

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.

A VICTORY OF THE PEOPLE Things are turned upside down in State politics and the filth is being swept out. The people are now asserting themselves and looking forward to good government.

This was not a grand Democratic victory as may be expressed, but a victory for pure government and righteousness. 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 cause.

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.

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.

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

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Is it an engagement ring? "No," answered the oft-times summer girl. "It is a souvenir." "But you say you don't remember who gave it to you."

Little Dorothy's Courtship

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

Dorothy 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.

"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 sun? Will you draw this chair over for me, please?"

"Splendidly. Now for cushions." "How many?" "Hundreds," said she. He collected as many as he could carry and fetched them to her.

"There are thousands," he announced. "Delicious!" 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 announced. "Sunshade!" cried she. "Go away, you goth! I want the sun." "You'll be pickled!" warned he.

"No," corrected she, dimpling, "pre-served." Her long black lashes lay motionless on the wild rose flush of her cheeks. "This is quite perfect."

"She must be waiting for a title," people said, as other girls far less beautiful came out, danced through a season or two, and were led to the altar. "I mean, how old were you when your mother died?" he said "married," Sylvia laughed, and being out of her cue, could only stammer, "What, six?"

"That's an old friend," she said coldly, "and it is nothing to me."

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FAITH AND FACTS

By GEORGE KINGDON Copyright, 1905, by P. C. Eastment "See here, Ted, I want to speak to you," said Miss Oswald.

"It's about Nell," explained Miss Oswald. "Bessie," he cried in mock horror, "when one woman wishes to speak about another it is a man's full duty to shut his ears. I refuse to listen to scandal."

"It's of your own making," she said, with a trace of bitterness in her voice. "Mine!" he cried. "Bless your heart, I never had a scandal I could call my own, not even a half interest in the tamest and most uninteresting bit of gossip."

"You are the cavalier servant of Madam!" "Yes, certainly." "Do you love her?" "With the most devoted respect in my heart."

"No," he explained gently, "that was not just what I was going to say. I wanted to suggest that perhaps since Nellie did not complain it was just possible that she understood and that the others did not."

"The Spotted Child. "No," she said, "I don't want that big pink necktie out. 'It doesn't matter what you want,' replied his mother. 'You must have it.'"

CATCHING A LOON. The Way a Hunter Got One and Why He Let It Go. "Once, and only once, I caught a loon. It was a 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 foxes can get at the eggs or young."

Might Have Been an Ancestor. Mrs. Alless, who has not as yet got over the novelty of riches, is not inclined to admit the fact. On the contrary, it is her great desire to be society with which she is now content to mix by virtue of her husband's wealth shall think she was born in the purple.



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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 on the veranda.

"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."

"But it was all so strange," she defended herself. "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 here," agreed Bessie. "Well, she seemed to put Frank out in the cold and give Bud all the running. Before 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 the future 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 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 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 statecraft from the great Whig leader, Henry Clay.

"I was a young man and an enthusiastic Whig," said Clay, "and I entered congress believing with eagerness to serve my party and to distinguish myself. I was on my feet shouting, 'Mr. Speaker' a dozen times a day. I opposed every petty motion 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 outburst on a question of no moment I turned and saw Mr. Clay watching me with a twinkle in his eye. 'C,' he said, 'you are fishing sometimes?'" "Yes."

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

"I caught his meaning. I had seen him chatting familiarly with the very men whom I was berating. Yet I knew from great experience that 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.'"

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THE PHENIX. Legend of How It Lived and Died and Lived Again. The ancient tradition concerning the phoenix language the habit of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. According to ancient writers, the phoenix was a bird of great beauty about the size of an eagle.

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NOT IN ANY TRUST. Many newspapers have lately given currency to reports by 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 these reports. We have been manufacturing sewing machines for over a quarter of a century, and have established a reputation for ourselves and our machines by the sale of others. Our "New Home" machine has never been rivalled as a sewing machine. It is the best of its kind, and the only one that stands on its own merits.