Danville Intelligencer

Established in 1828.

D. AUST LUTZ
Editor and Proprietor.

DANVILLE, PA., NOV. 17, 1905.

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 arrearage is paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Rates of advertising made known on application. Address all communications to THE INTELLIGENCER, DANVILLE, PA.

Important Correction.

HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 10, 1905.
EDITOR OF INTELLIGENCER,
Danville, Pa

Dear Sir:—

I notice in a recent issue of your paper an account of an interview with me, in which I am reported as having said, that if a farmer refused to clean up the pests on his trees, the Department of Agriculture will do it, and add the cost to his tax bill, or may chop down the orchard and burn it. I never made any such statement, and I regret that this has been reported because it is causing distrust among farmers and they are unwilling to accept as they should, the help which this office is trying to give them. Some are opposing inspectors who go to their premises to help them with a view to determine what insects are infesting their trees, and what pests are present. This is for the good of their orchards, and it is to their interest to receive the help which we are extending to them. However, when they have a wrong impression that we are going to force them to treat their trees, they will not accept the services which we offer. I, therefore, write to ask you if you will kindly make the correction, and say, that this Department does not contemplate forcing any man to treat his trees from the findings of our inspectors. The Law provides that if any man notify us in writing of a premises infested with San Jose Scale or other serious, the Department of Agriculture must send an expert to see what is wrong and prescribe a method of treatment, and these must be followed. This is entirely distinct from the orchard inspection which the Division of Zoology is now making in all parts of this State.

Thanking you for publishing this statement and thus aiding the important work we are trying to do, I am Very truly yours,

H. A. SURFACE,
Economic Zoologist.

[We have made an effort to find the assertion referred to by Mr. Surface, but are unable to just locate the same, and believe that if it was in our columns it came there through plate matter or reprint. The correction is a good one and therefore think the above letter is of value to our readers.]—EDITOR.

Wines of the Ancients.

"The tombs of Beni Hassam," said an antiquary of Chicago, "are interesting on account of their realistic paintings. In these tombs, which are 5,000 years old, there are many pictures of drunkards. Drunken men, waving wine cups in both hands, are being carried home by sneering slaves. Drunken women lurch through the streets, followed by little mocking children. All this, mind you, 5,000 years ago.

"Alexander the Great used to hold drinking contests. He who could drink and carry off the most wine won. Promachus, the skilled Promachus, won a gold cup from Alexander by drinking fourteen quarts of wine. Fourteen quarts!

"The Romans used to serve at their banquets wines eighty and a hundred years old. They would mix with these wines turpentine, resin and sea water. Thus, they thought, a fine flavor was got.

"I once tasted a wine 200 years old. It was so thick we had to dig it out with a spoon. Its flavor was so horrible that turpentine, resin and sea water would no doubt have improved it."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Pious Face Wash.

Here is an enchanting recipe copied from a book on the toilet published in 1834—in Boston, of course:

"A Wash to Give the Face a Younger Look.—Take sulphur, one and one-half ounces; G. oliban and myrrh, two ounces; amber, six drams; rose water, one and one-half pints. Distill the whole in balneum mariae, wash yourself with some at bedtime, and in the morning with barley water, and with the blessing of God it will not fail to give you a younger look."

Where will you find such mingled piety and shrewdness in modern beauty papers? Think how the ladies who advertise some wonder working cream or powder could spare their consciences at the last great day if they would only insert such clauses in the recipes they give. And do not the ingredients sound delightful? Amber, which suggests Cleopatra and her pearl (by the way, what a cosmetic that should make), and G. oliban, whatever it may be—it sounds like the name of a Christian.—Exchange.

MacMahon's Epigrams.

When Marshal MacMahon in the Crimean campaign took the Malakoff by storm and wrote his celebrated dispatch, "J'y suis, j'y reste" ("Here I am; here I stay"), these words made him famous all over the world. Yet his friends said that the worthy soldier had written them in the most matter of fact manner, with no thought of phrase making. The most surprised person over the success of this epigram was MacMahon himself.

Interested Generosity.

"That is very generous of old man Gotrox, paying for the musical education of the girl who lives next door to him."

"Yes, but he has stipulated that she shall learn it all in Europe."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Not the Same Thing.

"Has Mrs. Lowboy any marriageable daughters?"

"No, but she thinks she has."—Smart Set.

Beresford's New Cook

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Copyright, 1905, by A. M. D. Ogden

"I don't care what she is—heathen, Hottentot or bank robber," cried Mrs. Beresford desperately. She had followed her husband into the hall and now stood clinging to his buttonhole in wistful appeal. "But I must have somebody. Here are the Witherses and all those others coming to dinner and no one to cook a thing. I have telephoned the intelligence office, and Mrs. Lewis says she will have a girl at the station for your train, so all you will have to do is speak to her and bring her along."

Beresford gasped. "What, me?" he ejaculated. "Speak to a strange woman in a railway station and ask her if

"ARE YOU THE NEW COOK FOR MRS. BERESFORD?" HE DEMANDED.

she's my cook! I'll be jiggered if I will!" Then at the sight of his wife's quivering lip he pulled himself up. "All right, puss," he said hastily. "I'll get her here some way. Don't you worry your precious little head. Goodby, dearest."

And Mrs. Beresford, comforted, returned to her cold coffee.

All day long the prospect hung like a nightmare over Beresford. Suppose he spoke to the wrong woman; suppose she considered herself insulted and called for the police. There was no counting on what a woman might do. When, having but a scant two minutes to spare before train time, he dashed into the waiting room it was with a fervent anathema against cooks in general and this one in particular that he pounced upon the nearest woman.

"Are you the new cook for Mrs. Beresford?" he demanded breathlessly. The woman, startled by his impetuous onslaught, surveyed him with a noncommittal glance.

"And if I am?" she ventured cautiously.

"We must hurry. Have you your ticket? No? I'll get it. Your trunk? Oh, that must wait until tomorrow. Come along." He found time in his rush to note and inwardly approve the neat black dress, the gentle, almost sad, face of the woman beside him. Another woman, big and crowned with a huge confection of flowers and lace, stood by the door and Beresford mentally congratulated himself on not having to travel with that.

At home Mrs. Beresford regarded the new girl with equal approval. The question of hours, wages, days out, etc., was quickly settled. Then Mrs. Beresford asked for references. The woman looked troubled.

"They are all in my trunk," she explained. "Mr. Beresford is to bring it out tomorrow. There was no time today."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Beresford. After all, it did not matter, for without good recommendations Mrs. Lewis would not have sent her.

Dinner was delicious. The soup was a dream, the roast done to a turn, the game seasoned to perfection. When the smooth black coffee came as a fitting finish to a dainty repast Mrs. Beresford breathed a long sigh of relief. This woman was certainly a treasure, she mused complacently. And Mrs. Withers suppressed a little envious sigh. For, like most country places, Hillside was but a resting place for countless legions of girls.

"If she only keeps up like this I shall regard Maggie's departure in the light of a disguised blessing," confided Mrs. Beresford to her husband later in the privacy of their own apartment. "I hope she is not going to be ill. Norah just told me that when she was arranging my room tonight the cook came in, saying she felt bad. Norah fixed her up with hot water bags and things and thought she would be all right in the morning. Heigho, I am tired! Anyway, I think the Witherses enjoyed themselves. Now if she will only stay."

But Mrs. Beresford's hope was destined to be of short duration. When Norah came in next morning to light her mistress' fire she brought a tale of woe.

"The cook has gone, ma'am. She felt very bad in the night. Oh, yes; she did that. So she walked to the station and took the first train."

"Gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Beresford. "Gone! Why, Norah"— Then, struck by a sudden fear, she sprang out of bed and ran to the dressing table.

"My sapphire bracelet!" she cried. "That girl came so late last night that I had to hurry to dress and forgot half my things. I know I left the bracelet here, but I supposed you had put it away. Did you, Norah; did you?"

Norah gave a gasp. "The sapphire bracelet, is it? Sure, I didn't see it."

"What's the row?" inquired Beresford, appearing at the door of his dressing room. His wife flung herself at him.

"The cook—the cook is gone!" she panted. "And my sapphire bracelet! And here's a letter from Mrs. Lewis saying that the girl came back to the office last night and said she couldn't find you. Who—who did you bring out then?"

"Oh, my soul!" murmured Beresford, with a swift recollection of the big woman. "Never mind, puss; I'll find it for you."

"Find it!" wailed Mrs. Beresford. "My lovely sapphire bracelet! Your wedding present to me! Oh, Harry," reproachfully, "how could you bring such a person into the house?"

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Beresford. "How was I to know?"

"You—you ought to have," wept his wife. And that was her last word. He should have known.

The bracelet, a very handsome one, was of rather an uncommon pattern, and Beresford had no doubt of being able to trace it, yet his effort met with no success. And then one morning Mrs. Beresford, languidly opening a letter postmarked Boston, uttered a little shriek.

"Listen, oh, listen!" she cried. "It's from the cook! Listen!"

Dear Madam—I cannot hope for your forgiveness, and yet I think if you knew the whole story you might be a little bit sorry for me. I am a widow with two children to support, one of whom has been ill for a long, long time. And illnesses are terribly expensive. All I own in the world is a small property that my husband left heavily mortgaged, and the mortgage was coming due. As I stood in the station that day, having come to New York in the vain hope of finding some one to help me, I was half mad with fear and anxiety. How was I to meet the mortgage? What was to become of my children? And then your husband spoke to me. Can you utterly condemn me that I caught at the chance? I was desperate. I came. You know the rest. I can cook. I did my best with the dinner. And then, pleading sickness—and God knows that was not entirely untrue; I think I must have been crazy—I got upstairs, and when your maid went to fill the hot water bag it was easy enough to seize the bracelet off the dressing table. It seemed as though it had been left there for me. And it saved us. But here is the pawn ticket, and if I work my fingers to the bone you shall have the money too. Try to pity me. MARY MATHEWSON.

Mrs. Beresford, whose sweet voice was by this time shaking suspiciously, laid down the letter.

"Oh, poor thing!" she cried. "What did I tell you? I felt somehow all the time that she was all right."

"Oh, did you?" ejaculated her husband in some indignation. "Well, you took a queer way of showing it."

But Mrs. Beresford, a reminiscent look creeping into her face, heaved a regretful sigh.

"Yes," she murmured yearningly, "she certainly was a good cook."

WHAT SHE PLAYED.

The Last Music That Theodore Thomas Heard on Earth.

During the last illness of Theodore Thomas, although he was not at any time unconscious or delirious, he hardly noticed the members of his family as they came and went at the bedside. But one morning he seemed to be better.

He made little jokes with the doctors and his sons and talked about his White mountain home. At 12 o'clock he seemed tired. The editor of his autobiography says that he sank into a dreamy state, and then roused himself to say to his wife in a lingering, ecstatic voice:

"I have had a beautiful vision—a beautiful vision!"

Then he drifted off into silence.

His wife thought he was tired and went downstairs to luncheon, but chiefly with the purpose of leaving him to rest. He had given her a chime of bells, to be used in summoning the family to meals, and because of his illness they had never been rung in the house. Now, because he seemed so much better, she played on them a little bugle call that came into her head.

"Do you know what you have played?" asked one of the family. "Taps—the call that is sounded over the graves of dead soldiers."

She rushed back to the bells and played the call engraved on a metal plate above them. Afterward she found that this was reveille, the soldier's signal to rise.

So it had chanced that the last music Theodore Thomas heard on earth had been symbolic of death and the resurrection.—Youth's Companion.

STAMMERING.

The Cure That One Sufferer Invented May Help Others.

Among the minor arts of great importance is the self cure of stammering, which comes upon so many in early youth. In the memoir of the author of "John Inglesant," which his widow prepared, we read a rather touching confession. "I contracted the habit of stammering," wrote Mr. Shorthouse to Lady Welby, "as a delicate little boy of three at a large day school. It was not such a misfortune as might be supposed. For without this thorn in the flesh 'John Inglesant' would never have been written or conceived, and much which is very dear to me in philosophy would have been unknown." Few stammerers can bring forth a classic from their affliction, and some would even refuse the author's fame at the price of the speaker's embarrassments.

In many cases the self cure of stammering is easy. The present writer was a sufferer when a boy at a day school. He set himself to invent the cure. It was absolutely necessary, he found, that the opening syllable of a sentence should be said several times before the sentence was under way (just as the billiard player waggles his cue before the correct stroke). It occurred that the stammering might be done silently. So that little boy stammered firmly to himself with tightly closed lips, imagining himself to be speaking. It was easy enough, when the requisite number of "tut-tut-tuts" or "gug-gug-gugs" had been achieved in silence to start the sentence. Since then he has never stammered—aloud.—London Chronicle.

Why Prussia Is So Called.

The modern name of Prussia is derived from Borussi, or Porussi, who conquered the country about 320 B. C. Little is known concerning Prussia and its people till the tenth century except that that portion of the Baltic shore which is now included in the kingdom of Prussia was formerly inhabited by Slavonic tribes akin in customs and languages to the Lithuanians. They came in occasional collision with wave after wave of the great Teutonic race as it flowed down from the icy north, receiving their first knowledge of Christianity from Bishop Adalbert of Prague, whom they martyred in 997. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Teutonic knights, on their return from the crusades, undertook the conquest and conversion of Prussia. The Borussia element mingled with the followers of the Teutonic knights, and consequently with the Poles.

Retelling a Joke.

A west side man heard a joke, new to him, the other day, and the first thing he did upon reaching home for dinner was to tell it to his wife. "Mary," he said, "here's a new joke that's mighty good. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' 'Did they save anything?' the second man asks. 'Yes,' says the first, 'they carried out the programme.' Isn't that a good one?" His wife said it was, and next day she tried it on her grocer. "Mr. Blank," she said, "here's a new joke for you. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' Another asks, 'Did they save anything?' 'Yes,' replies the first, 'they went on with the programme and finished it.' Isn't that a fine joke?" The grocer said it was excellent, but confidentially he acknowledges that he hasn't yet seen the point.—Kansas City Times.

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His Wait at Sandstone

By LEONARD FRANK ADAMS

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Overton drove into Sandstone behind a pair of reeking broncbos just in time to see the daily eastward train pulling away from the station. He shouted like a wild man and waved his hat in vain. The train pulled steadily away from the station, and by the time he had reached the wooden shack, dignified by that name, the rapidly disappearing brass railings on the rear Pullman told him of a twenty-four hours' delay in this stupid town.

Overton hurled his suit cases on to the platform one after another and swore. Then he turned to the grinning cow puncher who had driven him over

"IN HEAVEN'S NAME"— HE BEGAN.

from the ranch, thrust a handful of cigars toward him and wished him luck on his thirty mile drive back.

"Hadn't you better go back to the ranch with me?" the puncher suggested.

"No," said Overton and added sardonically: "Think I'll do the town tonight. There's a hotel here, isn't there?"

The other's grin broadened.

"There's a place that goes by that name," said he. "Hop in. I'll drive you back there."

Overton picked up one of the suit cases and climbed into the wagon. They bumped along the street and pulled up before a rambling wooden building in front of which a sign, which the weather had rendered illegible, creaked in the wind.

Overton bade his driver goodby, wished him luck once more and then entered the hotel. The office was not inviting; neither was the proprietor, who lounged in his shirt sleeves behind the desk. Overton's heart sank. The twenty-four hours he must wait here for the next train bade fair to drag heavily. He wrote his name on the smudgy register.

The proprietor adjusted his spectacles, looked at the signature and then frankly scanned his guest.

"Well," he drawled, "I ain't got much in the way of accommodations for you. First two floors is all took up by a theatrical company playing here this week. Have to put you at the top of the house."

"All right," said Overton shortly.

The proprietor eyed the suit case knowingly.

"What's your line," he asked affably, "cigars or patent medicines?"

"Neither," growled Overton, and the proprietor lapsed into silence.

Overton sat in the dingy office smoking moodily until supper was announced. The meal was a happy disappointment, and after it was finished Overton felt decidedly better natured. Returning to the office he stood before a gaudy poster which announced that "the Gordon-Stanley company, an all star combination, will be seen at the Sandstone Opera House the week of June 6."

He ran his eye over the repertory. "As You Like It" was billed for that evening. Shakespeare in Sandstone bade fair to be amusing. He would take in the show.

At 8 o'clock he repaired to the opera house and bought his seat. The place was bare and dingy, redolent, too, of must and kerosene. Shakespeare was evidently not to Sandstone's taste, for but few of the seats were filled. Before the stage a piano, badly out of tone, was being maltreated by a bald-headed man with black side whiskers. The overture came to an end, the curtain went up, and the all star production of "As You Like It" began.

It was a disappointing affair—neither good enough to be interesting nor bad enough to be ridiculous. It was simply dull, colorless. Overton leaning back in his seat, smothered several yawns and then dozed intermittently. As well doze here as in the hotel office, he told himself gloomily.

Suddenly he sat up, wide awake. Rosalind was on the stage, and something in Rosalind's voice was very, very familiar. He leaned forward, staring frankly. He watched Rosalind's every move, he listened to every intonation of her voice. He was aware of a tightening at his throat and a tingling sensation in his fingers.

Of course it was only some one absurdly like her, he told himself, and yet, when the first act was finished, he sought the drowsy individual who served as usher and drew a card from his case.

"Take this to Miss—er"—he consulted his programme—"Miss Lee," he said.

The usher demurred. "Orders is not to let any one behind the scenes," he declared.

Overton produced a dollar bill. "Better try," he said, smuggling it into the usher's hand.

The man departed, but a moment later he returned and beckoned Overton to follow him. They went to the rear of the building, entered a low doorway and passed down a narrow hall with little doors opening on to it from either side. Before one of these they stopped and the usher knocked. The door was opened, and Rosalind stood before them.

"Phil! Phil!" she cried, and the word was almost a sob.

Dazed, embarrassed, he entered the dressing room and sat down on a trunk.

"In heaven's name"— he began.

"Don't—please don't ask me about it," she pleaded.

Overton rose, his face very grave. "Mabel," he said, "once I asked you to marry me and you refused. Now I demand it, and I shan't take a refusal."

"You—you don't want me now," she said.

"I do want you," he said stoutly.

"I told you once that I should live for my art." She waved her hand scornfully about the little room, littered with dingy costumes and makeup boxes. "This is my art. Oh, how I have come to hate it," she ended bitterly.

"Mabel, you will leave it all—you will come with me?" he said very gently.

She hid her face in her arms. "Please—please go away," she begged. "If you stay, I shan't have the strength to refuse you."

"I don't intend to lose you again," said Overton, settling himself stubbornly on the trunk.

That night at 11 o'clock the one clergyman in Sandstone was routed from his sleep to read the marriage service, and the fee he received is still his record breaker.

As for the leading lady of "the all star combination," her release from her contract was purchased by her husband, but, with fine discrimination, he has never let her know that the price was $20, nor has he ever mentioned the manager's evident satisfaction at the bargain.

THE DAINTY WASP.

Apparatus With Which He Makes His Complicated Toilet.

"Wasps are exceedingly dainty in their habits," says a writer in the Pilgrim, "and, in order that they may gratify their instinct for neatness to the utmost, nature has provided them with a set of marvelously delicate combs and brushes. If we look closely at the wasp's legs we will find that each bears on its outermost long joint two small, movable spines, known as the apical spurs, and if we examine these with a magnifying glass each is seen to be provided with a row of fine teeth, so that the apparatus answers for a coarse and fine toothed comb.

"The tidying up process consists of various perfectly definite steps, usually taking place in a particular sequence. First, it passes both front legs over the face from above downward, and after repeating this movement several times draws them through the jaws. This is to remove any foreign substance which may have collected on them. The legs are then passed backward from the forehead, much as we should smooth back our hair. The wings are then stroked again and again from the base to the tip, although the most careful observer would fail to detect anything upon them. The abdomen is next carefully stroked from base to tip until every hair points in the right direction and a gloss as fine as satin is attained. Last of all, each of the six legs, in turn, is laboriously drawn between two of its fellows, so the wasp is once more ready to face its world."

Curiosity.

"I wish I could hit on some scheme," said the merchant, "to make people stop in front of my store as they pass, if only for a moment. I think it would help business."

"I've got it," put in his friend. "Put up a sign 'Look Out For Paint,' and I'll bet my salary against a penny cruller ninety-nine men out of a hundred will stop to see if it's dry."—Baltimore News.

Floating Steel.

Will solid steel float in water? Steel will float if it be so light in weight as not to rupture the surface tension of the liquid. Thus with a little care a fine sewing needle can be made to float on the surface of still water, especially if it is drawn through the hair a time or two, as the minute trace of oil so imparted enables it to resist the wetting action of the water.

It must be understood that liquids, although they have infinitely less cohesive attraction than solids, are not absolutely devoid of this. If there were no cohesion at all between the particles neither drops nor bubbles would be possible.

Consequently every liquid may be looked upon as covered by a more or less cohesive skin of its own substance. So long as the weight of the steel or other solid body is insufficient to break through this skin it will float on the surface, although heavier bulk for bulk than the liquid itself.—London Answers.

Funeral Cakes.

There is a grimly humorous anecdote of the dying Yorkshireman who asked his daughter for a slice of the ham she had just removed from the stove and was refused on the ground that "ham's not for thou; ham's for t' funeral." It may be capped by one found in "Pages From a Country Diary," a book of sketches of English country life.

A curate went one day to visit an aged parishioner, a small farmer, whose end was daily expected. Finding him rather better on this occasion and propped up in bed, he proposed to read a chapter of the Bible to him. The sick man gratefully agreed, but paid scant attention to the discourse because he was constantly fumbling under his pillow for some form of edible which he mumbled with evident satisfaction between his toothless gums. At last the curate stopped reading and asked him what he was doing.

The old man smiled slyly.

"Why," he said in a triumphant whisper, "they bak't some spoonge biscuits agean moy vuneral an' hid 'em in the coopboard, but they don't know as ow I vound 'em, and"—with a senile chuckle of delight—"when I be gone an' they come to luke for 'em they won't valnd none on 'em left!"

Two Sweeping Exceptions.

He—You know, they say a woman can't keep a secret. She—That's a libel. A woman can keep a secret as easily as a man can—all but two kinds. There are secrets that aren't worth keeping and others that are too good to keep.

At Least.

He—Then you will elope with me, darling? She—Y-yes, dearest—but, oh, George, couldn't we at least send out cards announcing that?—Smart Set.

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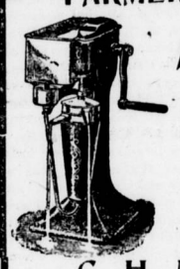

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A CAUTIOUS ELEPHANT.

The Sagacity Displayed by the Animal When Near Quicksand.

One elephant which an officer of the Royal artillery lent to assist in extricating some camels which were being engulfed in the quicksands showed an amount of sagacity which was positively marvelous. It was with the utmost difficulty that we could get him to go near enough to attach a drag rope to one camel I wanted to rescue. In spite of our being about fifty yards from the bank of the river, he evinced the greatest anxiety, while his movements were made with extreme caution.

Despite coaxing, persuasive remonstrance and at last a shower of heavy blows dealt upon his head by the exasperated mahout, this elephant stubbornly refused to go where he was wanted, but with his trunk shoved out in front of him kept feeling his way with his ponderous feet, placing them before him slowly, deliberately and methodically, treading all the while with the velvety softness of a cat and taking only one step at a time. Then suddenly he would break out into a suppressed kind of shriek and retreat backward in great haste.

When the animal had nearly completed a circuit of the ground with the same caution and deliberation, he advanced to within ten yards of the poor camel, but not another inch would he move, though several men were walking between him and the camel without any signs of the ground giving way.—"The Camel," Major A. G. Leonard.

SELLING GOODS.

The Methods That Lead to Success In Business Life.

When a customer comes in, don't, whatever you do, drag yourself out of the chair as though you were disturbed from a rest, but jump up and greet her or him as though you were really glad to wait on them. Act so they will ask for you the next time they come to the store. The salesman who is constantly being asked for by customers never has to worry about a job.

Don't be stiff and act or feel as though you were far the mental superior of the customer. If you do, no sale will result.

Just for the sake of argument, let us take all the successes in your city, no matter what line they are in. Do they advertise?

The public, somehow or other, seem to be able to read between the lines. If your ad. is not truthful they will not respond.

It takes more than a mere cut to attract the eye to make your ad. pay. There must be solid, honest store news of good values behind it.

Never underrate the intelligence of your customer. He may know more about the article you are showing than you do.

Post yourself on every article you are expected to sell, so you can talk convincingly and knowingly. That is what sells goods—convincing talks. Never mind the price; that will take care of itself.—Brains.

Then He Sulked.

"Mrs. Guschley remarked to me that it must be pleasant to be married to a clever man," said Proudley's wife.

"And what did you say?" queried Proudley.

"I told her, of course, that I didn't know; that I had only been married once."

Prophetic.

First Author—Have you sold many copies of your book? Second Author (absently)—Wonderful. Over a hundred thousand. First Author—When was it issued? Second Author—Next Tuesday.—Life.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.—Addison.

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.

We still continue to give The Great American Farm Journal to all of our subscribers who pay in advance. Think of it. Two papers for the price of one, and only $1.00, too.

Stationery for Farmers.

Farmers and others, particularly those living on the Rural Delivery route, should have printed stationery as well as business men. It is not only more business like to send a letter with name and address printed on the notehead and envelope, but it insures the return of the letter in case it is not delivered. We are especially well equipped to do this class of printing and can do it promptly and neatly. We will supply 250 noteheads and 250 envelopes, extra quality, for $1.50, or 75c for either one lot. This is cheaper than you can buy the paper and envelopes regularly at retail stores.

VITALOIDS Cure Nervous Diseases. —Dr. Oldman's Prescription— Strengthens the nerves, Builds up worn out men and women. Price 50 Cts.

WANTED—BY CHICAGO MANUfacturing House, person of trustworthiness and somewhat familiar with local territory as assistant in branch office. Salary $18 paid weekly. Permanent position. No investment required. Previous experience not essential to engaging.

Address, Manager Branches, Como Block, Chicago. 1-29 06

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Margaret Y. Grove, Late of Danville, Montour County, Deceased.

The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphan's Court of Montour County, to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit to perform the duties of his appointment, at his office, 116 Mill Street, Danville, Pa., on Monday the 11th., day of December, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock A. M. when and where all parties interested are requested to attend, or be forever debarred from any share of said fund.

RALPH KISNER,
Danville, Pa., Nov. 9, 1905. Auditor.

The Goods for Fall

Are beginning to arrive, and each day sees new and choice styles added to our stock.

The Dress Goods

Department includes the best values and choicest styles the market affords.

If You are looking for Flannelettes

We have dozens of styles that cannot be told from the Wool Flannels.....

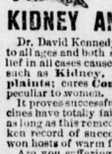
Good selections of Blankets and Comforts that are so much needed these cold nights.

Prices are right in all departments, and you will make a big mistake if you do all your buying before coming to see us.

W. M. SEIDEL,

344 Mill Street.

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 ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 80 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The Standard Railway of This Continent

PROTECTED THROUGHOUT BY THE Interlocking Switch & Block Signal System

Schedule in Effect Nov. 29, 1903

NORTHWARD

STATIONS	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Sunbury.....Leave	§ 6 05	§ 9 55	§ 2 40	§ 5 25
Kline's Grove.....	† 6 21	† 10 01		† 5 55
Wolverton.....	† 6 28	† 10 08	† 2 10	† 5 37
Kipp's Run.....	† 7 06	† 10 11		† 5 44
South Danville.....	7 11	10 17	2 21	5 50
Danville.....				
Boyd.....	† 7 16	† 10 21	† 2 25	† 5 53
Roaring Creek.....	† 7 23	† 10 26	† 2 30	† 6 01
Catawissa.....Arrive	7 32	10 35	2 36	6 08
Catawissa.....Leave	§ 7 32	§ 10 35	§ 2 36	§ 6 08
East Bloomsburg.....	7 37	10 43	2 42	6 15
Bloomsburg.....				
Espy Ferry.....	† 7 42	† 10 47	.....	† 6 19
Stony town Ferry.....	† 7 50	† 10 53	.....	† 6 27
Creasy.....	7 52	10 56	2 50	6 30
Nescopeck.....Arrive				
Berwick.....	8 02	11 05	3 05	6 40
Nescopeck.....Leave	§ 8 02	§ 11 05	§ 3 05	§ 6 40
Beach Haven Ferry.....	† 8 05			
Wapwallopen.....	8 19	11 20	3 20	6 52
Pond Hill.....	† 8 25	† 11 25	† 3 25	† 6 56
Mocanaqua.....				
Shickshinny.....	8 34	11 32	3 30	7 01
Retreat.....	8 43	11 42	3 40	7 10
Nanticoke.....	8 54	11 54	3 49	7 19
Buttonwood.....	† 9 00	† 12 00	† 3 55	† 7 25
Plymouth Ferry.....	† 9 02	† 12 02	† 3 57	† 7 28
South Wilkes-Barre.....	9 05	12 06	4 00	7 30
Hazle Street.....	9 08	12 08	4 04	7 33
Wilkes-Barre.....Arrive	9 10	12 10	4 05	7 35

SOUTHWARD

STATIONS	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Wilkes-Barre.....Leave	§ 7 25	§ 10 35	§ 2 15	§ 6 00
Hazle Street.....	7 28	10 37	2 47	6 02
South Wilkes-Barre.....	7 30	10 40	2 50	6 05
Plymouth Ferry.....	† 7 32	† 10 42	† 2 52	† 6 07
Buttonwood.....	† 7 35	† 10 45	† 2 54	† 6 09
Nanticoke.....	7 42	10 50	3 01	6 17
Retreat.....	7 51	10 58	3 10	6 26
Shickshinny.....				
Mocanaqua.....	8 01	11 07	3 20	6 37
Pond Hill.....	† 8 05	† 11 11	† 3 25	† 6 42
Wapwallopen.....	8 10	11 16	3 31	6 47
Beach Haven Ferry.....				
Nescopeck.....Arrive	8 18	11 26	3 42	7 00
Berwick.....	§ 8 18	§ 11 26	§ 3 42	§ 7 00
Nescopeck.....Leave				
Creasy.....	8 20	11 36	3 52	7 09
Stony town Ferry.....	† 8 33	† 11 38	† 3 54	† 7 12
Espy Ferry.....	8 42	† 11 46	† 4 02	† 7 20
Bloomsburg.....				
East Bloomsburg.....	8 47	11 50	4 06	7 25
Catawissa.....Arrive	8 55	11 57	4 13	7 32
Catawissa.....Leave	8 55	11 57	4 13	7 32
Roaring Creek.....	† 9 01	† 12 05	† 4 19	† 7 39
Boyd.....	† 9 10	† 12 11	† 4 26	† 7 46
Danville.....				
South Danville.....	9 14	12 15	4 31	7 51
Kipp's Run.....	† 9 19	† 12 20	† 4 35	† 7 56
Wolverton.....	† 9 25	† 12 28	† 4 42	† 8 03
Kline's Grove.....	† 9 27	† 12 30	† 4 45	† 8 06
Sunbury.....Arrive	§ 9 35	§ 12 40	§ 4 55	§ 8 16

† Daily. § Daily, except Sunday. ‡ Stops only on notice to Conductor or Agent, or on signal.

Trains leave South Danville as follows:

For Pittston and Scranton, 7 11 a m and 2 21 and 5 50 p m week-days; 10 17 a m daily.

For Pottsville, Reading and Philadelphia 7 11 a m and 2 21 p m week-days.

For Hazleton, 7 11 a m and 2 21 and 5 50 p m week-days.

For Lewisburg, Milton, Williamsport, Lock Haven, Renovo and Kane, 12 15 p m week-days; Lock Haven only, 9 14 a m and 4 31 p m week-days; for Williamsport and intermediate stations, 9 14 a m and 7 51 p m week-days.

For Bellefonte, Tyrone, Phillipsburg and Clearfield, 9 14 a m and 12 15 p m week-days.

For Harrisburg and intermediate stations, 9 14 a m, 12 15 p m and 7 51 p m week-days; 4 31 p m daily.

For Philadelphia (via Harrisburg) Baltimore and Washington, 9 14 a m and and 12 15 and 7 51 p m week-days; 4 31 p m daily.

For Pittsburg (via Harrisburg) 9 14 a m and 7 51 p m week-days; 4 31 p m daily; (via Lewistown Junction) 9 14 a m and 12 15 p m week-days; (via Lock Haven) 9 14 a m and 12 15 p m week-days.

Pullman Parlor and Sleeping Cars run on through trains between Sunbury, Williamsport and Erie, between Sunbury and Philadelphia and Washington and between Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West.

For further information apply to ticket agents.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass'r Traffic Mgr. GEO. W. BOYD, General Pass't Agt.

FOR SALE—A SMALL FARM OF FORty-six acres, known as the Manger farm located 2½ miles northeast of Pottsgrove. Fair buildings, good fruit, water at house and barn. All cleared and under high state of cultivation. This farm is offered at private sale and is a desirable property. Will leave hay, straw and fodder on the place. Possession given this fall. Address,

L. O. EMERITT,
R. F. D. 1. Pottsgrove, Pa.