DANVILLE, PA., JULY 14, '05.

rablished every Friday at Danville, the anty seat of Montour county, Pa., at \$1.00 a ar in advance or \$1.25 if not paid in ad-nee; and no paper will be discontinued til all arrearage is paid, except at the tion of the publisher. ertising made known on ap

Democratic State Ticket.

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

Democratic County Ticket

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, CHAS. P. GEARHART.

n those of the Y. M. C. A. room and stick it into one's pocket, may be thought nothing, but all these little things may lead to a disruption that may cause everlasting shame to come upon one.

Guvey had in his closet an and not not may be a close the constant of the constant in the nex day wen he sed did they tak thet man Ufmen away. This is wat Bill Giles, my nabor, tole a pair of delicate vertical that may cause everlasting shame to come upon one.

It has been noticed that thoughtless or otherwise malicious persons have been invading the reading rooms of the Y. M. C. A., repeatedly, and appropriating to their own use item that interest them by clipping the thus rob from other readers matter of interest to them as well.

This is not all.

The Intelligencer is sent to the Y M. C. A. weekly; but, we are in formed, is a hard paper to find there. Almost every week some person bor rows it and neglects to return it.

We would kindly caution such perons, for ignorance of the consequen ces may lead to bad feelings some day when they are reminded of their little telonious tricks.

Furthermore, don't belittle yourself by borrowing your local paper, but support it with your subscription in advance. The Intelligencer far surpasses all other papers in this section, and costs no more. Think of it, we give two papers for a whole year for

CHATEAUBRIAND IN LONDON A Picture of the English Capital of

A Picture of the English Capital of a Century Ago.

"All the English are mad by nature or by fashlon," Chateaubriand writes nonchalantly in the book of his embassy in London (1821), but he had avery gay time with the same lunatics. We hear of dinners, Almack's and le beau monde. "The day was thus distributed in London: At 6 o'clock in the morning one hastened to a party of and le was thus districted by the country; one returned to lunch in London; one changed one's dress to walk in Bond street or Hyde park; one dressed again to dine at 7.30; one dressed again for the opera; at midnight one dressed once more for an evening party or rout. What a life of enchantments! I should a hundred times have preferred the galleys." One smiles and reads on. He found London full of recollections of Bonaparte. "The people had passed from the vilification itself of Nick' to a stupid eathusiant of the control of

full of recollections of Bonaparte. "The people had passed from the vilification of 'Nick' to a stupid enthusiasm. His colossal bust by Canova decorated the Duke of Wellington's staircase."

At an evening party at Lord London derry's, the English premier, "I was presented by his majesty to a severe looking lady seventy-three years old. She was dressed in crape, wore a black vell like a diadem on her white hair and resembled a queen who had abilicated her throne. She greeted me in a solemn voice with three mangled senolemn voice with three mangled ser tences from the 'Genie du Christian-isme; 'then she said to me, with no less solemnity, 'I am Mrs. Siddons.' If she had said to me, 'I am Lady Macbeth,' I should have believed her.'"—John J. a'Becket in Catholic Quarterly Review.

Unfortunately Put.

"Uncle," said the impecunions neph-ew, "you ought to go and see the new play. You would just die laughing." The old man merely glared. In a few moments later there could be heard the sound of a scratching pen as he altered his will for the forty-fourth time.

Somewhat Mixed. Somewhat Mixed.

A young man who was about to be married was very nervous and while asking for information as to how he must act put the question, "Is it kisstomary to cus the bride?"—Brooklyn Life.

In Which are Recorded Some Happenings of the Recent Democratic State Convention

LIBERY TONSHIP, Juli 11, 1905.
DEER EDITUR:
The other day Bill Giles, my nabrate of the convenshun wich was held at 'Arciable of the convenshun wich was a candidat, and Horas Bio called the Dimmyerate county Cummittee togethr to elect a delegate to voat for Scot. They elecked Cholly Chalifn delegat to voat for Scot, and sum feller by the name of Kiswill as an alternation. Well, Cholly Chalifn got a sore toa and codn't ware his patent lether shoes, so he wood not go down and make the numashion speach and voat for Scot. Cholly is a particlar kind of a chap that way and everything mus berite up to the scrach. Kiswill he got loss sumwher in the bushes and didn't shew you, Now Scot he needed vots as bad as ever my old wiskers needed trimmin, and he says to Sime Hufemen, you jes cum along and make the numashion speach and voat for Scot.

FRANK G. BLEE.
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
CHAS. P. GEARHAENT.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
CLARENCE W. SEIDEL.
GEORGE M. LEIGHIOW.
FOR COUNTY ADDITOR,
THOS. VAN SANT,
AMANDUS SHULTZ.

THE Democratic State Convention will re-convene at Harrisburg on August 16th, to name a candidate for Supreme Judge.

LITTLE BITS
MAKE BIG BITS

TIKE pigmies we dot the limitless expanse of air and stars, pleading for single concessions. And the giant hills, built of little grains of sand and powdered matter; and the spreading sea, made up of little drops of water; and the blue sky, competed of atoms of ether; and the lives that stand out on the pages of Time, great because of their mastery of little through of ether; and the lives that stand out on the pages of Time, great because of their mastery of little through of ether; and the lives that stand out on the pages of Time, great because of their mastery of little through of ether; and the lives that stand out on the pages of Time, great because of their mastery of little through of ether; and the lives that stand out on the pages of Time, great because of their mastery of little through of water; and the lives that stand out on the pages of Time, great for form those of the Y. M. C. A. rooms and stick it into one's pecket, may shall stick it into one's pecket, may and stick it into one's pecket, may shall stick it into one's pecket, may and shall stick it into one's pecket, may shall stick it into Guvey hid in his closet an did not

Yours trooly, JERMIAH GRIMES.

up on poltics an the like.

An Interesting Proposition. In another column of this paper In another column of this paper appears an advertisement directed to boys and girls who are ambitious to make their spare moments productive through clean, pleasant and remunerative enterprize. Adams's Magazine is a 32-page illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the home. It contains departments on fashions, embroidery, household hints, table dainties, flowers and plants, garden and farm. Beginning in the July number will be a serial story by one of the most noted and famous writers of romantic fiction in the world. The subscription price of the magazine is 10 cents a year, half of which is offered to the boys and girls who become solicitors. The publishers have set aside \$65,000 in order to introduce the magazine in every locality in the United States, and it is by virtue of this appropriation that this liberal offer is made to young America.

RICE TABLE.

The Principal Dish at the Midday Meal in Java.

In Java, as in most really warm countries, it is customary to rise early and to take a cup of tea or coffee, together with a biscuit and some fruit, immediately on leaving one's bed. This is followed by a more substantial breakfast, but the first really serious meal is served at half past 12 o'clock and is the equivalent of the French "dejeuner a la fourchette" or the Anglo-Indian tiffin. This meal is called rice table—"rystafel"—from the principal dish, a very elaborate curry, in the preparation

which, together with the rice upon the soup plate before him, are to constitute his curry. It is also as well to know beforehand that one is not required to lunch solely on curry, but that the rice table is succeeded by courses of ordinary luncheon dishes. It is a case, therefore, of "embarras de richesses."

The second danger is that of making up one's curry "not wisely, but too well," and leaving neither appetite nor capacity for the beefsteak or for any of the other solid dishes which subsequently appear anyl which under

any of the other solid dishes which subsequently appear aryl which under these circumstances only produce a feeling of mingled horror and conster-nation. It is then that one suddenly realizes that the rice table is merely a sort of tremendous "hors d'occure." There are two dangers to be avoided, in the first place, it is quite possible, in spite of the number of the dishes presented short, to any nothing of an

presented singly, to say nothing of an presented singly, to say nothing of an octagonal tray containing a separate chutney in each of its nine compartments, to get no lunch at all, for nothing is easier than after saying "nein" to a succession of frivolous compounds to dismiss the one solid and palatable dish.—Pearson's.

"Please, God, make Mamie Ross "!!ease, God, make Mamie Ross a good girl. Please make her a awful good little girl. An' if it ain't too much trouble please make her so good that I can take her new doll, an' she'll think it's noble an' self sac'ficin' hever to ask for it back again. Amen'"—Cleveland Leader.

The liar generally passes his time boasting of his hatred of liars, thinking thereby to cover his own defects.— Lavater.

DENTAL DECAY.

Bad Teeth, It is Claimed, May Lead to Appendicitis.

parson bird, or "tui." It is about the size and shape of a blackbird, but has a pair of delicate white tufts at its throat and is a glossy dark green otherwise, which looks black in the sumshine. It can be taught to crow, to speak, to whistle tunes, and, besides these tircks, it has a repertory which is not often equaled by any other feathered songster. At vespers it has a note like the toil of a bell or the clear, high note of an organ. It can mind every bird in the bush to perfection. It will break off in the middle of an exquisite melody and indulge in a strange melody of sounds which are imagine "the combination of a cough, a laugh, a sneeze, with the smashing of a pane of glass," it will be some approach to the idea.

The "tui" nests twice or thrice a year and has large families."

The trouble of a beginning the some approach to the idea.

The "tui" nests twice or thrice a year and has large families."

The trouble of an organ, it can be a belief to speak the second of the dear.

The "tui" nests twice or thrice a year and has large families."

The trouble of a belief the can only guess at which is which. I believe that Mr. Culverton was asked to wait for me."

Thornton ignored the discrimination. He was gazing intently at the pale young face. It must be true all he had beard at the club. She did not look happy. It was Vic Wilmington's affair, the digging up of Estevan. She always and some two-for-a-penny title tagging affet her. It was only three weeks off now. The thought brought with it a fash of recklessness. They would have the for a lifetime. Tonight for one mindered the discrimination.

The trouble of a bell or the clear, high note of an organ. It can be taught at the club. She did not look happy. It was Vic Wilmington's affair, the digging up of Estevan. She always and some two-for-a-penny title tagging affet her. It was only three weeks off now. The thought brought with it a fash of recklessness. They would have the form of a cought of the look of the digging up of Estevan. She always and the club.

of a pane of glass," it will be some upproach to the idea.

The "till" mosts twice or thrice a year and has large families. Like the other birds of New Zealand, it seems to be unconscious of danger from man. It is a pity that the birds of this island are becoming so scarce, for they speak to us of a time when nature was harmless, when the snakes, tigers and faicons did not exist.

Rough on Dimpletos.

Dimpleton—in the absence of the purse, can't young Willie take care of the baby while we are out?

Mrs. Dimpleton—I should say not!

Why. I should as soon think of leaving when she was a speak to the state of the baby while we are out?

Mrs. Dimpleton—in should say not!

Why. I should as soon think of leaving a she was a speak to the state of the baby while we are out?

Mrs. Dimpleton—in the absence of the baby while we are out?

Mrs. Dimpleton—in should say not!

Mrs. Dimpleton—in should say not while we have the sale of the sale

less, when the state cons did not exist.

Rough os Dimpletos.

Dimpleton—In the absence of the nurse, can't young Willle take care of the baby while we are out?

Mrs. Dimpleton—I should say not! Why. I should as soon think of leaving the baby with you.—Harper's Bazar.

DR. KENNEDY'S

DR. KENNEDY'S

BYOU HAU STAY, "Until twas over?" "Until twas over?" "No, forever!" she retorted passionately. "I never wanted to see you ately. "I never wanted to see me again," "You never wanted to see me again," "You never wanted to see me again, the repeated, "because you are going to marry a man for whom you don't care as man of your finger, and you did love me."



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The Reckless Hour &

By IZOLA FORRESTER

found it sticking in the velvet arm of Aunt Victoria's chair, just where she had left it.

"Did you think that I was never coming?" she asked as he reached the earriage. The figure turned quickly at the sound of her voice, and she found herself looking into Thornon's eyes. She caught her breath and stopped abruptly, startled and hesitating, afraid to let him guess the great flood of gladness that swept over her at sight of him. When one believes a person to be in Manchuria it is somewhat bewildering to meet that person alone on Broadway at 11 p. m.

He did not speak, merely opened the door for her.

"There is some mistake," she paused. "Of course there is a mistake. There always is when I come in for anything good. The fact remains that the rest have gone and that I was told to wait for you."

"Who told you to wait?"

He took her by the elbow and helped her imperatively into the carriage.
"I was with Mrs. Culverton. She was in the third box, and I was late. Then Cully came along and took her homehimself. I believe your aunt told him to wait for you, but he wanted to go directly home, so I took his place. You don't believe me?"

"Oh, yes, I do. At least I believe part of it. You always twist the truth and the fairy tale together so perfectly one can only guess at which is which. I believe that Mr. Culverton was asked to wait for me."

me."

"I did not." She faced him with proud, hurt eyes and flushed cheeks.

He laughed with a riotous sense of happiness in her pain. If he still had the power to hurt her there was hope. It was the reckless hour.

"You did, sweetheart, and you do now and you always will. You know.

Pleasant to Take, Powertul to Cure, And Welcome In Every Bone.

CIONEY AND LIVER GURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Pavorite Remedy is adapted pull access and both sexes, affording permanent real access and both sexes, affording permanent real access and both sexes, affording permanent real access to the sexes and both sexes, affording permanent real access to the sexes and both sexes, affording permanent real access to the sexes and the sexes and the sexes and the sexes affording permanent real access to the sexes and the sexes and the sexes and the sexes and the sexes affording permanent real sexes to the sexes and the sexes

and was crying. He felt suddenly helpless and ashamed.

"Gladys, don't do that. I'm a brute, dear. I'm sorry. I won't say another word. I'm going back this week. Stop, dear. Gladys"—

He deliberately drew her hands away from her face. It was a dear face. He had carried its memory with him around the world and it had brought him back to the starting point. He had been poor—not decently, openly poor, but living on hope and blue sky and terrapin. There was another Darby Thornton who bestowed spasmodically unexpected and irregular checks on an undeserving grandson, also advice and admonitions. The weight of gratitude had become too trying. Darby had never been able to even up the balance between the acceptance of the checks and the following out of the good advice and the admonitions.

He had thought that Gladys had known he was next of kin to Job's turkey. Everybody else did. He did not mind. In a way it rendered him harmless with undestrable parties so far as matrimonial intentions serve concerned. But Gladys was desirable.

concerned. But Gladys was desirable.

He had known that she loved him. He had left the day after the accident. It had been her frank betrayal then that had shown him his course for her sake. They had been on the train with a party bound for the Whitney place at Rosemead. There had been an accident in the tunnel to the train ahead, and the one they were on crashed into the rear cars. In the darkness there had come the sudden jolt and jar of grinding brakes. Some peoply came in a headlong rush from the front cars, and a woman's scream rang out shrilly above all. He had just stopped beside Gladys' seat to speak with her, and she was laughing up at him when

the collision came. It was over in an instant. All he knew was the vivid sense of her arms clinging around his neck as he caught her up out of the seat and their lips had met for the first time with death three car lengths

first time with death three car lengths away.

He had left Rosemead that night. It was all he could do. He thought she would understand. If not, there was no danger but Mrs. Wilmington would enlighten her.

The Manchurla business had been an opening held out by the old Darby Thornton for some time. It was a chance to make good by going out there and clearing up the old boy's mercantile interests before the war broke out. He had stuck to it and made good, and the reward had come most unexpected.

He had stuck to it and made good, and the reward had come most unexpectedly when said old boy had taken a notion to die comfertably and opportuneity and leave his accumulated possessions to the prodigal in the far land. There had been no thought during the year of work but of Gladys. He had left on the first boat for home to claim the promise of the tunnel kiss and had found instead Estevan, a warranted imported antique, tall, suave and slightly gray, with an eye out for ready money.

slightly gray, with an eye out for ready money.

The thought of it all made him desperate tonight. He put her from him almost roughly. In three weeks she would be the Countess Estevan, chatelaine of some dinky little old castellate or some dinky little old castellate or some dinky little old castellate ruln in Austria. He was sorry that he had tried to see her, sorry he had come back, sorry he had made culverton change places with him.

"You had better stop crying," he said. "We'll be there in a few minutes. Estevan might not like it."

She smiled back at him, her eyes bright with tears.

She smiled back at him, her eyes bright with tears.

"So you try to frighten the bad little girl into good behavior? Well, she doesn't scare worth a cent. Darby. Your bogy man is such a fraglle, proper, tissue paper bogy man that the bad little girl has decided he isn't worth being afraid of."

"What do you menn?"

"Can't you guess? You expect others to be so good at guessing, you know. You expect to kiss a girl and go away to Manchurla—or was it the moon—and then come back and find love in her eyes. What was it? Like this?"

She was laughing at him. He felt She was laughing at him. He felt angry and obstinate.
"Can you say that you never loved

"Can you say that you never loved me?"
"No, I cannot." Her eyes met his with calm, defensive candor. "Of course I loved you. Do you think I would have kissed you that day if I had not? And you are right about the other too. I shall always love you."

He bent toward her with keen, half shut eyes.
"And yet in three weeks you will be his wife."
"No I won't Do you think I could."

his wife."
"No, I won't. Do you think I could—after tonight? I shall break the engagement tonight. You have accomplished that at least. Now, take the first boat back to Manchurla."
He smiled slowly and happily. She had not heard yet of the accumulated prossession.

had not heard yet of the accumulated possessions.

"We've turned out of the park," he said. "I don't want to go to the house and face a growd. Gladys, look at me. No, straight in the eyes, please! Try to think quickly. I've come all the way around the world to see you. I've always wanted you, you know that. I was afraid before, and I ran away like a coward and didn't even give you the chance to refuse me. Will you refuse me now?"

"As if it made any difference?" Hereyes were clear and true and somewhat indignant. "If I have enough money to satisfy even Aunt Victoria and her little count, isn't there enough for you? If you go back there"—

"What?"

"I shall give away all the money and e after you?

come after you?"
"Come, now!"
Her lips were half parted, her eyes wistful and troubled.
"It will be easy to come back and break the engagement then. You will only have to present your husband."
"If I dared"—
He tapped on the glass slide and gave an order to the driver, and they turned back down the avenue just as the bells were chiming midnight.

Poetry For the Jury.

"I once won a case with one of James Whitcomb Riley's poems," says Congressman brick of Indiana, who is a lawyer, "and so I stand for him. I was defending a man charged with stealing silk, and it looked so bad for him that I decided on an appear to the jury. I did the best I could with the evidence, but I banked most on the fact that the defendant was a young man with a wife and child and that it

fact that the defendant was a young man with a wife and child and that it would go hard for all of them to have him go to the penitentiary for a term of years.

"My whole argument led up to the point where I closed with Riley's little poem 'Back From a Two Years' Sentence.' When I finished, the jury was in tears, and even the judge and the attorney for the prosecution were affected. The jury took just one ballot and returned a verdict of not guilty."

Italy and Her Criminals.

In Italy whenever a famous criminal trial is on the newspapers take sides violently, search for evidence and assume all the prerogatives of the court. That they are even more sensational than the American press in this pressy. than the American press in this regard is indicated by the fact that Italians reading accounts of great cases in the American papers are always struck with the moderation of tone shown and will the moderation of tone shown and wonder how it is that Americans take so little interest in what concerns the whole world. "The Americans are a great people," say the Italians, "but cold; they don't even warm to their own criminals!"

Sir Walter Scott's Funeral.

That is a touching story told of the funeral of Sir Walter Scott: The road by which the procession took its way wound over a hill, whence can be seen one of the most beautiful of land-scapes. It was his habit to pause there to gaze upon the scene, and when taking a friend out to drive he never failed to stop there and call the attention of his companion to the most beautiful points of the view. Few could refrain from tears when, carrying their master on his last journey, the horses stopped at the old familiar spot, as it were, for him to give a last look at the scene he had loved so well.

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exertion or excitement

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a few continue to keep monthus 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

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exertion or excitement will completely exhaust the nerves, or rupture the walls or arteries of the heart, and it will stop. Relieve this terrible strain at once with Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. It invigorates and strengthens the heart nerves and preselve the invigorates the

strengthens the heart nerves and muscles, stimulates the heart action, and relieves the pain and misery.

Take no chances; make your heart strong and vigorous with Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"I suffered terribly with heart disease. I have been treated by the strength of the property of the strength of the property of the strength of the property of the strength of th Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"I suffered terribly with heart disease. I have been treated by different physicians for my trouble without results. I went to a physician in Memphis, who claimed that I have been the suffered to say three bulkers. Suffered to suffered to the suffered to suffere your drugglist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it falls he will refund your money.

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741 pm week-days; 431 pm daily; (via Lewistown Junction) 914 an and 1215 pm week-days.
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