Old World And New.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague

"He looks as if he were one of the statues, just a part of this wonderful picture of the old Italy and the new olled into one," mused Penelope Gar-ner. "He is really more than life e-six feet four if he is an inch."

aunt, Mrs. Hammell, swung ound sharply.

ound sharply.

'Who? Oh, that guard? It is his helet, my dear child, and his high heeled oots. Wouldn't you think he'd be samed to pose like that at the head the grand statrcase? Did you ever much gilt braid and shiny leath-one human being?" Hammell's voice had executed

orth a protesting hand. speak so loud, auntie, dear. understand."

great, square shouldered figittering uniform stood as imas the knight in the old Gobe-stry before which Mrs. Ham-od enraptured, though she concriticise the king's guard.

s just the difference between soldiery and what we see abroad.

ery one of our lads holds possibiliies of doing big things. Foreign solliers are mere puppets.

Penelope replied with conviction:
"I don't agree with you. That man has the face, the bearing, of one who will some day do things that are worth while. He makes me think of that tapestry knight, setting out to fight for his

true love."

Mrs. Hammell gasped and closed her

Baedeker with a snap.

"My dear Penelope, I am amazed! If
you behave this way over the first
handsome man you see in uniform,
how will you feel by the time we have attended a few receptions and met the real nobility, rising young diplomats and all that sort of thing?" "Thoroughly disgusted, I presume," said Penelope coldly, "and I hope we

shall not go to any receptions where tiny men, with waxed mustaches and mincing steps, will look through my backbone to daddy's newly acquired bank account. It is because that man is so big, so strong and looks as if he could move heaven and earth to achieve for the woman he loved that I was studying him. It is so seldom that Y meet a man whom I could look up to," ended Penelope, with a sigh for her five feet eleven inches of graceful selenderness, "I was considering him only as an abstract quantity, a hypo-

thetical man, so to speak."
"I should hope so," was her aunt's indignant reply. "Why, these special guards of the king are gathered in the north of Italy solely for their height, the guidebook says, and no doubt he was found grubbing in some wretched farm or vineyard. In New York he

would be working in the subway."

Penelope turned and started to cross
the great throne room where through an open window the soft Italian sun hight beckened to her. The martial figure at the entrance so close to the Gobelin tapestry had not moved the half of an inch, but above the gold breid on his collar and rising up the peak of his helmet was an unmistaka-

but the man looked straight ahead. She crossed to the window, resting her head wearily on her gloved hand. Her glance traveled over the great courtyard of the palace, while Mrs. Ham-mell completed her tour of the tapestry

haing walls.
"He understood English-every word The unserstood English—every word we said. How intolerably stupid of us!

And auntic said he probably grubbed on a farm! No wonder these foreigners think we Americans are rude. We are so secure and snug in our ignorance of their language that we cannot believe they understand ours."

The sunlight waned, and Penelope knew that out on the Angles was too.

knew that out on the Applan the what out on the Applian way tender amethyst shadows very settling. Why could not her aunt be satisfied with Rome's beautiful outdoor life, its drives and walks? Why must she spend days and days in musty churches and hideously garish palaces? She looked back into the room. Lovely shadows softened the glit frames and furniture red and highes breeded into furniture, red and blues blended into purple, and the uniformed figure right faced abruptly. He had dared to Source and the uniformed again and the faced abruptly. He had dared to much her as she stood thus at the window! Well, it served her right for talking about human beings as if they were statues or curios.

That night she wrote in her diary:

"Spent entire afternoon in the royal alace. Tapestries remarkable, but palace. Tapestries remarkable, but rather boring. Bedrooms reserved for various royal guests reminded me of Waldorf-Astoria. Were not permitted to enter royal sult, of course, but heard laughter of royal children through folding doors, and a hurdy gurdy playing in what must have been the nursery. Italy is a place of distilu-sions. The natives are learning Eng-lish, the better to do you, my dear!"

Penelope Gardiner held off the plate and at arm's length and studied it

"It's lovely, Pen-you ought to charge more for your work. You could get it, you know. Rich women love to patronize girls like you"— "Who once ate off their plates, in-

stead of painting plate cards for them? I think I will charge Mrs. Fitch half a dollar more for each of these cards.

They were done to match her Italian villa duting room, you know."
"What I do know," pursued Penelppe's caller, "Is that you are going

with me to Archie Hunter's studio tea this afternoon. The way you have shut yourself off from all of us, just because your father dropped money in the wrong copper mine, is inexcusable. Pen—there are so many who loved you in spite of your money and love you more now because you haven't any—

Penelope could say such things with. | ment.

out a touch of bitterness. She seemed rather to glory in the fact that she was self supporting, able to face the world which had promised her so much and then withdrawn its hypocritical smiles.

Through the open door of Hunter's studio came the click of teacups and a confused myrmuc of well break velocities.

confused murmur of well bred voices "Jolly glad to see you," exclaimed Hunter, looking up into Penelope's gray blue eyes. Sometimes he had thought that if he could have looked

down instead of up, she might have said "Yes," instead of "No."
"Isn't it a good crowd today? You see, I had something special to bring them. You haven't met Lecca yet, have you? Hello there, old chap! I want you to know Miss Gardiner. You wouldn't think he was an Italian, eh, Pen?" Hunter rattled on. "Who ever heard of a six foot Italian, with blond hair at that?"

hair at that?"
"My friend Hunter said that he would not make of me either a lion or yet a curlo, but listen how he talks."
Some one turned on an electric light, and before its flash the soft shadows of the studio disappeared. Penelope gave a little gasp and slowly from Lecca's face every vestige of color faded. Penelope recovered first.

"Ah, there is Dorothy Kent pouring tea. I know it will be worth drink-ing." And Lecca, dazed, watched the trail of a shimmering ciel blue voile skirt across Hunter's priceless rugs to There for several minutes she stood with her back turned full upon the group around her host and his guest of honor.

She was the center of another laughing group when she felt his compelling gaze drawing her away from the chat-ter. Hunter was speaking to her in a tone which the tense, nervous girl did not realize was one of renunciation.

"Lecca has been unpacking some of his traps in my farther room. He wants to know if you would like to see them. It's an honor, Pen. Even I have not seen the picture he expects to exhibit at the academy next month. He's a fine fellow. Met him last year in Paris. Awfully glad he has taken

in Paris. Awuniy gad ne has taken a shine to you."

Without speaking Penelope passed through the door whose hangings Lecadrew aside for her. He crossed to a canvas and threw back the drapery

"I have named it 'The Old World and the New,' " he said simply. Penelope looked with widening eyes. There was the tapestried wall of the throne room in all its old world colorings, faded, in places almost obscure. while against it, vital, full of grace and vigor, was the figure of an alert American girl clad in navy blue broad-cioth, a velvet picture hat on her soft brown hair and a great bouquet of Roman violets at her belt.

Woman violets at her belt.

"You see, I have done what you said—something worth while—and, having done it, I have come to show it to you and your people. I wanted you to know that you had made it possible—It is not for sale"—He drew himself up proudly, and she reached out her head pleadingly.

"And if it was a Lagrangian to the control of the contro

"And if it was-I-I could not buy it. Much has happened to me since the day—in the throne room. We—we have lost everything."

"Ah!" The man drew a long, deep breath. "Fate has indeed been kind;

breath. "Fate has indeed been kind; otherwise I might not speak! I was a foolish boy, unworthy son of a gifted father, proud of my authority in the royal guard and my toy uniform-faugh—until you came and the man in me cried out in shame. You said I could do it. Have I done it well enough to please you?"

She bowed her head and then raised it again. Yes without the helmet and

it again. Yes, without the helmet and the high heels, he still towered above her, and then her eyes fell before his earnest gaze.

"That day-it was the same, the glance, the flash, you will forgive me, the message of love. In our country love does not wait. Yet for five years I have worked for you. All I am you have made. Today I may be artist to our king. Will you come?"

"To my king-yes."

And, though his next words were o his own country, the girl understood, for the language of love is the same in the old world and in the new.

A woman who has made a modest A woman who has made a modest competence by running a private hotel says she would rather have women as boarders than men. Perhaps they are a little inquisitive about one another's affairs, she admits, and disposed to find fault oftener than they are justified in doing. On the other hand, they usually voice their complaints either directly or in such a plaints either directly or in such a manner that the criticisms soon reach the landlady's ears. Men, on the con-trary, don't lodge so many open complaints, but they make bitter remarks one to another, and it is seldem their remarks are repeated to the hostess until too late to offset their bad effect. This woman puts herself on record as saying that when men are inclined to be at all disagreeable they are much more difficult to deal with than women. One can always soothe disgruntled wemen by a little extra attention to their comfort, she says, but the male boarder or hotel guest who un-dertakes to criticise a place harshly is a hopeless case.-Kansas City Star.

Oh, Yes, of Course. Of the many children and women in Nazareth, Palestine, who have picked up a little English all have a way of saying "of course" instead of a simple "yes." The expression which French

"yes." The expression which French people catch up as characteristic of the American and Englishman is always "Oh, yes!" A correspondent, who has cycled down the Rhone valley, about Provence and along the Riviera, found himself greeted with "Oh, yes!" by the children in the streets of nearly every town. And he discovered when his attention had been called to the point in this way that "Oh, yes!" was really what he and his companions were always saying.

Drunkards In Norway. Drunkards in Norway.

In Norway drunkenness is punished by imprisonment. When a man is incarcerated he has a loaf and wine supplied to him morning and evening. The bread is served in a wooden bowl full of wine, in which it has been soaked for an hour. The first day the prisoner. more now because you haven't anywon't you come?"
St. Authony himself couldn't refuse
you, Kathie," said Penelope, pushing
aside her work. "I am going, and
what is more, I shall wear my new
spring frock, made over from one that
last year I might have given to my
maid."

Penelope could say such things with.

The Professor's Way. By HENRY LEWIS.

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells. Professor Sweetzer, naturalist for a certain New England college, was a little man. He was round shouldered. He was awkward on his legs. He was awkward on his legs. He wore goggles for his weak eyes, and he arrived at the age of fifty-five without having loved. As between bugs and beetles and women, the bugs and beetles were ahead. It was only on rare occasions and when under the stress of excitement that he took the slightest notice of the other sex. Even when he did sit up and take notice of them he could not have recalled half an hour later what he said or whether they had red hair or black. On a certain day it came to the ears

of Professor Sweetzer that a portion of the vertebrae of a whale had been found on a farm in Connecticut. He arrived on the spot next day and verified the find. On an occasion thousands of years before an old bull whale had decided to take a trip inland and through some error of judgment had left his bones in a gravel pit. A piece of the backbone six feet long had been uncovered. The professor wanted to excavate for the rest. Where there is six feet of whale you can take it that there is more. He engaged board at the Widow Webb's and hired a man to

wield the pick and shovel and thus went to work.

The Widow Webb was fat and forty and childless. She was worth a stony farm and \$600 in cash. A still older sister lived with her, and the farm work was done by a hired man with the good old fashioned name of Hiram Stebbins. Hiram was thirty-five and drank nothing stronger than cider, but he thought deeply. One of them was that if he married the widow he would become the possessor of the farm and \$600. He had been thinking of this and taking the farm work easy when and taking the farm work easy when Professor Sweetzer put in an appearance. Hiram looked at him and grinned. If any one had told him that within a week he would be jealous of that little dried up and humpbacked specimen of humanity, he would have roared with lauguter.

As soon as the professor had inspected the bone and become enthusiastic, he was a charged man. He became a

he was a changed man. He became a fluent talker. He became fatherly to-ward the widow. He called her "my child," and often took her hand and held it while he tried to make her un-derstand that a whale was a cachelot and that a cachelot could stand on his tail in the water as well as on his head. When Hiram witnessed the hand holding act, he quit grinning. He was mad all that day as he hoed corn. He was mad when he came up to supper. He was mad when one of the cows kicked him at milking time. While the professor took a ramble in search of beeties, Hiram carried the milk into

the kitchen and began:
"Widder Webb, how does it feel to
have a baboon holding your hand?"
"Hiram, what do you mean?" was demanded.

demanded.
"I mean that I have seen you and
that little runt of a man squeezing
hands a dozen times, and neither of
you seems to care who stands by. Fell in love mighty quick, didn't you?"

"Look here, Mr. Stebbins, you have no right to talk to me this way. You know who the professor is. He's a great man. He has taught me more about whales in the last three days than I knew in all my life before. He also knows all about birds and bugs and bees. It's twice as interesting to and bees. It's twice as interesting to hear him talk as it is to hear a ser

hand to talk to you about whales?' asked Hiram.

"He hasn't squeezed it. That's sim-ply his way. He is a fatherly man. When he gets to talking he don't know whether he has got hold of my hand or the leg of a chair. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk as you do. I always thought there was a mean and jealous streak in you, and now it's

"Oh, it has, eh?" muttered Hiram.
"Perhaps if I went around looking for
the bones of an old whale, I'd be all

right." "I guess it would be better than grunting around. You don't care for educated folks, but I do. I was born equivalent to be a substitution of the control of that way. If I was to ask you about whales, you couldn't tell me anything."
"But the professor could?"
"Yes, str, he could. Hiram Stebbins,

do you know that the Latin name of whale is Physeter macrocephalus? Do you know that we get spermaceti and ambergris from its body? Do you know that he sometimes reaches the length of seventy or eighty feet? You stand there with a mean look on your face, and yet let me tell you that the sperm whale can swallow a man at a gulp. There are no teeth in the upper jaw, but the lower one has from twenty-five to thirty on each side. The eyes are small and placed far back in the

"Well?" grunted the hired man.
"Well, the cachelot feeds upon fishes
and cephalopodous mollusks. You probably thought he fed upon turnips. The
whale is gregarious. Five hundred or more have been seen in a single herd. Terrible conflicts often take place among the males, and it is not unusual to flud the lower jaws deformed. The left eye is said to be smaller than the

right, and the whale cannot see behind him." "All from the professor!" sneered Hiram as he bowed and walked out to

fasten the hencoop for the night.
When the professor wasn't assisting his man to dig for bones he was hunting bugs and bees and butterflies. To his great joy, he discovered a seven spot bumblebee. As all of us know, a bumblebee is of dark color, with yel-low spots on his back. There are offow spots on his back. There are or-ten from five to six spots and only rarely a seven spotter. This bee, along with a dozen others, was placed in a pasteboard box, and when the house pasteboard box, and when the bouse was reached the box was deposited on a window sill of the veranda. The professor had told the widow all about whales. As soon as he had a little spare time he meant to tell her all about bumblebees. Two days had gone by when the moment came. The bone selburgh in 1774.

digging labors of the day were over and supper disposed of when the professor and the widow took chairs on the veranda. He had found the shell of a small turtle in the gravel that day, and he set out to first explain about that. Hiram Stebbins was greasing his boots and chawing the rag in the kitchen and could bear every word. He also knew all about that box of bumblebees on the window sill.

According to Professor Sweetzer, turtles had hearts and lungs, hopes and aspirations. He would even go so far as to say that turtles loved and were loved in return. They did not sing like

as to say that turtles loved and were loved in return. They did not sing like a bird nor beliow like a frog, but they were supposed to have musical ears for all that. In his earnestness the man got hold of the widow's hand. It was only his way. If he had got hold of her ear it would have been the same. He had called her his dear woman and his dear child half a dozen times, and in his lecture he had got as far back in his lecture he had got as far back as the turtle's markings when Hiram Stebbins could restrain himself no lon-ger. He saw red. He thirsted for gore. He rose up to do murder, but checked his onslaught and walked soft-ly into the sitting room. The window was up and the bee box before him, while the backs of the sitters were to ward him. He lifted the cover and stepped back.

The dozen bumbles had been hopping

nad and calling each other names for the two days. The cover was no sooner off than they swarmed to get room to square off. As they caught sight of the professor and the widow, however the hatchet was instantly buried. There was a wild swoop, followed by wilder yells. Old seven spot led in the fray. He it was who lifted the professor over the veranda rail and let him drop among the hellyhocks while the rest were paying the widow attentions. The professor ran and was fol-lowed, the widow shrieked and was stung again and again. It was not un-til Hiram rushed out with smoke and flame that she was rescued and a flame that she was rescued and a neighbor woman sent for to treat the lumps and bumps and put her to bed. The professor returned not. Old seven spot wouldn't let him. No news came from him as the hours of night wore on, and Hiram wondered, but next morning the widow received a note reading. reading:

"My dear child, please send my satchel by bearer, I'm off after more bones. The turtle, as I meant to have told you, is utterly without ambition." "Waal," said Hiram to himself as he worked in the cornfield that day, "there was the professor and me and the widder and the whale and the bumblebee and if I hain't come out top o' the heap, who has?"

The Ship's Log.

The ship's log consists of a log chip and a log line. The log chip is a piece of board, shaped like the fourth part of a circle, loaded with lead on the round side, so that it will stand up in the water. The log line is 150 to 200 fathems long. It is wound upon a large reel, so held as to let it run out easily. The line is divided into equal parts by bits of string run through it, each marked by the number of knots in it; hence these divisions are called knots. The log chip when thrown into the water stands still and draws out the log ter stands still and draws out the los line as fast as it unwinds, and the speed of the ship is shown by the num-ber of knots that run out in half a minute. The usual length of a knot is 47.3 feet. When it is known how many of these run out in half a minute, it is easy to calculate how many would run out in an hour by multiplying by 120. The record of the heaving of the log, as well as all important things happen-ing on shipboard, is made in a log book.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Open to Conviction.

No rock was ever more firmly fixed than were Mrs. Manser's opinions, but she considered herself of an extremely plable disposition, with a mind open to conviction on all sides. to conviction on all sides.

"It's the strangest thing to me, the way the rest of the family talk as if I were set in my views," she said one day to her nephew William's bride, with whom she had been laboring on the subject of calling cards for more than an hour. "It seems to me you're sort of taking the same tone," she continued looking showly at the result. sort of taking the same tone," she continued, looking sharply at the young woman, "and I don't want you to. There isn't anybody in this world that's readier to be convinced she's in the wrong than I am by people who know more than I. All they've got before 'em, ever, is to prove to me that they do know more than I—and I cost. ever been able to in this family!"
Youth's Companion.

The Kora

The Koran, or Al Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans, was writbook of the Mohammedans, was writ-ten about 610 A. D. by Mohammed. It is a prose poem of 6,000 verses, the object of which was to show that God had told everything that was worth telling to Mohammed and that those who doubted it should be slain in this world and turned over to Allah to be eternally damned in the world to come. There are today some 200,000,000 of human beings who profess to believ in the Koran

How He Told It.

Papa—Is the teacher well satisfied with you? Toby—Oh, quite. Papa—Did he tell you so? Toby—Yes. After a close examination he said to me the other day, "If all my scholars were like you I would shut up my school this very day." That shows that I know enough.-Indianapolis Star.

Had Heard It Before, Mamma—It is strange that girls have not more sense. Grandpa—I think you inherit that opinion. Mamma-What do you mean? Grandpa-Well, it is ex actly what your mother used to say twenty-five years ago.—New York Press.

English and Scotch Golf.

Although golf was played in Scotland at a much earlier period, the honor of the first club rests with England, where the Royal Blackheath was organized in 1608—possibly by James VI., possibly only as an outgrowth of that convivial "Knucklehope club." that convivial "Knucklebone club."
The Edinburgh Burgess Golfing socie ty, with more social than sporting predilections, dates from 1735, and St. Andrews, popularly regarded as the alma mater of golf, was founded in 1754, while the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers set up links at Mus-

WANDERING WORKERS

In New York may be found skilled mechanics who have been wandering over the globe for half a lifetime. There are few trades in which a skill-

There are few trades in which a skill-ed man with the mastery of several tongues cannot earn a living in almost any considerable city of the world. Most of the mechanics who move thus freely about the world are conti-nental Europeans. Woodcarvers, stone-cutters, electrical workers of various kinds and garment cutters are among the mechanics that move about most freely.

The great temptation to such a wanderer is the trip around the world. The thing is not really difficult. He can cross this continent profitably in a few months, with a stop at Chicago and perhaps another between Chicago and San Francisco. A stop of a few weeks or months at San Francisco will put him in funds for the voyage to Australia. tralia.

There are four or five Australian cities in which a skilled man is sure of profitable employment. After Australia there are the great Anglo-Indian

with a stop at Cairo if one chooses to make a little detour, and then Paris awaits one only a few hours beyond the end of the Mediterranean. Here are cheap living and good wages. In a few months one is more than equip-

ped for the voyage to New York.

One has only to keep sober and know how to save money in order to make such a journey around the world with entire success. It does not mean un-comfortable living. In fact, the jour-neyman must be well dressed and must present a good appearance to get on. At the height of the season hardly any city has enough skilled garment cutters, for example, and the wander-ers are always welcome when they reach a new town.-Washington Post Daguerre's Process.

Daguerre's Process.

The photographic process devised by
Daguerre was substantially as follows:
A sheet of planish copper, plated with
silver and well cleaned by treating
with diluted nitrie acid and washing
with water, was exposed to the action
of the vapors of iodine. By this exposure a thin film of iodide of silver was
formed on the surface contain reaches. formed on the surface, certain mechan-ical precautions being taken to insure that it should be uniform in all parts. that it should be uniform in all parts. The sheet thus prepared was then placed in a camera substantially the same in principle as the photographic camera in use today and was exposed to the object for from eight to ten minutes. The plate was then covered and removed from the camera to a dark room, where it was exposed to the action of the vapor of preceiver, aided by tion of the vapor of mercury, aided by the application of gentle heat, by which the image was developed. It was then fixed by immersion in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, which distion of hyposulphite of soda, which dis-solved out all the unchanged silver lodide. Washing with water followed, and the finished picture was protected by a cover of glass and suitably in-closed in a frame, one that could be closed, to protect it from fading under the action of the sunlight.

Planting a Garden.

Planting a Garden.
God Almighty first planted a garden.
And, indeed, it is the purest of human
pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without
which buildings and palaces are but
gross handiworks, and a man shall
ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance men come to build
stately scoper than to garden finely age. stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfec-tion.—Lord Bacon.

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of Danville.

The Nature of an Oath.

Some years ago a case was on tria!
before the judge of a court in a city
adjoining Boston in which among the numerous witnesses for the defense was a decidedly ignorant appearing and shiftless looking colored man named Jones, who was to testify as to

an allbi.

He was finally called, and the usual oath was about to be administered, when the attorney for the prosecution arose and addressed his honor, suggesting that Mr. Jones be interrogated as to his understanding of the solemnity of an oath. The judge therefore asked the witness if he understood the nature of an oath, to which he replied, "Yes, sah."

"Well," said his honor, "what is it?"
To which Mr. Jones immediately replied, "When you tell a lie, stick to it."

—Boston Herald. an alibi.

The Elegant Mrs. Adams.

An old Washington lady used to tell with delight of an occasion on which she went, with a kinswoman, to dine with Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams. The table was beautifully set in the fashion of the time, and at Mr. Adams' place lay a four tined silver fork. The other persons at table had merely the two pronged fork then in use. Mrs. Adams apologized for her husband's little eccentricity, saying that in his long sojourn in France he had acquired the habit of eating with had acquired the habit of eating with his fork, a habit of which he had been unable to break himself. "And, my dear," the old lady used to say, with a twinkle in her eye, "the elegant Mrs. Adams and the rest of use ate with a heafte." knife.

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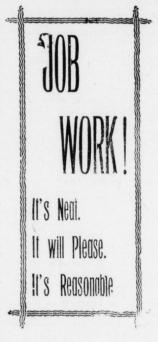
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