Winston's Work

By HONORE WILLSIE.

bluffs when Darrel strolled out on to the veranda of the bungalow. On the east shore the Mississippi was still dark and gray with night shadows, but toward the dim line of Minnesota the water was liquid crimson.

Darrel, a fine, strong figure in his bathing trunks, shivered as he paused to look at the familiar beauty of the great river. Then he took a breath that swelled his deep chest and plung-ed with great bounds down the bluff side to the river far beneath. When he returned, red and dripping, Jim, his darky factorum, was setting the break-fast table on the veranda, and in a short time Darrel was drinking his cof-

fee and looking out at the tender spring green of the midstream islands. It was for over a year now that he had piqued the curiosity of the "natives" by living alone on the bluff side tives" by living alone on the bluff side. Two isolated facts, however, known to the gossips, accounted for all his eccentricities. Darrel was a writer and a New Yorker. They called him surly. They could not know that he was merely readjusting his lifetong theory of married happiness. They could not know that he was merely fighting to recover his old time buoyancy that had left him that suring morning when left him that spring morning when Elizabeth had told him that she was going to devote her life not to him, but to her "art."

Darrel sighed then rose abruntly "Jim," he said, "Mr. Winston may me today, so you had better watch the bend sharply about noon.' 'Yessah."

"And you may as well fix up the guest room this morning."

Jim looked around at the simple fur-

nishings of the porch and living room critically. Jim had served Darrel's facritically. Jim had served Darrel's fa-ther and had privileges.

"Am Mr. Winston very particular,

Darrel smiled. "I don't know, Jim. The publishers are sending him out to get illustrations for my book. This



SHE SAT IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT. will have to do." And he swung down the bluff side to the little pier where was tied a string of canoes and skiffs. He jumped into a cance and was off down the river, with beautiful long strokes of the paddle that told of many hours spent on the water. In fact, it was from the hours spent on this river that Darrei's book had grown. He had written it in a fervor of enthusiasm over the wonders of the Mississippi and the publishers had received it is fully. Darrel had found a new field.

The noon train drew slowly up to the station platform, and Darrel turned away in disappointment. But one passenger alighted, and that was a woman. He glanced back once more to make sure that he was not mistaken. Then he haited. There was something very familiar about the siender, well dressed figure standing hesitatingly at the far end of the platform. Suddenly the girl moved toward him

"Oh, Horace!" she cried.
"Yes, Elizabeth," he replied quietly as if they had not parted over a year ago.
"Well, aren't you glad to see me?"
brightly. "And what are you going to
do with me?"

"I don't know," said Darrel to both "What brought you here,

The girl looked into his face, with her candid blue eyes full of wonde

her candid blue eyes full of wonder.

"Why, Horace, didn't they send you
word that I was coming?"

"They?" Who are 'they?" Darrefs fingers were trembling a little.

"Mr. Tompkins, your publisher."

Darrel sat down heavily on a truck,
then arose. "They wrote me that they
were going to send Winston. Youyou know my old creinfles. Fileshets."

you know my old prejudice, Elizabeth."
Elizabeth's beautiful mouth twitched,
and her eyes twinkled. "You have always said that a woman could do only 'pretty' work; that she could put no strength into her sketches. Come, Hor-acer you are not very hospitable, are

Darrel was himself again instantly. "You see, I could have put up Winston, but I am going to take you to Mrs. Brady, who will be glad to have a 'paying guest.' "

That afternoon Elizabeth sat in the canoe facing Darrel. In her lap was a

sketch book. Darrel had said nothing more concerning feminine artistic abil-ity. He was struggling with the old disappointment and with the old love that, as if the intervening years had been for nothing, had returned with redoubled force at the sight of Elization and waited for the professor to follow up the opening. redoubled force at the sight of Elizabeth's beauty. She was so dainty, so merry, so winsome, that Darrel had never been able to consider her for her art seriously. She was a thing to be adored and protected and slaved for. The toil of a profession was ridiculous considered with Elizabeth.

She sat looking at him in an inscrutable sort of way. "You must take me

to the places you want sketched Hrst, Horace, so that I won't get confused by seeing too much else." They paddled slowly up to the foot of Gray Eagle. Darrel held the canoe

of Gray Eagle. Darrel held the cance against the current and looked up at the magnificent bluff side, whose great face was deep and cool with pines. The Mississippi bluff's were new to Elizabeth. She sat in silence for a moment, looking at the grandeur of river and shore. Then she began to sketch rapidly. All the brilliant spring afternoon they paddled about in silence for noon they paddled about in silence for the most part. Elizabeth slipped her sketches as rapidly as they were fin-ished into her portfolio, and Darrel dtd not ask to see them. He was grateful to Elizabeth that she did not rhapsodize over the scenery. Words were in-

adequate and idle here.

At last the girl, with a tired little sigh, slipped the last sketch into her portfolio. "Now, if you will come back to supper with me we will talk them over," she said. They sat on Mrs. Brady's porch just

before sunset, and Elizabeth laid one of her sketches in Darrel's hands. He gave a little start of surprise. How had she done it? The Mississippi, calm, swift and deep, in all its potency of motion; then for miles bluff after bluff, pushing into water, stern, forbidding, yet lovely; the tenderness of the blue sky, the softness of ragged clouds.

"Elizabeth," said Darrel, and his voice trembied a little, "I did not know that you could do this. This is better than Winston's best work."

than Winston's best work."
Elizabeth looked auxiously into his
face. "Do you think that?" she said.
Darrel again studied the sketch. "It
is wonderful," he said. "You have told
more in these few strong brush strokes
than I have in my whole book. Elizabeth," wistfully, "how could you understand so well?"

Elizabeth clasped her hands softly in her lap. "Oh, but you see I've read the book and reread it, so I was prepared to see all that you did. The book was as—as fine and strong as you are, Horace."

The man rose and walked back and forth. "Elizabeth, can you ever for-give me for being such a fool as to be-little your work? Why, do you know, I admire Winston's work so much that was in the seventh heaven when I found that I could get him to do my illustrating, and your work is far and away better than his." He turned toward the girl abruptly. "Elizabeth, why did you come?"

why did you come?"
"Because"—the girl looked up at him bravely—"I wanted to see you again, and"— She paused.
"And?" suggested Darrel.
"And when you asked for Winston I was glad to come. I always sign my work Winston. It is my middle name you know." name, you know."

name, you know."

Darriel drew her close to him. "But your 'art?" he questioned.

"I-I wanted to see if a woman could," she whispered.

"And a woman always shall," he said. "'Winston' shall illustrate all my books."

my books.'

A Sailor Made Suit.

A Sailor Made suit.
On the summer day that Captain
Collins embarked with his ten-year-old
son for a lake trip on a lumber vessel
the weather was hot and sultry. The
captain had more important matters,
than his son's wardrobe on his mind,

than his son's wardrobe on his mind, and young Peter, with the shortsightedness of excited youth, left home without his jacket.

For two days the wind blew softly from the south. On the third day it switched suddenly to the north, bringing with it a cutting arctic coldness.

Mrs. Collins, fingering the forestien. Mrs. Collins, fingering the forgotten

jacket, had visions of her thinly clay son turned blue with cold or perhaps already stricken with pneumonia.

Two weeks later the travelers re-turned, the father beaming, the boy even more radiant in a bulging flanne garment of curlous but ample cut. "You see," explained Captain Collins, "Peter didn't have clothes enough, so we put in at the nearest port to buy him a coat. But there was only one

store and not a ready made garment in the place, so I bought three yards of red flannel and made him a suit." "Where," asked Mrs. Collins, trying

not to laugh, "did you get the pattern"
"Used the boy," said the captain
proudly. "Laid the flannel on the
deck, spread the boy on his back on
top and cut all round him with my jackknife. Then I laid him on his stomach and cut out the front. How else could you make a pattern?" else could you mak Youth's Companion.

Aboriginal "Capias."

In the "History of the Town of Middleboro," Mass., there is a footnote quoted from the "New England Me-morial," which gives a curious example of Indian courts and the rules of practice in them

An Indian court in Barnstable county, presided over by an Indian magistrate, issued the following warrant to an Indian constable:

You Peter Waterman, Jeremy Wicket; Quick you take him, Fast you hold him, Straight you bring him Straight ... Before me, "Hihoudi."

Von Moitke at Cards, Count von Moitke, Germany's great field marshal, never lost a battle, and it annoyed him to lose a game of cards. A biographer says of his old age: "The family were trained to let him win if they could without his noticing their maneuver, and they would reckon up the sums to the smallest amount. 'It is really wonderful that I have won in spite of my bad play,' he remarked to me once rather suspiciously, but he

abided by the result."

"You sketch with a free hand, Miss Brownsmith," remarked the profe who had been critically examining her

portfolio.
"Entirely free," said the young lady

His Glever Ally

W. CRAWFORD SHERLOCK.

Copyright 1907 by Mary McKeon.

"Now, Tip, something must be done, but how I'm going to do it is more than I know.

Jim Granville stretched his great bength on the grass beneath an old oak young man and a troubled look in his big brown eyes. Tip sat on his haunches, wagging his diminutive haunches, wagging his diminutive stump of a tail vigorously, one eye fixed intently on his master's face, while with the other he watched the movements of a squirrel on an overhanging branch.

"You are just in time."

"It looks as if I'm around at the wrong time." grimly returned the young man as he proceeded to calm the excited Tip. "I don't quite understand what it all means. I didn't know

ville, flicking the ashes from his cigar with an impatient gesture. "You know that that means, old fellow, since you've been paying your addresses to that little spaniel of Miss Browning's Yet you can't under the standard what it all means. I didn't know you knew Mr. Wentworth." exclaimed Mrs. Granville in surprise. "Why, I've known him ever since I was a child. He's Catharin ing's unel." Yet you can't understand why I don't tell the girl so and settle the whole matter, do you? Tip, canine affairs are different from human affairs. Men have responsibilities, and dogs don't. That's the whole difference in a nut-

Tip gave a short bark, as if he fully omprehended the distinction, and Granville went on: "I have a pretty good income, Tip, but it is not big enough to support two establishments. If I get married, my mother would have to live with us, and you know from to live with us, and you know from enough cover every even cover cover that she is a wo-bullethened her. your own experiences that she is a wo-

your own experiences that she is a wo-man of decided convictions."

Tip shuddered at the remembrance of a whipping he had received for the slight offense of chewing up one of Mrs. Granville's gloves in a moment of absentmindedness and then hung his head.

upon almost every subject. The nat- matter.



IN THE CENTER OF THE CLEARING STOOD WENTWORTH AND MRS. GRANVILLE.

ural result of bringing such opposite ural result of bringing such opposite inatures together and compelling them to live beneath the same roof would be trouble. Tip, serious trouble too. I would have to side with my wife against my mother or I would have to side with my mother against my wife. In either case my position would be decidedly unpleasant. I don't expect decidedly unpleasant. I don't expect you to fully understand this, old fel-low. You were separated from your mother when you were too young to comprehend the meaning of filial affection. But human beings are quite different and have a certain duty to perform in looking after their maternal

denly, my boy," pursued Granville aft-er a few moments of silence. "Things were running along all right, and there was no necessity for immediate action until this big fellow from Californiawentworth's his name—came upon the scene. He's been showing Miss Browning the most decided attention. Took her out three times last week in his auto and twice to the theater. In fact, Towne—Ah, a pair of breaches! auto and twice to the theater. In fact, every time I went there she was out with this confounded Wentworth, and Catholic Standard and Times. I haven't had a chance to say a word

to her since he came.'

the only friend in whom I can confide, and I look to you to straighten this tangle out for me." If the fly that hovered about Tip's head had been Wentworth, Granville's anxiety would have been at an end. After making sure that his winged tor-

mentor would worry him no more Tip glanced around and espied the squirrel several rods away, engaged in making morning meal from some crumbs that had been left in the woods. Forand began a mental calculation as to the length of time that must elapse before he could hope for sufficient in-come wherewith to maintain his mother and wife in separate homes, pro-vided, of course, that Wentworth did not succeed in carrying off Miss

Browning before his eyes. The calculation was interrupted by a series of ear splitting yelps, and Granville, fearing his pet had come to grief, arose and hurried down the path along which Tip had disappeared. As he reached a clearing a hundred yards or so away he stopped short, his eyes resting upon a curious scene.

In the center of the clearing stood

Wentworth and Mrs. Granville tree and addressed his fox terrier, who surveyed his master with evident interest and understanding. There was a his disengaged hand, he was vigorousfrown on the broad forehead of the ly parrying the furious rushes of the

enraged Tip.
"I'm so glad you've come, Jim," cried
Mrs. Granville as her son drew near.

ship. Tom tells me"—a pretty flush had crept into Mrs. Granville's cheeks, and her forty-five years of life seemed to dwindle perceptibly-"that he has cared for me ever since he has known me, and he has persuaded me to go back to California with him if you

and not understand until Wentworth enlightened her.

"I knew Jim would be all right," observed the big Californian joyfally.
"He's been making some plans for himself, and I think we'd better make a double wedding of it."

"You're a clear ally Tip, even if "You're a clear ally Tip, even if

of absentmindedness and then hung his head.
"Well, Miss Browning also has decided views on certain questions of life, and she and my mother disagree brought about a solution of the whole

Marsh Cup Water Plant.

Marsh Cup Water Plant.
The plant that I found in the Hudson bay region which is most worthy of notice grows in the mossy muskegs, in places where there is little ages, in places where there is little or no grass. It is remarkable for two reasons—the beauty of its flower and its water containing properties. The leaves, which grow flat upon the ground, are broad and green. The bell of the flower seems adapted as a nat-ural reservoir for water, of which, from a large one, there can easily be from a large one, there can easily be obtained as much as an Egyptian coffee cup will hold. But the beauty of it was that in the early autumn, when the nights were frosty, but the heat still excessive by day, the water it contained was always iced, for these charming flower bells are evidently constructed to resist frost, and as they close in taward the text that the contained was always as the contained was always as the contained was always in the contained was always as the contained with the contained was always as the conta constructed to resist frost, and as they close in toward the top they protect from the rays of the sun the lump of clear fee formed within the calyx at night. The result of this was that often when toiling along at midday, hot and weary, through a stagnant swamp all I had to do to slake my thirst was to pluck a few of these miraculous flowers to obtain so many small cups full of delicious water. small cups full of delicious water, each with a little lump of ice floating on the top.—Blackwood's Magazine.

What Boys Learned 300 Years Ago. Schoolboys in old England took to Latin and Greek at an early age. At St. Saviour's Grammar school, Southwark, in 1611 a pupil of seven years and three months was admitted as an ordinary occurrence, who signed his form of admission, stating himself to form of admission, stating himself to be "reading and learning in the Acci-dence and entering into Propria quae Maribus, etc., and also Tully his sec-ond epistle, among those gathered by Sternius, and Corderius' dialogues, etc." The hours of study were long too. An old record says that from March till September "the child is to perform in looking after their maternal relations. Now, these are the facts in the case, Tip, and something must be done, but I don't know what it is to be."

come at 6 in the morning and be at school till 11. Again at 1 and tarry lill 6. The rest of the year he is to be gin in the morning at 7 and leave at 5 to be."

The squirrel had disappeared from the squirrel had been to be "skilled in the tenting deeply over the perplexing problem. The stumpy tall ceased its pendern squirrely squi dulum-like motions, and his sharp ears were pricked up in an attitude of earnest attention.

"This crisis has come upon us sudchild, if such may be discerned."

Towne—Well, he's a tailor, you know. He's not used to polite society. It's

Marie Antoinette's Books.

o her since he came."
The terrier whined sympathetically, in this master continued:

"He's twice on the came."
The unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette's Books.
The unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette's Hooks.
The unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette's Hooks. and his master continued:

"He's twice as old as she is, Tip, but that doesn't make any difference in these days, when men of seventy marry women of twenty. There ought to be a law passed that would prevent people from marrying when there is more than five years difference in their ages, and if I ever go to congress I'll introduce such a measure. That won't help me now, though, and if I don't make a move hell win out and leave me at the post. There you are, Tip.

4.712 volumes, consisting of plays and romances, little books a la mode, the works of Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Boileau, Courseau, Corneille, Moliere, Voltaire and many others. She loved music passionately and had a large collection of operas in eighty-nine numbers. The bindings were by Blaizot and were uniform in red morocco, with the arms of France and Austria stamped upon them. The execution of the work was me at the post. There you are, Tip. 4,712 volumes, consisting of plays and romances, little books a la mode, the works of Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, me at the post. There you are, Tip.
I've unbosomed my secret soul to you,
the only friend in whom I can confide, passed away, and the revolution effectually killed whatever knowledge remained of the ancient skill of the bookbinders. Half a century later saw its revival in France, and the art has since flourished both there and on English soil.—London Spectator.

Mother (returning home)—Gracious, Tommy, what means this? The lamp is broken, the dishes are smashed, and getting his master's troubles, Tip dashed off in pursuit, leaving Granville to solve the question that so greatly perplexed him. The young man, left to his own devices, lighted a fresh cigar STONING A TIGER.

he Punishment of a Man Eater That Killed a Tibetan. Fifty years ago tigers were very com-

mon even in the high hills of western Tibet, writes C. A. Sherring in his account of that country. At the present time, however, owing to the increase of population and the general spread of cultivation, they have become rare, and the appearance of a man eater who carried off a poor old woman on the slope of Chipla created consterna-

On the following day there were gathered together a hundred grim men, armed only with axes and stones, for they had not a gun among them.

Fortune favored the brave, for the Fortune favored the brave, for the tiger was found asleep under a rock. At once each man dropped silently into the cover of the brushwood and piled a heap of stones near to his hand, while one of the most trusted of the party was commissioned to stalk to the top of the rock and drop a huge stone on the sleeping brute.

So well was the work done that the stone fell true on the tiger's back, and immediately, with a roar, the wounded beast sprang up and, seeing his ene-mies, who leaped from their cover, charged the line

But a hundred men, desperate as to consequences, throwing stones with might and main, are not to be awed or turned from their purpose lightly. The stones broke the tiger's teeth and went into his mouth, and his body soon became r. mass of wounds.

came f. mass of wounds.

Tarning, he tried to escape and took
his pursuers up hill for a mile, but
wherever he paused and whatever he
did he could not escape the pittless
rain of missiles. The blow on his back,

rain or missiles. The blow on his back, first given, effectively checked his speed, and finally, worn out, he came to bay under a great cliff.

The rest was easy. He was immediately hemmed in, and the stones were showered on him thicker than ever and hurled with redoubled energy. As he sank down the yillagers rushed in and sank down the villagers rushed in and dispatched him with their axes. —

Respected His Scruples.

In the mathematics class one day at Williams college Professor S., who was rarely made the subject of college jests, was excessively annoyed by some man "squeaking" a small rubber bladder. The noise seemed to come from near a certain Jack Hollis, and after querying each of his neighbors and receiving a negative answer Professor S. said sternly:

"Hollis, do you know who is making that unbearable noise?" Hollis, who had been the guilty person all along, assumed an air of stoical bravery and said calmly, "I know, sir, but I prefer not to tell."

Professor S.'s angry face grew calmer, and with evident pleasure he replied: "I respect your scruples, Hollis. They do you credit and should shame the guilty man, sir."

John Milton's Cottage.

One of the best preserved historic country houses in all England is John Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, to which the blind and aging poet fled when the great plague swooped dowp on London. That was in July, 1665, and Milton had just finished "Paradise Lost" and received a five pound note for it, with a promise of three more five pound notes if the poem sold four reditions of 1,300 copies each. The cottage stands at the top of the village, and it is in practically the same condition as when Milton left if. Here the poet received his distinguished the poet received his distinguished guests during the latter part of his life.

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THE ZOO CATERER.

Special Knowledge Required to Run a

"To run a wild animals' hotel-for what is a zoo but that?-requires a lot what is a zoo but that?—requires a lot of special knowledge," said an animal keeper. "How would you, for instance, know how to provide for a rhinoceros or a tapir? If you don't cater right for your animal guests, if you don't give them what they want, they pack up and quit the hotef, you know—that is to say, they die. It amounts to the same thing.

"Yes, it takes special knowledge to feed a zoo. You wouldn't know, would you, that an elephant requires 150 pounds daily—no more, no less—of rice, hay, straw, roots, bread and biscuit?

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"We have our farms, too, to supply our table, just as lots of other hotels do. Only our farms are queer ones. One is a mouse farm. In it, with the belp of traps, we raise a tremendous annual crop. Another is a worm farm, where we produce yellow meal worms by the thousand for our birds."—Ex-

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