

# Nan's Wooing

By TAYLOR WHITE  
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"I simply must make that train," said Nan. "I must get home."  
Bert looked at his mother. She made a helpless gesture.  
"I don't see how it can be done, my dear Nan," she said weakly. "Both of the horses have gone lame, the livery has no horse in, and the expressman cannot come for your trunk until this afternoon."  
"Can't we beg, borrow or buy a rig?" she demanded. "Surely every horse and cart in Pleasantville is not engaged."  
"I guess you'll have to stay over until tomorrow," said Bert blandly. "I can get a horse by then."  
"I'm going to get one right away," she said decidedly. "I promised Nell Taylor when her bridesmaid and I'm going to."  
Mrs. Montrose stared. "My dear Nan," she said coldly. "I hope you will do nothing to excite comment."  
Nan stared. She had told them a week ago that she must leave on Thursday, and they had made no move toward looking after her departure. Now that she had been forced to take the matter into her own hands this placid remark irritated her.  
"I am going to get that trunk to the train if I have to hire a circus parade," she said spitefully as she darted out of the door.  
Mrs. Montrose held up her hands in placid horror. "My dear Bert," she said, "it is almost fortunate that the girl will not have you."  
"Nothing of the sort," was the brutal response. "I need the money, and you know I do. If you hadn't made that row about her riding Dwight's horse it would have been all right. I was hoping if I forgot about the baggage she might stay on, and I could patch it up."  
"Well, let us hope that the girl does not entirely disgrace us," was the weak rejoinder as Mrs. Montrose went into the parlor, where she could command a view of the street.  
Nan Udell had been a thorn in her flesh ever since she had come from the



"I FANCY YOU SHOCKED MRS. MONTROSE, BUT IS SO EXACTLY PROVERBIAL."  
west for a visit. Her father and the late John Montrose had been mining partners in the early days. Each had made his strike, and when Nan and Bert were born it was agreed that they were to marry when they should be old enough. Nan had come visiting with the implied understanding that they were to wed, but Bert had soon disgusted her, while there had been numerous conflicts between herself and Mrs. Montrose, who was perpetually shocked at her breezy western manner. She administered the last shock when she presently drove up to the house on the seat of an express wagon, talking spiritedly to the driver. She sprang to the ground before he could descend and assist her and ran up the steps.  
"All right," she cried as she threw open the door. "Please let John help the man with the trunks."  
"But how are you going to get into town?" objected Mrs. Montrose.  
"I'll ride with the man," laughed Nan. "He said I might, if it won't be the first time. Goodbye, Mrs. Montrose. I'm sorry I was such a trouble to you. I'll write when I get home and write and tell you all about the wedding, Goodbye, Bert."  
She turned and flew down the steps after the man and with a spring was back on the seat beside him.  
"If you're in a hurry," she said contentedly as he touched the team with the whip, "the only way is to do a thing yourself."  
"You seem quite capable of looking after things yourself," he laughed. "I fancy you shocked Mrs. Montrose. She is so eminently proper."  
"I'm sorry," she said penitently. "But I just had to get home, and they knew it. I'm glad I found you."  
"So am I," he laughed.  
"You ought to be out west," she said, with a comprehensive gaze that was not impertinent because it was so frank. "You're more the type of western man. They don't have a lot of men of your type here."  
The driver flushed. "We have them," he said quietly. "But I guess they don't travel in the Pleasantville set." He laughed as he thought of the snobbish social circle of the little suburb where even the trolley was barred. Nan read his thoughts and laughed in sympathy. Her visit had not been pleasant.  
She chatted on as they sped along. The man was singularly intelligent for a workman, and she enjoyed his chat as much as she did the presence of a real man after six weeks with the pale youths who constituted the male element of Pleasantville society. She was almost sorry when they reached the town and drove up to the station.  
The driver ushered her into the waiting room, purchased her ticket and finally checked her trunks and finally came toward her. "Here is what I had to pay out," he said, offering a neat memorandum. "This is the change."  
She glanced at the coins and smiled. "That's the last of my greenbacks," she laughed. "Now I'll get gold again. I like it lots better."  
"We don't take it on here," he said.  
"But I've got to give you one," she said. "I have no more bills."  
She held out a five dollar gold piece, and after a pause his hand closed over

# The Girl From the West

By OTHO B. SENGU  
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Paul Alger looked firmly into Mrs. Elliott's face.  
"You don't realize what you're asking, Aunt Ruth," he said.  
"I'm not asking," he said. "I'm simply telling you what I expect of you. The girl will be here tomorrow. My will is made with these plans in view. If you don't fall in with them, you're disinherited absolutely; that's all."  
"Aunt Ruth, you've been more than a mother to me, and I'd like to do everything I can to please you, but this is expecting too much. I must reserve the right to select my own wife."  
Mrs. Elliott was stubbornly silent, and after a moment the young fellow said earnestly, "Aunt Ruth, give me the money to let her go if you want to, but don't let her come between you and me."  
"Don't talk to me, Paul," impatiently. "I will give it to you two—either or not at all!"  
"What is this girl, Alger demanded with heat, "that she should be thrust upon me in this style?"  
"She is the daughter of my husband's brother. When the girl and my Fredrick were little children the brothers promised each other that the children should marry when they were old enough. Frederick died, and after your mother's death I adopted you. You have taken Frederick's place in everything else. You must in this promise, Paul."  
"It is utterly impossible," he said.  
"Paul," temptingly, "she is very pretty."  
Alger smiled and shook his head. "She is musical."  
"Yes," he said. "She plays the violin."  
"What insufferable presumption!" impatiently. "A girl from the wild west, brought up on a cattle ranch, you said. Doubtless she can ride a broncho or lasso a steer, but she shouldn't meddle with the violin. She probably never heard of Bach or Mendelssohn and wouldn't know a sonata from a sandwich. Aunt, I can fancy her bringing her violin in her arms and playing for the delectation of the other passengers in the Pullman. Ugh!"  
"You refuse, then?"  
"Most decidedly."  
"Very well," he said. "I accept your decision as final."  
The next day Alger from his desk in the library saw the girl as she entered the adjoining room, where Mrs. Elliott waited to greet her. She was tall and graceful, with a high bred air of ease that surprised him. Her voice was clear and well modulated.  
"You are my guest," he said. "I expect her manner of speech to be a cross between a cowboy's yell and an Indian warwhoop."  
He saw the servant come in with a violin case.  
"Will madam have this in the music room?"  
"Oh, no, here," and Vera held out her hand.  
"You brought this yourself, Vera?" Mrs. Elliott's tone held the slightest suggestion of annoyance.  
"In my arms, literally," laughed Vera. Alger in his dim corner smiled.  
Vera gently placed the case on the floor and lifted out the instrument as tenderly as a mother lifts her babe from its cradle.  
"Oh, Aunt Ruth," fervently, "when you see it you will understand my beautiful violin!"  
She clasped it to her bosom with a gesture of tenderness. The beauty of the girl, the unaffected grace of her pose and her evident artistic appreciation stirred Alger to instant admiration.  
He met the girl at dinner. She gave him one long, earnest look that he felt at once an inquiry and a challenge, and then she directed her conversation to Mrs. Elliott.  
Alger was piqued. He was accustomed to more attention from young women. She related some of the incidents of her trip.  
"We had a concert each evening. There were three girls in our Pullman coming to Boston to study music. They sang well."  
"And you played, I suppose, Miss Elliott?" Alger could not forbear the question.  
She turned her glance upon him briefly. "Oh, I scraped my little best," she said.  
Alger felt the rebuff, but he shot a triumphant glance at his aunt.  
As the evening progressed Alger began to wish that he could win some pleasant look or word from the girl and to deeply resent his inability to do so.  
"Will you play for us, Miss Elliott?" he asked, more humbly than was his habit.  
She was about to decline, but Mrs. Elliott added quickly: "For me, Vera, dear. I am so anxious to hear you."  
The instrument with which Vera returned to the room caught Alger's discriminating eye at once.  
"Where did you get this, Miss Elliott?" Alger asked as he recognized its rarity and value.  
"It is a gift from my master. He had owned it for many years. He has also a Guarnerius and an Amati. But this was his 'sweetheart.' He always called it so."  
"A master of the violin does not own a violin instrument he loves best—a Guarnerius almost beyond price—to a pupil who merely 'scrapes,'" thought Alger.  
"Did he have many pupils, Miss Elliott?" he asked.  
"No one but myself. He is old and can no longer play. Age has stiffened his fingers. But he played once—oh, how he could play! He taught me from a little child, and when I could play—to please him—he gave me this."  
"Your teacher was a German?" tentatively.  
"A Belgian," quietly. "Now you shall hear the voice of the Stradivarius."  
She tuned the strings and played. There was certainty of chord fingering, a strength, an almost manliness, combined with emotional warmth, about her interpretation of the difficult Bach sonata that amazed Alger.  
"Bach's D Minor Sonata is not for amateurs," he said gravely to his aunt. "Miss Elliott's gift is beyond question. She would rank with the great violinists of the present day."  
"I think John possessed some musical ability," replied Mrs. Elliott serenely.  
The girl raised her brow with an indescribable gesture of reverence. "My master," proudly, "was a De Beriot. My master is my grandfather. I did not wish to seem to boast. He is

# FLY FISHING.

The Expert Angler Explains Why It is a Humane Sport.  
"Well," said Chichester, "if it comes to suffering, I doubt whether the fish are conscious of any such thing as we mean by it. But even if they are they suffer twice as much and a thousand times as long shut up in this hot, nasty pool as they would in being caught in proper style."  
"But the kind of hook!"  
"Hurts about as much as a pin prick."  
"But think of the fearful struggle and the long, gasping agony on the shore!"  
"There's no fear in the struggle. It's just a trial of strength and skill. It's a game of football. A fish isn't afraid of death; he doesn't know anything about it. And there is no gasping on the shore, but a quick rap on the head with a stick, and it's all over."  
"But why should he be killed at all?"  
"Well," said he, smiling, "there are reasons of taste. You eat salmon, don't you?"  
"Ye-es," she answered a little doubtfully, then with more assurance, "but remember what Wilbur Short says in that lonely chapter on 'Communion With the Catfish'—I want them brought to the table in the simplest and most painless way."  
"And that is angling with the fly," said he, still more decidedly. "The fly is not swallowed like a bait. It sticks in the skin of the lip, where there is least feeling. There is no torture in the play of a salmon. It's just a fair fight with an unknown opponent. Compare it with the other ways of bringing a fish to the table. If he's caught in a net, he hangs there for hours, slowly strangled. If he's speared, half the time the spear sails, and he struggles off badly wounded. And if he's speared through him he is hung out on the bank to bleed to death. Even if he escapes he is sure to come to a pitiful end some day—perish by starvation when he gets too old to catch his food or be torn to pieces by a seal, an otter or a fishhawk. Fly fishing really offers him—"  
"Never mind that," said Ethel.  
"What does it offer you?"  
"A gentleman's sport, I suppose," he answered rather slowly—Henry van Dyke in Scribner's.  
The Thumb.  
The radical difference between the hand of man and of the monkey lies in the thumb. In the human hand the thumb has the "opposing power," which means that the thumb can be made to touch the tip of each or any of the other fingers on the same hand. The monkey's thumb is nonopposable.—Pittsburg Dispatch.  
Needed the Money.  
"Say," queried old Wedderly, "why don't you get married?"  
"Because," replied young Singleton, "I'm too poor."  
"Huh!" rejoined the old man. "When I was your age I was so poor I had to marry."—Chicago News.  
They Must Like It.  
"Does this powder really kill the cockroaches?" asked the housekeeper the grocery man.  
"Why certainly not!" replied the grocer. "If it did we wouldn't sell a third of them!"

# PLAYING CARDS.

Peculiarities of Those Used by the Different Nations.

"One of the most interesting collections of foreign folk that I've seen recently," said a man ordinarily too busy to make the trip over the seas himself, "is an assortment of playing cards from various parts of the world."  
"In every country the owner of the collection visited—and he went to a good many—picked up cards of local manufacture and so representative of the nation."  
"The Russian cards are perhaps the most elaborate. The faces of the kings and queens are different in each suit, indicating the racial elements that go to compose the empire."  
"On the Greek cards classical heroes and heroines are represented. Nestor for example, is the king of hearts and Hercules the king of clubs. Amunemhotep is the king of spades and Danae the king of hearts and diamonds. The Greek pack is rather a cheap one and scarcely does honor to the celebrities portrayed."  
"Cardiz is a center for card manufacturing. The idea of the Spanish card-maker seems to be to get as much color on the cards as possible. The royal robes are of unusual magnificence. The clubs are big bludgeons in green and red, and the knaves of clubs, gayly caparisoned on a prancing horse, remind you instantly of Jack the Giant Killer. The spades are ugly little daggers, and for hearts and diamonds there are disks and dice cups. The cards in some of the Spanish packs are very thin and have a capital spring."  
"The Madeira cards come from Lisbon. The figures are more conventional and a deal less than on the Spanish. The ace cards are adorned with typical Portuguese scenes."  
"A peculiarity of the pack bought in Constantinople is that the ace cards in addition to the spade, diamond, club or heart in the center of the pack have diminutive aces at the upper left hand and lower right hand corners."  
"The Italian face cards portray decidedly gloomy personages. Each one of the face cards, by the way, carries in small print the name and address of the maker. There are tiny pictures of a king and a queen, and a half and three-quarters in size, which can be bought on the streets of Naples for a soldo. These resemble the Spanish cards to some extent, although the royalties are more dignified."  
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# THE HUMAN MACHINE

MAN'S BODY AND ITS WONDERS OF MECHANICAL DEVICES.

Many of the inventions of the day are infringements on the clever and ingenious devices registered in Nature's Patent Office.  
So fearfully and wonderfully is the human body made that scientists are beginning to realize that many of the inventions of the day are infringements on nature's patent office. A good deal of trouble and worry in the past could have been avoided had inventors made a careful study of the devices employed in making these human bodies of ours the useful things they are. The principles of the block and pulley or the tackle could have been discovered ages before had the laws of nature's patent office been ransacked, for there are several complete pulleys in the body, notably the one which moves the eyelid inward toward the nose.  
Engineers made exhaustive tests and experiments before they discovered the hollow shaft or rod of iron or steel is about twice as strong as a solid one. Yet nature had patented this device in our bones since the birth of Adam and Eve, and every important bone is practically constructed on this principle. The ball and socket of the hip joint, and the ball and socket of the modern ball bearings, and it was the first automatic oiling machine used in the world. The value of air pressure and a vacuum was unknown to man until the last century, but every one of us carried the secret in the air tight hip joint which nature had assigned to lessen the muscular effort to hold our legs upright in position.  
Engineers have made wonderful progress in developing compound suction and circular pumps, but all of the principles contained in them are found in the heart, and this little pumping machine is still without a rival in the mechanical world.  
The principles of the safety valve for steam engines are not so new as they seem. Our human bodies carry with them the first automatic safety valves ever designed. There are upward of 2,500,000 of them. We call them by the common name of sweat glands. Each such little gland has a safety valve which lets off heat from the body when it gets beyond a safe temperature. We cannot stand a rise of more than 8 to 10 degrees of temperature, and live. If therefore the safety valves were closed for twenty-four hours, death would supervene.  
Adam's apple was the first storage cistern ever built, and it works with automatic regularity through health and sickness. It is a most important organ of the body, although for centuries it was considered a superfluous attachment. It regulates the flow of blood between the heart and the brain. When it ceases to operate, somebody dies of apoplexy or a rush of blood to the brain. When the heart sends up too much blood to the head, the Adam's apple steps in to check the flow and store it up for future emergencies. If the heart is temporarily weakened or put out of good running order, the blood stored in this cistern is given up and sent to the brain. The perfect work of this little device is shown when we consider how comparatively few die of a rush of blood to the brain or of a deficiency of supply.  
The eye has a score of small inventions worthy of recording, the ear nearly as many more and the vital organs an equal number. There is the liver with its quarantine station. Let any poisons enter our systems with food and they are immediately held up at this quarantine station and destroyed by a secret process. It is only when poisons enter in large quantities that the station cannot handle them. But the stomach co-operates with the liver and intercepts some of the poisons. There are small machines there which manufacture minute quantities of hydrochloric acid from the salts eaten. This acid is made in exact proportion to the amount of food consumed and serves to destroy the microbes

# TESSIE THE WAITRESS.

The Reason That Faithful No. 12 Took a Day Off.

Like the fated duchess in Browning's poem, Tessie smiled upon all men. No matter how intricate the order or how many times you sent things back, she never grumbled. There was always a smile and a quarter of a cent at her table. "The boys" who regularly gathered in the downtown restaurant at half past 12 would wait fifteen minutes for the privilege of being served by Tessie. They joked her a good deal and always were rewarded by a dashingly neat and accurate service. A bit of repartee or perhaps a little extra attention to their order. But never did one of them presume upon her friendliness and bon camaraderie to overstep the very certain line which she had drawn between herself and those whom she served. She was young, beautiful, pretty, but her "mothered" them all, and no matter how tenderly she might ask if the eggs were just right or the coffee hot, they knew that it was useless to misinterpret that "mothering."  
Tessie stayed in the downtown lunch room just three years. From the day she came the manager's discerning eye discovered a prize in her, and from the ladies' table she was promoted to one where masculinity and tips were more frequent. If a waitress were absent, Tessie was always given the "extra" to serve, and she never complained. Tessie was never tardy, never too ill to work, never distrustful or careless. Tirelessly she went up and down with her arm full of dishes and food. "The boys" used to speculate sometimes upon Tessie's matrimonial possibilities and hazard guesses as to what they would do when some fellow carried her off to wait on himself exclusively. But in time she became such a fixture that they ceased wondering why such a pretty girl was forced to work in a quick lunch room and gave up the thought that she would ever marry at all.  
That is why they were very much surprised one day when they arrived to find no Tessie. Another waitress tried to take her place, but nobody got what he wanted, and nothing went right. They had been so used to depending upon Tessie's suggestions and her memory that the new waitress had a hard time of it. Finally in a fit of the growth one of the boys called the manager over.  
"Say," he demanded, "where's Tessie?"  
The manager lifted his eyebrows politely.  
"Tessie?" he began. "Oh, you mean No. 12. She will be back tomorrow."  
The next morning Tessie appeared as usual. The crowd of young clerks greeted her with a whoop.  
"Where have you been?" he demanded.  
Tessie looked at them for a moment. Her fingers gripped the edge of the table, and two big tears rose to her eyes.  
"I stayed home yesterday," she said chokingly, "to go to my husband's funeral."  
The clerks looked at one another blankly.  
"Your husband?" exclaimed somebody.  
"Yes," said Tessie simply. "He's dead. He had been ill three years—consumption." And then she hurried away to the kitchen to give her orders and wipe her tear stained face.—New York Press.  
Figures of the same shape don't always have the same style.  
Figures of the same size never consider themselves equivalent.  
A straight line is the shortest distance between two millinery openings.  
A plain figure is one all points of which have been neglected by the dressmaker.  
A mixed line is a line composing the reception committee of a club's presidential candidate.  
A broken line is a series of unnecessary lines described by a woman applying for a street car.  
A straight line determined by two bargain tables is considered as prolonging both ways until the store closes.  
Women equal to the same thing are not always equal to each other.—Nellie Parker Jones in Chicago Record-Herald.

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