

Cinderella to Date.

By HELEN MAXFIELD.

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"I suppose you have read in the papers—if you have time to think about anything except yourself—that the Westfield bank is wrecked. They have arrested Mr. Hartley and Mr. Mannors, but that does not help the rest of us. In a short time I presume I shall be on the county. If you had married Dan Martin, as I wanted you to do, I should not be facing this terrible situation, but you always were headstrong, and my whole life has been sacrificed to an effort to raise you as your dear father, mother would have had me. Even now Dan is willing to forgive you your folly and marry you. He will have the house all done over, and his sister will go to John's to live, and there will be only Dan and you and me."

The letter covered five closely written pages, and Annabel read it through twice with dry eyes and dry lips. Then very deliberately she put on her coat, hat and gloves and went out for a long walk in the snowy park, where motor cars filled with fur clad figures flew past and laughing children pelted her with harmless balls of feathers.

My dear Aunt Molly—I am so grieved to hear of the bank wreck. I had not seen it in the papers because I have been enjoying the privilege of some special instruction under Professor of New York, and I have been working at the academy night and day. Perhaps the bank receivers may save something, and the mansion will be sold, and the rest of my money will be taken care of. As to Mr. Martin, please do not urge that some right to happiness, and I know it will never come to me through Dan Martin.

Not one word of reproach, no reminders of a dim colored childhood and a dreary girlhood, spent under nagging of the most trying sort; no reference to the fact that her own patrimony had gone under with her aunt's small fortune in the bank wreck; no intimation that she had spent almost her last dollar in the money order and must now drop her art studies and seek a position in the workaday world. She smiled grimly as she mailed the letter. Her aunt would accept the sacrifice and walk to Dan Martin over Annabel's lack of appreciation.

Dan Martin! How she hated every inch of his underized person, his small beady eyes, his perpetual smile, his weak, receding chin! She mailed the letter with a strange feeling of independence achieved, for now she had paid to her own satisfaction the debt of gratitude imposed by her aunt, which had hung over her young life like a pall. She was free now to work out her own happiness.

But for the next week happiness seemed to move farther and farther away. In later years she never thought of those days without shuddering.

The holidays were over. Nobody wanted to hire clerks or buy illuminated cards or telephone records or any of the pretty things she painted. The room rent was again due. She might sell her few casts and painting outfit.

She set her lips firmly and climbed the stairs to a fashionable employment agency. The manager was sitting at the telephone when Annabel entered. She hung up the receiver with an impatient frown.

"What do you want—a position as governess or companion? Nothing like that in view; a hundred applicants for every position. Oh, wait a moment. You look bright, and a bit of a model. Do you dress hair a bit and mend lace? If you can do it even halfway, I wish you'd try this place. I've sent the customer a dozen girls, and they always part after a terrible scene. The woman's a crank, but you look as if you had tact."

The upholsterer that Annabel, with 25 cents in her purse and a notice of rent due under the door of her hall room, went to see Mrs. Cartwright Brown, and that highly strung personage said with dissatisfaction and suspicion in her voice that she would give the girl a trial.

The Cartwright Browns were newly rich. The father had made an enormous fortune through his own efforts and was proud of it. The mother was so burdened by it that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. Annabel saw it was nerves and not temper and took heart. Later she learned that there were a son and a daughter away at college who were just a little ashamed of their new riches.

Nobody, Annabel least of all, knew how it happened, but she became the virtual head of the Cartwright Brown household. Mrs. Brown vowed that she could hire a visiting manicurist and hairdresser, but no one could stand between her and domestic and social worries as Annabel could.

It was Annabel who reorganized the staff of servants and installed a competent housekeeper. It was Annabel who had the conservatories brought up to date, Annabel who made out congenial dinner lists, Annabel who conferred with Mrs. Brown's modiste and Mr. Brown's tailor, Annabel who shipped smart, suitable clothing and room furnishings to two colleges.

Annabel's position in the household was peculiar. She was neither housekeeper nor private secretary—just "Miss Annabel." She did not receive with Mrs. Brown on Wednesday afternoons, but she did join the family occasionally at the theater or in viewing art exhibitions. And it was after one of these rare occasions that she realized the full extent of her happiness.

She had been hunting congenial work, not an art career. She knew now that her small talent for drawing had offered her only an excuse for feeding an unhappy home life, but that she never would have become a great artist, while she was a competent manager of the Cartwright Brown home.

She sent her aunt's allowance regularly and gave no thought to the future, until the two young people came home from college. The daughter was a mere butterfly, who neither appreciated nor resented Annabel's position in the household. The son was a grave faced chap who seemed suddenly oppressed by the responsibility of his father's wealth. He had studied theoretical acology in college and on practical lines among the gilded youth of his class.

By this time the Cartwright Browns were at their country place, and Annabel found that her early morning rides were subject to interruption, and

The Fourth Lady In Waiting.

By EDITH J. HULBERT.

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"A herald from his imperial majesty the czar of Russia!"

There was a flare of trumpets, an eager swaying of the lines of courtiers, a soft ripple of laughter and then silence.

Before me stretched an interminable path of red velvet, flanked on either side by rows of smirking, bowing creatures clad in rainbow hued satins, velvets and glittering with jewels. At the farther end, on a throne of ivory and gold, sat a regal, white robed woman, crowned and girdled with diamonds. Behind her stood two dusky giants majestically waving fans of peacock feathers. In her train walked two tiny pages attired in blue and silver.

She was the queen of Bodalva and one of the most beautiful women in the world. I was a nobody. It was my province to deliver into her royal hand the scroll entrusted to my keeping by my gracious master. For weeks I had been looking forward to this audience with feverish eagerness. But now, at the crucial moment, when grace of bearing and fluency of speech would perhaps serve to win me a smile from those perfect lips, I stood gaping like a clown in the midst of her lackeys.

My feet refused to move, my knees trembled, the scroll in my hand shook. My tongue tore to the roof of my mouth. This, a muffled giggle on my right. This, a clear, exquisitely modulated voice smote the air like the notes of a golden harp.

"Mythinks," said the queen, flashing laughter from her violet eyes, "that the messenger of our fair cousin, the czar, is handsly overreached by her presence. Do not afraid to approach, Sir Herald. We are quite harmless."

Again came that subdued giggle, all the more maddening that it had about it a baffling familiarity, but at a frown from the queen it was quickly suppressed.

Summoning all my will power, I plunged desperately forward and in a moment was kneeling at the foot of the throne between the two pages.

The humble as well as the great, your majesty," I faltered, "are over come by the spell of beauty. Tears of joy have blurred my eyes, and I am so overcome by the sight of you, your grace, that I cannot speak. I beseech you, your grace, to pardon my lack of words."

A change, swift and terrible, came over her countenance. Her eyes flashed. Her cheeks paled. Her lips straightened to a scarlet line. Tears of joy were turned to tears of grief. She cast it at my feet and hissed in a low tone of concentrated fury: "That, varlet, is my answer to your master! See that you deliver it to him with all possible haste! Out of my sight! Begone!"

Then again her wonderful voice rang out in all its clearness. "Ever live the queen of Bodalva!" she said, "never while Sylvia lives shall you bend your neck under the yoke of the Russian tyrant!"

"Long live Queen Sylvia!" shouted the courtiers. And from somewhere in the distance came the sounds of tumultuous applause—clapping, stamping and cries of "Brava! Brava!"

Mechanically I backed down the red velvet path, unheeding the hisses and black looks which beset me on either side, and presently found myself in a small anteroom, the walls of which were hung with coats, doublets, hose, cloaks and various articles of armor. Almost immediately I was confronted by a tall, thin, finely dressed man, who eyed me with an expression of extreme disfavor.

"See here," he said, "We don't want super in this company to forget their duties and occupy the center of the stage for ten minutes, and we don't want any lines thrown in either. The man who wrote that play can attend to that."

"But," I stammered, "the queen—Miss Elsworth—said something to me that wasn't in—"

"What's that to you?" he interrupted sarcastically. "You're not a star just yet, are you? Who are you, anyway? One of them young chaps from the college, ain't you?"

I nodded.

"First time on?"

"Again I nodded. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I won't report you if you look sharp for the rest of the performance. Luckily for you the boss is away to-night. What are you doing for, anyway? Stage struck or Elsworth struck?"

I did not get to answer, and, with a derisive guffaw, he went out, slamming the door behind him.

I had been alone scarcely a minute when that irritating giggle again fell upon my ears.

"Who's there?" I cried, flinging open the door and peering into the dimly lighted corridor.

"Sh! Go back!" whispered a feminine voice. And as I obeyed its command the doorway framed a petite, golden haired damsel, resplendent in pink satin and a court train.

I seized her hands and drew her to the center of the room under the electric light.

"Elfrida!" I gasped. "What are you doing here?"

She dropped me a stately courtesy.

"The Countess Olga, fourth lady in waiting to her majesty Queen Sylvia, at your service," she said, with dignity. Then she giggled and blushed.

"It was you, then, who kept laughing all the time I was on the stage?" I said reproachfully.

Elfrida looked penitent.

"It was meant of me," she admitted. "But you did look so funny! She giggled again at the recollection.

I made no reply in words, but I let her see that I forgave her.

"Where did you come from? How did you get here? Why haven't you written to me in all these weeks?" I asked as soon as I felt sure she thoroughly understood my mental attitude regarding her.

"Mine, Brenner's, New Haven. Skipped with the show Saturday night. Couldn't write. Watched every minute," she answered with unwomanly lucidity and brevity.

Elfrida always was different from other girls. This was why I made such a fool of myself over her last summer after my junior year that the governor was afraid I never would stand for the senior grand at Harvard. If he had remembered that I was on the crew, he wouldn't have been so scared. I could not love her, dear, so much loved I not honor more?" I had scored solemnly to Elfrida the night we said goodbye.

That was why she was packed off to that beast of a Brenner when she should have been queuing it in Albany society. She was so original that when there was no immediate danger of her eloping with me her father was

Love versus Law.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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They came face to face as they turned a bend in the rough and narrow trail leading up the Cumberland mountains to Laurel Cove, and both stopped and stared for half a minute before the young man raised his hat and excused his absentmindedness. The young woman blushed, stammered a reply and passed on, and in a minute the trees and bushes hid them from each other.

The one everybody for five miles around knew as Abe Goodman's daughter, Tilda. The other had just appeared in the neighborhood, claiming to be a botanist and a naturalist, and had secured a temporary home at the cabin of Saul Markham. For the last two years Tilda had been down to Nashville, "heim" educated," as her father and mother put it, and was now teaching the dozen children of the mountaineers in the log schoolhouse which the young man had passed forty years before.

Tilda had come from mountaineer stock. Her father was rough, uncouth and ignorant. Her mother was uneducated and plain. The girl had lived in poverty, surrounded by poverty, and yet she was like none of the rest. Nature had given her a good figure and a handsome face, and the time spent in the city had made, what the natives called, a lady of her. The astuteness of the young man, who had given his name as Arthur Griggs, but in actual fact was Saul Markham, the stranger who goes among the people of the southern mountains is from the outset a suspected man, and the first suspicion which rests on him is that he must be a revenue spy.

Revenue men have raided and destroyed scores of stills in the coves and ravines and sent scores and scores of moonshiners to the penitentiary, but other stills are brought in, and other men take the places of those who have fallen under the ban of the law. It was so thirty years ago; it is so today; it will be so thirty years hence. The mountaineer argues that he has a right to live. He argues that where he has no market for his corn as corn he has a right to turn it into whisky to make a market. The government does not argue with him. It sends men into the mountains to break up his business and imprison him. The mountaineer works in secret. So does the government. He depends upon the honor of his neighbors not to give him away. The revenue men coax, threaten, bribe and work in every underhand way to get an advantage. The enmity is more bitter than in the mountainous areas and scores of men goes down to the towns, he is trailed about, cross questioned, made drunk, if possible, and his wife or his children are offered money to betray him.

When the revenue men send a spy up the mountains to nose out and report on stills, he takes his life in his hands. He may go a day or two, or he may go a year, as a traveling peddler or artist, as a fur buyer, preacher or newspaper man, but the shadow of death walks by his side until he has proved himself all right. In that case he is heard of again down in the lowlands. In the other case he is reported as missing.

A botanist and a naturalist from Harvard was what Griggs claimed to be, and was taken into the cabin of the mountaineer without question. There was no undue curiosity about him. He was free to come and go as he pleased, and he was free to go. As the neighbors were introduced to him they seemed to accept him as Saul Markham had done. He walked about in contentment and slept in peace. He did not know that he never moved a hundred feet from the cabin door without being under surveillance; that every action was watched; that men whom he had never seen looked in on him when he slept; that other men gathered together in the laurel thickets and reported on him and discussed him.

Young Griggs shot squirrels and hares and gathered flowers and plants and sought to make friends with all among those plain and hospitable people with an easy matter for him to bring about an acquaintance with Tilda. Two days after meeting her on the trail they knew each other. The girl was pleased when she saw admiration in the young man's eyes. She was pleased when he dared to flatter and to compliment. She knew little of the world and its hollownes. If the mountaineer said this or that, he meant it. She had to judge others by this standard.

It was only after the newcomer and

out if you heard us talking you know that I would not agree to what the man wanted."

"You came here as a spy. If you hadn't fallen in love with me you would have betrayed my own father. In love with me? I'm in love with a revenue spy! Go!"

"But listen, Tilda. If I came here under false pretenses I—"

"We are poor and humble," she interrupted as she drew her skirts away from him. "We are plain and uneducated. We have nothing before us—nothing but this to look forward to. You are learned, and you may be rich. You have the whole world before you, and you know how to be happy, but the meanest, lowest one among our men is a king beside you! Go!"

He paused for ten seconds in hopes to see her face soften, but it was like stone. She motioned again, and he went. In five minutes he was out of sight down the side of the mountain, and rough old Abe Goodman was standing over his weeping daughter and saying to her in sympathetic tones: "There, there, my heart, don't cry. The law mad women to bar courses, and to stand trouble, and if you'll just look up to him he'll bring you into smooth waters and send along a feller of a husband with forty horses and kerriages."

A Little Indefinite.

A prominent New York lawyer says that in his earlier professional days he was glad to expand his slender income by bill collecting. On one occasion he had a bill against a man who incidentally has since achieved a success which puts him beyond the necessity of such an indefinite statement as was made on that occasion. The young lawyer found him with his feet propped upon his desk, while he gazed dreamily at the ceiling through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"But, really, sir, I must insist that you give me some definite idea as to when you will settle," the lawyer said after having been gently rebuffed.

The author consented to lower his eyes and to wave his pipe languidly.

"Why, certainly, sir, though there seems to me to be a rather unnecessary summation about this trifling," he drawled. "I will pay the bill as soon as I think of it after receiving the money which a publisher will pay me in case he accepts the novel which I will write and send him just as soon as I feel in an energetic mood after a really good idea for a plot has occurred to me."—Harper's Weekly.

The Spleen.

The spleen? Up to 1900 no physician dared to stand up in a clinic and talk what it was made for. For ages it was supposed to be the organ of irascibility. "Oh, his spleen is up!" meant that the old man was hot in the collar. Curious thing, that spleen. There is a herb called "spleenwort" which was supposed to remove such splenic disorders as ill humor, melancholy and irritability. I saw a spleen the other day for the first time and was astounded. It was a soft, highly vascular, plum colored thing with a smooth surface. It was nearly six inches in length and weighed seven ounces. Now spleen is the funny feature of the spleen: After a hearty meal it is very much smaller than at other times, which may help to explain why a man is good natured after dinner. In diseased conditions the spleen may reach a weight of eighteen or twenty pounds.—New York Press.

A Half Length Picture.

A countryman bargained with a California photographer for a half length picture of himself at half price, when the artist delivered a fine view of the subject from the waistband down to the victimized sinner indulged in remarks more forcible than polite.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

All Wrong.

New Curate—Your husband is a confirmed invalid, is he not? Mrs. Billings—Confirmed, sir? No, sir; he ain't church of England. New Curate—I mean, is he a permanent invalid? Mrs. Billings—Permanent? Loaf? no! Doctor says he can't last a month.

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Hilda were being talked about as lovers that the watch on Griggs was relaxed. He had set no time for departing but after a month it was seen that his work was finished and that he was staying on account of the girl. Abe Goodman asked no questions of the young man, and the mother asked none of her daughter. Suspicious and distrustful as the mountaineers were they had been fooled. The newcomer was a revenue spy, working with the promise of a great reward. He had rehearsed his part for months before playing it. He had counted on everything but meeting Tilda. There had been admiration from the first, and love had won following within two weeks there had sprung up in his breast a conflict 'twixt love and duty; and it was for this reason he lingered.

He was not what he claimed to be, and yet he was the girl's superior in all ways. It was her ingenuousness and innocence that appealed to him. He had come to betray, and yet he could not do it. He loved, and yet he hesitated to go further. More education and refinement more contact with the world, and she would be a woman to be proud of, and yet there was her ancestry—the impossible in the environment that had surrounded her for so many years and must have their due effects.

When a man trusts a woman, he has limits. When a woman trusts a man, she has none. She is ready to give her whole life to him. Arthur Griggs knew that he had won the maiden's love, and it was for him to make a choice. Should he return and betray the stills hidden away in Laurel Cove and then disappear and be seen no more, or should he report the place, listed and take away a mountain bride and the good will of the lowly people? Love carried the day. It was to the credit of human sentiment that it was so. But before this determination was reached the young man walked alone on the mountains. No one followed him, or should he report this place, the mountaineers were smoking their pipes as they rested. Their suspicions had been lulled. They had kept their eyes open and whispered among themselves—whispered and smiled. On this day, as he walked under the giant chestnuts and made his way through the laurels, young Griggs came upon a man. The revenue man had grown impatient with his dilatory tactics and had sent an emissary to see and question him. The two talked for half an hour as they leaned against the trunk of a great tree at the edge of a thicket. When they separated, the revenue man knew that nothing further could be expected from the spy. He had shut his eyes to all but the song of love. It had been useless to talk to him of duty. He had come as a spy, but had sold the government out.

After the talk Griggs walked away a few rods and sat down on a rock from which he could see far down the side of the grim old mountain. He could count the cabins of the mountaineers scattered about, and he could look down into Beaver Cove and Halfway Cove and Halpin's Hamlet. It was a day of peace, with the smoke ascending as straight as an arrow and the birds singing and the squirrels chattering about him. He felt good. There was a burden off his mind and joy in his heart now that he had made his decision. In the evening he would see his father and ask her hand in marriage. He was smiling as his eyes roved over the landscape beneath him when a step caused him to turn his head.

"Tilda, you here!" he cried as he sprang to his feet with the light of love in his eyes and his arms outstretched.

She drew herself up and waved him away.

"But, Tilda, what is it?"

She was pale, and hard lines had come into her face. The girl look was searched for in vain. There was suffering in her eyes, but determination in the compressed lips.

"I was in the thicket when you talked with that man—dad and I," she said at last. "Dad has gone for his rifle to shoot you like a dog. I am here to tell you to go."