

Danville Intelligencer

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D. AUST LUCE
Editor and Proprietor

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Democratic State Ticket.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM H. BERRY,
of Delaware county.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT
JOHN B. HEAD,
of Westmoreland county.

Democratic County Ticket.

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GEORGE M. LEIGHOW.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
THOS. VAN SANT,
AMANDUS SHULTZ.

"Jermiah Grimes," Esq.

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP, JUN 28, 1905

DEER EDITOR:

That there Farmer Dave, as he calls himself, is one of the good durned-est lads that ever chewed too shillin' tobacco. He said a lot of stuff about Betsy Jane that gave him away bad. I used to think he told the truth, but you see Betsy Jane (we always called her Bets) is my haf sister. You know pap was married too and one haf times, but the first time did not cost him enny thing. There was a young preacher there who wanted to git his hand in at the bines and married him four nobbin, so pap cum out of the thing pretty good—so I heard them tell. Talk about Bets being good lookin'! Holy Saint Maria! She was as homly as a stump feus, and had a face on her like a lantern. The las time I seen her she'd not improf, by a long ways. She never liv'd in Derry township, no more than you or I did. When I last heard from her she liv'd in an ally up in Sagoburg, and I'll bet a cent she is still there. Her hare were as redd as the main on my old sorl horse, and she had a ton to mach it. Pap always said that she was the confoundest stubbornst youngster he'd ever had. She sed her hare was unborn, but I say it was redd. The last time I saw Bets, her house and kids was a site to see. I cud not finde a cleep place to lay my old hat, and Bets was sprall out on the table writin' letters fur that main grean's paper. Sez I, Bets, you don't you get at and cleep up, I wash about a ton of these here howlin' kids and git them suttin' to eat, and let that old grean writ his letters himself. You just dry up and mind your own bines, says she, if I can make twenty fi cents a yepe writin', I'm gone to do it. I tel you Bets wifery, she didn't hav redd hare for nothin'. That was alus the trouble with Bets, she was apain the men, and talkin' politics, when she'd ought to be tendin her houshol dooty's. Pap always said she was a "om-boy, and had no womly instink about her. If she had, she'd writ a little pece tellin how to kurl the baby's hair, how to cur the gapes in chickens, or else to the wimmen as how they should'n't push there liver out of place by tite claim. Haw, haw, haw! that's gude what that there Dave sez about that there Charman Blvd felling and skinin his noas. It's a pity he didn't break his gurd neck, and then the Dimmyratt party wud hev been rid of one noas ennyhow. Of curs, I doant no him, but that's wot I heard them tell. The ole wum is callin me to cum to bet, so wiv to stopp. yours truly,
JERMIAH GRIMES.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeze Entertain.

Mr. and Mrs. James Freeze entertained a number of their friends at a party given at their home, East Market street, Saturday evening. Those present were: Misses Jennie Reed, Bessie Block, Barbara Bloom, Blanche Reed, Mary Casiner, Lizzie Jones, Sarah Jones, Mary Walker, Helen Keely and Agnes Harley; Messrs. Charles Kead, George Kead, Joseph Schran, Edward Shovin, Howard Booddy, Howard Charles, Albert, and Arthur Freeze.

A House Party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Secher held a house party at their home, Ferry street, on Saturday. The guests present were: Mrs. J. D. Cook and daughter, Freda, of Renovo, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mont Rishel and daughter, Jennie, of Utica, N. Y., and Mrs. James P. Rishel, daughter Viola, and son Norman, Mrs. Eugene Rishel, son Earl, Miss Ella Curtis and Mrs. I. A. Feising.

Funeral of Child.

The funeral of little Harry T. Hall whose death Sunday occurred as the result of burns, took place Monday afternoon from the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hall, West Center street. The pall bearers were: Frank Payne, John Hickey, James Dalton and Michael Dalton.

There were many beautiful flowers.

Friends from out of town who attended the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eut, David Hall and mother and sister of Bloomsburg.

The 10th Annual Bible Conference

of the Y. M. C. A. of Pennsylvania, will be held at Eaglesmere from July 8rd to 19th.

THIRD BRIGADE WILL PLAY WAR GAME

"Camp Lewis L. Roney" will be the name applied to the Summer encampment of the Third brigade at Mt. Gretna, July 8 to 16. The name honors the memory of the late Captain Roney, of Allentown, quartermaster of the Fourth regiment, on the staff of Colonel C. O'Neill, who died several months ago. The application is especially appropriate in view of the fact that it was at Mt. Gretna that Captain Roney won his laurels as an expert in laying out camp sites and in the erection of the regimental headquarters.

Regimental quartermasters on Friday visited Mt. Gretna and selected sites for the encampment. The camp will be laid out on nearly the same lines as heretofore, the brigade headquarters being located on the ridge overlooking Lake Conewago and the regimental quarter to the north along the railroad.

The camp will not only be unique in the matter of a three-day tramp through the Conewago Valley with military maneuvers and incidental practice, as if in actual warfare, but there will also be several other novelties. Among them will be the confession of the division headquarters for which there will be no need. Instead of the Governor spending two or three days in camp as heretofore, Governor Pennington will remain but one day. On inspection day—probably Friday, July 14—he will make the trip to Mt. Gretna and the Pullman buffet car in which he makes the trip will also serve as his headquarters.

The general order issued for the camp by General Gobin last week directs commanders to be especially careful in inspecting the foot wear of the men before they leave the encampment, as considerably marching will be done during the week. General Gobin comments that the method of conducting encampments in the past has been productive of no more good than is derived from armory drill and that is the basis of his change of programme for this year. He has not fully decided upon the programme to be followed for the reason that weather conditions will enter largely into the matter, but it is probable that the brigade will start on its three-day jaunt on Monday morning. Two regiments will leave early in the morning, taking the night road to Bullitt's, a small station on the railroad, about two miles from Mt. Gretna. The rest of the brigade will follow about two hours later, marching with all the precautions that could be observed in actual warfare and invading an enemy's country. A rear guard, flankers and outposts will be features during the day and sentry duty at night.

During the course of the march there will be various maneuvers as the nature of the country affords opportunity to ascertain what the regimental commanders can do in handling their commands and also to give the militiamen an idea of evolutions and general movements in the open country, such as would be encountered in actual warfare.

The return will be made on Wednesday night or Thursday morning, when Mt. Gretna will be captured as the final finale of the entire movement. To effect this achievement it will be necessary to surround the entire resort and a considerable territory will be covered. As the resort will be filled with officers and their families, band leaders and school teachers, it is altogether likely that capitulation will be effected without bloodshed and the occupation by the invaders will be without hostile demonstration on the part of the vanquished.

General Gobin already has commitments of the entire country to be covered and will spend some days there this week to become thoroughly acquainted with the land so that the marches can be made without damaging cultivated fields or other property. A wagon train of thirty wagons will accompany the brigade on its journey and each battalion will have the use of one wagon. Portable stoves will be used and fresh meat will be issued each day. Shelter tents or "dogies," as styled in the regular army, will be used. The movement will be made in heavy marching order and each man will carry his personal property besides rations and small tent. Each unit will also be furnished with thirty rounds of ammunition to be used in the warlike demonstration.

The Pioneer Artillery of Artillery which forms part of the Third brigade, will make the journey to camp on Monday and the Governor's Troop will also do so in former years, returning from the army at Harrisburg.

Electrician's Close Call.

Borough Electrician Jones was badly shocked Saturday night and altogether had rather a close call. Due to a short circuit, which caused the wire to burn off, the arc light at the corner of Church and East Market streets dropped to the ground. The electrician being apprised of the occurrence hurried to the spot. There were reasons for believing that the wires at that point were dead but Mr. Jones in righting matters got hold of one that carried current. Unable to release his hand he was thrown forward helpless.

The few bystanders fearful of coming in contact with the electrical current and not knowing what to do were nearly frantic when Joseph Weidman, an attaché of the Standard Electric Light Company, providentially happened along. Joseph knew precisely what to do and approaching the electrician administered his body a sharp quick blow with the foot which had the effect of disengaging him from the wire although the resistor from the light caught himself got a shock, which sent him reeling. Valuable assistance was also rendered by Seth Lerner, who accompanied Weidman. The electrician was in rather serious condition for a while. He was taken to the office of Dr. Paulus where the proper remedies were applied. He was much better yesterday.

Sickly and Weakly Persons

Use Speer's Port Grape Wine and Bergandy because it gives tone and strength. It beats all other wines for family use and keeps the aged alive.

MURDER SUSPECT IN JAIL

Frank Riko, an Italian, about 43 years of age, is now locked up in a cell of the Northumberland county jail. The arrest was made on suspicion of his being the slayer of Michael Wanzie, whose brutal murder of a Tuesday, has aroused the great indignation and indignation, and for the apprehension of whose murderer, two reward is, agra getting \$5,000, have been issued.

The work, leading up to the arrest will make a story by itself when the proper time comes.

County Detective Geise, Constable Harry Waters and Officers Morgan and Cannon assembled at Natalie about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning and went to Riko's home.

Riko's wife was not communicative, and seemed scared at the arrival of the police. She told them Mr. Riko was not at home. Just then a neighbor entered and told them he was on his way to the trolley road.

The officers gave pursuit. Riko, some distance ahead, saw them and went into the bushes. Later he reappeared on the public road. The police, thinking him armed, followed him warily some distance, and then, making a combated rush, captured him. He made no attempt to shoot and would not talk.

During that visit to the Riko residence, the wife was approached with some leading questions. She denied that her husband ever owned a shot gun but search revealed it locked up in a cupboard. There was a muzzle-loading piece.

Some of the further evidence which those interested in the capture tell of is the discovery of a piece of metal, from which slugs similar to those used in the charge which killed Wanzie, were very lately cut. Places of cotton wadding, identical to that found near the scene of the murder, used in making a muzzle-loading charge, were found with metal and gun.

What further evidence has been found, will be brought forth at a preliminary hearing to be held soon.

The prisoner was approached by a newspaper representative in his cell in the Mt. Carmel lock-up. He freely gave his name, using good English, and said that he lived at Natalie for seven years and had a wife and seven children.

He was neatly dressed, wearing a stiff boated shirt and a thick tie, and was very carefully from the dangerous glare of some time. It is supposed he was waiting for the trolley car at the time of capture.

Boys' Bible Class Picnic.

The annual picnic of the Thomas Beaver Boys' Bible Class of the Y. M. C. A. will be held at DeWitt's Park, today. Procession will start from Association building promptly at 1 o'clock. Members of the class are invited, and will receive tickets any time after 9 o'clock this morning. A fine time is expected. Only members will receive tickets.

Down at Sellisgrove the councilmen

have taken a vigorous stand against the dog nuisance. Any dog running at large on the streets of the said town that is not properly muzzled, is impounded and unless removed by the owner within forty-eight hours, the brute is taken out and shot. Danville is overstocked with a lot of curs that ought to receive similar treatment. The fact that public safety requires it should induce the borough authorities to put some restriction upon the dogs that are too numerous at large in our town.

That Little Pain in Your Back

threatens your Kidneys. If allowed to go on a little while you will find it throughout the entire system. Take at once Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It is the most certain cure known for the treatment of all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder, and is equally effective for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Scurvy, Dropsy, and all other ailments of the urinary system. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold in bottles and medical booklets, all drug stores, and by mail.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, and Welcome in Every Home. KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all cases of kidney and liver disease, and is equally effective for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Scurvy, Dropsy, and all other ailments of the urinary system. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold in bottles and medical booklets, all drug stores, and by mail.

SEED US A COW

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of animal skin, will be taken in exchange for our seed. The seed is of the best quality, and is guaranteed to produce a fine crop. The seed is of the best quality, and is guaranteed to produce a fine crop.

FLORINE'S AMULET

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1904, by Ina Wright Hanson

I found Florine by the tea table on the veranda gazing dreamily into her cup. She wore my roses in the belt of her white gown and in her bronze hair. For some time I had not dared to approach Florine without being furnished with disagreeable speeches; otherwise I should have been guilty of proposing to her. Considering that her monthly income was quite equal to my annual one, a proposal of marriage from me would be palpably absurd. I sighed, and my sigh aroused Florine.

"Oh, I'm glad it's you!" she said brightly. "I saw a visitor in my tea-cup."

"I frowned and took a chair on the other side of the table."

"I wish you wouldn't," I said. "Wouldn't what? Give you a cup of tea? Well, you needn't drink it. Are you afraid it will hurt your complexion?"

Her tone was bantering, but her eyes had a hint of concern in their violet depths. I looked away at I answered:

"The other night at pit you turned your chair around three times, and then when you lost you attributed it to the misplacing of your rabbit foot."

"I did make the mistake," she said gravely. "It wasn't the rabbit foot; it was the day. Wednesday is my unlucky day."

"If you keep on folks will think you are weak-minded," I continued, keeping my gaze carefully from the dangerous glare of her face. "I have actually heard it said that you wear an amulet."

Florine was silent so long that I was compelled to glance at her. She was regarding me with what might be termed a complex look. Her mouth was dimpled with smiles, her lifted brows were derisive, but her eyes were troubled. I ignored the eyes.

"This superstitious business detracts from your reputation," I went on relentlessly. "It is the flaw in the diamond, the blight in the rose, the—"

"Fly in the ointment," she suggested politely.

"To have it told around that you wear an amulet!" I reiterated in fine scorn.

Then Florine laughed. When Florine laughs—

"You poor old dear!" she exclaimed as soon as she was able. "I don't believe you mean the ghost of an idea what an amulet is!"

I was solid on that score, for I had just learned the definition from the dictionary.

"An object, usually a peculiar bit of metal, bone, paper, wood or leather, which is worn by the wearer as a protection against witchcraft, bad luck, disease, accidents, etc. a charm."

"Oh, don't!" she choked. "You are too absurd. Then she went off into another gale of laughter."

"I don't see where the absurdity comes in," I retorted. "If that isn't an amulet, then what is it?"

I sipped my tea with dignity while Florine recovered herself.

"I know a girl once who wore an amulet," she said at last. "It was the—well, the picture of somebody she liked."

"Picture—ah! To be sure, I wasn't an Adloner, neither was I afraid of breaking the camera, but for one reason or another I had faced a photograph. Picture, was it? Was she the girl I wondered."

"It wasn't bone, metal, stone, paper or wood," she went on. "And she didn't wear it as a protection against anything. She just wore it because she liked it, because she liked the man whose picture was in it."

"It wasn't an amulet then," I said, setting down my cup.

"It was an amulet," contradicted Florine. "Unimaginary folks get their definitions out of the dictionary. Other people—"

.....ANNUAL SALE.....

Summer Dress Goods and Ribbons

Thursday, June 29, Saturday, July 1, Monday, July 3

25c col. mercerized material, special price, 10c
10c Puff stripe Batiste, " " 10c
10c Volle, Batiste, Silk effects, " " 10c
10c Enameled and fancy Lawns, " " 10c
10c plain col. lawn, hemst. stripes, " " 10c
10c fancy Lawns, " " 10c
3c " Batiste, " " 3c
3c Scotch Lawns, " " 3c
3c and 2c white Madras, " " 3c
12 1/2c and 15c stripe white Waistings, 10c
All Silk Tulle Ribbons, widths 40, 50, 60, at the exceptional price of 10c a yard

when Florine came flying down the path, her flimsy gown floating like a lovely white cloud around her.

"You can laugh or you can scold. I don't care!" she asserted tearfully. "I did wear an amulet, but now it's gone!"

She sat down by me and dabbed at her pretty eyes with a square inch of lace-edged linen.

I neither laughed nor scolded. I began telling her a story:

"Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess adored by every one. In her court was a man, neither rich nor overwise, but loving her, he thought, best of all. She accused him of having no imagination, and maybe he had none, but she saw in the sunset gold of the princess' hair, in every blue flower hue of her eyes, in every purpling streamlet, the music of her laughter. Often he criticized the princess, although to him she was perfect—"

"What did he do for, then?" cried Florine.

"He had a mighty purpose."

Florine giggled. I looked at her suspiciously, but she made another dab at her eyes, so I went on:

"For all his harsh words he repented in sackcloth and ashes, and when the day came he knelt on the ground at her feet."

"Oh, no!" corrected Florine. "He might have taken rheumatism or something."

"Were ever eyes so blue or lips so sweet?" I plunged ahead recklessly.

"He took her little hand in his,"—sustaining action to the word—and put his arm around her so and kissed her like this—"

"How dare you!" said Florine very softly.

"I don't dare," I answered meekly. "I was only showing you what the man did who belonged in the court of the princess."

"Why?"

"I don't know what the princess did after he—after that," I sighed, although looking at Florine hopefully.

"Oh, the princess said, 'I have lost my amulet, and I can never see happiness without it; so methinks I will publish a decree that to him who findeth it will I give his heart's desire.'"

"She will give the amulet, O princess?"

"The decree should state that the amulet is inclosed within a case of gold, shaped like my loving heart and set around with rubies like drops of my own heart's blood; that the amulet is of fine linen, marked with purple; that each separate line stands for love, trust, happiness; that all the lines together form the lineaments of—"

Florine's dark lashes rested upon very pink cheeks. She hesitated, as if to search for the amulet. "I announced, rising."

She looked at me approvingly. I peered under the step, made two short detours in the direction of the lake, then discovered it under a small fir tree.

Florine clapped her little hands. "How beautifully the story proceeds!" she cried as I sat down again to tell her my heart's desire.

"I am wondering though," she mused a long time afterward, "how the man came to find the amulet under a fir tree when the princess lost it in the summer house."

EVERYBODY WANTS A TIP.

Experience of an American Woman While Visiting Venice.

One of the things that most astonish you with regard to the winking class Italian is the perfect frankness with which he shows his desire for a tip. No false modesty obscures it. You may sometimes fear that you will forget it. Let such fears forever rest. He will follow you for months, asking you if you have your parasol when he sees it in your hand or if you know the way out when he has just told it to you. The whole poor population of Venice is absolutely naïf in its exhibition of a desire for any small sum of money the passerby may throw it. The children, one and all, make a demand for a soldino as a matter of course. It is a sort of greeting to every foreigner casually as a phrase of general usage.

Coming from the bath you see the girl who has charge of the bathhouse. If you don't she has a dozen ways of making herself disagreeable next time you go to the bath. You see the old woman who takes care of your purse and jewelry. If you forget to give her the change out from some inner recess a cheap mirror which distorts your countenance and allows you to look into it and see how truly hideous the human visage can be made to appear. Before the bath you have to fee the old woman who gives you your bathing suit. If you neglect her the next time you come she will give you a suit that doesn't fit you or is full of holes.

"When you go out on the terrace for black coffee, which costs 10 cents, you fee the waiter. When you get into your gondola you fee the old man who draws it close to the steps with a hooked stick and offers you his withered arm to lean on. The next day you see another old man with a hooked stick and a withered arm. And then at dinner, if you haven't just fed the waiter or he will be cross, and up in your room if the female chambermaid refuses to answer the bell—San Francisco Argonaut.

Byron No. 22 West.

The London Tattler tells us no hymn under thirty-seven is now sung at the English church at Monte Carlo. A member of the congregation, a certain English peer, once went to the rooms of the London Tattler. It has a rooming service, and put the maximum on thirty-two, the number of the last hymn. It turned up, and the "inspiration" was widely talked about, as such things are in the frivolous society of the principality. The next Sunday the little church was crowded, and the last hymn being again a low number, an unseasonably rush to the rooms took place directly it was announced. Curiously enough, the number again turned up. The hymn was the same. On the following Sunday the church would not hold all the would-be worshippers, but their ungodly intent was frustrated, as all the hymns were "off the board," and have been so ever since.

Trees That Make a Noise.

A curiosity is known in the tropics as the sand bark tree and also as the monkey's dinner bell. It has a round, hard-shelled fruit about the size of an orange, which when ripe and dry bursts open with a sharp noise like the report of a pistol. Its juice is poisonous. The South American trumpet tree might furnish a handy wire musical instrument, inasmuch as its hollow branches are utilized for loras and also for drums.

CALIFORNIA

Do you want to live where the climate is mild the year round—where labor is never oppressed by stress of weather, and where animal vitality is never lost by mere conflict with cold?

Do you want to live in a region where the resources are more varied than in any other equal area in the world, where the division of great ranches affords a fine opportunity to get a small farm that will assure you a competence?

Do you want to live where, with a minimum of labor, you can grow profitable crops of grapes and small fruit, oranges, lemons, olives, prunes and almonds, alfalfa and grain, where crops are sure, business is good and capital easily finds profitable investment?

Then go to California, where both health and opportunity await your coming.

The Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

is the most direct route to the Pacific Coast, and there are two fast through trains daily via this line, over the famous double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

Special low round-trip rates are in effect via this line throughout the summer to various Pacific Coast points, and colonist low rate one-way tickets will be on sale during September and October, which give an unusual chance for settlers to make the trip at a minimum of expense.

Daily and personally conducted excursions are operated through to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Portland without change, on which a double berth in a Pullman tourist sleeping car from Chicago costs only \$7.00, via the

Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways.

W. B. KNISKERN,
P. O. Box 10, N.-W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail for my address, California booklets, maps and full particulars concerning rates and train service.

FILL IN THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TO-DAY.

FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN!

ATTENTION!

Orders will be taken for a guaranteed 43 per 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
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A \$45 Machine for \$20

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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.

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DR. LA FRANCO'S COMPOUND

Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator

Cure guaranteed. Successfully used by over 100,000 women. Testimonials a booklet free. Write for it.

Dr. La Franco, Philadelphia, Pa.

RUNNING RISKS!

DESPITE THE PREVALENCE OF ROBBERY

a few continue to keep money by their homes. In thus doing, they are not only risking the loss of money, also their lives. How much safer and better it would be if they were to bring their money to this Bank where it will be protected in our Steel lined vault, and where it will earn—

Sick Headache

When your head aches, there is a storm in the nervous system, centering in the brain. This irritation produces pain in the head, and the turbulent nerve current sent to the stomach causes nausea, vomiting. This is sick headache, and is dangerous, as frequent and prolonged attacks weaken the brain, resulting in loss of memory, inflammation, epilepsy, fits, dizziness, etc.

Alay this stormy, irritating condition by taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They stop the pain by soothing, strengthening and relieving the tension upon the nerves—not by paralyzing them, as do most headache remedies. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills do not contain opium, morphine, chloral, cocaine or similar drugs.

"Sick headache is hereditary in my family. My father suffered a great deal, and for many years I have had spells that were so severe that I was unable to attend to my business affairs for a day or so at a time. During a very severe attack of headache, I took Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and they relieved me almost immediately. Since then I take them when I feel the spell coming on, and it stops it at once."

JOHN S. McBRIDE, Jr.,
300 South Bond, 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.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

NOT IN ANY TRUST

Many newspapers have lately given currency to reports of irresponsible parties to the effect that

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO

had entered a trust or combination; we wish to assure 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. The "New Home" machine has never been rivaled in its class. 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 save our credit or pay our 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 merits. Do not be deceived when you want a sewing machine. Do not 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.

3 PER CENT. INTEREST PER ANNUM FOR THEM

The First National Bank
OF DANVILLE, PA.
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