

# A Little Ingenue

By BELLE MANIATES

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Back in the midst of a hundred oaks stood the rambling old farmhouse, its lawn stretching into gardens, its garden into meadows, its meadows into woods. In this ideal country place dwelt Elinor Wilkes, a stern, practical old man, his timid, docile wife and their orphaned granddaughter, Helene Lawrence, who, despite the fact that her upbringing had been strictly and narrowly supervised by her grandfather and that she had been allowed no playmates, was blossoming into a winsome, affectionate maidenhood.

The last month had been one of delight to her. One day an automobile had broken down near the house, and its occupant, a beautiful young woman from the city, had stayed there while her chauffeur had returned for repairs.

How it was accomplished was a mystery, but Miss Marshall had won the old man's consent to her becoming a boarder at the Oaks for a few weeks, as she was in search of just such a place for rest and quiet after a gay season.

The first before her return to her home she took a beautiful stroll through the woods with Helene, whose eyes rested in wistful meditation upon her companion.

"Louise," she said in soft voiced tones, "I am lonely and sad at the thought of your leaving us."

"My dear little ingenue, I wish I could persuade your grandfather to let you accompany me. It is preposterous to think you have been shut up in one place, no matter how lovely it may be, for the whole of your life—never to have been to the city, even, or to have seen any young men save the farmers about here."

"Oh, Louise," said the young girl, with a bright blush, "I went to the little station today, and I saw the grocer. He has recently come there. Such a fine color and such beautiful eyes. Have you seen him?"

"Yes," replied Louise, the muscles of her face rigid in her effort to maintain composure. "I went to the station the other day, and I saw him."

"He is going to come to the places about here every day now to take orders, he says. Don't you think him a fine man?"

The young girl shook her head incredulously.

"The next day Louise Marshall left the Oaks for her home and took Helene with her to the station, a distance of three miles through a stretch of cool dark trees. The little ingenue gazed sadly after the train that was bearing away one who had made life so different and so interesting to her. She had to leave the horse at the blacksmith's to be shod, so she returned on foot through the woods. As she walked slowly beneath the canopy of the olive tinted leaves she heard footsteps coming quickly behind her. It was the grocer."

"I just drove in from the next town and saw you as you were leaving the depot, and I overtook you to see if I might not walk with you."

The little ingenue was very tired and was willing at his bidding to walk more slowly. When they came to a fallen tree he urged her to sit down and rest. Knowing well that this was an opportunity that would never come to her again, she yielded to the temptation to sit down beside him.

The grocer was a quiet man, but she gazed intently at him, and he returned her gaze with a steady, unflinching stare. "I must go," she murmured confusedly, rising.

He rose too.

When they came to a fallen tree he urged her to sit down.

"Wait," he urged. "Will you not tell me your name—your first name?"

"Helene," she answered.

"Helene, tell me if this hour you have spent here in the woods alone has been a pleasant one to you."

"The pleasantest hour," she said frankly, "that I ever have spent."

"Helene, would you like a lifetime of such hours?"

"Yes," she gasped, "no one's life could be that!"

"You shall be, Helene. Will you leave home for me—to be my wife?" Helene was very grave now. "You should not talk like that to me," she said reprovingly. "You should not say that. We do not know each other."

My Dear Louise—I promised you that if my grandfather should ever relent and consent I would pay you a visit. I can now fulfill that promise. I am going to marry the grocer very soon, and I write to see if I may come to you while I make my simple preparations. My grandfather thought you might advise me as to what to purchase. Once more I sign myself the name you gave me.

THE LITTLE INGENUE.  
Dismay at the thought of the beautiful young girl wedding the grocer made Louise oblivious to the entrance of her favorite cousin, Roger Crofton, until he spoke. She handed him the letter.

"I recall that grocer perfectly," she said, with a sigh—"good looking, I admit, and rather well educated, but not her equal! It shall not be!"

"How can you prevent it, Louise?" "I'll introduce her to the world when she comes, and then by contrast she will see her mistake."

She began ordering some simple but elegant evening gowns for the debut of the young girl. When she arrived Louise saw in the transcendent beauty that radiated from every feature that she had no passing fancy to be overthrown. The days that followed brought a round of gaiety, and Helene was pleased and interested in this new life, but one day she came to Louise with sparkling eyes.

"He is coming Tuesday to take me home, and our wedding is soon to be announced. But she re-enforced her courage. Tuesday night she was to give a brilliant evening. The grocer would appear in the midst of the elegant cultured men, and Helene would see the contrast."

The fateful night arrived, and Helene moved among the guests radiant and expectant. Late in the evening she saw the grocer enter the big hall. Louise, noting the sudden disappearance of her little friend, divined the reason, and when the guests had departed she went in search of the girl and her grocer lover. As she approached a little screened retreat Helene stepped forth, her eyes like stars.

"Louise, here he is!" Louise entered the dimly lighted room, tall form came forward, and she looked into the eyes of her cousin Roger.

"I don't understand!" she exclaimed, taking his outstretched hand. "The grocer?"

"I went to the little station near the Oaks one day," he explained, "to recommend a new hat to the grocer, to see what he had to say. I found in an elegant place to fish and loaf and concluded to remain and have Catherine join me. I found the grocer, to whom I applied for lodging, in despair because his clerk had left. I took charge of his store while he went to look up some help, and my first customer was our little friend here. Well, it was a case of love at first sight with me, and I wooed her in the role of grocer from a whim. I revealed my true position to her grandfather, and he found my credentials acceptable, but I did not let Helene know my identity until tonight. I came here to confide in you the other day, and from another whim resolved to let you try your skill at effecting a change of heart. I thought it a good opportunity to show my worldly wise cousin the power of love."

The chimpanzee.  
Liberia is the home of the chimpanzee, of the beautiful monkey known as Dandy Jack, of the water chevrolins and such strange beasts as the gorilla. The chimpanzee is said to bear a near relation to man, and people who do not entertain that view will be able to gauge the sagacity of the animal from the following interesting anecdote: "I saw a young female chimpanzee in the possession of the German consul at Cape Palmas. It would have been difficult to meet with a more human creature not actually of the genus homo. This chimpanzee lived in her owner's house as a child might have done, with a negro nurse to look after her. She was generally allowed complete liberty and did not abuse this freedom by breaking or spoiling anything within her reach and, strange to say, was wonderfully clean in her habits, a virtue too often wanting in chimpanzees. Puppe would come when her name was called and fling herself into her master's arms. Puppe's sympathy with strangers was discriminating. If she liked the person introduced she would climb on his knee and tender charming caresses, pushing out the long lips in a pout to be kissed."

GAY FASHIONS OF THE PAST  
Dandies of Past Centuries Would Make Solomon Look Sad.  
Compared with the gay apparel worn by the dandies of the past ages the youths of our time in the gayest of gay raiment make but a poor show.

The bishop of Ely in the fourteenth century had a change of raiment for every day in the year. The Earl of Northumberland boasted no less than sixty cloths of gold suits at this time. In Queen Mary's time the wardrobe of a bishop must have been the envy of Solomon for the variety and costliness of its contents, and even a simple village priest wore a vestment of crimson satin, a vestment of crimson velvet, a stole and fanon set with pearls, etc.

In the time of Chaucer the men wore clothes as many colored as Joseph's coat, so that while one leg would be a blaze of crimson the other would be streaked out in green, blue or yellow without any regard for harmony or contrast.

Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century a dandy would dress himself in a vivid green coat, a waistcoat of scarlet, yellow breeches and blue stockings.

And the gentleman of a few years later wore, among other vagaries, a coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of fine Manchester breeches without money in their pockets; clocked silk stockings; a club of hair behind larger than the head which carried it; a hat not larger than a saucer.

It was a common thing in the early part of the eighteenth century for a man of fashion to spend several hours daily in the hands of his valet. Among the many operations which took up this time was "the starching of the beard and the proper perming of the garments, the painting of the face and anointing with oils, tinctures, essences and pomatums."—New York Herald.

Card Etiquette.  
"Hand in a lot of cards," said the elder woman.

"Why?" she hurried inquired.

"Well, if you don't hand in enough," she said, as her companion dived deep into her case, "they will say you don't know what is right. If you give too many, however, they will think that you know better than they do and that there is some new style they have heard nothing about. Hand him a lot."—Kansas City Independent.

# How the Auto Did It

By IRVING CRANE

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Mazie Jefferson and her mother had come into the city from their country home to do some shopping, and because the cabman overcharged them and because Mazie turned indignant and said she would go to a police station before she would submit to be swindled a crowd began to gather.

"Gosh all hemlock!" shouted the farmer as he made for the fence and fell over into the field.

The boys had no time for words or for athletics. It seemed to the weep and terrified girl that the full dozen of them came down the hill with high seats and instant themselves in comfortable positions for the remainder of the ride, while the others sat right and left, their remains to be gathered up by the owner later on.

The long episode was scarcely two minutes old when a young man in a buggy appeared a mile ahead. He was a young man with red cheeks and a marble brow, who was driving to the city to invest in green goods. He held up his hand as a sign that his horse did not like autos. No good. Then he rose up in his buggy and waved his hat. He had, however, white and even teeth and a close of dust passed over him and left him a wreck on the sands of time. Some day he may tell his grandchildren that he was hung 200 feet high and 400 feet sideways, and he will not be exaggerating much either.

A constable and an old wagon finally stopped the runaway. The officer sat in the wagon and the constable sat on the road. When the collision came the auto took a skate into the bushes and brought up against a tree and rested there. Before Miss Mazie could half explain matters she found herself before a country justice of the peace, and he was solemnly saying:

"This is certainly a case for the higher court. The defendant is running with an auto and letting it run away with you, but you have been stealing hogs."

Miss Mazie wept. She looked so pretty when she wept that the heart of the constable was touched. He took the justice outdoors and was trying to touch his heart and have the hog stench charge left out when Harry Finch drove up in the gallion. He had traced the auto by a trail of dead hogs and frightened farmers, and he had arrived just in time.

"Oh, Harry!" was all that the girl could say as she threw herself into his arms and sobbed on his shoulder.

That was quite enough. He patted her golden head and gave the justice a scolding that was heard and always remembered in the little ditch, and the fine was reduced to \$10 and paid. Then came the brushing away of tears and the return home, followed by family rejoicing that the lamb had returned alive. Then—then—well, don't be stupid. Those things always turn out the same way, and it is the best way.

An Ancient Telephone.  
In 1783 M. Lignot de la Bastille issued a prospectus, published in the "Correspondant Secret," London, 1788 (volume 14, page 302), of "a singular machine or experience of the propagation of sound and the voice through tubes perforated with small holes." He announced, people would be able to maintain with their sweethearts and friends at a distance of some hundreds of leagues a conversation which would "become somewhat public on the way, but by suppressing the names no one would be in the secret of the interlocutors." But it was not until the scheme was put into practice. In a paper published in L'Illustration for 1834 by M. Charles Boursein he says: "Let us imagine that a person speaks near to a mobile plate sufficiently flexible not to lose any of the vibrations produced by his voice and that this plate is connected with the use of a harmless external and establishes accordingly communication with a battery. Then we might have at a distance another plate which would give at the same time the same vibrations. An electric battery, two vibrating plates and a wire would be sufficient." In appertaining the honors of telephonic discovery to M. Boursein at least would seem entitled to a share.

When Miss Mazie walked out of the parlor she simply wanted to be alone for ten minutes to recover her self possession. She was furious at the little actress, at Mr. Finch and at herself, but she didn't want the second person mentioned to even suspect such a state of affairs. She would smooth the lines out of her face, coax back a smile and return to him and say that she always had admired little actresses!

Her intentions were good and polite and diplomatic, but her temper got the best of her. Under the big walnut tree at the gate stood Mr. Finch's auto. He always acted as his own chauffeur. Twenty times over he had taken the Jeffersons out for a spin, and Miss Mazie had entertained an idea for some time that she knew all about the running of the machine.

As she walked about to calm herself she caught sight of the auto, and there was mischief in her eyes as she ran toward it and climbed in. She actually did know enough to start the thing and get headed down the broad turnpike. Perhaps she knew enough to stop and turn, but the sensation of being alone gave her a helpless feeling. She put on speed instead of dimming it, and in the course of five minutes she was whizzing down that old colonial cow trail in a way that made the telephone poles sit up and wonder.

The first living thing met was a trusting and confiding calf that had escaped from a field and was wandering at large to broaden its mind. When it saw a cloud of dust coming down the pike, it trusted that a wind fall of rich green grass was to be had for the picking up. It advanced to the middle of the road with eyes bulging out and ten seconds later woke up in a far distant spot and in a muzzed up condition. Miss Mazie had the steering wheel in hand. In fact, she was frozen to it. She could hold the old machine reasonably straight in the middle of the road, but she was helpless beyond that.

The next incident was a load of hay with two farmers on top. They were men who had never harmed a human being, and they had no idea that any human being wanted to harm them. Rude was their awakening. They held the middle of the road until they saw that the auto meant to run into them head-on. Then they swerved and began to gesticulate and yell to the white faced girl. They said "Darn it!" and "Dum it!" and "By gosh!" and succeeded in saving their lives. One of the wheels of the wagon was chopped off by the auto, however, and as the machine careened onward it also carried with it a fair sized haystack.

"Oh, Harry!" wailed the girl as she turned a corner and felt the machine running on two wheels, but Harry was not there. He had finally made Mrs. Jefferson's acquaintance and found his way

NEW YORK BY NIGHT.  
The Spectacle of Its Lights From Rivers and Harbor.  
By whatever route you reach or leave Manhattan Island in the evening the river lights are beautiful. On the North river the spectacle varies according to the hour and season, for the downtown lights in Manhattan are more numerous when the days are short and the beams of the great office buildings have to light up to finish their day's work. Across from the lower Jersey ferries late in the afternoon of a winter day glow and sparkle the great company of tall shafts grouped against the sky, each one pierced to the top with a regular array of shining windows. A remarkable sight they make, those shafts and huge blocks of gleaming holes, reaching far above their neighbors that come between them and the river. There is much in that spectacle to recompose a tired man for being a commuter, and nowhere else on earth is there this array of tall shafts and the intervening lower lights and the glow of the streets that run to the river and border it, there are all the river lights—the ferryboats, with their long rows of bright windows, hurrying on their various courses; the small steamers going out, other steamers coming in; all manner of lights more sober on all manner of shipping; the street glare and the ferry house and ward lights ashore, and, higher up, here and there the obstructive and commercial but none the less palatial advertising signs.

The downtown office building lights, other than the tall shafts, but up the river some of the tall uptown hotels continue, all the evening and in spite of curtained windows, to be light-houses.

On the East river, besides the city lights and the river lights, are the high, curving bridges, very striking and beautiful, with their unobstructed outlines marked by the glow of the electric bulbs.

There is poetry in these river lights, bordered and framed by the dark shining water and reflected in it.—E. S. Martin in Harper's.

SALT RIVER.  
It is a Real Stream, Although Not a Navigable One.  
Salt river, sacred to defeated candidates, is a real stream. While not navigable, it is used every winter as an ice harbor by the towboats which go out of Pittsburg for the south.

Salt river empties into the Ohio above twenty-five miles south of Louisville. It is a small stream, which flows from the Kentucky hills to the creek water, and is as tortuous, as crooked and as unpleasant to navigate as the mind can imagine. Yet it is navigated for a short distance from its mouth by steamers of light draft. Flatboats and rafts are floated down upon its bosom.

Before the civil war it was an important stream in the matter of bringing Kentucky whisky down in the flatboats to a point where they could be unloaded to a river steamer. Refractory slaves were generally assigned to the task of bringing these boats down, as the work was arduous.

Salt river became a laughing stock among the negroes, and it was from the tongue of a slave that the name of this river that "a trip up Salt river" came to be used in politics to express the destination of a defeated candidate.

There is not a river captain or pilot in Pittsburg who does not know Salt river, and there are few who have not sought shelter within its mouth when the ice was running out of the Ohio.

The salt name is supposed to have come from the salt springs which flow into it at its source. It is also said the name grew out of the fact that great quantities of salt produced in the Kentucky country are floated down this stream.—Puel.

A Dramatic Death.  
A sergeant major of an infantry regiment stationed in Bremen was sentenced to a slight disciplinary punishment for having mortally wounded a man with a revolver in the course of a fight. He appealed against this, but was informed that his appeal had been rejected. He then ordered his men to load their rifles with blank cartridges, but during their absence reloaded them with full cartridges. He then drew up his men in firing line and carefully showed them how to aim their rifles straight at his heart. With the utmost calm he then ordered, "Fire!" and fell with four bullets through his heart.

THE FIRST DANCE.  
People have danced for thousands of years and will probably continue to do so for ages to come. This custom is of ancient origin. The first people to dance were the Curetes, who adopted dancing as a mark of rejoicing in 1543 B. C. In early times the Greeks combined dancing with the drama, and in 22 B. C. pantomimic dances were introduced on the Roman stage. At the discovery of America the American Indians were holding their religious, martial and social dances.

ECZEMA.  
The Way to Treat This Distressing Affliction.  
Eczema can, even when inherited, be controlled by attention to the general principles of health—cleanliness, exercise, proper diet, clothing and ventilation. Eczema patients, old and young, should never use stimulants in any form. They should take daily baths and be most particular to the regularity of all important bodily functions. Occasional doses of mild saline aperients, such as cream tartar, phosphate of soda or the old fashioned remedy of tea sulphur and cream tartar, mixed in equal quantities, with enough molasses to form a creamy paste and taken three times a day for three days, remaining then omitted until again required, will be found of wonderful benefit. Let the patient drink freely of lemonade and avoid salt meats, pork in any form, and live upon a diet of fruits, red meats and antiscorbatic vegetables.

Many people are particularly susceptible to eczema, and a case of eczema sometimes follows the eating of lobster repeatedly. Strawberries will also produce this effect frequently. Vigorous exercise will often, by inducing excessive perspiration, act as a curative for eczema, particularly when combined with the use of a harmless external application. Sulphur baths are efficacious for most skin diseases. If possible, it is well to take them in an established bath house, but they may be prepared at home as follows: To each ten gallons of water add an ounce of sulphate of potassium, or to each fifteen gallons add an ounce of sulphate of calcium. Where there is itching and the eruption seems violent the sulphur bath is excellent as a preliminary treatment.

Not Thirsty.  
Jane, the bright young maid, always anxious to please, had been intrusted with the care of a little aquarium, in which the goldfish had always thrived very well until Jane came on the scene. The first day she arrived she gave them fresh water, as instructed, and then left them to their own devices. But, alas, one morning the little fishes were found floating feebly on their backs. "Jane," called the anxious mistress, regarding her pets with concern, "have you given the fish any fresh water lately?" "No, ma'am. Bless their little hearts, they haven't drunk the water either. I gave them last month yet!"

MICHAEL ANGELO.  
The Humble Start in Life of the Famous Master.  
Two boys were herding swine in Italy. They were evidently discussing some very important subject, for they were earnest at it. A man approached, and the boys separated, each for his own side of the pasture. The man was angry and was shaking his hand at them. The boys said nothing; they drove their swine in and were quiet as a mouse about it. The man had said they should stay out until dark, and the sun had not even set yet. After they had driven the swine to their respective places each crept to his room, took his clothes and tied them in a bundle. This done, they both crept down and ran to the road which led to Rome. One's name was Peter; the other Michael Angelo. Both were poor boys. They tramped and tramped, and the first thing they did when they reached Rome was to go to church. After they had rested and prayed they looked for employment. Peter received employment as the cook's boy in some cardinal's house, but Michael could find nothing to do, so he almost despair.

He went to his friend Peter, who gave him something to eat and at night secretly let him into his room in the city to sleep. This went on for a long time, Peter content to let his friend do his and Michael content also. Michael when in church had seen some fine pictures. One which fascinated him was "Christ Ascending to Heaven." Taking bits of charcoal, he went to Peter's room and drew pictures on the white walls. One day the cardinal had occasion to go to the room. Michael had meanwhile secured employment in the cardinal's kitchen. The cardinal, upon seeing all the pictures, was dumfounded with their accurateness. He called Peter and Michael upstairs and asked who had drawn them. Michael confessed he had, but said he thought he could run them out again. The cardinal explained to him that it was all right so far as the wall was concerned. He took Michael and sent him to a drawing master and gave Peter a better position. And Michael worked hard at his drawings, learned diligently and became the renowned Michael Angelo, one of the greatest painters of his time.

PIE BIRDS OF BRITANNY.  
They Must Be Pretty Strong, According to This Breton Story.  
"Speaking of exaggerations," said a traveler, "reminds me of the pie bird story of the Breton farmer."

"There was a farmer in Brittany who wished to tell a visitor how his farm had been overrun with pies. Pies, you know, are large birds, black and white, with long tails—a kind of crow. The farmer said the pies devastated his fields horribly. If he put up scarecrows, the birds rose them down. One day his young son ran into the granite farmhouse and shouted:

"Oh, father, hundreds and hundreds of birds! The wheat is being all eaten up!"

"The farmer loaded his gun. But where was the shot? It could not be found. He put in a few handfuls of tacks instead. Then he ran out. The wheatfield was black and white, like a checkerboard, with pies. The farmer gave a loud yell, and the birds all flew up to a tall poplar. He fired, and, lo, every bird was nestled fast to the tree. They were nailed fast. Their flapping wings filled the air with a loud whir. The farmer, amazed, stood watching them. Then a strange thing happened. The birds, with one grand united effort, pulled up the huge tree and flew away with it!"

Easy.  
Teacher—Now, boys, what is the virtue of magnanimity? Pupils—Aw? Teacher—What is it if a big boy wanted an apple very badly and were to meet a small boy with one in his place where nobody could take the small boy's part—Class with eager illumination—Dat's a cinch—Baltimore American.

Waiting to Be Found.  
Lost one evening in a side street off Charing Cross, a small street came for the next six days at nightfall to the same spot, waiting to be "found" and scanning eagerly every passerby. The constable on the beat got to know her wistful little face and the bright silver collar she wore quite well, but she was never to be seen by daylight. It was only on the sixth evening, half starved and weak with waiting, that she allowed herself to be captured and taken to the dog's home at Battersea, where she was eventually claimed by her owner.—St. James Gazette.

Grip Fizzle.  
The grip is not simply a bad cold, and this fact is worth knowing. It resembles a cold in some respects, and colds are often wrongly diagnosed by the victims as grip. The grip is a malarial fever which has laws of its own, both as to origin and progress after development. According to the doctors, it must run its course—there is no special remedy that can directly destroy the infection, no drug that can kill the bacillus or neutralize its toxin. This also is worth knowing. The malarial fever is to be cured by giving the system the best possible aid in its efforts to throw off the poison. Baltimore American.

VIBRATION.  
Examples of its Wonderful Power and Penetration.  
The wonderful force of vibration is recognized in all its power by few architects and builders. It would amuse them if they were told that the most solidly built of their walls would be injured by the continuous scripping of a bow across a violin. Of course it would take years of playing to loosen masonry and render iron brittle, but there are facts on record which show that such a result has occurred. On a first class battleship a man may feel the vibrations of a violin though he may not be able to hear the music. It is the regularity of the vibrations which tells. The player is not affected by them, for he is a flexible object and can give way to motion.

Every one knows that a squad of soldiers or any body of marching men break step in crossing a bridge, no matter what its size and strength may be, for none could withstand the vibrations of this concerted action. Even the tread of a dog may make a bridge shake because of the regularity of the vibration, so that on many of the big suspension bridges dogs are not allowed unless carried in the arms of their owners.

A good illustration of the power of vibration can be found in the Greenwich observatory. It stands on the top of a hill on whose slopes hundreds of children play on fine evenings. Their favorite play is to join hands at the top and dash headlong to the bottom, where they fall in a heap. This starts the vibration of the hill to such an extent that the scientists of the observatory are unable to carry on their observations, which depend upon the motionless state of a tray of mercury. The solid hill is in such a state of tremor that the vibrations continue till long past midnight, when the children who have caused it have been asleep for hours.

A still more wonderful illustration of vibration is in the human throat. Sixty vibrations per second is the least number by means of which a sound can be produced. This is a sound never used in speaking, but is found in men's voices in an extremely low register. The highest sound produced by the human voice—that is, in an altissimo—is caused by 1,024 vibrations per second. This, too, is exceptional, being only obtainable in the highly cultivated female or boy voices.

It is simply the vocal chords which vibrate, not the throat. In the lower notes, the whole length and thickness of the vocal chords are used, the thin edges being employed for the highest notes. Thus in speaking for a minute or two there is sufficient vibration engendered in the throat, were its walls of a solid nature instead of soft and flexible, to shatter and destroy it. Every minute we speak the vocal chords vibrate from 20,000 to 40,000 times.—New York Herald.

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