D. AUST LUFZ
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## OF THE PEOPLE

HINGS are turned upside down in State politics and the filth is being swept out. The people are now assering themselves and looking forward to good governmen'. Tuesday's election proves that we will not stand corruptnes; any longer, but that the unclean and defiled must

be seperated.

This was not a grant Democratic victory as may be express-ed, but a victory for pure govern-

ment and righteous iess.

That the revolt of the people should not have come sooner is due, perhaps, first of all, to the fact that the evil politicians contrived to involve Republican principles in some degree, with their ciples, in some degree, with their cause. The impetus given to Re-publicanism by the Civil War and by the fact that the party has represented protection to home industry has not spent its force. That the mass of the people should have been steadfastly loyal to the symbols which represent an indestructible Union and permanent prosperity is creditable to their patriotism, even if their good sense was unequal to percep-

manent prosperity is creditable to their patriotism, even if their good sense was unequal to perception of the fact that the knaves were picking their pockets while hurrahing for the Grand Old Party. Comprehension of the facts has been tardy, but nobody can accuse the awakened and informed people of leaving the work of reformation incomplete when they resolved to act. Every political knave in the State cowers before the storm of popular fury that swept over the Commonwealth Tuesday.

This great victory has momentous importance as a vindication of the Republican principle. It proves that the American people, slothful and careless as they may be at times in the performance of their political duties, are, in fact, completely capable of governing themselves. When they are opported by wrong, when men in high places become corrupt, when grievances are many and the machinery of the law is employed to promote and maintain lawlessness, they need turn to no "man on horseback," to no claesar or Napoleon. Stalwart with confidence in themselves as freemen, and with no weapon but the ballot, wich are also and with no weapon but the ballot, with the are with the state of the law, the area of the control of the state of the provise of the control of the sound was the result of much man on horseback," to no ruler with a strong arm, to no Caesar or Napoleon. Stalwart with confidence in themselves as freemen, and with no weapon but the ballot, without any of the control of the sound with no weapon but the ballot, when we were little, and now, as you an imagine, we aren't very—er—congenia. and with no weapon but the ballot, wielded under shelter of the law, they can smite down the oppressor and the usurper and resume control of the powers of their

government. The statesmen who founded this republic upon the basis of the intelligence, the capacity and the patriotism of individual citizens did not mistake the character of their countrymen. Americans have freedom because they are worthy to be free. The citizens who conducted the late campaign against felony and infamy, and who Tuesday swept to destruction the criminal political Organization which for so long a time has maintained a reign of terror in Philadelphia and in the State, proved themselves deserving of their inhecituree. No band of robbers, no Gang of political desperadces, no audacious usurpers of the people's rights can maintain themselves against the assault of an aroused and indignant community resolute for the restore. The statesmen who founded

of an aroused and indignant com-munity, resolute for the restora-

of an aroused and indignant community, resolute for the restoration to their public affairs of the principles of justice.

Of course this great fight for pure gove ament had its effects on local elections and Montour Democracy was one that siffered at the hands of the voters knife, for much cutting was done as will be seen on another page.

able with couches.

He had just discovered one of his for young. The birds at first are coal featured down to read when the sound of feminine voices in the adjoining room disturbed his attention. Six seconds had not elapsed when he became aware that he should make a step forward to announce his prosence. It was not in his character or traditions to be an eaves dropper; nevertheless he found himself the provided in the should himself the should make a step forward to announce his prosence. It was not in his prosence. It was not in his prosence it was not in his elevent them when they are very young and on a perfectly calm day when you can see them the listant they come up.

I followed the birds of the eggs are young. The birds at first are coal forward when the sound of feminine voices in the adjoining room disturbed his attention. Six seconds had not elapsed when he became aware that he should make a step forward to announce his prosence. It was not in his prosence. It was not in his clience and the fellows make for the open deep was no ordinary interview and that he should make a step forward to announce his prosence. It was not in his clience and the fellows make for the open deep was no ordinary interview and that he should make a step forward to announce his prosence. It was not in his attention. Six seconds had not elapsed when he became aware that the should make a step forward to announce his prosence. It was not in his attention. Six seconds had not elapsed when he became aware that the fellows make for the open deep was no ordinary interview and that he should make a step forward to announce his prosence. It was not in his deflection to be a neaves defined to the fe

character or traditions to be an exvestible seen on another page.

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## Little Dorothy's Courtship

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

on the veranda.

"I've been wondering who was behind that lighted eigar," she said lightly as he joined her, and then, more seriously, drawing in her breath deeply: "Isn't it splendid out here tonight? I like to eatch that strong brine from the sea, It gives one courage."

"Is that what you want—courage?" asked the earl, looking at her tenderly in the starlight and feeling his big, honest heart a-throb. He sat down on a stump of a tree close by. "You're plucky enough, I fancy."
"I shall need it all, all the courage I the sea. It gives one courage."

Torothy knew that it was about time for Joan and the rest of them to be returning from their sail on the lake. It would never do for Joan to find the "big fish" of the house party—that was the name she had given the young English earl—talking to her alone. She, alas, was only poor little Cousin Dorothy and acting in this particular household as Joan's mother's paid companion! So she pretended to be bored with his bordship's society.

"La-la, la-la, la-la-la," she hummed, sinking back into the depths of the easy chair and stretching her white arms lazily.

"I say," said the earl, "am I tiring you, Miss Dorothy?"

Dorothy stopped humming. "No," she drawled, with mock mischief, "not exactly. But"—here she smiled her sweetest smile upon him—"you won't be vexed, will you, if I tell you that I'm a bit sleepy and that I must sleep in the sur? Will you draw this chair over for me, please?" Rising slowly, she adjusted the fleur-de-lis at her waist while his lordship drew the chair to the sunny corner of the big veranda. "How'll that do?" asked he.

"Splendidly. Now for cushions."

"It's made me love you, little one," be added, seeing that she still shrunk from him a little, "a thing like that's order for me, please?" Rising slowly, she adjusted the fleur-de-lis at her waist while his lordship drew the chair to the sunny corner of the big veranda. "How'll that do?" asked he.

"Splendidly. Now for cushions."

"How many?" Dorothy knew that it was about time

sweetest smile upon him—"you won't be vexed, will you, if I tell you that I'm a bit sleepy and that I must sleep in the sun? Will you draw this chair over for me, please?" Rising slowly, she adjusted the fleur-de-lis at her waist while his lordship drew the chair to the sunny corner of the big veranda. "How'll that do?" asked he. "Splendidly. Now for cushions." "How many?" "Hundreds," said she.

He collected as many as he could carry and fetched them to her.
"Here are thousands," he announced. "Delicions!" murmured Dorothy, sinking back into them with a sigh of content. "This is quite perfect."
"It will be when I fetch you a sunshade," he amended.
"Sunshade!" cried she. "Go away, you Goth! I want the sun."
"You'll be pickled!" warned he.
"No," corrected she, dimpling, "preserved." Her long black lashes lay motionless on the wild rose flush of her checks.

of old.

Dorothy tried to speak, but her lips would not respond. Then she did a curious thing. She took his outstretched hand in her own and pressed it close against her eyes, and they were wet.

genial."
"Such fun." observed the earl lacon-leally. His fair companion turned and looked at him reproachfully. "And who would wish to be 'fun?" said she.
"Oh, I don't know," said his lordship gallantik.

## SEND US A COW,

After dinner, while they were dancing, the earl sought Dorothy out in the star sprinkled night, where she had wandered to a hammock under the trees, far from the chattering groups

Madam ——?"
"Yes, certainly."
"Do you love her?"
"With the most devoted respect

"No, not particularly."
"Well, then, what is it?"
"She can listen admirably."—Professor Albert Schinz in Lippincott's Maga-

Anecdotes of Quinn.

Anecdotes of Quinn.

James Quinn, a noted actor of Garrick's time, loved to dine, and was often fuddled in consequence when he went on the stage. Once while playing with Peg Woflington, who was acting Sylvia, his daughter, in "The Recruiting Officer," instead of asking her, "Sylvia, how old were you when your mother died?" he said "married." Sylvia laughed, and being out of her cue, could only stammer, "What, sir?" "Pshaw," cried the more confused Quinn, "I mean, how old were you when your mother was born?"

when your mother was born?"

The body of Duke Humphrey was the body of Duke Humphrey was the rarest wine and the richest spices. Upon seeing this Quinn soliloquized as followed the property of the property

Oh, plague on Egypt's arts, I say! Embalm the dead! On senseless clay

Embalm the dead! On senseless clar Rich wines and spices waste! Like sturgeon or like brawn shall I Bound in a precious pickle lie, Which I can never taste? Let me embalm this flesh of mine With turtle fat and Bordeaux wine And spoil the Egyptian trade! Than Humphrey's duke more happy Embalmed allee, old Quinn shall die, A mummy ready made.

The Spoiled Child

The Spoiled Child.

"No," walled Tommy, "I don't want that big pink necktle on."

"It doesn't matter what you want," replied his mother. "You must have it on."

it on."
"Well, if you put it on me I'll cry all
over it an' that'll spoil it."—Philadel

CATCHING A LOON.

my heart."
"Why? She is not beautiful."

"No."
"She is not graceful."
"Not very."
"She is not witty."

on the veranda.

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### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* FAITH AND FACTS

By GEORGE KINGDON

"See here, Ted, I want to speak to

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Steen in mock surprise. "At last she really wishes to speak with me." "It's about Nell," explained Miss Os-

"when one woman wishes' to speak about another it is a man's full duty to shut his ears. I refuse to listen to candal."
"It's of your own making," she said,
with a trace of sharpness in her voice.
"Mine!" he cried. "Bless your heart,

own, not even a half interest in the

"That It's no one else's business: I'll say it for you."
"No," he explained gently, "that was not just what I was going to say. I wanted to suggest that perhaps since Neille did not complain it was just possible that she understood and that the others did not."
"Do you think," demanded Bessle, "that Neil has satisfactorily explained to herself the reason why, after being her shadow for weeks, you should suddenly drop her?"
"I think," he answered slowly, "that

"I think," he answered slowly, "that she has explained the matter far more satisfactorily to herself than you have to yourself. Do you care, dear, because I seemed to have forgotten you while you were away?"
"You must not call me dear," she said coldly, "and it is nothing to me



that you should have grown suddenly devoted to Neil, but as an old friend I wanted to point out to you that you actions were open to criticism."

"Only as an old friend?"
"Only that, and nothing more," she said steadily. "Do you suppose that even had we been more than friends in the first I should care to admit it after your shameless conduct," "It was shameless conduct, wasn't it?" he said questioningly. "I guess Frank Troop thinks so from the way he is seeking to console her."
"The only redeeming feature of the whole performance is that Frank had the mailliness to forgive her and avert

The Way a Hunter Got One and Why
He Let It Go.
Once, and only once, I caught a
young northern diver, says Graham
West in Recreation. It was in July
in the Laurentians in a little lake far
back in the forest covered hills—loons
always nest on small islands in lakes,
never where fores en get at the ergs.

millionaire, and Frank has just enough to get along on."
"That's where the trouble comes, is it?" He looked relieved. "Just be-cause I saved her from Buddy you think that I should marry Nell because

pleasant for me to hear an old friend criticised as you have been?"

"Do you suppose it is altogether pleasant for the old friend to have his old friend cut up as you have?" he demandels. "Don't you realize that I love you too well to care a hang about marrying Nell?"

"You-love me!" she cried in disgust.

"I love you," he repeated steadily. "If you loved me you, would have faith in me."

"Faith against facts?"

"Against appearances. Won't you believe ne when I tell you that it is all right and that both Nell and Frank and right and that both Nell and Frank and right and that both Nell and Frank me to believe that?" she asked scornfully.

"With pleasure—both eyes." He came toward her and took the fair head between his hands.

"Sweetheart," he said tenderly, "by the love I hold for you and upon my honor as a man, I tell you that it is all right, Do you believe, O ye of little faith?"

Bessje studled the elear brown eyes

# cry she burled her head upon his OUR NEW FALL LINE PENNSYLVANIA. shoulder. "I do believe," she cried passionately, "but, oh, Ted, why didn't you tell me this before?" "Because you applied gag law every time I tried to speak," he explained whimsically. "Every time I opened my mouth you objected, and I had to quit."

quit."
"But it was all so strange," she defended.
"It was funny," he corrected. "Do you remember that Mrs. Bradley's one idea is to get Nell married off to a rich man?"

"That's why she coaxed Buddington

"That's why she coaxed Buddington here," agreed Bessie.

"Well, she was going to put Frank out in the cold and give Bud all the rouning. Befare Buddington got a chance to break in I was on the Inside track, and I was rich enough to satisfy the old lady, who was not willing to risk a rupture for the sake of taking a gamble on the whole million."

"You were simply a fender against Buddington?"

"I was a thorn in his flesh" he

Buddington?"
"I was a thorn in his flesh," he laughed as the memory of those times came back to him. "I virtually drove him out of town and then dropped back and gave the place to Frank

oack and gave the place to Frank again."
"Ted," she pleaded, "can you ever forgive me?"
"Yes," he said promptly, "the very first chance you do anything you need forgiveness for."

A Lesson From Henry Clay.

A well known southern politician who died just before the civil war not infrequently spoke of an incident that took place in his first term in congress, in which he received a lesson in state-craft from the great Whig leader, Henry Clay.

"I was a young wan and an enthysical state of the control of the contr

"I was a young man and an enthusi-astic Whig," he said, "and I entered

astic Whig," he said, "and I entered congress quivering with engerness to serve my party and to distinguish myself. I was on my feet shouting, "Mr. Speaker." a dozen times a day. I opposed even petty motions made by the opposite party and bitterly denounced every bill, however trivial, for which it voted. Before the session was half over I had contrived to make myself personally obnoxious to every Democrat that I met. "One day after an ill tempered outbreak on a question of no moment I turned and saw Mr. Clay watching me with a twinkle in his eye.

"'C.,' he said, 'you go fishing sometimes?"
"Yes.'

" 'Don't you find that the best rod ! the one that gives a little at each joint? It does not snap and break at every touch, but bends and shows its strength only when a heavy weight is

"I caught his meaning. I had seen

him chatting familiarly with the ver men whom I was berating. Yet I knew when great interests clashed he

was the one man whom they feared.
"I set myself then to learn patience
and coolness. It is the strong, flexible
rod which does not break under the
big fish."

eeks, until the entire worm has been

It seemed as if it would take a whole paper of pins to mend that torn dress. The wearer appealed to her car neigh-

"Have you any pins?" she asked

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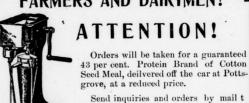
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t Is a Curious Little Craft That Is Cranky, Yet Safe.

It is in Greenland that the hunting ability of the Eskimo reaches its high-

burgh Advertiser for April 13, 1779, where accounts are given of an action fought March 17, 1779, in St. George's where accounts are given of an action fought March 17, 1779, in St. George's channel, near the Tuskar rock, between the British privateer Sharp and the American privateer Skyrocket. The former was armed with carronades, "short guns of a new construction, made at Carron." One of these accounts is from Captain MacArthur, an Englishman, who was at the time a prisoner on board the Skyrocket and was in a position to speak of the damage sustained by that ship.

On April 19, in the same year, a spirited action was fought in the channel between the Spitifre, a British privateer armed with sixteen eighteen-pounder carronades, commanded by Captain Thomas Bell and owned by John Zuiller and others, and the Surveillante, a French frigate of thirty-two guns and a large crew. The Spitific was taken after an obstinate fight, the Surveillante sustaining considerable of the control of the surveillante sustaining considerable control. See the control of th

THE PHENIX.

egend of How It Lived and Died and Lived Again.

The Guinea Worm.

The famous guinea worm is an inhabitant of the tropical regions of Asia and Africa, existing in ponds, rivers and swamps. It penetrates the skin of any portion of the human body without being felt and when once it finds lodgment grows to an enormous length. The body of the creature seldom exceeds in diameter that of a large pin, and it inhabits the fiesh just beneath the skin. When full grown it is not less than twelve feet in length and Lived Again.

The ancient tradition concerning the phenix has introduced into nearly every language the habit of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. According to ancient writers, the phenix was a bird of great beauty about the size of an eagle. A shining and most beautiful crest adorned its head, its plumage contained nearly every tint of the rainbeneath the skin. When full grown it is not less than twelve feet in length and in order to accommodate itself must wind several times around the legs or body. Should the gulnea worm find a home under the human cuticle and grow to a large size there is danger of mortification setting in when the parasite bursts, as it is sure to do sooner or later. In order to guard against an accident of this character great care is exercised in extracting the unwelcome intruder. The skin is opened near one end of the creature and the body pulled out and wrapped around a small round stick. This stick is turned very slowly for days, or even weeks, until the entire worm has been crest adorned its head, its plumage contained nearly every tint of the rainbow, and its eyes sparkled like diamonds. Only one of these birds could live at a time, but its existence covered a period of 500 or 600 years. When its life drew to a close the bird built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices, with its wings fanned the pile into a fame and therein consumed itself. From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phenix was formed, having all the vigor of youth. The first care of the new phenix was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. For that purpose it made a ball of myrth, frankincense and other fragrant things. At Heliopolis, a city in lower Egypt, there was a magnifeent temple dedicated to the sun. To this temple the phenix would carry the fragrant ball and burn it on the altar of the sun as a sacrifice. The priests then examined the register and found that exactly 500 years or exactly 600 years had elapsed since that same ceremony had taken place. was to solemnize its parent's obse

"Have you any pins?" she asked.
The woman had none, but passed the
query on, and in a little white every
passenger was feeling along concealed
edges and turning back lapels. At last
sixteen pins were produced. Fourteen
of them were contributed by men.
"We never need them as much as
the women, but somehow we carry
them and they don't," said one of the
latter.—New York Post. Modern Card Playing.

The gambling of today is a mild affair compared with the extant records of English society. We shall never again see the days when General Scott won a fortune of £200,000 at whist, chiefly by dint of keeping sober. And high play, it must never be forgotten, is a relative term. When Lord Stavordale gained £11,000 by a single coup at hazard, his only comment was that if he had been playing "deep" he might have won millions. When the dimensions of modern wealth are taken into account the wildest excesses ever wit-

had taken place.

The Intelligencer has a class of circulation that makes advertising in its columns rich with results. It has, too, a quantity of circulation at rates that mean great profit to the person using the paper.

account the wildest excesses ever witnessed at the card table would have a timid and parsimonious aspect to the bucks of the regency.—Times of India,

Ame ican Farm Journal to all of ours be cibers who pay in advance. Think felt. Two papers for the price of one, and only \$1.00, too.

Farmers and others, particularly those living on the Rural Delivery route, snould have printed stationery as well as business men. It is not only more business like to send a letter with name and It is in Greenland that the hunting ability of the Eskimo reaches its highest development. He has a fine mechanical skill. Bones, ivory, stones, a little driftwood, skins and the sinew of the reindeer are the materials from which he must make his boat and weapons. There is nothing else. Says a Greenland traveler: "Of these the Eskimo builds a canoe, its frame of bones and driftwood, its covering of translucent sealskin sewed together with sinew. This kayak is decked over, except for a hole in the middle framed with a wooden ring. The Eskimo wriggles into this hole, his legs extended into the fore part of the boat. "Round his walst there is a cylinder of sealskin, the lower edge of which draws over the wooden ring and is pulled tight with a thong, making all water tight to the armpits. For heavy weather the cylinder is part of a skin shirt with a hood. Strings tighten this hood to the face and cuffs to the wrists, while a pair of long sleeved mitts protect the hands and arms. "So rigged a good man can turn his canoe bottom upward and right himself again with sliding strokes of his paddle, for he is as waterproof as a duck. Moreover, his vessel is so feasible that it is almost safe from being crushed in the ice drift and, being limber, is extremely swift when propelled by the double ended paddle.

"On the other hand, the vessel is so franky that only about two-thirds of the native men have nerve and balance enough to hunt. Only three or four Danes in all Greenland have dared use a kayak."

THE PHENIX.

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quickly you will find relief.

"About January 1st, 1902, I took down with weakness and dropsy, and gradually grew worse. I was told by my family physician that my case we hopeless. My neighbors and family physician that my case we hopeless. My neighbors and family hopeless. My neighbors and family limbs and body were swellen to one-third larger than normal size, and water had collected around my heart. Proposed up in bed to keep from smothering. I sent for five bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and by the time I would not work on my farm. My cured. I feel better than I have for twenty years, and I am able to do any kind of work on my farm. My hadn't been for Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Is sold by your fulles' Heart Cure Is sold by your fulles' Heart Cure Is sold by your fulles' Heart Cure Is sold by your first portle who will guarantee that he will refund your money.

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