

Good Ship Roosevelt.

By RITA KELLEY.

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"Betsy, let's run out into the Hudson and see Peary's ship!"

Betsy Cobb jumped at her brother's words and gazed with sudden intentness on the window. She had come up to his office for a few moments' chat, and, as she felt the blood pound on her cheeks and up to her hair, she wished poignantly that she had stayed away. To the Roosevelt, indeed!

"It's too cold," she objected, simulating a shiver. "We'll freeze getting out there."

"Boosh! Get on your gloves. It isn't every day that one has a chance to climb over a vessel that's been within hailing distance of the north pole. I'll just cut my appointments. What's the trouble?"

She had balked flatly at the gentle urgency of her brother's hand on her arm.

"I won't go!" she declared.

"The doctor laughed good humoredly. 'What's up? Is some sickle admirer who forgot for the first time to send you a box of candy for your birthday due out there this afternoon? Come on. It isn't every day I can run off, and it's no pleasure to go alone.'

Betsy's head swam with a perspective of a chain of horrors opening up by her acquiescence; but, on the other hand, her brother's curiosity was not to be aroused too much. He had a most uncomfortable habit of going to the bottom of things.

"Well," she said reluctantly, "I'll go." She laughed a bit hysterically. "But I'd rather be hanged."

Her brother remembered with some uneasiness that Betsy had not been herself of late. She was not so gay and fun loving as usual, and he often caught her moaning. That was what she was doing back at the office just now, and it decided him to run away with her for awhile.

"Betsy, don't you feel well?" he asked as they scrambled off a cross-town car at the ferry slip.

"Botheration, yes! What a silly question!" But, though her words were careless, she avoided his eyes and looked off down the Hudson. "You can't get across this day," she announced, with perceptible relief. "The ice is all caked up here on the New York side, so that a launch couldn't possibly get through."

"We'll hire a ferry, then," said her brother cheerfully. One thing was certain—the Roosevelt had something vital to do with her state of sulks. Good! He would probe further.

"Is there any way of getting out to the Peary ship?" he inquired of a policeman.

"Ice is pretty bad. No boats going out of here, but maybe if you walk up to Forty-fourth street you can get on a bigger boat. They been out once today. Guess you'd better go across to Jersey, though. No ice over there, and you can hire some one to take you up to midstream. The Peary boat is nearer the Jersey shore anyhow," he called after the determined looking physician, who had seized his sister's arm as the ferry gong sounded and was hustling her on board.

Betsy looked furtively at the vessel, lying low and gray, with her nose up-stream, as the ferry passed. There was much deep interest amounting even to fascination in her glance, but she feigned extreme indifference. Several other people were evidently on the same quest, and as the ferry neared the Jersey shore a cry of disappointment went up. Not a launch or row-boat in sight! It looked very much as though those who were not good swimmers would have to content themselves with ferry glimpses of the famed ship, and cameras began snapping industriously.

Again Betsy's manner became more spontaneous.

"You will get out to the Roosevelt, will you?" she twitted her brother joyously. "Well, I don't envy you the swim in this temperature. Fortunately I'm a girl and so exempt."

"Ho, I don't know! Plenty of row-boats around here somewhere. You'll handle the oars all right. You are the most indefatigable croaker I ever saw."

Following the directions of a longshoreman, he guided Betsy's lagging footsteps for five minutes across the bridge, down interminable flights of stairs, across the road to the "wood pile" and brought up before a rotten log emmeshed in ice cakes that led out to a row of decrepit old canalboats lying out of commission along the shore. A man appeared around the corner of the little turret on top of one of the boats and asked if they could row.

"Well, I should say!" the doctor shouted.

And Betsy was forced to scramble up the perpendicular old ladder on to the boat, thence across and down a ladder into a flat bottomed old fishing boat at the other end. Her brother took off his overcoat and wrapped it about her carefully before he seized the oars and fell in with the stroke of the old river man.

The doctor was studying Betsy closely. It looked to him very much like a case of the heart, he speculated as they drew near the ship. When she weakly made excuse to remain in the rowboat while her brother clambered over the ship, he was certain that the masculine reason lurked on shipboard. So Betsy, perforce, boarded the Roosevelt.

The ship was in gala dress, with many sightseers aboard. As Betsy and her brother stood on the deck clutching their hats in the stiff breeze, a young, brown, weather beaten man stepped up and rather shyly held out his hand to Betsy.

Instantly the doctor looked at his sister. She was flushed, painfully embarrassed and was stammering like an awkward schoolgirl. He was seized with remorse, and Dr. Cobb came to her rescue, chastising himself mentally. "Haven't I seen you before?" he asked engagingly, extending his hand to the now embarrassed man, who, he surmised, belonged to the ship, from a certain fine malice that is only bred of hardship and self reliance.

The man smiled a little whimsically

as he gripped the hand of Betsy's brother.

"You are Betsy—Miss Cobb's brother, are you not?" Then he, too, was covered with confusion. "I beg your pardon, she is not Miss—"

Betsy had turned sharply away, but her brother ran his hand through her arm and whirled her right about face. "See here, young lady," he said seriously, "introduce me to this young man. What is it, my dear?"

To his chagrin and utmost self reproach she had buried her head on his shoulder, and he thought he heard something like a sob work its way out from the cloth of his coat. He could not raise her head. She burrowed it there. He could only look at the young northman and unweave a romance.

The man's face was drawn with a sort of starved tenderness, and his blue eyes gazed wistfully at the golden, shily tendrils which escaped in the wind from the small black turban and swept the doctor's shoulder. Stern repression showed in the tense mouth. His whole expressive person seemed to bespeak the pain of having lost forever a much loved prize.

"Betsy, for heaven's sake, stop crying! Those people are looking at us." The doctor, having determinedly brought on the deluge, was taking man's inalienable right of blaming somebody else. Besides he wanted to know what this was all about.

Betsy disclosed a flushed but fearless face.

"Not crying," she denied the allegation spiritedly. "What is there to cry about? For I just wanted a whiff of that nice, smelly iodoform on your coat, Mr. Jensen, my brother. And now—" she slipped a companionable hand through the arm of each—"show us the boat."

This was more like Betsy.

"What is your name?" he asked in a voice that was too vibrant to be called steady.

The doctor wheeled in consternation. "Betsy Cobb, haven't you ever met this man?" he demanded.

"Cobb!" the northman's big voice boomed up into the masts with sheer joy. "Aren't you married?" he cried, his boyish face breaking into a pathetic eagerness that was too beautiful and too intimate for any one but Betsy to see.

So the doctor was thrust out into a little world of his own for awhile, after Betsy ecstatically gurgled, "Gracious, no!" Betsy, dear little sister, didn't belong to him any more. And he had insisted upon getting rid of her!

"We've been engaged," Betsy's voice roused him, "ever since the Roosevelt sailed two years ago, but I promised not to tell till Paul came back. Do you know why I didn't want to come out here today? I thought Paul had forgotten. He never let me know he still cared."

"Foolish girl," said Paul, gripping both her hands in an ecstasy of recovery. "It's all the fault of old New York. I had forgotten in the ice files that everybody down here moves every six months, and when I rushed up to Sixty-ninth street, all agog with delight to get back to the dearest little girl in the world, they told me Miss Cobb was married and didn't live there any more! Think of it! Some other Miss Cobb, newly loving me off my feet like that! I knew two years was a long time for a fascinating little girl to remain true to a poor dink probably frozen into an ice cake around the north pole somewhere, so I didn't blame her much. I was going to be everlastingly grateful to her memory. For if it hadn't been for the thought of her I think I should have lost my grit once or twice. But as it was I just kept on a-living."

"I knew it," said Betsy. "I knew it when I saw you."

How He Broke Into Literature.

Frederic Harrison was a close friend of George Eliot, and she often asked his advice in regard to points of law that came up in the course of her stories. She particularly needed legal advice in a vital part of "Felix Holt," for, conscientious worker as she was and as all really great artists are, she was not content to make a guess.

Mr. Harrison listened as gravely to the presentation of her problem as if it concerned real individuals. The next day he sent her a carefully and concisely worded opinion, which he used in her book just as he wrote it. In the story it is ascribed to "the attorney general" and is referred to as "final authority." It is the part printed in italics in chapter thirty-five.

Mr. Harrison was both surprised and pleased to see his own words used. He expected that the novelist would wish to express his legal opinion in her own language. "Thanks to George Eliot," he said, with a smile, "I have written something that will live forever in English literature."—Philadelphia Press.

"Sapsy."

At Liverpool street station, London, I asked a looking clerk whether he could tell me where Sapsworth was. His answer was that he had never heard of such a place. "But," I urged, "is not that the way the country people pronounce Sawbridge-worth?" "No, indeed," he laughingly replied. "They call it Sapsy."—E. H. Cook in London Spectator.

Only Slight Mistakes.

Mrs. Lombard is a zealous and loyal friend, and she means withal to avoid exaggeration. "It's perfectly wonderful to see the way Cousin Henry counts bills at the bank," she said to a patient friend. "Why, I think they are so lucky to have him! He'll take a great pile of five and ten and twenty dollar bills and make his fingers fly just like lightning and never make a mistake!"

"Never?" said the friend, who knew Mrs. Lombard's weakness and could not forbear the question.

"Why—no—at least—why, perhaps he might get 5 or 10 cents out of the way, but not any more, ever." And Mrs. Lombard spoke with the air of one who has taken a stand and refuses all chances to retreat.—Youth's Companion.

His Business.

The lady in black pointed toward the sky. "My husband," she sighed, "is up there, but he is looking down. Perhaps he sees all that we do."

"How long has he been dead, ma'am?" we inquired gently.

"With a frown, she answered: "Dead? He isn't dead. He's an aeronaut."—Exchange.

MILTON'S MOTHERS.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Bess gazed through the open window, out past the school yard with its well beaten earth, trampled hard and smooth by the play of generations of children, through the orchards, now pink and white with the promises of fruition, down to where the river wound its silvery length between green banks and tiny islands.

It would be hard to give it all up, and yet before her on the desk was the formal communication from the school board of Milton township notifying her that her services would not be required during the ensuing term.

The note was cold and formal, but for weeks past she had known of the battle being waged against her. The only objection was her age, but every mother with a marriageable daughter or son had urged this objection upon the school board. Milton township was not overwell stocked with young men, and this girl from the city, with her self possessed ways, her stylish clothes and her bright face, constituted a menace to the mothers.

For once they united in a common cause and urged Bess's removal. The dimple in her chin, the soft color of her cheeks, the laughing brown eyes, the rippling hair and the delicious curves of her throat each constituted an objection that found common expression in the cry that she was too young to manage the young men who formed the upper class in the winter term.

"There's Jed Stroughton," urged Mandy Mills. "Why, he's two years older'n she be. And him trottin' over to her house every evening! 't git help with his Latin! What does the boy want of Latin anyhow? Of course it was the teacher he wanted. When I was a girl and taught school, you can remember I used to whale the boys good. They never had a chance to flirt with th' teacher then."

Si Judson, chairman of the board, told himself that that was in part responsible for her continuation in a single state of blessedness, but Mandy was the sister of the editor of the Banner, and Si wanted to be town clerk at the next election.

So each of the other members had been approached, and the result was the letter that lay on the desk in front of the girl. Had she been re-engaged she might have spent the summer in Milton. Now she must go back to the hot city and haunt the teachers' agencies until something else offered for the coming year.

Slowly she rose to her feet and went to the door. At the threshold she paused a moment and looked around. Her eyes filled as her glance swept the empty benches and the ghastly white walls with the faded maps. She had been happy here in Milton. She was looking at her schoolroom for the last time.

She slipped across the road to Judson's house and delivered the keys into the keeping of the grim faced Mrs. Judson.

"I should like to say goodbye to Mr. Judson," she faltered. "He has been very kind to me this winter."

"I sent him over to the center," his mother said stiffly. "Si ain't got no call to be gadding about with young girls. 'Tain't decent."

She closed the door with a nice shade of emphasis that just avoided a positive slam, and Bess turned away toward the river. She loved the river. It was both companion and comforter, and as she reached the bank she sank into a little nook formed by a screen of bushes, and the tears that had been sternly repressed all day flowed unchecked.

When she had first come she had looked forward to the long summer days which she would spend by the river. Then she had been full of enthusiasm, and there was no question in her mind as to her continuance in the position. Now, just as the river seemed at its best, she was going back to the city. She recalled with a shudder her struggles of the year before. Her father had died just after she had graduated from college. When the small estate was settled it was found that he had lived up to every penny of his income. There was just enough left to pay his outstanding debts and leave a couple of hundred dollars for the girl. The half of this had gone for board while she sought a position. The rest, together with her small savings, must go this year. She had commenced the drudgery of life. She could meet it bravely, but it tore her heart to leave the river and the country that she loved so well.

She should see the river in town, she knew, a broad, silent stream, covered with shipping and discolored by the tides and refuse. It would be a gray ghost of her old friend, a tantalizing reminder of the river she had lost. She was still sobbing when a sharp, staccato bark resounded and a small terrier bounded into view.

Bess rubbed her eyes confusedly. The dog was fawning upon her in a very paroxysm of joy. Surely it would not be Tony, and yet—on the glistering collar plate she read the name. "I am James Harvey's Tony. Tell him he's lost me." Tony was a ghost from her other life, and she threw her arms about his wiry little neck and buried her head upon his shoulder.

James Harvey, coming softly up to see what game the dog had tracked, paused a moment to contemplate the picture. Another instant he had sprung forward.

"Where did you drop from, Bess?" he demanded. "I have been searching the four corners of the globe for you!"

"I have been right here," she said steadily as she offered a cool, soft hand. "I had to do something, so I decided to put to use my only talent. I am—er, rather, have been—the teacher of district 4."

"And the terror of every mother with a son or daughter of marriageable age," he completed, with a laugh. "I have been hearing about you, but 'the teachers' neverMiss Mayo."

"They are all wrong," she cried bitterly. "I did not want their sons, not to disappoint their daughters. I just wanted to be left alone to earn my living, and they would not do it."

QUAINT QUEBEC.

The Old World Charm That Crowns This Picturesque City.

Dear, delightful old Quebec, with her gray walls and shining tin roofs; her precipitous, headlong streets and sleepy squares and esplanades; her narrow alleys and peaceful convents; her harmless antique cannon on the parapets and her sweet toned bells in the spires; her towering chateau on the heights and her long, low, queer smelling warehouses in the lower town; her spick and span caeleches and her dingy trolley cars; her sprinkling of soldiers and sailors with Scotch accent and Irish brogue and cockney twang on a background of petite bourgeoisie speaking the quaintest of French dialects; her memories of an adventurous glittering past and her placid contentment with the tranquil grayness of the present; her glorious daylight outlook over the vale of the St. Charles, the level shore of Montmorency, the green Ile d'Orleans dividing the shining reaches of the broad St. Lawrence, and the blue Laurentian mountains rolling far to the eastward, and at night the dark bulk of the citadel outlined against the starry blue, and far below the huddled housetops, the silent wharfs, the lights of the great warships swaying with the tide, the intermittent ferryboats plying to and fro, the twinkling lamps of Levis rising along the dim southern shore and reflected on the lapsing, curling seaward sliding waves of the great river! What city of the new world keeps so much of the charm of the old?—Henry Van Dyke in Scribner's Magazine.

Nutmeg For Neuralgia.

The superstitious man thrust two fingers down his collar and brought forth a string which was tied around his neck. Attached to the string was a little round dark ball.

"A nutmeg," he explained. "I wear it for neuralgia. Never heard of that cure for neuralgia? Best ever. I found it out from an old negress in South Carolina. I was suffering a thousand deaths from neuralgia. The old woman went to my wife and said: 'Why don't you get a nutmeg and put it around his neck?'

"My wife laughed, but came and told me about it. I was suffering so terribly I was willing to try anything, so the old woman got a nutmeg, strung a little blue ribbon through it, and gave it to me. I put it around my neck, and in a little while the neuralgia was gone. I left the nutmeg around my neck for a long while, thinking perhaps that particular one given me by the negress had some special virtue. Then the nutmeg was lost."

"This happened years ago in the south. Last week I got neuralgia again, worse than before, if that could be. I nearly went wild until my wife said, 'Why don't you try another nutmeg?'

"And I did. With the same result. It wasn't an hour before the pain was gone."

"I can't explain it. I have asked doctors, and they say they can't explain it, but they say also that because they can't explain it is no reason they should disbelieve in its efficacy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Habits of Monkeys.

In their wild state monkeys live in the woods, on the trees, and feed on fruits, leaves and insects. They live together in companies and never go alone when they wish to rob an orchard or find their food. It seems as if they laid regular plans, for part of them stand to watch the approach of enemies and part enter the field. They form a straight line, reaching from those within to some place beyond which is a retreat for them. When they are all arranged in due order those in the orchard near the trees throw the fruit to those outside as fast as they can gather it. These pass it over to those nearest to them till the fruit is all nicely lodged in their hut or retreat. If the one who acts as sentinel perceives any one coming, he makes a loud noise, and they all run away. Yet even then they will take some fruit under each of their arms or forepaws and also in their mouths. They are mischievous animals and annoy travelers exceedingly by throwing stones and sticks at them, and they will frequently follow them for some distance when they are passing through the woods by leaping from tree to tree. They are capable of forming strong attachments even with other animals, and they exhibit mildness, affection and docility.

All Scrappers.

Callahan—Oh, want to get a book to put in photographs of all me relatives in. Oh, think this wan will do.

Clerk—But that isn't a family album, sir; that is a scrapbook.

Callahan—Oh, that's all right, young man; all av me relatives are scrap-pers.—Puck.

Rather Negative.

Father—Well, Tommy, what did you learn at school today? Tommy—I learned that two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative. Father—And what's an affirmative? Tommy—I don't know. We haven't got that far along yet.—Chicago News.

A Paradox of Poets.

"Poets have always had scanty encouragement."

"Yes," answered the sad eyed youth with lily fingers. "The idea seems to be that poetry is something everybody ought to read and nobody ought to write."—Washington Star.

She Helped.

Rayner—It took nerve, didn't it, to break yourself of the habit of smoking at your age? Shyne—It did, you bet! But my wife—er—has plenty of that.—Chicago Tribune.

STAMPING ENVELOPES.

Queer Ways Some Folks Have of Doing This Simple Act.

The only way to stop people from plastering a stamp at any old place upon the envelope except the right one is to do as is done in England. There a letter which does not have the stamp in the right position is cast aside and handled only when all other mail is sorted and exchanged." This idea was advanced by a postal clerk quoted in the Philadelphia Record. "We often lose considerable time because of these letters," continued the clerk, "for often we have to stop and turn over an envelope to find the stamp. We do not mind so much the love sick youth or maiden who places the stamp on the center of the envelope, because a stamp so placed can be seen at a glance, but it is chiefly with the foreigners that we have the trouble. These people invariably put on a stamp at any but the right place, and you would be surprised to know how they do it. Why, I have seen letters upon which the stamps have been placed on the back of the envelope at the point where the society girl will put her monogram in sealing wax. Others when they have to pay, say, 5 cents postage will buy five one-cent stamps and put one on each corner of the envelope, with the remaining one acting as a seal upon the back."

The First Book Catalogue.

The first book catalogue was issued in 1564 in Augsburg, Germany, by one George Willer. It was a quarto of 256 books arranged in classes.

Hand lists or posters were printed as early as 1489 by Jonathan Mentel (or Mentelin) of Strassburg, who printed the first edition of the Bible in 1465 or 1466. The first catalogue in England was printed in 1535 by John Windet for Andrew Maunsell, a bookseller.

HIGH GRADE TEAS.

Some That Never Get Beyond the Bounaries of China.

"Many of the highest grade Chinese teas never leave the country—that is, are never exported in commercial quantities," says a writer. "Tea specialists in Europe and America manage to obtain specimens through corresponding firms in Chinese export centers, but these samples are not for sale. These rare teas are preserved for occasional comparison and testing with the general commercial teas. They are known as 'unexported teas.' I have known of only one person outside of the tea producing countries who supplies the trade of the general public with specimens of the rare teas. His prices range from \$75 to \$100 a pound.

"As not even an expert can safely judge such tea by its appearance alone, it is necessary to taste it in the cup before purchasing. The venter can hardly afford to dispense this \$100 tea gratuitously, so a charge of \$1 to \$1.50 a cup is made, and as a judiciously prepared infusion allows the making of about 200 cups from a pound of tea the profit from this tasting is almost gigantic. On rare occasions exceptionally valuable teas sold at auction in London have brought from \$225 to \$275 a pound.

"But these fancy teas—almost literally worth their weight in gold—are rarely seen by ordinary people. They are preserved in sealed glass jars in the safes of the tea specialists who own them. Such exceptional teas are worth the high valuation placed upon them."—Chicago News.

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