By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham

Any one of the reading public of London could have told you that the Hon. Charles Bingham was a man seventy years old: that he had wealth: that he was democratic and rode around on top of omnibuses; that he had fads; that the greatest of his fads was picking up elics and presenting them to museums of natural history throughout the kinglom. There was seldom a week that als name was not in the papers, and ener any museum you might and you would be sure to run across cases labeled with his name and filled with his

At his own expense the Hon. Bingaam had sent expeditions to the four quarters of the globe, and the only reason he had not purchased some of the largest pyramids of Egypt was because of the difficulties of transportadon. If the chief of an African tribe had warclubs for sale the Hon. Bingnam bought them; if a child in the east end of London found a petrified bone it could be turned into cash in twenty-

our hours. Hundreds of persons had taken the Ton. Charles Bingham for an easy mark and sought to work him. Man, woman or child could find access to his louse at any hour of the day, but as 'or taking the old man in with imitatons that was different. He had made few mistakes early in his career, as night have been expected, but after he had passed fifty his decisions settled he question with all museums in Eucope. There was a weak spot in the armor, however, and it was curious hat no one found it out for many

One day there came to London an American who had been exploring the Vile for years. He had letters from American and British consuls abroad. He even had one from the secretary of he khedive himself. He had gathered nany wonderful things during his stay on the banks of the historic stream. Ie must have known of the Hon. Tharles Bingham, but he did . not call He dropped in at a club or two, said ery little, charmed everybody with his nodesty and refused all interviews give £5?" vith reporters. It was not until the Ion. Charles had sent one messenger nd then written a letter over his own gnature that Explorer Blake grudgagly consented to a meeting. At that neeting he named a few of his souveirs, but only a few. Nothing whatever vas for sale. The whole bag was to go the New York Museum of Natural listory.

The attitude of Explorer Blake was hurlish, and yet after a few days he oftened enough to invite the Hon. harles to a private inspection of his reasures. This invitation would not ave been extended to any other man n the world. He appointed the hour when he would call with a carriage, and e was there to the minute. It was the eneral idea that his stock of finds was a a warehouse, and he was supposed o be stopping at a hotel, but no one vas certain of these things.

The Hon. Charles didn't care where e was taken, so long as the relics of he Nile were at the other end of the ourney. He paid no attention to the treets they passed through and very ttle to the house at which they finally rrived. He was ushered to the top tory, talking as he went, landed in a oom about twelve feet square lighted y a skylight, and when he looked about or the stock in trade he failed to find

The only furniture in the room two old chairs. Explorer Blake ook one and lighted a cigar, and the (on Charles took the other and wonered what was coming next. He soon

"My dear sir I shall be very sorry to ut you to any trouble," began the exlorer, "but the fact is I am hard up nd must raise \$25,000. That is £5,000 your money. I don't want to turn urglar or murderer. I want to be entle and nice about it."

"How long have you been planning nis thing?" asked the Hon. Charles as s looked around the empty room and tumbled" to the fact that he had been

"All of six months, and it has cost ac considerable hard cash."

"And your figure is £5,000, is it?" "Not a penny less. When you have even me a check for the amount and ne same has been cashed, you will be estored to liberty. I shall not demand s one of the provisions that you prome not to go to the police about it. In ne first place, I have made my aringements to dodge them, and in the ext you won't care to give yourself way and be made a laughing stock

"You reason logically," replied the on. Charles as he also lighted a cigar. "I have had this house hired for the bachelor and fairly well off, having aly a man to cook and wait upon me is name is Thomas, and he is an exellent servant. You can rest assured nat he never will bring you into ridiile over this affair."

"To sum up, my friend, this is a put p job. I have been lured here in orer that I may be forced to buy my berty. You want £5,000. I must coness that, while the price is not extravgant, I cannot see my way clear to aying it just now. What conclusion may come to after three or four days cannot say."

"Very well," replied the explorer. "It thirteen feet to the partly opened cylight, with no chance whatever of our reaching it. Thomas will bring

ou bread and water three times a ay, and at night you shall have a stress to rest on. Three days hence shall appear again. There is no hurabout this thing. After my next ppearance the price of your liberty ill be added to at the rate of £100 per

ty. You can afford to pay, and I can ford to wait." It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon hen the Hon. Charles Bingham was ft alone in the garret room. He did

ot waste his energies by crying out tramping round. He did not look up the skylight except at long intervals. ie American was no fool. He had ken his precautions before bringing prisoner to the house. At 6 o'clock man Thomas came in. One look him was sufficient to prove that he as loyal to his master. He had a ank and honest face, but he also had keen eye and was stoutly built. He ought bread and water. He was reectful in his demeanor.

"Sorry for your poor fare, your hon-" he observed, "but it only depends i you to get better. The evening paers may help you on a bit. I'll bring the mattress later. Also a candle." "A faithful servant is a jewel of rare due," replied the captive as he ate

and drank and seemed very much a.

Later on the mattress and a light were brought in, but not another word was spoken. The Hon, Charles was not a man who jumped at conclusions. That £5,000 could be paid with out feeling the loss, but he wanted to think things over a bit. Was he worth the ransom money to himself or the public? Was the American prepared to proceed to extremities in case he did not get his money? The Hon. Charles held that the London detective was the sharpest man on earth. great man would be missed and a hue and cry raised. Would the sleuths

strike the trail and follow it up? The room was rather warm that night, it being summer, but the captive managed to put in a very comfortable night. He was up and ready to bow to Thomas when the bread and water and morning papers were brought in, and he was in fairly good spirits at the end of the third day, when the explorer called for his answer. It was not ready for him. On the contrary, the captive pleasantly observed:

"You see my dear sir, this experience is so unusual with me that I must have a little more time to think it over. shall doubtless be prepared to give you a definite answer.

there was no argument over that. His asleep when he heard the skylight softhead and heard a voice asking:

"Is there anybody down there?" "Only me," answered the honorable as he realized that the voice belonged to a young girl.

"Are you rich or poor, old or young?" ing in the street that afternoon, so he seventy years old."

am an orphan, living with my aunt in this row, ten doors below. If I am same as it is in the books. I'm sorry sible in so short a time. for you, but I must say good night."

captive. "I can't turn myself into a young man, but I can give some nice young man money to marry you on. pon the man or open correspondence. That will amount to the same thing, won't it?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so. Will you

"Yes-a hundred." The girl ran away without another word, but fifteen minutes later she dropped a rope down the opening, with one end made fast to a chimney, and the captive soon stood beside her. He found her a girl of only thirteen, but he dowered her liberally. He did not go to the police, but straight home. He did not seek the arrest of the explorer, but wrote him a polite note to say that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, it would be impossible to

the hand cannot be taken away before from the water before the change cry.

takes place. The ephemere, after leaving the water, seeks a place where it can divest said. itself of a fine membrane or veil, which entirely covers it. This second change takes place in the air.

The ephemere assists itself with the point of its little nails as firmly as it can. It makes a movement similar to that of a shiver; then the skin on the middle of the back breaks apart, the wings slip out of their sheath, as we sometimes take off our gloves by turning them inside out. After this stripping the ephemere begins to fly. Sometimes it holds itself straight up on the surface of the water on the end of its tail, flapping its wings one against the other. It takes no nourishment in the five or six hours which are the limit of its life. It seems to have been formed st five months. I am supposed to be but to multiply, for it does not leave its state of a worm until it is ready to deposit its eggs, and it dies as soon as

they are deposited. In three days' time one sees appear and die all species of ephemere. They last sometimes until the fifth day, for the reason that some malady has affected some of them and prevents them from changing at the same time as the others.

A STUDY IN EYES.

Michael Angelo had hazel eyes.

Mohammed had coal black eyes. Milton had gray blue eyes, clear and

Beethoven had small brown eyes, very mobile. Dante had, according to Boccaccio,

large black eyes. Isaac Newton had blue eves, small, bright and piercing.

Cowper, physically timid, had weak blue eyes devoid of animation. Harvey, the discoverer of the circu-

lation of the blood, had small eyes, full of spirit. Carlyle's eyes were described as "the very handsomest ever seen in a man's head—dark blue."

Getting a Fit "What's the matter across the way?" asked the tailor of a bystander as the lily, and they wanted to be together. ambulance backed up to the door of

his rival. "A customer fell in a fit, and they are taking him to the hospital," was the reply

"That's strange," said the tailor. "I never knew a customer to get a fit in that establishment before."

After the railway accident: "Did yer get compensation, Bill?"

"Yes; £5 me and £5 the missus." "Why, I didn't know she wor' 'urt." "She wasn't, but I had the presence of mind to fetch 'er one on the 'ead with me boot."-London Tatler.

Burden's Failure

By CLAY MARSDEN

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"Come right in," said the girl at the head of the stairs. "I have been expecting you for an hour." "It is pleasant to be expected," laugh-

ed Burden. "That will do," said the girl sharply. "No impertinence or I shall report you

to the janitress." Burden could not quite see what the janitress had to do with the matter, but he lifted the soft slouch hat that was a part of his fishing toggery and started to pass on up the stairs to his apartment.

"Come in here," called the girl imperiously. "You don't suppose that I came downstairs to meet you, do you?" She led the way through an open door, affording a vista of chaos, to the parlor of the apartment. "Those pic-At the end of another three days I tures had better be hung first," she commanded. "I will tell you where."

Burden gasped. For the first time He was told that the three days he realized what was expected of him. would add £300 to his ransom, but She had mistaken him for a day worker for whom she had probably sent to captor retired, the same food and old aid her in straightening out her new mattress were brought in, and as the home. The fact that he was in an evening grew old the prisoner stretch- old suit and had rung the nearest bell ed out for a rest. He was falling in the lobby because he had forgotten his keys accounted for the error. It ly raised. Then he caught sight of a had been her bell he had rung. She was expecting a man to help, and she had supposed that he was the one. There would not be very much do-

"I am fairly rich, and I am a man slipped off his coat and went to work. It was evident that the little woman "That won't do," said the girl. "I intended to get the full worth of her money out of him, for she kept him busy, and under her skillful direction to rescue anybody, he must be young the flat soon assumed an appearance and rich and ready to marry me, the of orderliness he had not supposed pos-

She explained that her mother would



At the foot of the first flight he came the change is made unless by pressing face to face with the girl. She recogthe worm slightly in the region of the nized him in spite of the change that chest. By this means it can be taken evening clothes made and gave a little

"Then you were not the man the janitress promised to send up?" she

Burden lifted his hat. "I admit it," he began. "When I saw the mistake you had made and remembered that I had seen Phil, the chore man, disgustingly intoxicated on my way in, I let you persist in your mistake that I might be of assistance." "And you let me pay you money,"

she reproached. "If you think I didn't earn it," he smiled, "I'll give it back." "But I made you earn it!" She shud-

driven him. "And I gave you 10 cents for a glass of beer." "Beer is only five," he explained. "Won't you have the other one? I guess that you must be as tired and as hungry as I am. You did your full

share of the work, so won't you come and share the reward? I know that It's unconventional, but it will be such fun. Will you come?" The girl looked into his eyes. What she saw there must have satisfied her, for she turned to descend the stairs

with him. "My name is Burden," he announced thaniel Burden, commonly known as

"I am Lois Trevor," she retorted. "I am glad to meet Mr. Burden."

Burden tucked her arm through his and led the way to the street car. It was only a short ride, and Lois gave a little gasp when she saw the restau-

"I did not realize how hungry I was until I began to wonder if they would serve an unescorted woman at this time of night."

Burden glanced at the clock in the window. It was only half past 10, but it seemed later to her. "We won't worry about such things."

he suggested. "Just think about what is best to eat." Over the tasteful meal he had or-

dered she grew more communicative. She had come to the city to study music, he learned. There were only her mother and herself left of a large fam-There was something in Burden's man-ner that institled coundence, and, atmost without realizing it, she was chatting as with an old friend.

The next afternoon he called to pay his respects to Mrs. Trevor, and before long the two women had come to regard Burden almost as one of the family. He took them to concerts and the theater and formed the habit of dropping in for a chat in the evenings when

he was not going out. Then came the panic, and for a week many a firm's fate hung in the balance. The one in which Burden was a partner was persistently included in the list of the doubtful concerns, and then one afternoon the late editions came

our with the statement that the hous had been forced to suspend.

Lois read the report feverishly, but when Burden came home late that night and wearily began to ascend the steps she was at the head of the flight to welcome him, calm eyed and quiet "Mother wants you to come in and have some coffee," she pleaded. "We saw the papers and are so sorry." "I'll come gladly," he said as his

drawn face lighted up. "I shall be glad to forget business for the moment. To find you waiting here like the first time we met is as unexpected as it is pleasant." "We could not sleep," she explained,

ed to know that all was well with you if not with the business." "You didn't suppose I was going to shoot myself in the true melodramatic

shook her head. "It wasn't exactly that," she explain- in the parish. ed, "but we thought it might not seem so hard if you had a chance to rest up a little before you went to your

He followed her into the tiny dining room, where a dainty cold lunch was spread. "Cast your restaurant meals on the water and they will come back in the shape of real home stuff," he laughed.

"I hope this lunch will do you as much good as that other supper did me," said Lois earnestly. "More," he protested. "There is only one thing I should like better." "And that?" she asked.

"A meal in our own home," he explained. "Is there hope for me, Lois?" The girl nodded her head. "You are-so handy about the house,"

she explained to cover her confusion. Somehow Burden was rather glad of it.

That's a good recommendation, net laughed. "If the firm really does fail I think I shall hire out by the day."

Final's a good recommendation, net laughed. "If the firm really does fail Eileen was like at laughed." "If," she echoed.

turned rumor into what purported to be a statement of facts. You see, you will not have to carry a beggar after Elleen divided her favors equally,

Are We a Courteous People? Are we as Americans as courteous ward Barney. Every one liked him, in all our relations of life as well disposed visitors occasionally think us? Are we as courteous as mixed blood, equitable laws and a prevailing sentiment of self respect might be reasonably expected to make us? Do we not sometimes confound issues, confuse disinterestedness with politeness and believe that because good breeding comes from the heart all good hearted people are consequently well bred? Yet there are men and women who stand ever ready to help their fellow creatures and who are seldom or ever polite to them. Dr. Johnson was one of the kindest of men, but of that courtesy which respects the feelings as well as the rights of others he had never the faintest perception. "Now, what

shas lived three years in that of a worm, which keeps always near the border of water in the foles which it makes in the mud.

The change of this worm in the water to an ephemere which files is so sudden that one has not the time to see it. If one takes the worm in the water the hand cannot be taken away before the hand cannot be taken that of the author from stirring the fire with the author from stirring the fire with and connects with train leaving Ruff.

Handicap." There Mulvaney checks to his own rooms and tumbled into the tub. It had been hard work the author from stirring the fire with Ortheris' bayonet on the ground that the country that same is myself:

The door creaked on its heaving Swa only a bit of a lad.

The door creaked on its there's a miserable lad in the country that same is myself:

The door creaked on its hievel. Seamas McShane, who had left Ireland for America years before when the country that same i border of water in the coles which it and hot, and he was glad of the chance of the takes the heart out of the steel. Barney was only a bit of a lad. But northeast Asia hold it a sin to take present need fire with an ax, for they believe that next

them of its valuable services. Is this have degree more irrational than the his popularity trebled. dered as she thought of how she had in any degree more irrational than the belief still existent among housekeepers that a feeble fire can be made to burn up by laying the poker across it. -London Outlook.

TEA BUGS AND TEA MITES. They Are the Plagues of the Assam

Tea Gardens. Every animal and plant has its parasite, and from this general law, it seems, the tea plant is not exempt Two insects are described as spending their lives in tea drinking. They are the plague of the Assam tea gardens when they reached the street-"Na- and are known as the tea bug and tea

The mites spend their entire lives on the tea plant and are never known to attack any other leaf. They live in families and societies on the upper side of the full grown leaf and spin a delicate web for a shelter. They then puncture the leaves and pump out the

liquid in the plant veins. They seem to become very dainty in their tastes, for a sprinkling of muddy water over their floor and tea table is the only remedy known to check their ravages. Even this is not always effectual.

The tea bug is still more destructive and is evidently possessed of an appreciation of the best kinds of tea, since it always attacks those of a mild and delicate flavor. Such as afford harsh and rasping llquors are almost entirely free from its attacks.— London Chronicle.

Caution. "Sister Henderson," said Deacon Hy-

pers, "you should avoid even the appearance of evil." "Why, deacon, what do you mean?" asked Sister Henderson.

"I observe that on your sideboard PRICES THE LOWEST! you have several cut glass decanters and that each of them is half filled with what appears to be ardent spirits." "Well, now, deacon, it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles look so pretty

on the sideboard that I just filled them halfway with some floor stain and fur niture polish just for appearances." "That's why I'm cautioning you, sister," replied the deacon. "Feeling a trifle weak and faint, I helped myself to a dose from the big bottle in the

Barney's Fortune

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay Copyright, 1986, by C. H. Sutcliffe

It was spring in Ballymoran, and the turf had taken on that vivid green seen nowhere beyond the shores of Ireand. The pungent peat smoke drifted lazily against the intense blue of the "while you were in trouble. We want- sky. Thrushes sang on the boughs of gnarled apple trees that skirted the low stone walls. Barney thought he never had seen the village look lovefashion, did you?" he laughed. Lois lier; but, then, as every one knew, Barney was the most happy-go-lucky lad

A thatched cabin of one room and a couple of pigs comprised his worldly possessions; but "Light of purse and light of heart," he often said, "is better than riches and the gout." He found only one drawback in poverty, and that was that he could not ask Eileen Kearny to marry him till he had more to offer her. Yet hope is always astir when on

s young, and Barney knew that with thrift and perseverance he could lay by enough; so, rain or shine, he worked in the peat bogs with a song on his lins, for he felt that every penny he laid by was bringing Eileen nearer to

He thought of this exultantly as he strolled with her in the long twilights when the wind was as soft as a caress "That's a good recommendation," he- and the scent of apple blossoms came

Eileen was like an apple blossom herself, to Barney's thinking. She had the "Just that," he confirmed. "It was a trick to throw the market. We are a trick to throw the market. We are same delicate coloring and a grace as a trick to throw the market. We are solid enough, but the sensational sheets if she loved him she gave no sign. If she smiled on him she also smiled on be a statement of facts. You see, you his cousin Hugh, a sullen mouthed lad

"I don't care what you are, Nat," and the village looked on and wondershe said tenderly, "so that you are ed which man would win. Now fate seemed inclined toward one and now toward the other. The villagers themselves inclined to-



up a burning ember for a pipe light | Seamus McShane came of a sturdy, with the point of a knife. The ex- long lived race. Therefore it was with planation is undoubtedly given by Jo- a distinct shock that one fine spring hannes de Plano Carpini hen he tells morning Barney received notice of his as that one of the Tartar superstitions | uncle's death. The lad's first feeling concerns "sticking a knife into the fire | was one of sorrow that Seamus should or in any way touching the fire with have died in a far land without either a knife or even taking meat out of the kith or kin, yet his uncle was only a kettle with a knife or cutting near the memory, so it was pardonable that his so the head of the fire would be cut sibilities opened to him, for now he off."

Could marry Eileen. How much he had fallen heir to he did not know, but ancient idea that fire is a living creature, a sacred animal, which must not be wounded by its human owners in case it should be annoyed and deprive them of its rainable.

"I always had a fondness for the hoy " said Piddy McPride "'Tis a foine lad he is entoirely," agreed old Donnelly Barney carried himself modestly

enough. He was not unduly elated at

KILL THE COUCH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH EF. King's

ONSUMPTION Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial. and LUNG TROUB-

A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and Ceneral Job Work.

Stoyes, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

heart sang within him at his luck, and his feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth as he went from house to house Barney, "a lucky lad, and—and—I wish bidding his friends to the wake which

ing in memory of his uncle.

arrived early at Barney's bare little home, where candles burned with a cheerful glow and where laughter and shuffling of feet half muffled the played by a wandering fiddler. All the village was there save Hugh, a 2 20 the real estate and house renting opti-

of eighty-seven marriage licenses is-sue of the children vouchsafed the ormation that he had been seen ridway from Ballymoran at a brisk | the pessimist of the firm, who was leanrent about among his guests prom-gitted to this one and that and houses, flats or at least eligible aparti and thu h appeared among

s late ye are, avick," said Barbut yere none the less wel-Tis from the postoffice I am," an-

ered high and drew from the pocket mud bespattered coat an official looking cavelone, the seal of which was not yet broken. its from Uncle Seamus," Hugh went on, and the guests gathered round him, while Eileen held the can-

lie that he might read.

Earney sat on a table near by, swinging his feet. He stole a glance at Elleen and noted the shadow the candle threw across her face and how her dark lashes swept the rose of her cheek. "Arrah, my darlint," he whis-pered to himself, "before this evenin's gone I'll have your promise!" Then he omposed himself to listen to the let-

It was very brief-brief as the hopes of Barney, for it was to Hugh that Seamus McShane had left his fortune. Thea Hugh had finished reading the letter the guests drew a long breath. Barney was the first to come forward and congratulate him.

ral acclaim, for Hugh had become the Barney were now lavished on him. Dobber-1s it? The picture I showed his good fortune went to his head like her was "Colves in a Meadow." "Since I'm the heir," he cried, "ye must all come home with me and drink LACKAWANNA RAILEGISD -BLOOMSBURG DIVI

remembrance to Uncle Seamus!" This Delaware, Lackawanna and Western was greeted with a shout of acquiescence. The fiddler started up "The Rocky Road to Dublin," and, singing and laughing, the guests danced out the door. A few paused long enough to say good night to their host and

ney, starting to his feet. Eileen's eyes were very bright and

The Home Paper

Of course you read

EOPLE'S

OPULAR

APER

Everybody Reads It.

Published Every Morning Except

Sunday

cion o cer

No. II E Mah

Subscr

of Danville.

THE

what had befallen him, though his | "'Tis my heart I've lost," she an-"Hugh's a lucky lad, Eileen," said

bidding his friends to the wake which he purposed having the following even "Tis not Hugh that has my heart," "Tis no keening I want ye to do at cried Eileen: "'tis—ah, Barney, can ye all," he declared. "'Tis not in such mournful fashion he'd have us keep him in mird. But come and dhrink his girl. I'm poor". Suddorly, a light girl, I'm poor"— Suddenly a light

me seemed to know where he had mist. "In this paper there is a record

r, a piece of news to which Bar-nid small head, so engrossed was down over his eyes. watch at Elleen as she swung | "What of it?" echoed the other. the a reel, eyes alight and step as a fairly's. It seemed to Bar-hat he never had been so happy.

"Can't you see? Those eighty-seven marriage licenses mean eighty-seven marriages. The eighty-seven marriages

in ite.ura. Presently the door in our line, and we'll get our share." "That doesn't follow at all. Those eighty-seven licenses represent 174 perons, don't they?"
"Yes."

"Probably all adults?" "Undoubte ily. What of it?"
"Nothing." growled the pessimist,

except that 174 persons who have hitherto occupied 174 apartments will hereafter occupy eighty-seven. You give me a pain. Go away." True Enough.

Nell-Belle Phoxy seems to have some very wealthy relatives. She told me she was connected with Mrs. Astorbilt. Belle So she was, I believe.

Nell-You mean she is? Belle-No, she was. She was connected with her on the telephone on one occasion.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Philanthropist-Do you ever give poor people a ride in your automobile? Motorist-Quite often. I carry them to the hospital every time i run over them!-New York Press.

"Shure, there's no one more deserving of it than yourself," he said steadi-your paintings? Dobber-I don't know. ly, but his voice was lost in the gen- Stippler-What did she say about hero of the evening. The attentions that I put a great deal of myself into that had formerly been showered on my work. Stippler—Well, that's praise.

> -BLOOMSBURG DIVISION Railroad. In Effect Jan. 1, 1905. TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE

EASTWARD.

T. E. CLARKE, Gen'l Sun't. T. W. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt.

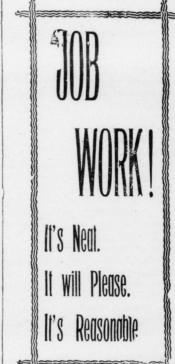
All you can ask

that trial.

No. 11 E. Mahoning St ..



kinds of Printing



A well protasty, Bill or ter Head, Po

Program, Sta ment or Card

Ticket, Circu

satisfaction to you

New Type, New Presses Promptness-

> A trial will make you our custome: We respectfully ask

DANVITUE. PA

an advertisemen

for your business