

CAP AND THE CAT.

By Judson Welles.

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Hank Hlman sat on the front porch and gazed frankly and longingly across the neat fence to where Mattie Forman worked in the garden and apparently gave him no heed. Hlman had yet to find that a woman may look north or south and yet be seeing east or west.

Mattie very much approved of Hlman's attitude. The hunched up shoulders spoke eloquently of the good effect of her training. As a rule, those shoulders were accustomed to swagger, and it was the swagger to which Mattie had objected. Just because she they were engaged she did not concede his right to order her about, and the engagement had been broken.

Now that he was in this frame of mind she was quite willing to make up, but naturally to let the overture come from her would be a tactical error, and it did not look as though Hank would ever be enough himself again to make



"WHAT IS IT?" CRIED HANK, BEWILDERED BY THE SUDDEN CHANGE.

the first move. She was rather sorry for him and just a tiny bit contemptuous.

This might have been the end of the story had it not been for Miss Marsden's cat. Hank hated Miss Marsden, her cat and all else that was hers. Having failed to acquire a proprietary right to a man in her younger days, she was revenging herself upon the sex by leading the women's rights movement in Carrsdale.

It was she who had inculcated these advanced notions in Mattie, and Hank cordially hated her for it. Captain, Hank's dog, looked up, with wagging tail and appeal in his soft brown eyes. Hank nodded.

"Get her, Cap," he urged, but Captain needed no urging. With a yelp of delight he was off down the side of the plot. Susan (her full name was Susan B. Anthony) looked up to find Hank cut off. There were no trees in the Hlman front yard, and she made for the next lot. She scrambled through the wide set pickets, and Captain took the fence with a leap, landing against Mattie, who was just planting a bulb. He precipitated her into the middle of the tulip bed. Then he dashed on in pursuit of the cat, now comfortably entrenched up an apple tree.

Hank sprang to Mattie's rescue, but before he could leap the fence she had scrambled to her feet and was facing him, her face white with anger, save for the red spots that glowed on either cheek.

"You set the dog on me," she declared, with a stamp of her foot. "I never thought that you could be so—so—"

"I didn't," defended Hank before she could find an adjective commensurate with the offense.

"You did," she contradicted. "I heard you. You said, 'Get her, Cap,' and then he—"

"Nothing of the sort," protested Hank hotly. "Old Miss Marsden's familiar spirit came over into my yard. Cap wanted a run, and I told him to get after her. She ran into your yard, and there she is now up a tree. Just like her mistress should be."

Cap's canine entreaties to the cat to come down and be annihilated were too vociferous to be overlooked. Mattie took a fresh tack.

"Anyhow," she sniffed, "you were cruel to dumb animals. That's bad enough."

"She's not a dumb animal," insisted Hank. "She's a demon in a cat's skin. I think she puts her mistress up to all these tricks."

"What tricks?" demanded Mattie facetiously.

"These women's rights things and all that. I heard her telling you the other night that it was traitorous to the cause to stand my bullying. I heard her. I wasn't bullying. I was telling you for your own good that Jim Sears was not a fit person for you to know."

"And because you think that she has injured me you are taking it out on a poor little kitten?"

"Kitten!" he scoffed. "She's no more a kitten than is Miss Marsden."

"We shall all be old some day," she removed. "It is not Miss Emmy's fault."

"It's her fault that she's a meddling old maid," he persisted. "It's her fault that she keeps a cat that is a thorn in the flesh of all her neighbors."

"I love her," announced Mattie just to be contrary. Hank whistled, and Cap came to his side, carefully picking out the walks in his approach.

"A love of cats is the second stage of spinsterhood," he said stiffly. "If that's the way you are getting to feel I guess Cap and I had better be going home."

"You are perfectly hateful this morning," she pouted.

"That statement is beginning to look frayed on the edges," he reminded. "It is what you said last night, also day before yesterday."

"Well, you are," she repeated. "Here I was enjoying the nice morning, and you race your dog after a cat and spoil my flower beds. Then because I am naturally annoyed you tell me that I am a confirmed old maid."

"Only a second degree old maid," he reminded. "The third degree is cork-screw curls and a pointed chin. There is still hope for you."

"I am grateful that you concede anything," she said stiffly.

"I am nothing if not honest," he retorted.

"Not always," she insisted. "What you said about Jim Sears, for instance."

"He was arrested last night for running a dog fight last week. That was my kick. I knew about it when I spoke. Both dogs were killed."

"Perhaps you were right," she murmured. "I didn't care about Jim Sears, but I did not like your dictatorial manner."

"Thanks to Miss Marsden's cat," he contended. "I'll bet she told you that if you gave in before marriage you would encourage a tyrant husband."

"Who told you?" she asked quickly.

"No one. I just know how she talks. She knows everything about husbands except how to get one."

"It wasn't that I am guided by her," declared Mattie, with a toss of her head. "But I think she was right. Anyhow, you had no right to take it out on the cat."

"But she kills my chickens."

"Susan? Impossible!"

"Impossible!" he echoed. "Why, she is the worst!"

The sentence was broken short, for with a growl Cap started for the fence, just in time to collar Susan, who was trying to slip through. There was a scurry, a howl and the cat lay dead on the grass.

With a cry of anger Mattie sprang forward, Hank following more slowly. It was not like Susan to get caught in this fashion. Usually she could beat the ponderous Newfoundland. Then Mattie, who had been stooping over the cat, straightened up and patted Cap's head.

"Good old dog," she praised. "Nice old fellow."

"What is it?" cried Hank, bewildered by the sudden change. She held out a little ball of yellow.

"I was cleaning Dick's cage," she explained, "and left him out on the porch. That horrid brute knocked over the cage and killed him."

"So that's why she couldn't make her get away," he murmured. "I knew she was too fast for Cap."

"I'll call the bird Cap," she promised. "And there won't be any horrid cat to kill him."

He glanced at the solitary restored to her finger.

"And if Miss Marsden interferes we'll set Cap on her," he promised. "Come, Cap. Good old boy."

"Good old Cap," echoed Mattie as she kissed the precious ring.

LAWYERS IN ENGLAND.

The Difference Between the Barrister and the Solicitor.

The barrister in England is the very salt of the earth. He is who makes the laws, who goes into parliament, who sits on the bench, who considers himself seven or eight degrees higher up in the social scale than any other poor or middle class mortal, and with all this he has absolutely no responsibility toward his clients. That ancient, much abused thing called custom in this country has created for the law two separate and distinct limbs, which may be compared in a measure to the life of the bee. One is the drone and the other the queen. The drone is the solicitor, who sits in an office working up a case, consulting clients, drawing gills, controlling estate transactions and controlling the incomes of people who are unfortunate enough to be saddled under the trust deeds. The solicitor, who has his own tradition to work out, does not ever get to himself any glory whatever. Except in police and county court cases, he is persona non grata, or, in the words of the judges, "he is not seen." If he has a case on hand, he is obliged to take it to a barrister, who, though he may never have heard of the matter in dispute before, dons his wig and gown, proceeds into court and argues till all is black and blue, as if he knew all about it, for which he draws a most prodigious fee, quite big enough to enable him to appear nicely mounted in the row every morning.

If he spoils the case, there is no chance for redress, because the barrister is merely a gentleman whom fiction politely assumes to be a friend in need. All the onus of failure falls upon the poor solicitor. There are no barristers in prison, but there are a good many solicitors who wear the broad arrow which is the trademark of his majesty's prisons. The solicitor remains the old time family adviser, to whom all sorts of foolish folk bring their trust deeds, their stock certificates, their government bonds and all such documents which have a tendency to lead a weak man into temptation, and that is why so many solicitors, when they need money, find it impossible to resist the desire to take that which is not theirs.—London Letter in Town and Country.

BARBED WIRE.

A Lucky Device That Brought Millions to Its Inventor.

"The luckiest invention in history," said a patent official, "was that of barbed wire. It came about by accident."

Isaac L. Ellwood was the inventor of barbed wire. In his youth he lived in De Kalb, Ill., and, having a neighbor whose pigs tramped on his garden, he put up one day a wire fence of his own make. This fence had barbs and points on it. It was queer and ugly, but it kept out the pigs.

"It was a real barbed wire fence, the first in the world, and there were millions of money in it, but young Ellwood and his friends laughed at its freak appearance."

"One day two strangers saw this fence, perceived how well it kept out the pigs, realized how cheap it was—realized, in a word, its value—and ordered several tons of it from Ellwood. Furthermore, they contracted to sell for a term of years all the barbed wire he could produce."

"Ellwood borrowed \$1,000 and set up a little factory. A few years later on he had paid back that loan and was worth a small matter of \$15,000,000 besides."—New York Press.

The Big Chief's Resolution.

By ALEXANDER BUNN.

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The big chief cut the porterhouse steak with an air of pleasant anticipation. It was broiled just right, and the onions were not the least bit greasy. There flitted through his mind a hazy realization of the fact that even a man with a terrible cold in his head might be able to get some joy out of life while porterhouse steaks and fried onions existed.

"Put that screen between me and the door, Jack," he said to the waiter who was showing off all his curves to earn the tip that so well groomed a man generally proved good for. "I have an abominable cold and feel chilly every time the air strikes me."

The negro's mind was stimulated by the friendliness of the tone, and he quickly multiplied his first vision of a tip by two. He surrounded the big chief by so large a Japanese screen that the latter had a private dining room to himself, and the other people in the room soon forgot he was there.

A few minutes later, a man and a girl stood in the door of the cafe and scanned the room eagerly for a vacant table.

There was only one, a small table wedged up close to a Japanese screen. They sat down, the girl talking rapidly while she removed her gloves and veil.

"It's nice to be up here in a corner, Karl," she said joyously; "it's so cozy, and we have it all to ourselves."

She sighed with pleasure when the bill of fare was finally laid aside and the waiter departed with his order.

"It's shockingly extravagant for us to come here to dine, but as tomorrow is New Year's day you will of course

"I wonder how he ever came to think of such a thing," commented one of the older clerks. "It is so unlike him to listen to a suggestion. But he will certainly get an insight into conditions that he never could have got in any other way."

"Did you know that pretty little Miss Clayton was promoted to \$1,400?" asked the other. "I never in my life saw any one so excited as she has been today. When the circular was passed around telling us there was to be a suggestion box, she giggled over it until she was almost hysterical. When she found she had been promoted, she couldn't sit still another minute, but asked to be excused for the afternoon."

Two radiant young people walked down F street, looking as if life were more than satisfactory.

"Karl, dearest," she said, clutching his arm with the nearest approach to a hug the publicity would allow, "I wonder how such a miracle happened!"

The Age of Deer.

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer, says a writer in Chambers' Journal. What says the highland adage:

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse. Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man. Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer. Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle.

Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than 200 years, and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus Captain Macdonald of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged eighty-six years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for sixty years before him. So in 1826 Macdonald of Glengarry is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Even-Mac-Ian-Og, who had been dead 150 years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe where deer are to be found in any number. But, alas, the general opinion among experts would seem to be that thirty years or thereabouts is the limit of a deer's life.

The Tea Bug and Tea Mite.

Every animal and plant has its parasite, and from this general law it seems, the tea plant is not exempt. Two insects are described as spending their lives in tea drinking. They are the plague of the Assam tea gardens and are known as the "tea bug" and "tea mite." The mites spend their entire lives on the tea plant and are never known to attack any other leaf. They live in families and societies on the upper side of the full grown leaf and spin a delicate web for a shelter. They then puncture the leaves and pump out the liquid in the plant veins. They seem to become dainty in their tastes, for a sprinkling of muddy water over their floor and tea table is the only remedy known to check their ravages. Even this is not always of feetal. The tea bug is still more destructive and is evidently possessed of an appreciation of the best kinds of tea, since it always attacks those of a mild and delicate flavor.

The Truth.

Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine.—James Russell Lowell.

Chesterfield's Shrewdness. Lord R., who had many good qualities and even learning, had a strong desire of being thought skillful in physic and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his folly and wished on a certain occasion to have his vote, went to him one morning and, after having conversed on indifferent matters, complained of a headache and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of bleeding was thrown out. "I have no objection, and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?" said the tactful and politic Chesterfield. After the operation he said, "By the way, do you go to the house today?"

"I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question to be debated," answered the impromptu physician. "Which side will you be on?"

Lord Chesterfield, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment. He took him to the house and got him to vote as he pleased. He afterward said that few of his friends had done as much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country.

TIGER MEDICINE.

A Secret That Was Guarded by an East Indian Trainer.

The maharajah of Jammu had at one time the distinction of possessing the finest male tiger kept in captivity anywhere in the world. Percival Landon in "Under the Sun" describes this beast and tells a strangely interesting story, which he declares is strictly true, in regard to it.

The tiger, a glorious brute of white and orange and black, with steel sinews and teeth like Sikh daggers, lay sulkily in his cage and growled. Nadaan, the attendant, spoke to the tiger, and as he did so the beast flung himself furiously against the flimsy bars. The keeper put his slender hand under his clothing and pulled out a little white bag.

Some years ago the tiger had found that the little back door of his den was open. The assistant of the little menagerie returned to find him loose in the garden and fed.

In half an hour Jammu's streets were as those of a dead city. No man hindered the tiger, and he glided silently down the main street of the town, a beautiful vision of orange and black striped death. He reached the jungle and vanished.

An hour later Nadaan came back to his work and heard the news. A few minutes afterward another solitary figure made its way down the still empty street. He had no weapon. He had a little white bag in his hand and was soon lost to sight in the jungle.

An hour later he returned, bareheaded in the sun. At his heels, fawning and kittenish, slouched the tiger, and round its neck was loosely tied one end of Nadaan's white pugree. It was the little white bag that had done it.

"Would your honors like to see the effect of this medicine?" Nadaan put his hand into the bag and scattered a few whitish grains inside the bars. In a moment the tiger was upon them, searching out the finest bit of whatever it was. In fifteen seconds he was on his back, beating the air with his huge paws, like a kitten at play.

Nadaan very naturally refused to allow us to look closely at the powder. It was his livelihood, he said, and his secret. If our honors would pardon him, must be kept.

He Was Not Theobald.

The gray haired nobleman sat in solitary state before the fire in his ancestral hall. As he meditated upon the past and upon the glory of his ancestors the clock struck the hour of midnight.

The sound brought him to his feet and these words from his mouth:

"It is now exactly twenty years since my only son was sent by me from under my roof tree. Oh, Theobald, Theobald, perhaps I was too hard on you! Won't you come back to me now?"

Just then he heard a footstep in the passage. Hastily opening the door, he discovered a man in the act of leaving the castle.

"Oh, don't you know me?" asked the stranger. "I'm Theobald."

The earl looked at him critically.

"Then why are your pockets full of spoons?" he asked. "And why are you wearing the cake basket as a chest protector?"

Thus was the pretended prodigal discovered, and there was no fatted calf for him. They don't supply veal in jail.—London Tit-Bits.

Times Change.

Mrs. Benham—You used to say that you would give your life for me. Benham—That was when I was sick and expected to die anyway.—Baltimore World.

A BOY HUNT.

Chased From Hedge to Hedge by a Big Pack of Weasels.

The following extract from an interesting book may be of interest to our friends. It is "From My Life as an Angler," by William Henderson, published in London in 1879.

"About this time, while rambling in the picturesque lane leading from Merington to Windlestone with two other boys, an adventure occurred sufficiently startling to two little fellows from nine to ten years old. We were busily engaged in picking wild strawberries, which clustered in the hedgerows, yards distance a pack of at least twenty weasels running from hedge to hedge and evidently scenting out foot-steps. It flashed upon us that we were being hunted. So, springing over the nearest hedge, we ran across a pasture field and, standing upon the farther bank, looked toward our assailants. To our dismay we saw the whole pack, with noses to ground, steadily tracking our course. The word was given, 'Run, run!' and off we scampered across another field to take up our position on another hedge. Still the pursuit was going on, and the creatures were evidently gaining upon us, so with a wild shout we fled to the village, which, happily for us, was not far off. I have frequently heard of persons being attacked by weasels, but was never hunted by them on any other occasion."

Shooting the Steenbuck.

Many of the poor Boers in the Transvaal, by whom all the shooting that is done is for the pot and not for sport, have perfected a system of shooting with the assistance of oxen. A steenbuck has no fear of cattle and will lie still even if they graze right up to him. The hunter gets together a few cattle and with his gun walks behind them in such a way that he cannot be seen from the front. Great care has to be exercised to drive the oxen so that they may seem to be grazing naturally. The hunter must be ready to shoot without having to alter his position. The slightest movement is noticed by the 'back.

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