. When perfectly dry they are put in bags and

asks for exportation.

The odor and the taste of the pin to berries are thought to resemble a combination of those of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves; hence the familiar name "allspice."

The Great Difficulty. "One-half of the world's happiness is

solved when a person learns to mind his own business." "Yes, but it's the other half that causes the most trouble."

"What's that?" "Getting other people to mind theirs. -Home Notes.

No Kick Coming.

Mrs. Jones-Do you appreciate what Well, that is angel cake with wine well, anything tastes good when a feller's hungry, mum!-New York Press.

How He Knew It. Fair Passenger-They say you can't

plugged nickel, but I worked one off on him a few minutes ago. The Other The Art of Glove Cutting

The cutters of the great glove houses in Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors in London and New York. So difficult is this art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trad by name and by fame, and the peculiar

Jan UYDSY

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Clayton struck off from the wood path he had been following to the main road. He had chosen the end of September for his vacation. Already summer was mellowing into autumn, the hag who had off maples were tipped with yellow, and n the dark recesses of the woods suune glowed with a color that was alnost fiamelike. As he walked on elther hand stretched fields of alternate stubble and green grass, starred here here and there by patches of goldenrod or slender purple asters. Fall sounds were in the air. Late crickets chirped. frows cawed across the fences. Bits of thistledown floated lazily in the orted, "and your cattle show they were morning sunlight. Except for occasional farmhouses standing by the way or a passing team, the road was leserted, and Clayton was musing pleasantly on its solitude when an un-

> They had pitched their tents in a little hollow through which a stream ran. In the background stood a canvas covered wagon and a half dozen lean, ethered horses. In the foreground smoldered the ashes of a fire. Round this clustered a few half naked children and some wrinkled crones with huge gilt earrings in their ears.

expected turn past a clump of trees

"The men of the camp had evidently gone foraging, nor were the women slow to turn a penny, for one of them called out to Clayton that she would will be enough to supply your herds tell his fortune. Clayton shook his young, black eyed girl, such a one as he saw approaching half a mile beyond the camp, a tall, lithe creature, who walked with the grace of those accustomed to the open. She wore a red skirt, a white blouse falling away from her throat and caught with a bit quick, peremptory order. Then he Her dark hair was twisted with what looked to be scarlet beads, but which upon nearer inspection proved to be rose fruit strung on grass.

"The princess of her tribe," thought ger that she lield and did not see him till he accosted her. Then she looked

ried, smiling, and held out his hand. "When it has been crossed with sil-

"The life line is deep," she went on after the rains set in. The folks at | quickly. "You have made your way home would not want me to put by so far, for you are ambitious and hardworking. You do not come from The Boer leaned down and held out Brierley village nor from the country round here. You are from the city. "It is well," he said simply. "You You are nearly thirty and unmarried. will go back to the basin with us. We Do I read true?" she asked, with a

swift upward glance.
"Quite true," said Clayton amusedly. "No woman has touched your heart. but there is one who soon will."

"Dark or fair?" "Dark—and very wealthy. You will see her this afternoon at 4 o'clock." "Well, I'm glad I'm warned," said Clayton, with a laugh. "How long have you been here?" nodding in the direction of the camp. She shrugged her shoulders.

week maybe. We gypsies do not measure time. "And what is your name?" heel with the indifference of a queen. Now that she had told his fortune she

"How can I tell? A few days-a

seemed anxious to be gone. "A mercenary young wretch, like the rest of them." murmured Clayton, looking after her. That afternoon he strolled toward the village. The season was over, and most of the large hotels were closed. So were the handsome private cottages. save a few whose owners preferred the

luxury of solitude. Arden, the summer home of Alyard, the copper king, was still open, Miss it was said, caring more for Alyard. her stables and kennels than for so-

green lawn and well kept flower beds, a smart trap came down the driveway. is allowed to remain on the ground for In it sat a girl dressed in white. Clayton could not see her face, for she held a lace parasol to screen her eyes, but At the end of two years the land is he liked the patrician poise of her head. As they rattled past him with a gay clanking of silver harness the coachman turned in answer to some ques

"It's exactly 4 o'clock, Miss Alyard," he said deferentially. Clayton started and then laughed at himself for being foolish enough to mind a gypsy's prophecy. And yetthe prospect was alluring-a rich wife

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JOHN HIXSON

Paris untrammeled, for, though Clayton's name was beginning to be known in the world of architecture, it had been hard fighting every step of the way. Even now be was not free from financial difficulties, and instead of put-ting up at the luxurious country club was housed in a farm at the village

But, whether the gypsy had read his fate truly or not, there was something tantalizing and mysterious about her prophecy, and next day he went again to the camp. Jan was nowhere in sight. In vain he questioned the old the day before. She declared there was care young fellow

to argue, and Clayton

est seen her, he espied ing interrupted his studies, they shufad you at the camp," no more. by told me there was

brought him upon a camp of gypsies. "And have was a young fellow there who looked as if he would like to mur-"You r a Zingare? He is terribly

> tions, The least thing puts him in a ssion. That is why he pretended not o know where I was." "An! where were you?" "Out in the woods at the edge of the

eticent before, and, vaulting up on the fance beside her. Clayton sat and talked till noon. It was only when he reached his farmhouse that he remembered that three or four miles of good grazing had it told at all, it must be by some he had meant to ask her about his future, and she had bewitched him so days it rained, and on the third he pened. That one hashing glance had found the gypsy camp deserted. A charred spot marked the place where their fires had been, and that was all.

They had vanished as silently as they And no one seemed to know what rail had been taken. Clayton was disappointed to the verge of moodiness. Try as he would, he could not drive Jan from his thoughts. Now he pictured ! " walking down the road, erect and graceful; now he fancled her crouching by the fire at night and probably with Zingare opposite, a thought which made him grind his teeth. Again and again Miss Alyard passed him in her high red cart, but he would not so much as turn to look. What were all the helresses in the world compared to what he had lost? In a crisp twilight as he wandered lown the road some one stole up be

hind him and touched his arm. "Jan" he cried joyfully. "It's you! Where have you been? I've searched and searched. Perhaps"-he frowned-'perhaps you and Zingare'-"Zincare!" Her voice was full of

"You do not love him?" "No!" contemptuously. "Then, Jan, will you marry me?" "I, a gypsy? But your people-your friends"-

"Confound my friends! I love you!" "Even if you find that I've deceived you as only some gypsies know how to deceive? At first, when you mistook deceive? At first, when you mistook me in my Hungarian walking costume, it was a joke—telling your fortune and then driving past you afterward—and then driving past you afterward—and then I meant to tell you I was Clorinda Alyard and I couldn't. I couldn't because I wanted to see if you'd care for me and not for anything else. And you do love me?" It was the girl and not the heliess who spoke.

"More than any life," said Clayton.

"More than any life," said Clayton. "More than my life," said Clayton,

They are called the eccentric Claytons, because people sometimes meet them in the woods, walking together, hand in hand, laughing like children, she in a curious red and yellow costume and he in a blue flannel suit deeldedly the worse for wear,

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of Danville.

POWER OF MIND. always a Valuable Asset In Pres-

Presence of mind is always an as-It is especially valuable in presce of danger such as springs from presence of men intent upon muror bresence of men intent upon murer. This was never better exemplied than when a gang of men set out
to take the life of Mazzini. He got to
ear of their project. All the presenof their project. All the precaus he took was to get ready a store very excellent cigars. The ruffians resently appeared at his address. 'ome in gentlemen," he said and produced his cigars. To each man he handed me. Taken aback at their otion, they seemed abashed and fused. "I know that you came to dose by to confirm her in kill me," he said. "Why do you not roceed to your task?" This was too reltorated. "No Jan is much for even this bloodthirsty deputation. They could not kill the man whose cigars they were smoking and d with a feeling of de- who invited them to carry out their ched on a fence near task. Muttering some excuse for hav-

fied out of the room and troubled him

Each man has his own method with would be assassins. With Napoleon you that?" She threw it was the eye which counted. While ni her brown throat he was visiting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha one of the duke's retainers made up his mind to slay him. He and so frequently heard the great man enounced as the curse of Europe that e felt impelled to seize the chance to destroy him. He was a common soldler at the time and had to do sentry duty in one of the corridors of the pa ace along which Napoleon passed. He put his finger to the trigger as the hill to see the sunrise. It was like a duke, accompanied by him the woods at the class in sight. He aimed for Napoleon's heart. Napoleon saw him. He said the was as voluble as she had been nothing, but simply fixed his eagle eye upon the youth. The latter seemed spellbound. He set the musket fall with a crash to the floor of the stone corridor. He felt, he said, as if he must have swooned. Napoleon took no further notice, said no word, passed upon his way as if nothing had hap saved his life He knew its effect and value .- St. James' Gazette.

> Jealousy. The beautiful girl's sweet smiles changed to dark frowns. "You deceiver!" she hissed. "I hate

The young man dropped his cane in astonishment. "Hate me!" he gasped. "Why, it

as only yesterday you said you leved every hair on my head." "Yes, but not every hair on your boulder," she retorted as she held oft a golden bit of evidence.—Chi-

-BLOOMSBURG DIVISION

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. In Effect Jan. 1, 1905. TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

RASTWARD.

7.07 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 3.48 a. m. and New York City at 3.30 p. m.

10.19 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 12.35 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, Espy, Plymouth, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 8.25 p. m. and connecting there with trains arriving at New York City at 5.5 a. m., Philadelpeia 10 a. m. and Buffalo 7 a. m. TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE EASTWARD.

Berwick, Bloomsburg and Intermediate sta-tions, leaving Scratton 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. 9.65 p. m. daily from Scrantón. Kingston, Pittston, Berwick. Bloomsburg and interme-diate stations, leaving Scracton at 6.35 p. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 1.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 12.66 p. m. and Buffolo at 9.39 a, m. T. E. CLARKE, Gen'l Sup't.

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