

**ANNOUNCEMENTS**  
WE are authorized to announce the name of G. W. MILLER as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the regular rules of the Democratic party of Montour county.

**Democratic County Convention.**  
By authority of the Democratic County Committee the Democratic County Convention will meet in Danville in the Court House, on Monday, June 5th, 1905, at 10 o'clock in the morning of said day.

The primaries will be held on Saturday, June 3rd, 1905, between the hours of 2 and 6 p. m., at the usual place in each election district. Each district is entitled to two delegates. The following will be nominated at the primaries:  
One person for Associate Judge.  
One person for District Attorney.  
Two persons for County Commissioners.  
Two persons for County Auditors.  
HORACE C. BUCK, Chairman.  
JOSEPH R. PATTON, Secretary.

**Sanabine again.**  
The river is also a free from ice.  
The flitting season has already begun.  
See the "Katz-Jammer Kids" at the Opera House tonight.  
The 10-10 is never a good citizen and ought to be suppressed.  
The baseball "cranks" can hardly wait for the opening of the season.  
We will not get out of cold storage as long as the snow remains on the mountain.

The people up here can take consolation in the thought that the south has had to put up with the cold weather, too.  
Boys that tap maple shade trees for the sap are rendering themselves liable to punishment.  
The Intelligencer is the best local paper in Montour county.

Pennsylvania can be depended on to make ample provision for the care of the state's unfortunate insane.

What are you doing to help along the interest of your home city?  
The handorgan harpinger is reported to be making progress in this direction.

Boys should welcome the spring birds, not chase them as is sometimes done.  
The Intelligencer is at your service as a news or advertising medium. We await your commands.

Illegal fishermen and hunters deserve no sympathy when they are run down by the officers of the law.  
Since the recent rains the streets present a much cleaner appearance.

The rivers never discharged cleaner and more complete than they have done this spring.

Ex-county Commissioner Miles, was off on a business trip to Philadelphia this week.

Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Shumaker, with their son, friends of our better days now of Georgetown, are spending some time with us. Mr. S. is an old hand at the cases, and his visit with us is unusually pleasant, as he is a willing and extra useful person to have about a printing office. Stay as long as you wish, Isaac, for "we're glad you came up."

WANTED 10 men in each state to travel, track signs and distribute samples and circulars of our goods. Salary \$75.00 per month. \$3.00 per day for expenses. KUHLMAN CO., Dept. P., Atlas Building, Chicago.

AT PRIVATE SALE—A good brick house, frame barn and lot containing 1/2 of an acre, on Church street, Washingtonville borough, formerly owned by Miss Tyerman. Inquire of M. L. SHEAR, Jerseytown, Pa.

The most attractive sale bills you see throughout the country are printed at this office, and the charges are no more than you pay elsewhere for inferior work. If you are thinking of having sale and want it advertised RIGHT, have your bills printed by us. Get our price; see our work, and you will go nowhere else. We give you a free notice in the paper.

**THREE RECIPES.**  
The Way to Either Can, Jam or Preserve a Husband.

For this purpose select a nice, kind, amiable, industrious, gentle man. The American variety is far better than the foreign kind. Prepare him by having him go through a long engagement, which effectually renders him easy to handle. Gently detach him from all his friends, and surround him with a number of kind and kindling acquaintances and remove any habits he may have. He is then ready to can, preserve or make jam, as you choose.  
To can, merely deprive him of his lackey and throw a handful of mother-in-law in the house. Men corked up like this have been known to keep for years without spoiling, though when they are opened up, if kept too long, they are apt to be sour. To make jam, prepare as before, but add all his finer feelings by nagging and pounding them into a pulp by complaints. To preserve a husband, put as much love into the heart as it will hold, add an ocean of sympathy, a world of tenderness, a pound of forbearance, a dram of patience and drop him into it until he is thoroughly coated over with sugar. Husbands should always be crystallized one at a time, never in pairs; neither should they ever be stood in hot water. This is when many women make mistakes—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Using a Coat Hanger.  
Many years of hard work on the farm had made the old man round shouldered, and his coat fitted badly. His son in the city sent him a coat stretcher on which to hang the coat at night. On his next visit to the farm the young man asked how the coat stretcher worked. His father looked a little embarrassed and then confessed, "I can't stand it off," said he. "It was real good of you to send it. Your mother fastened it to my coat with tape, but I wasn't comfortable in it, and I had to take it off."

**The Paint That Lasts.**  
"LEWIS" Pure White Lead will protect and ornament your house for a longer time than any other house paint made.  
It pays to buy the best.  
SOLD BY  
Welliver Hardware Co. and J. H. Cole.

### Our Country... CORRESPONDENCE

Written expressly for THE INTELLIGENCER  
By our Rural Friends.

#### Exchange Pick-Ups.

Our long winter will soon come to a close. The blue birds and robins have returned and seem to be hunting their old places.

A number of our town people attended the big sale at Turbotville last Saturday.

Harry Cox and James Houghton, of Pine Summit, passed through this place Saturday enroute to Turbotville.

Jno. Dennen and Thomas Garnhart, of this place, returned Saturday evening from Williamsport with four fine horses.

Ward Plotts, of Moreland, visited at J. W. Ritter's Sunday.

Wm. Acor who has been absent for over two years, arrived here from New York Friday evening. He expects to return again in a couple of weeks.

Wesley Pursel's, of White Hall, visited Houghton's Sunday.

Our auditors will meet again Saturday, as they did not complete the settlement last Saturday.

We may expect bad roads before long from the fact of there being many snow banks along or in the roads.

Mrs. Isaac Acor is still on the sick list.

Our Judge has changed his route. He goes up over Muncy hill now.

Frank Acor, of Washingtonville, passed through our town last week.

J. W. Ritter sold a fine young horse, Robert Snyder being the lucky purchaser. Boyd Stead purchased a driver from Wm. Dyer the other day.

Mr. Wm. Mills and mother went to see his brother, Charles, who is lying at the point of death at a hospital in New Jersey.

The new store will soon be ready for use.

Little Nellie Appleton is very ill of pneumonia. Dr. Hoffa, of Washingtonville, is attending her.

Mr. and Mrs. Koch called on their daughters, Mrs. Mohr and Mrs. Dildine.

The roads are now in bad shape, and no doubt will be so for some time yet.

U. No.

**Pottsgrove Items.**

Mrs. Carrie Collins and daughter, Margaret, of Montoursville, is visiting the former's brother, Mr. Edgar Blue.

Verna, a fourteen-year-old daughter of George Voungetz, died on Friday last week of consumption, at the home of her father. Interment was made on Monday at the Oak Grove cemetery.

A number of friends gathered at the home of Mrs. Effie McMahon on Saturday last week, it being her ninety.

#### Second birthday.

Mrs. McMahan still enjoys good health, and is very active. When the weather permits she attends church services and calls on friends and neighbors. She has a good memory and is a very interesting lady to talk to, and may easily reach the century mark.

Miss Margaret E. Erb spent several days last week visiting friends in Milton.

Miss Ruth Haunty entertained a number of young folks at her home on Saturday evening.

Miss Bessie Kulp, after spending a few days with relatives at White Deer, returned home.

The Pottsgrove Milling Co. has resumed work, after being idle for a few days making repairs.

Mr. Hiram Childs, of Mandale, made a business trip to this place on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. Fred Shelly left on Tuesday of last week for Palo Alto, where he has accepted a position as fireman on the P. & H. Railroad.

Mr. Hugh Mark is still on the sick list.

Mrs. Daniel Montgomery and little son, of Hazleton, spent a few days of last week visiting friends in this place.

The ice passed off of the Chillingquaque creek very nicely, doing no damage.

Now that spring is fast approaching and the blue birds are commencing to sing, do not start your gardens until all the snow has disappeared off of Montour ridge.

The roads are commencing to dry off, and the automobile season is approaching, which a great many of our horse owners are dreading. Some would rather drive muddy roads than meet the automobile.

**White Hall.**  
Saturday, the 18th, being the 78th birthday of Mrs. Louise Dildine, her friends and neighbors concluded to give her a surprise, and to the number of 47 they succeeded. Those present were Rev. H. C. Munro and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McVicker, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dildine, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. DeWald, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Derr, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rishel, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Confer, Mr. and Mrs. Polk, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kremer, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kremer, Mrs. John McWilliams, Mrs. Jacob Halgren, Mrs. Wm. Rishel, Miss Maggie McBride, Misses Anna and Mary Welliver, Miss Clara Kremer, Mrs. Harvey Litchard, Mrs. Art Rishel, Mr. Phineas Holdren, Paul and Chas. DeWald, Chas. Carey, and others. The dinner served was grand, and those present enjoyed a fine time. After dinner the men tried their skill at rifle shooting. Frank Dildine was winner, 5 out of 7 times; although the Reverend shot pretty good.

Mont. Derr and family has moved back to our burg from Turbotville.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cox and son Homer, of Bloomsburg, spent Sunday at P. Holdren's.

Mr. P. Holdren, who has been sick some time, is improving slowly.

**A Pill in Time**  
will save a serious sickness, especially to people subject to Bilious attacks, Sick Headaches or who suffer from Stomach disorders. A pill in need is a friend indeed, and you should never be without a box of  
**Beecham's Pills**  
Sold Everywhere. In boxes 12c. and 50c.

#### Party Near Comly.

A party was held at the home of Mr. James Propst, near Comly, on the evening of March 16. The evening was spent in music and dancing. An enjoyable time was reported by all. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Ritter, Mr. and Mrs. George Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Plott, Mr. and Mrs. Foster Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Albeck, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. John Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Shade, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. James Propst, Misses Annie Wagner, Mazie McCarty, Viola Snyder, Edna Wertman, Margaret Jarrett, Florence Propst, Clara Shook, Beatrice Propst, Grace Caldwell, Ruth Watson, Elsie Snyder, Mildred Propst, Messrs. Elwood Lowe, William Acor, Florence Boney, Maurice James, Howard Lowe, William Opp, John Caldwell, Harry Frey, John Yagel, Ray Watson, Milton Fidler, Harvey Post, Luther Yagel, Grover Jarrett, Augustus Klein, John Summers, Paul Litchard, Clarence Jarrett, Francis Williams, John Farnsworth, Parris Snyder, Charles Yagel, Leary Albeck, William McCarty, Lawrence Acor, Frank Mingle, Harry Snyder, Wilbur Ritter, Timothy Adams and Oscar Mingle. A GUEST.

#### MOORESBURG ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hill, of Milton, spent Thursday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Keiser.

Mr. William Stahl, of Pottsville, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stahl.

We are glad to know that Bessie Wagner is improving, after a severe attack of pneumonia.

Miss Bertha Messersmith died at her home Saturday morning, after a lingering illness of several months.

Drs. Curry and Bidler are attending patients in our town.

Mr. John Wagner left Monday for Camden, N. J., where he has secured a position and to which place he expects to move his family in the near future.

Mr. Wm. Curry and Mr. Jas. McWilliams have both moved into their homes in our town.

#### A Renewal

WASHINGTONVILLE, PA.,  
March 20, 1905.

Editor Danville Intelligencer,  
DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find office money order for one dollar, being a renewal for the Intelligencer from April 1st, 1905, to April 4, 1906. This makes the 38th year that I have taken the Intelligencer.

Yours truly,  
D. L. WATTS.

#### To Make Port Wine.

Genuine Port Wine cannot be made without the Port Wine Grapes of Portugal. It has taken the Empire 3 J. Wine Co., a score of years cultivating and nursing to acclimate these vines in Passaic, N. J., before California vines were known. The California soil is not adapted to them for want of the forty years ago along the hills of the Passaic Valley, N. J., where the soil abounds in iron, "about the same as along the Douro Valley of Portugal." Alfred Speer planted the first vineyards with vines imported from the Douro Valley. It required twelve years of patient, persistent work and great expense before Alfred Speer, now an old man, succeeded in accomplishing his object in producing a genuine Port Wine that the medical profession could rely upon. It is the color that gives the deep rich color and body that makes this wine so valuable for females, the aged and weakly persons.

**That Little Pain in Your Back** threatens your Kidneys. If allowed to go on a little while you will suffer throughout the entire system. Take at once Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuritis, Sciatica, etc., which costs only one dollar. It is the most certain cure known for the treatment of all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Blood. All druggists \$1; 6 bottles \$5.

#### Mother Gray's Appeal to Women.

If you have pain in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain pleasant herb remedy for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is a safe and never failing monthly regulator. At Druggists or by mail, 50c. Sample free. Address: THE MOTHER GRAY CO., LeRoy, N. Y.

#### The Lease of Life.

It is the inevitable law of nature that we must die. The vital energy is only meant to sustain us for a certain number of years. It may be banded or wasted, made to burn slowly or rapidly. It is like the oil in a lamp and may be burned out to little effect in a little time or carefully conserved and preserved and thus made to last longer and burn brighter.

It is a moot question whether every individual is not at birth gifted with the same amount of vital energy and only differing in the power of conserving it. The circumstances of the environment from the cradle to the grave determine its future destiny.—Gentlemen's Magazine.

#### Bad Company For Him.

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded the bawls of the drunk and disorderly. "Am ver'n sorry, sir," returned the charge. "But a can't up free Gleeson company." "A lot of teetotalers." "What's that?" roared the bawls. "You mean to say, sir, that teetotalers are bad company?" "Well, rejoined the prisoner, "I've been twice." "The Cal-cura Company will pay the druggist. Remember, Cal-cura Solvent cures 95% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders.

### LOVE AND YOUTH

By MARJORIE HENDRICKS

Anna Whelan woke up with a start at the realization that as a summer girl she was not in the running.

For some time after the young people had tripped down the steps and across the lawn to the inn, where the musicians were already tuning up for the hop, she sat alone gazing unblinkingly out into the moonlit grove. Then a faint perfume stole over her shoulders and a well known voice sounded behind her.

"Oh, Miss Whelan, I am so glad to find you! We are trying to make up a game of bridge. You will play, won't you?"

"I am awfully sorry," said Anna, rising, "but I am a wretched player and will always rouse the ire of my partner. Besides, I have a wee headache to-night, which would make me more than ordinarily stupid at the game. Some other time."

"I hope you will feel better tomorrow. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Miss Whelan, with a smile.

She wished she might have been more obliging. The invitation had come from one of the most popular women in the hotel, popular, but indifferently aged, and Anna Whelan was not ready to be middle aged. Alone again, she dropped back in her chair, leaned her head against the high wicker back and closed her eyes. And for this—to be left alone on the piazza—she had saved part of her salary all winter, had invested part of her savings in the quaintest of summer furs, had counted the days until her vacation began.

She recalled the enthusiasm with which she had been the other week with plan for the stay at Wisconsin. There were six of them in all who lived in a bachelor maids' apartment in town, and for a month or more the one topic of conversation had been the sailing parties, the daily bath in the sea, the clam-bakes and the nightly hops for which Wisconsin was famous. The girls had insisted that Miss Whelan come with them, and she now realized that they had done everything to make her one of them since their arrival at the shore. They had already dragged her into their merry-making plans. She was with them, yet not of them, and she knew wherein lay the fault. It was in her years.

Her cheeks somehow had retained the delicate pink flush of girlhood, but the soft gray hair waved above her forehead told the bald truth of her years. Her pretty frocks were more demure, more costly, than those worn by the girls around her, but Miss Whelan's taste in dress had always been good, and with advancing years she had adopted the more subdued colorings and simpler styles. Her summer wardrobe was that of a chaperon rather than that of a debutante. Yet her heart she was a summer girl. She felt as young and took as keen an interest in youthful pleasures as any eighteen-year-old girl. Sitting there in the moonlight, she realized that, once robbed of their youth, women could buy the lost treasure back at any price.

Her childhood had been narrow, penned in by poverty and an invalid mother, her pettish and exacting. Death had carried away one brother, that of an approaching nursing, only to lay upon her shoulders another, that of part housekeeper, part breadwinner. She had gone into a shop as cash girl and had attended to the household duties night and morning. When she was sixteen years old she set up until nearly daybreak three nights in succession to set stitches in her sister's confirmation dress. The sister went to the high school, as did the younger brother, and while the older sister was steadily advancing in the store, when she became buyer for her department and took her first trip abroad it brought back the pink in her cheeks that had faded before her tenth birthday, but Anna was not to return from Europe that same disease which had wrecked her childhood and carried away her mother had again entered her home. This time it carried away in quick succession her brother and sister. Anna found herself alone and homeless. She fled to the bachelor maids' apartments for companionship and was made welcome by these girls ten years or more her junior. With them she had grown young again, and she had forgotten the gray hair. It had taken the thoughtless boys in blue serge and white duck to drive the iron into her heart. They were nice to her because they knew that the girls would not forget them if they were otherwise. But that was not youth and the right to be young and joyous and silly. Anna sat up very straight. She had become possessed of a sudden desire to giggle, yet many a time and oft she had reproached herself for giggling in her own department for giggling.

Laughter and music floated across the lawn. They hurt. She rose abruptly and fled to her room. The headache now was real. She tore off her pretty gown and slipped into her nightgown and slipped into an easy flowing kimono. Then she sat down by the window, thinking bitterly that fate had cheated her out of the greatest thing. A joy of being young. Suddenly, as she sat in the quiet, the sound of a sob reached her ear. Something very like a pater of bare feet came to her from the hall. She sprang up and threw

open her door. A small figure huddled against it fell in toward her.

"Oh, please, I'm so frightened all alone! May I come in?"

"You surely may," said Anna as she drew the shivering, weeping child into the room.

She recognized her now. It was the serious faced little girl who had a room two doors beyond. She had often seen her on the sand and on the porch with her nurse. It did not take Anna very long to learn that the child was motherless, in the care of a young and heedless aunt and an ignorant nursemaid. The former was absorbed in the social affairs at the inn and the latter in the gatherings in the servants' hall. Little Grace had been left quite alone in her room, and a strong draft had blown out the lamp, so that between the darkness and an ugly dream she had wakened up in terror.

That was the beginning of a new holiday for Anna Whelan. The nurse and young aunt had little to do from that time on save to provide for Grace's physical needs. She was her constant companion. She seemed determined to give this shy ten-year-old girl all the companionship, the sympathy, the simple, unaffected pleasures which had always denied her own childhood. She did not dream that in a few moments when they were not together Grace in her stiff, unformed writing was sending a daily chronicle of their companionship to her father. Nor could she have denied her own childhood. She did not dream that in a few moments when they were not together Grace in her stiff, unformed writing was sending a daily chronicle of their companionship to her father. Nor could she have denied her own childhood. She did not dream that in a few moments when they were not together Grace in her stiff, unformed writing was sending a daily chronicle of their companionship to her father. Nor could she have denied her own childhood.

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"You surely may," said Anna as she drew the shivering, weeping child into the room.

She recognized her now. It was the serious faced little girl who had a room two doors beyond. She had often seen her on the sand and on the porch with her nurse. It did not take Anna very long to learn that the child was motherless, in the care of a young and heedless aunt and an ignorant nursemaid. The former was absorbed in the social affairs at the inn and the latter in the gatherings in the servants' hall. Little Grace had been left quite alone in her room, and a strong draft had blown out the lamp, so that between the darkness and an ugly dream she had wakened up in terror.

That was the beginning of a new holiday for Anna Whelan. The nurse and young aunt had little to do from that time on save to provide for Grace's physical needs. She was her constant companion. She seemed determined to give this shy ten-year-old girl all the companionship, the sympathy, the simple, unaffected pleasures which had always denied her own childhood. She did not dream that in a few moments when they were not together Grace in her stiff, unformed writing was sending a daily chronicle of their companionship to her father. Nor could she have denied her own childhood. She did not dream that in a few moments when they were not together Grace in her stiff, unformed writing was sending a daily chronicle of their companionship to her father. Nor could she have denied her own childhood.

"I hope you will feel better tomorrow. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Miss Whelan, with a smile.

She wished she might have been more obliging. The invitation had come from one of the most popular women in the hotel, popular, but indifferently aged, and Anna Whelan was not ready to be middle aged. Alone again, she dropped back in her chair, leaned her head against the high wicker back and closed her eyes. And for this—to be left alone on the piazza—she had saved part of her salary all winter, had invested part of her savings in the quaintest of summer furs, had counted the days until her vacation began.

She recalled the enthusiasm with which she had been the other week with plan for the stay at Wisconsin. There were six of them in all who lived in a bachelor maids' apartment in town, and for a month or more the one topic of conversation had been the sailing parties, the daily bath in the sea, the clam-bakes and the nightly hops for which Wisconsin was