

DANVILLE, PA., APRIL 28, '05.
Published every Friday at Danville, the county seat of Montour county, Pa., at \$1.00 a year in advance or \$1.25 if not paid in advance; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.
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ANNOUNCEMENTS
We are authorized to announce the name of GEO. W. MILES as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the regular rules of the Democratic party of Montour county.

We are authorized to announce the name of W. G. LEITCH as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the regular rules of the Democratic party of Montour county.

We are authorized to announce the name of F. P. APPELMAN as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the regular rules of the Democratic party of Montour county.

We are authorized to announce the name of W. HENRY COOPER as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the regular rules of the Democratic party of Montour county.

We are authorized to announce the name of CLARENCE W. SEIDEL, of Washington, Pa., as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the regular rules of the Democratic party of Montour county.

We are authorized to announce the name of CHAS. W. COOK, of Valley Forge, Pa., as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the regular rules of the Democratic party of Montour county.

We are authorized to announce the name of CHAS. P. F. ARRIGHI, of Washington, Pa., as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, 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.

Howe C. Bice, Chairman,
Joseph R. Parnis, Secretary.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?
SOCIOLOGISTS have discussed to the full the "Yellow Peril" of the Far East, and the "Black Peril" of the South, and have aroused recurrent waves of apprehension regarding each.

The country, however, does not seem to view with alarm the far more menacing "Red Peril" of Europe, which is leaving a grim trail of murder and all sorts of other crime in its wake.

What two years ago was termed "a wave of alien crime" has now swelled to a tide that is appalling to persons who study the facts underlying it. America, beyond doubt, is at the present moment, to all intents and purposes, the dumping ground of the most undesirable elements in European life.

Indeed, the charge is deliberately made by criminologists that certain European countries are actually forcing and assisting thousands of their worst criminals to emigrate to the United States every year.

A large proportion of crimes in this country are committed, actual figures show, by foreigners. The proportion of alien crime to total crime is much larger than the proportion of aliens to the total population. This is but another proof of facts, known from numerous sources to a certainty, that thousands of ready-made criminals are slipping in at the "open door."

Murders, robberies, Black Hand practices and Mafia outrages are becoming more numerous here than in darkest Italy. With the tide of immigration nearing the million mark annually, a sober question is, What of the future?

WILL ELECT CO. SUPERINTENDENT
NEXT Tuesday the school directors of the county—those of Danville excepted—will meet in convention at the court house to elect a county superintendent.

Three candidates have presented themselves and are endeavoring to make known their claims. The contest has become quite heated and the result is in question.

Messrs. Chas. Derr and W. D. Steinbach are putting forth their strongest efforts, while Mr. J. M. Derr is quietly and gentlemanly working to please and receive the best vote attainable.

While it has become a matter of custom to give at least one reelection, which in that case would mean Mr. Chas. Derr, the Intelligencer claims that the most worthy and capable should be selected.

Prof. J. Diles Derr is a person of many qualities and ability, he has held no office in the county, has been a very successful teacher of the county for about fifteen years, and is therefore qualified in every respect to make a competent and wise superintendent of instruction over our children.

We would therefore state that our school directors would make no mistake by giving him their earnest support.

THE POLITICAL POT NOW BOILS

The local political pot now boils to overflowing, and one can scarcely rest satisfied on any particular candidate, as he peruses the line of announcements for County Commissioner, for new names are constantly appearing, and we are proud to say that they are all representative party men, and Montour Democracy will do well by selecting any two.

The familiar names of Miles, Leitch, Appelmann and Cooper just begins to echo along the firing line, when another—a younger and just as worthy gentleman—gallantly rushes to the very front, urged on by his many and influential friends.

In 1902, when the County Democracy was searching for a capable, deserving person to represent her at the State convention, she found that person in our young friend, Mr. Clarence W. Seidel, a born Democrat, of Washington, Pa., and it is this same young gallant that presents his name for your consideration.

Mr. Seidel is a very popular man throughout the county, is a property owner in the county, has never before asked anything of the county, and it is therefore the duty of the county to very carefully consider his announcement.

—“FARMER” CREASY FOR GOVERNOR, soundly well; and his very excellent record, as servant to the State, bears him high in the estimation of all. Democracy would do well to name him as her choice, and the people would do better by supporting him as our next governor. He is a man of careful judgment, and exercises that same judgment to wisdom. Let us hope and trust to see “Farmer” Win. T. Creasy replace the present shallowness of the head throne of our great Commonwealth with his faithful and wise service.

—It is quite an easy matter to invite the governor to be a guest on large occasions; quite another thing to get him attend.

AN OVERDRAFT.
The Reason for a Peculiar Request Received by a Bank.

“We often receive peculiar requests for overdrafts,” said a banker the other day. “A client whose standing account had never exceeded \$1,000 requested us to grant him an overdraft of \$4,000, stating that he was not able to offer any explanation at the present, but assured us that at no time would the bank be in any danger of losing, as the overdraft would not be real.”

“After some hesitancy we consented, but stipulated certain conditions and reserved the privilege of refusing if these conditions were not followed.”

“A short time after his departure a well-dressed gentleman came in and handed to our paying teller a check for \$5,000 bearing the signature of our client and with it a letter requesting us to honor the check with cash. This letter was one of the conditions we imposed for our safety. Still feeling that we were taking a chance, the money was passed out to him. After holding the currency a moment in his hands he returned it, with a request for the check, which he destroyed before us.”

“On the following day our client thanked us for our courtesy and waived the overdraft privilege, saying that he had no further use for it. He had with him a check for \$5,000, which he deposited. This he had won from his friend on a bet. He had bet that he could negotiate an overdraft for that amount without first explaining that it was a bet and the nature of it, and his friend wagered that no bank would trust him for that amount.”—Kansas City Star.

IRISH STORIES.
Some Droll Answers and Ready Wit of Stories of Irish Hospitality.

Mr. Macready had a full supply; also of hotel attendants and the peasantry. On one occasion he asked the girl in attendance for poached eggs. She looked at him complacently at first, but after a little hesitation replied, “There are no poached eggs in the place, sir, but I think I could get you some poached salmon.”

In a poor little cottage of two rooms he saw a married couple and seven children. Hearing a baby cry, he asked to see it and explained that he took an interest in babies, having one at home. The infant was produced for inspection, and the mother asked proudly, “Is yours as big as that?”

To which he replied, “I think it is a little bigger.” Instantly the instincts of the mother were roused, and, tossing her head, she said: “So it is, but in fact you will find our other half is with God. We had twins.”

At a hotel one of the party asked, “Have you got any celery, waiter?” “No, sir,” was the significant answer, “I rely on my chances.” That man deserved an extra tip. On another occasion the dinner was especially good and well served. At the conclusion one of the party remarked, “You’re a good fellow, waiter.”

“But I rely on my chances.”

Living Stories.
The visitor to the Falkland Isles sees scattered here and there singular shapes of blocks of what appears to be smooth or beaten and moss-covered boulders in various sizes. Attempt to turn one of these boulders over, and you will meet with a real surprise, because the stone is actually anchored by roots of great strength; in fact, you will find that you are trifling with one of the native trees. No other country in this world has such a peculiar “forest” growth.

His Brief Pleasure.
Neighbor—How long did you stay at the club yesterday, Jones? Jones—Oh, the best part of the evening, Mr. Jones—Well, John, you came home in half an hour! Jones—Well—Cleveland Leader.

The Book.
Crawford—Did his lawyer tell Henpek that he couldn't get a divorce? Crawshaw—No. His wife did.—Town Topics.

GREAT GOD PAN

By KEITH GORDON

Trenham arrived at Canticus at 1.30. At 2 Norton's silent, efficient serving man was formally introducing him to the Hutch—a his for a month—a squat, oriental looking building standing in the temporary shade of the pines and birches and containing all those touches of home comfort usually ascribed to feminine hands, but found in the modern bachelor quarters.

At 2.30, his tweed suit changed for a more informal costume, he emerged from the low, broad doorway, stirred by a pagan desire to get closer still to nature, out into the dim, cloistered places of the woods, where he might float deliciously upon a sea of silence, whose calm was unbroken save by the ripple of a bird note or the snapping of a twig.

“I say, this is great!” burst from his lips luxuriously as he drew in the whiffs of the suave air with his warm, elusive scent of sweet growing things. “This is life. This is what man was meant for.”

As he ceased speaking he lifted his face to the soft breeze that caressed his cheek like a spirit hand and thought unflattering things of civilization. What after all did this boisterous condition mean? What that crowded city with its trains, shrieking of whistles, whizzing of autos, clattering of hoofs and the grind, grind, grind of office life. As he thought of it now, looking as he was straight into nature's smiling, inscrutable face, all seemed supremely ridiculous. Pans and satyrs, hamadryads and naiads had been wiser.

At the end of an hour's walk he found that the path ended abruptly at a grassy knoll. For a few moments Trenham gazed with an appreciation too deep for words. Then, with a sigh of contentment, he sank down upon the thick grass and stretched himself out, his head resting in the hollow of his clasped hands, his eyes narrowed to the silts like gatekeepers who would say to the beauties about them, “One at a time, please.”

And presently the silts became narrower and narrower. “Spring,” he murmured musically, “is just bursting into young summerhood.” Then his lips twitched slightly, and he tried again.

“That apple tree looks like some sweet, sedate Quaker lady.” He stretched his eyes open wide, as if to fling off some irresistible influence.

“Good Lord, am I a poet after all?” he demanded comically of the shadowy self that always attends us, but never so palpably as in solitude. And then he smiled and lay staring up into the great arch of the blue above him.

Again the silts grew narrow, almost imperceptible. A line from a poem learned in youth trailed across his mind. “Great Pan is dead.”

“It's a lie,” he murmured drowsily. “Great Pan is not dead. Great Pan!” The murmur ended in a knowing smile, the smile of one who has learned for a certainty what fools most mortals be, and that in turn faded into gravity.

Trenham slept. “It's a regular sleeping beauty of a place—has a breathless, charmed air, as if it were under a spell. I learned that she was fairer or goddies to be discovered.”

So had Natica Duke written to a friend soon after coming to Canticus for the summer. There were few with her twenty miles—and her first impression of the country was only deepened by her long, solitary strolls. She had a mystical feeling that there was something to be discovered—some secret that she was forever on the verge of.

Godling, gnome or fairy, she fancied, might rise in her path at any moment without causing her any surprise, and so it was without dismay that she stopped short at the edge of the wood when she found her favorite spot already occupied.

For the fraction of a second she half believed. Then she wholly disbelieved. No godlings would appear in tan Oxford sandals were the most of it. Still, as a mortal the sleeping youth before her was worth

the effort. And he did. At the sight of him the only other guest, a young woman with the bluest eyes, gave a startled but pleased look that flashed into her eyes and out again so quickly that he would scarce have been sure save for the slight dimple that creased his forehead. Later on it transpired that she was the one girl in the neighborhood, and matrons, Trenham shrewdly argued, would scarcely be up to such pranks or even thinking of the great God Pan.

For the rest there are people who are still scandalized when they remember the queerness of the Trenham-Duke wedding. It took place in sylvan style a year later on the knoll overlooking the river, and the bride wore—can you believe it?—a wreath of dandelions.

Willing to Sell Out.
The mayor of New York walked down the steps of the city hall the other evening and bought a paper from a newsboy. While waiting his change he said, “Well, my little man, how is business today?” The little merchant looked up and answered, “On de bum!” The mayor thought for a moment and finally said: “Keep at it, my little man. You have a chance to become the president some day.” The little fellow answered immediately, “That might be so, but I'll sell me chances for a nickel right now!”

Mother Gray's Appeal to Women.
If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney troubles, and want a certain pleasant herb remedy for women's ills, try Mother Gray's AUSTRIAN-LEAF. It is a safe and never failing monthly regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample packages FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN
in this and adjoining counties for home or traveling work, representing and advertising the Wholesale and Educational Departments of an old established Manufacturing House. Salary \$3.50 per day with expenses advanced. Big furnished when necessary; position permanent; references exchanged. Address, B. W. Brothers & Co., Home Dept., Chicago, Ill. 5-5 '05

Ladies Wanted.
A BRIGHT ENERGETIC WOMAN—woman's work. Permanent position. Old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$12 to \$18 weekly, with expenses, paid each Monday direct from headquarters. Expenses advanced. We furnish everything. Address, Secretary, 620 Monon Block, Chicago, Ill.

W. M. SEIDEL,
344 Mill Street.

SEND US A COW,

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tell you the hair on, soft, lustrous, and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy skins and furs.

THE CROSBY-FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,
116 Hill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

consideration. A glance told her that, and she cautiously drew a step nearer. He lay so that the spreading branch of tree shaded his face, his soft linen hat tossed on the grass beside him, thus revealing the thick dark hair that looked as if it might have curled had not its owner sternly refused to hear of such a thing. His features reminded her strangely of certain marbles she had seen, they were so massive, yet so finished, and with girlish attention to dress she bestowed an approving glance on his white negligee shirt, the duck trousers to match. If he was not a godling he was at least a most attractive mortal.

Darlingly she stood and gazed at him, awoke, yet too interested to turn away. The blue of her eyes was matched by the color of the linen gown she wore. Around her neck a dandelion chain dangled like a cable of rich gold.

With a sudden movement she lifted the latter, breaking off a part of it and fastening it into a wreath. Again she hesitated. Then, with her underlip held between her teeth in a way that showed two very merry dimples, she took a letter from her pocket, hurriedly extracted a tiny pencil from the envelope, scrawled something on an unused sheet and tore it off.

Almost holding his breath, she tiptoed nearer. He was sleeping very heavily. The scrap of paper she had twisted into the wreath. At last she stood with an air of a person who feels that he is likely to be shot at any moment she straightened up and waited, but he did not move. Then, with a last admiring glance, for he looked like a veritable flower crowned god now, she fled back along the path and in a moment had disappeared in the woods.

Trenham woke from a slumber so deep that his very identity was lost. Long, lazy shadows darkened the sword about him. Who—what—where?—Something pressed upon his forehead, and instinctively his hand went up, his fingers groping eagerly for some meaning in the soft, damp mass that met their touch. Then they closed upon the object and brought it around where his eyes could help.

He stared at it in silence for a moment. “Crowned by Jove!” was his dazed exclamation when he at last found speech. The scrap of paper caught his eye, and he drew it forth, smoothed it out and looked at it with absorbed curiosity.

“I salute thee, great Pan,” was scribbled there in a girlish hand. And at the words a light gleamed upon him, as if it were under a spell. He who was like a god, how strange that she, too, should have been thrilled with the same weird sense of the nearness of pagan gods!

The dandelions were curling up like tired children, but Trenham carried the wreath home as carefully as if it had been of the flowers of Eden, and he smoked many pipes that night in the soft gloom of Norton's roomy porch, wondering how and when and where they would meet and whether her eyes were blue or gray and whether she was tall or short, dark or fair, his lady of dreams.

Afterward he plumed himself upon having recognized her instantly, though if the truth were known it required no great prescience. Asked to dinner by the Stanton's—the nearest neighbors, though three miles away—he had accepted on the chance of getting some clew to the young lady.

And he did. At the sight of him the only other guest, a young woman with the bluest eyes, gave a startled but pleased look that flashed into her eyes and out again so quickly that he would scarce have been sure save for the slight dimple that creased his forehead. Later on it transpired that she was the one girl in the neighborhood, and matrons, Trenham shrewdly argued, would scarcely be up to such pranks or even thinking of the great God Pan.

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W. M. SEIDEL,
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FURNITURE!

Especially Interesting for the Spring Season.....

Never before have we had such an extensive assortment of everything in Furniture at such Wonderfully Low Prices

We are unusually well stocked with BED ROOM FURNITURE in Oak, Mahogany and Birds-Eye Maple.

OUR LINE OF PARLOR & DINING-ROOM FURNITURE

is very complete at very low prices. Don't miss this opportunity to purchase your FURNITURE.

There is no need of buying your FURNITURE of mail order houses as we can give you much better values and deliver right at your door.

Our assortment is such that you cannot help but be pleased.

It will pay you to come quite a distance to see what we are offering.

What selections you make now the goods will be held until wanted.

We Deliver Goods Anywhere in the Country You Will Save Money by Buying from Us

...WE CARRY...
The Largest Stock IN CENTRAL PENN'A

J. Doster's Sons
298-300 Mill St., DANVILLE, PENN'A

\$33 California

From Chicago, every day, March 1 to May 15, 1905, to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Sacramento and many other points in California. Tickets good in tourist sleeping cars. Rate for double berth, Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Sacramento and many other points in California, \$7. Through train service from Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
AND
Union Pacific—Southern Pacific Line

If you are thinking of such a trip, this is your opportunity to make it at least expense.

Handsome book descriptive of California sent for six cents' postage.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, 1245 Railway Exchange, CHICAGO.

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Complete information will be sent free on receipt of this coupon with blank lines filled. Coupon should be mailed to-day.

Name _____
Street Address _____
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Probable Destination _____

FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN! ATTENTION!

Orders will be taken for a guaranteed 43 cent. Protein Brand of Cotton Seed Meal, delivered off the car at Pottsgrove, at a reduced price.

Send inquiries and orders by mail to Pottsgrove. Persons having orders will be notified on arrival of the car

C. H. McMahan & Bros.
Special Dairy Foods and Dairy Supplies, HAY AND FEED
Pottsgrove, Northumberland Co., Pa.

A \$45 Machine for \$20

IF YOU NEED A SEWING MACHINE

IT WILL BE WISE OF YOU TO CALL AT THE OFFICE OF THE INTELLIGENCER. WE CAN FURNISH YOU WITH ONE OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES AND MAKES, STRAIGHT FROM THE FACTORY OF THE "NEW HOME" PEOPLE.

The Woodwork is of Fine Quartered Oak Finish. Drop Head. Ball Bearing. Five Drawers. Will Sell at Wholesale Prices. Drop us a Postal Card.

THE EGG DANCE.
A Curious Easter Custom of Ancient France—A Royal Romance.

In very ancient times a most curious Easter custom prevailed in France. Wooling lads and lasses would come forward as applicants for the "egg and national dance." A hundred eggs were arranged on a level sward spread with sand, and all the young tenantry selected their partners to dance on the green among the eggs.

The story is told by an old chronicler that Phlibert, duke of Savoy, was out hunting and, being in the neighborhood of the beautiful palace of Margaret of Flanders, called to pay his respects to her. All the tenantry were dancing on the green, the eggs were laid, and the lovers were treading a measure of the national dance amid them. Few there were who managed to dance through without breaking some of the obstructions. If they succeeded not even the "may" of the parents prevailed to break up the match. It was an evidence of the intentions of Providence to smile on the union.

While many had tried and been unsuccessful, the duke brought the though to try the dance with him. Though it was the first time they had met, she agreed, and they executed the national dance without breaking an egg. They were greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and as it was a sure sign that they were affianced by divine will and their wedded life would be one of great bliss, they bowed to the fates that ordained it so, and in the sentiment of the romance they were "married and lived happily ever after."—Philadelphia Press.

Very Good.
"Yes, Hunter is really engaged to Miss Roxley."
"So he was telling me. He says she's not very pretty, but she's good."
"Yes, good for a million in her own right."—Philadelphia Press.

Chivalry at a Discount.
He—There was a rum on the bank, was there? You were fortunate to get your money out. She—Yes; but I never saw such discourtesy. There wasn't a man offered me his place on the line—New York Times.

Periodic Pains.
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are a most remarkable remedy for the relief of periodic pains, backache, nervous or sick headache, or any of the distressing aches and pains that cause women so much suffering.

As pain is weakening, and leaves the system in an exhausted condition, it is wrong to suffer a moment longer than necessary, and you should take the Anti-Pain Pills on first indication of an attack.

If taken as directed you may have entire confidence in their effectiveness, as well as in the fact that they will leave no disagreeable after-effects.

They contain no morphine, opium, chloral, cocaine or other dangerous drugs.

"For a long time I have suffered greatly with spells of backache, that seem almost more than I can endure. These attacks come on every month, and last two or three days. I have never been able to get anything that would give me much relief until I began the use of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and they always relieve me in a short time. My sister, who suffers the same way, has used them with the same results."—MRS. PAUL, 121 S. Michigan St., South Bend, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. The "New Home" is the only really HIGH GRADE Sewing Machine on the market.

It is not necessary for us to enter into a trust to have our credit or pay any debts as we have no debts to pay. We have never entered into competition with manufacturers of low grade cheap machines that are made to sell regardless of any intrinsic merit. If you do not detect when you want a sewing machine don't send your money away from home; call on a "New Home" Dealer; he can sell you a better machine for less than you can purchase elsewhere. If there is no dealer near you, write direct to us.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
ORANGE, MASS.
New York, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Atlanta, Ga., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The Standard Railway of the Continent
PROTECTED THROUGHOUT BY THE Interlocking Switch & Block Signal System

Schedule in Effect Nov. 29, 1903
264727499

STATIONS A.M. P.M. P.M. P.M.
Schuylkill Leave 6:55 9:55 2:00 4:25
Philadelphia Arrive 7:02 10:00 2:10 4:35
Wilmington Leave 7:15 10:15 2:25 4:50
South Philadelphia Arrive 7:31 10:31 2:35 5:05
Harrisburg Leave 7:45 10:45 2:50 5:20
York Arrive 8:00 11:00 3:05 5:35
Gettysburg Arrive 8:15 11:15 3:20 5:50
Carlisle Leave 8:30 11:30 3:35 6:05
Harrisburg Arrive 8:45 11:45 3:50 6:20
Pottsville Leave 9:00 12:00 4:05 6:35
Reading Arrive 9:15 12:15 4:20 6:50
Scranton Leave 9:30 12:30 4:35 7:05
Binghamton Arrive 9:45 12:45 4:50 7:20
Syracuse Leave 10:00 1:00 5:05 7:35
Albany Arrive 10:15 1:15 5:20 7:50
Schenectady Leave 10:30 1:30 5:35 8:05
Watkinsville Arrive 10:45 1:45 5:50 8:20
Saratoga Springs Leave 11:00 2:00 6:05 8:35
Plattsburgh Arrive 11:15 2:15 6:20 8:50
Burlington Leave 11:30 2:30 6:35 9:05
Montreal Arrive 11:45 2:45 6:50 9:20

NOT IN ANY TRUST

Many newspapers are lately giving currency to reports by irresponsible parties to the effect that

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. had called a trust or combination to insure the public that there is no truth in such reports. We have been manufacturing sewing machines for over a quarter of a century, and have established a reputation for ourselves and our machines that is the envy of all other makers. Our machines have never been rivaled on a family machine. It stands at the head of all High Grade Sewing Machines and stands on its own merits.

The "New Home" is the only really HIGH GRADE Sewing Machine on the market.

It is not necessary for us to enter into a trust to have our credit or pay any debts as we have no debts to pay. We have never entered into competition with manufacturers of low grade cheap machines that are made to sell regardless of any intrinsic merit. If you do not detect when you want a sewing machine don't send your money away from home; call on a "New Home" Dealer; he can sell you a better machine for less than you can purchase elsewhere. If there is no dealer near you, write direct to us.

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