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A MATTER FOR COUNCIL.

Those of our citiznes whose avoc tions Saturday night or vesterday le them over the canal culvert at Ferry street beheld a good object lesson to show what may follow when the au-thorities fail to exact of the masses a proper respect for the municipality or tolerate practices that are out of all accord with cleanliness, hygiene and

vic pride.
That the old canal, an eyesore to be gin with, has been rendered double unsightly by the dumping of ashes and what not over the banks and along the what not over the banks and along the edge of the culvert under the pretense of aiding to fill up the old water way is one of those facts that are self evid-ent. This is bad enough, but as the offenders are not interfered with it is not strange that the practice has been carried further. The acme was reach-ed on Saturday when one individual dumped a big load of trash right on the culvert in the middle of Ferry street. The term "trash" is used ad-visedly, as among the contents with ashes as a base were turkey feathers, old excelsior, broken bottles and condemned potatoes. The load was no even properly leveled over, but seeme even properly leveled over, but seemed literally dumped on the street, the driver no doubt finding excuse in the fact that there was a slight depression in the ground on that spot. By last evening the deposit was pretty well leveled over by the action of the wheels passing, when the above named articles were some which had worked their way to the surface.

Of course our Borough Council will never tolerate anything like this. Besides the man who dumped the trash

sides the man who dumped the trash on the spot is liable to arrest for violating the State law passed by the last Legislature, which prohibits the cast-ing of trash of this or any other sort upon the streets of any Borough. It is certainly somebody's duty to get busy at once and discover who dumped the trash in the street.

The next thing that Council should

ing of ashes and all that is implied by the name into the canal. If the old waterway is to be filled up go about it n some well sustained systematic way hat will bring results and not encourage niggardly and slovenly practices that only add to the eyesore. Again, if a street in the heart of the

Sorough needs filling up let some ma-erial suitable for road building be elected and not a lot of stuff that is disgusting to the eye and that will b scattered over the square by the first

scattered over the square by
wind that rises.

Civic pride should be cultivated
which can not be accomplished in a
better way than by enforcing the Borough ordinance, which prohibits the dumping of ashes anywhere within the Borough. What a stranger's impression might have been who entered town by way of Ferry street yesterday it would be hard to imagine.

Leighow is a reliable public official and a capable man of affairs. At the same time he is not above revealing an interest in the little details of every day life, as is evidenced by the fact that for several years' past he has

shine the elimatic conditions are carefully recorded. In summing up for the year just expired he finds that between January 1, 1906 it rained just one hundred and two times and snowed just thirty-nine times.

Mr. Leighow's diary also contains a record of deaths and funerals occurring in the community; also serious accidents and the like. There is not a day that he does not fill up the allotted space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the does not space in the dairy with information the dairy with the dairy with information the dairy with information the dairy with the dairy w ted space in the dairy with information that may prove valuable in the future.

tad space in the dairy with information that may prove valuable in the future.

It is is in the future.

Dr. P. C. Newbaker has received from a friend at Cedar Keys, Florida, a very remarkable specimen of persimmon. It is eight inches in diameter, red in color and resembles a large tomato. The physician has not yet tasted of it the work.

The Toda meant what he said. Altered the work is the single term of the first of factor of the physician has not yet distributed of it but like the orange and other fruits indigenous to Florida the persimmon will no doubt prove as delectable to the taste as to the eye.

are present who are furnished with easy chairs. Tonight will be one of especial interest, as there will be a contest between the Bowling Club of this city and the Bowling Club of

Jam's Martin has installed a lunch counter in his store and is already doing a big business in coffee, sand-wiches, pies and the like. The trolley terminus seems to make such business profitable.

PLESOIDS Cure-Dyspepsia. a guaranteed cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and all Stomach trouble. Price 50 Cents.

Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they fill be they are your blood purifiers, they fill blood purifiers they fill blood purifiers they fill blood purifiers they fill blood purifiers they fill blood through veins and arteries. It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

Swainp-Roodinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swainp-Roodinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful curse of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar eight soon the stands of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar eight soon the stands of the most distressing cases are they better they are the stands of the most distressing cases are they begin and they be considered that only uninary to the stands of the most distressing cases are they begin and they be they

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghamton, N Y., or yvery bottle

THE SLOTHFUL TODAS

THEY ARE THE LAZIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

In these days of push and energy it sounds strange to talk of people as be-ing lazy, and still the Todas, a hill tribe of India, are the laziest people in the world. The Todas are not ashamed of their

The Todas are not ashamed of their reputation and are free to confess that they know of nothing so foolish and stupid as work. Their one and only pursuit is the raising of buffaloes. They are far too indolent to follow the chase. An ax is their only weapon, although they know how to make others. They use this for waging war and for felling trees. They will not till the land, considering this unnecessary labor. To make housekeeping easier all their natural products are held in common. The idea of property is only restricted to

unal products are held in common. The idea of property is only restricted to the hut, its contents and live stock.

The-buffaloes, which they own in large quantities, furnish them with skins for clothing and the hut, and the meat is used as food. But milk is their principal diet. They do not even relish the idea of milking their cattle. The head milkers are the only ones that are to be persuaded to do this labor. These men are chosen from the class of "pelki," or "sons of God." They are the priests and practice cellbacy. Although the priests tend to the cattle, each householder owns his cattle.

the. Much as these men dislike the caring for their cattle, they find farming a less dignified calling. Some years ago they went to war with their neighbors, the Badaga and Kotas, as they might be able to levy a tax of one-eighth on their grain products. When their grain products, when their grain provers scarce they live on roots, and

be able to levy a tax of one-eighth on their grain products. When their grain grows scarce they live on roots and berries. They will sell their land or give it away, but they will not cultivate it at any price.

The building of bamboo huts does not interest them any more than the cultivating of the soil, and they make this task easy by making the boys cut the bamboo and their wives build the huts. It is not unusual for three families to share one abode. The men are often so lazy that they cannot afford one wife alone, but even this does not worry them. Two or three brothers manage to support one wife. Indolent and slothful, they sit listless for hours, unconcerned about all things. What they know they know well. They are Intelligent within certain narrow limits, but they are too lazy to increase their store of knowledge. Whatever has to be done must be cared for by the women and children.

Strangely, their appearance does not disclose this most marked characteristic. They are tall and well proportioned. They look like Roman senators as they walk wrapped in skins resembling the ancient toga. Their appearance is not only prepossessing, but bold and self reliant.

Many an amusing story is told of this small hill tribe, numbering about 400 men. An American missionary was working among them when one day he

men. An American missionary was working among them when one day he

though the missionary argued and finally horsewhipped the native, he could not get him to build a hut.

ruits indigenous to Fiorida the persimmon will no doubt prove as delectable to the taste as to the eye.

Mrs. George Fornwald, of Bloomsburg, who has been undergoing treatment at the Joseph Ratti Hospital for two weeks past, was reported yesterday as much better. She was able to sit up and it was thought she would be able to leave the Hospital in a day or so. Mrs. Fornwald has many friends in Danville, who will be glad to learn of her improvement.

The Bowling Alley is attracting big crowds nightly this week. Nearly every evening a beyo of young ladies are present who are furnished with

rest; me be Toda, "-Chicago Tribune.

Canary Seed.

Perfectly clean seed is absolutely essential to the health of a bird. Do not trust to the appearance of the seed alone, but thrust your hand hinto the midst of a quantity, and if there is a dusty feeling after you have withdrawn if the seed is not sufficiently clean, says Home Chat. Canary seed, if of good quality, is very tright and plump in appearance and feels heavy in the hand.

Impertinent.

Uncie-Well, here's the money you've been bothering me for. Now, remember the old, saying that "A fool and his money are-easily parted." Nephew-I doff't know about that. Fve had to coax you for more than a week for this!-Answers.

FOR TOM'S SEND US SAKE A Tree Which Bore Good Fruit A COW.

[Copyright, 1904, by Otho B. Senga.]

MOST wonderful and gorgeous
Christmas tree stood in the
window of the great store of
Warden & Joyce. All day a
constantly changing throng of small
admirers exclaimed at its magnificence
and registered extravagant wishes before it.

Children richly clad and full of joy-Children richy cala and run of 1987-ous anticipations, children in comfort-less rags, who knew Christmas only by the sight of the happiness of others, stood side by side and gazed with long-ing eyes at the bewildering array of costly gifts and brilliant decorations. A small girl of twelve or fourteen, with face unnaturally old and sharp, unsmilling eyes critically examined the

insmiling eyes, critically examined the

unsmiling eyes, critically examined the tree in silence. Up and down, from side to side, her keen gaze wandered.
"I bet it's empty at the back," she finally muttered.
Poor child! Her brief experience had already taught her the unreality and falsity of many glittering things. She stepped quickly into the vestibule where she could see that part of the tree away from the window. A sudden joy flashed into her face. from the winds. Into her face, "It's true—that tree is true," she whispered eagerly, "The back is as

"It's true—that tree is true," she whispered eagerly, "The back is as good as the front."

She hesitated an instant and then raised her clasped hands besechingly, "God," she cried, "send me a tree for Tommy!"

Her intense longing made her voice sharply imperative, and the first word struck harshiy on the ear of a richly dressed young lady who was passing close to her.

dressed young lady who was passing close to her.

"You mustn't swear, child!" she exclaimed hurriedly.

"I wasn't swearing," the girl answered calmly, without resentment, "I was praying for a tree for Tommy."

An elegant carriage waited at the curb, and as the young lady stepped to



MISS STANLIGPE GAVE ONE LOOK AT THE TALL MAN.

the sidewalk the footman threw open

the sidewalk the footman threw open the door. She stood for an instant, as if thinking, and then, turning quickly, she went back into the vestibule, where the child was still standing.

"Will you come with me a minute? Out of the crowd," she added hastily as the girl faced her with surprised eyes and an unchildlike, repelling look on her thin face.

"Will you step into the carriage? Please do. I want you to tell me something, and it is so very cold"—

The girl seated heyself on the luxurious cushions, the young lady followed, and the inwardly disgusted footman closed the door.

"Will you tell me your name and where you live?" the lady questioned gently.

"Depends on who you are and what was the contract of th

"Depends on who you are and what you want. You ain't a charity worker

The young any smiled understandingly.

"My name is Margaret Stanhope, and I live on Commonwealth avenue. You—you spoke of Tommy."

The girl's face softened.

"Yes; he's my brother. My name is Maggie Taylor, and I live on Buruham street," adding with a return of her former manner, "but it ain't a slum street, and I don't want no charity."

Miss Stanhope smiled radiantly.

street, and I don't want no charity."

"Miss Stanhope smiled radiantly."

"But I do, Maggle. I am so glad our names are the same. I need just what you do not—charity. Tell me something about Tommy." She lingered lovingly over the name. "Why did you pray for a tree for him?"

"Because he's sick. He's only twelve, and he works in an office, and his boss is away, and Tommy took sick after he'd gone. Tommy feels sure that if he was here he'd send his wages to him just the same, for he's a good boss and awfully kind to everybody, but the and awfully kind to everybody, but the other man-his pardner-is different.

other man—his pardner—is different."
"Maggie," said Miss Stanhope earnestly, "I wish you'd help me to have
a happy Christmas. I am all alone in
the world, without any one to care for
times we have complaints about it." a happy Christmas. I am all alone in the world, without any one to care for me, and I want to do something for some one—for some one named Tom-my, because—because six months ago I did a wrong and cruel thing to some one by that name. It would help make my Christmas happy if you would let me arrange a tree for your Tommy. Will you?"

The girl drow a long breath

Vill you?"
The girl drew a long breath.
"It ain't charity?" she asked doubt-

ed Miss Stannope joyotsiy, "but it will be to me."

"For Tommy's sake," murmured the girl assentingly.

"For Tom's sake," echoed Miss Stan-hope tenderly.

The unbending footman was still more disgusted when he was directed to make another round of the stores, and his bearing was absolutely frigid when he was required to carry a most unbecoming load of bundles up the stairs to the little home on Burnham street. That the indignity of a good

mbecoming load of bundles up the stairs to the little home on Burnham street. That the indignity of a good sized tree was laid upon him also required the concentration of all his thoughts upon the generous wages Miss Stanhope paid to enable him to endure the present situation.

"I keep house for father and Tommy," whispered Maggie, leading the way, "Tommy's in the kitchen. I left him there in the big chair 'cause it's warmer. We'll take all these things in here"-opening the door of a near sibility of the propening the door of a near sibility groom—"and when we get the tree fixed I'll push him in in the chair."

Surely never before was a tree so quickly made to blossom and bring forth fruit, and it was a "true" tree, with gists on every side.

Maggie surveyed it with joyful pride, her thin face losing its careworn look

Maggie surveyed it with joyful pride, her thin face losing its careworn look

The literary editor kicked him into the wastebacket."—Cleveland Leader.

That the indignity of a good tist size, large portions of it extend into star at all seasons, and by reason of its great depth it is a vast great depth it was a vast great depth it was a va

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the flush of happy excitement.

"Miss Stanhope," she whispered positively, "prayers are answered—I know

Always, in the way he thinks best," answered Miss Stanbope carnestly, adding in her heart, "Lord, I believe-heip thou mine unbellef!"
"Til bring Tommy in now," Maggie said, and went softly out to the kitchen.

She returned almost immediately. "His boss is there!" she exclaimed excitedly. "He got back yesterday. Ain't he awfully good to come so soon to see Tommy? Tommy looks better already! The boss "Il push him in."

They both turned toward the doer as it was opened, and a big armehair with the sick boy in it was pushed carefully over the threshold.

Miss Stanhope gave one look at the tall man behind the chair and started forward.

"This is Tommy's boss." began Mag.

tall man behind the chair and started forward.

"This is Tommy's boss," began Maggie, mindful of her duties as hostess, but the greeting of her two guests quite disconcerted her, for Tommy's boss caught the aristocratic Miss Stanhope in a close embrace, while Miss Stanhope spied penitently, "Oh, Tom, Tom, I have been so sorry, and I have wanted you so?"

Santa Claus is of German origin. This is true if only because that is the German name for St. Nicholas. That he is an old man is because in the ancient pagan feats in celebration of the decay of the old year and the birth of the new an old man played the principal part. Among the Greeks and Romans it was Saturn, the father of all the gods, and among the Norsemen it was Thor, who was long bearded and white halred. That the saint is St. Nicholas is due to the fact that that the control of the contr

GETTING OUT OF BED.

GETTING OUT OF BED.

Take Your Time About It and Don't Sheek Your System.

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping bloed suddenly.

Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch; wake up slowly; give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.

Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its cyes and yawns and wakes up, blowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg, then another, rubs its face, rolls over and stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up nat fly as soon as their eyes are open. They shake out their wings and stretch their legs, waking up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. Don't jump up suddenly, don't be in such a hurry, but stretch and yawn and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and the legs; stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better even than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly awake, and then you Medical Talk.

Collar as a Verb.

Collar as a Verb.

Collar as a Verb.

The verb "collar" has long been used transitively, meaning to "seize or take hold of a person by the collar; more loosely, to capture." The verb was thus employed early in the seventeenth century. Steele, in the Guardian, No. 84, wrote, "if you advised him not to collar any man." Other instances are: Gentleman's Magazine, 1762, "His lord-ship collared the footman who threw it," and Marryat's sentence in "Peter Simple," "He was collared by two French soldiers."

The Laughless Englishman. The Langiness Engineman.

The English seem to recognize and enjoy their reputation for stolidity and taciturnity. The London Globe quotes an American asking a waiter in a res-

"It ain't charity?" she asked doubt fully.

"Not to you not to Tommy," answer ed Miss Stanhope joyously, "but it will be to me."

"For Tommy's sake," murmured the girl assentingly.

The Butler—Hand hevery night at the bour of midnight the ghost happens and groups and wrings its hands. Tourist—Ah, must have died in the cumber season.—London Tit-Bits.

ON THE PORCH

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Every day when it did. not rain, and sometimes when it did. Thisbe Latch wandered off into the woods or down along the river and came back at night with some added grace from nature's wild treasury. She had run away for rest and health to the little parenthesis in the country that called itself a town. She got a good deal besides these gifts. The two men that were happy enough to live in the same house with Miss Latch were far better aware of her gains than she was herself.

Mrs. Redding kept the house. She

gains than she was herself.

Mrs. Redding kept the house. She had only a few guests. Her son Tom protested against those; so far as the principle went. But when the practice happened to include Thisbe Latch he began to persuade himself that perhaps it was better for his mother to have something that would interest her and keep her from being lonely, as she had been since his father's death. Miss Latch was a schoolteacher, but no one would have detected it—at least by any of the labels that the pictures in the comic papers furnish. Her half was as



N ONE HAND HE HELD A BUNCH OF PAN

concerting.

Carlton Cross, another guest at the house, failed to interest Tom very noticeably, aithough Miss Latch appeared to like him. Cross was spending a few weeks in town settling up an estate for which he was counsel. He devoted his evenings to a pretty obvious effort to settle the estate of matrimony so far as Miss Latch and he were concerned. Every evening after supper the two sat on the broad porch while sunset glorified the valley below them and twillight crept out of the deepest wood, where it had been lurking and hiding from the sun-all day.

Tom Redding worked in one of the drug stores of the village. That meant that his evenings went into the druggist's profits till such time as he could command a store of his own and hire some other poor soul to work for him. That trans the ord town of the Tom.

gist's profits till such time as he could command a store of his own and hire some other poor soul to work for him. That was the end toward which Tom was slowly advancing, but for the present he was forced to pass out of the door after supper, walk resolutely across the porch to where the more favored man and the girl they both wanted sat, and with a brave spontaneous cheerfulness bid them good evening. On two or three occasions Cross had spared him this pain by taking the girl off for a drive. That was worse yet. It is true, Tom had his Sundays, but a part of these he always spent with his mother. He felt that Cross was forging alead of him in the race. The thing that discouraged Tom most was this. As he walked downtown he thought of the beauty of the long evening that was just beginning. Having thrilled, himself, under the spell of twilight, he feared its power upon Thisbe Latch. "If that clever chap," thought Tom, "half knows his business and says the right thing and keeps still at the right time, I'm afraid there's no chance for me." But it was not his way to be melancholy for long. He vowed if the other man did get her he would at least make a little place for himself in her memory.

He thought of her through the day, and every night be passed her on his way downtown he had some word—commonpiace it might be — that was charged with the day's repressed affection. In the general chat of the table, in the Sunday visits and in many unconsidered greetings Miss Latch was soming to know Tom far better than to real the real to the total or his work. This he asked him to the real of his work. This he asked him to real to his work. This he asked him to real to the real or his work. This he asked him to real to his work. This he asked him to the real of his more than and he realized.

le realized as Tom crossed the porch to go to bis work Thisbe asked him lightly:

"What would happen to your old drug store if you should sit here with us awhile? I believe you don't trust anybody but yourself to mix the presentation." You couldn't sit still a

Tourist—Ah, must have died in the cucumber season.—London Tit-Bits.

Why the Ocean Doesn't Freeze.
If the ocean doesn't Freeze.
If the ocean did not have salt it would fretze somewhat more readily than it does now, but there would be no very marked difference.
The ocean is prevented from freezing not so much by its salt as by its size and by its commotion. On account of its size, large portions of it extend into warm climates at all seasons, and by reason of its great depth it is a vast strebute much warm water among the cold.—St. Nicholas.

He Never Went There Agaia.
Hostess (at the party)—Miss Robinson has no partner for this waltz, Would you mind dancing with her instead of with me?

Hawkard—On the contrary, I shall be delighted.—Exchange.

Patrly Rolled In It,
"Our office bey dropped into poetry with yellow eyes," exclaimed Tisbae.

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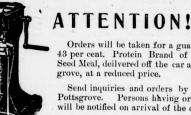
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The conversation of Carlton Cross be-came less and less interesting. Being no lover of flowers himself, it did not occur to him that the little velvet leaves

were his rivals.

When Tom came home that night he found Miss Latch on the porch. She was still holding the pansies in her hands. He walked to the chair beside her.

hands. He waiked to the chair beside her.

"I thought you said you were sitting there already," said Miss Latch, with a touch of mischief.

"That doesn't satisfy me any longer," broke out the man impatiently. "That chair can't tell you what I think of you. I can't tell you myself, but I'll try. I think you are the loveliest wo-man in the world. I can't help loving you," For a long time she was still. Then

she began:
"If you can't help it, why, then"—
She paused, and Tom leaned toward
her. His hand covered hers, crushing

"Thisbe," he pleaded softly, "do you care for me?".

The hand he held answered for her.
Tom rose from his chair and kissed the girl on the lips.

A little later he said, "You don't know how much afraid I was, sweetheart, to leave you here for those long sunset talks with another man."

"You needn't have been," she answered happily. "The sunset and the twilight seemed to belong to you. The more he talked the more I dreamed of somebody else." somebody else."

The Shape of the Earth.

A country schoolmaster was coaching his pupils for the yearly examination, and, having before him the junior class in geography, he asked:

"Can any little boy or girl tell me the shape of the earth?"

To this there was no answer. "Oh, dear me," said he, "this is sad! Well, I'll give you a token to mind it. What is the shape o' this snuffbox in my hand?"

"Square, sir," replied all.
"Yes, but on the Sabbath

I change ma cloes, I change this snuff-

I change ma cloes, I change this snuff-box for a round one. Will you mind that for a token?"

Examination day came, and the class was called.

"Can any little boy or girl tell what is the shape of the earth?"

Every hand was extended, every head thrown back and every eye flashed with excitement. One little fellow was singled, out with a "You, my little fel-low, tell us."
"Round on Sundays and source all

"Round on Sundays and square all the rest o' the week!"

"Yes, str," replied the walter.

"Is my hat on straight?" she asked him.

He looked at her headgear in dumbamazement.

"It dunno," he answered. "When it's straight it looks crooked, and when it's crooked it looks crooked, and when it's straight it looks straight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Agony.

Agon

my usame save on so, John Henry," she nonsense".

"Don't take on so, John Henry," she said softly. "I'm going to marry—you."

Then the strong man fainted, and as she bent over him a determined little line showed about her mouth, and she muttaged. "I had to do something to bring him to it."

to it."

According to Scripture.

A certain tailor of very strict principles was in the habit of excusing the faults of his assistants only in they could justify themselves by Scripture. One day a woman entered his shop and asked to see some material, but refused to buy it because it was too cheap. After showing her some other goods, the assistant brought back the same material, this time asking a higher price, whereupon the customer

or price, whereupon the customer bought it. Afterward, the proprietor, who had witnessed the transaction, re-proved his assistant severely. The lat-ter, remembering the rules of the es-tablishment, replied: "Oh, it's accord-ing to Scripture all right. She was a

Farmers and others, particularly those iving on the Rural Delivery route smould have printed stationery as well as ousiness men. It is not only more business shes like to send a letter with name and address printed on the notehead and en-velope, but it insures the return of the letter in case it is not delivered. We are especially well equipped to do this ass of printing and can do it promptly and neatly. We will supply 250 note heads 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.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Edute of Margaret Y, Grove, Lute 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 o the accountant to and among the parties on titled thereto, will sit to perform the duties or under the county of the county o

W. M. SEIDEL, 344 Mill Street.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE---GRAVEL.



I Am Now Vigorous and Strong

as I was in my prime. I do all my own work and rarely know what it is to be tired. What physicians and all of the many remedies I had taken could not do Dr. Kehnedy's Favorite Remedy did; it stayed the disease and made me a strong, vigorous woman." Mrs. Emeline P. Mizner, Burg Hill, Ohio.

ger and I took her in."—Harper's | Prepared at Rondout, N. Y.

Sold by all druggists. \$1 a bottle; 6 for \$5.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Pottsville, Reading and Philadell his, s. m. and 2.21 p. m. week-days, I zeleton, 7.11 and 10.17 a. m., 2.21 and 5.50

week-days
 Lewisburg, Williamsport, and Leck teen, 9,60 nm, 12,0 and 4.31 p.m., week-se, jor Williamsport and intermediate tions, 7 dp. m., week-days.
 Bellefonte, Tyrone, Philipsburg, Clear-th, and Plitsburgh, 9,00 a. m., and 12.1 p.

M. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager, Pass'r Traffic Mgr GEO. W. BOYD, General Pass'r Agt.

Notice of Dissolution.

Displayed First State Tag. A law passed at the last session of he Legislature requires all chaffeurs after January 1st, 1906. The first tag displayed in Montour county, complying with the new law, was on W. W. Welliver's Rambler, which was driven in the mummers' parade on New Year's Day by Will G. Brown.

Good Investment of One Dollar.

tion, pain in the small of the back. discolored skin, nerv usness or d zzi-discolored skin, nerv usness or d zzi-ness, your oidy wise course is to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Rem-edy, of Rondout, N. Y. I will creanse the blood of a'l impurities, regulate the Kidneys and Laver, and thus re-store a healthy glow to your checks again.

suggesting real winter conditions that we have had thus far this season. It rained at intervals pretty much all day, forming on the sidewalks a treacherous sleet that made walking danger Don't Get Footsere; Get Allen's Foot-Ease, A wonderful powder that cures tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet and makes new or tight shoes casy. Ask to-day for Allen's Foot-Ease. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 5c. Don't accept any substitute.

Yesterday was one of the few days

LIV-R-OIDS CURE CONSTIPATION
Dr.Oidman's famous Prescription permanently cures Constipation, Billiousness, Sick Headache. Price 25 Cents.

AUCTIONEER Real Estate or Personal Prop-erty Disposed of at Public Outcry.

Best Results Guaranteea

Michael Breckbill,

Convulsion, Fits, then

Epilepsy. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine has been so successful in curing these brain-wrecking diseases that there is every reason to believe that even the most hopeless cases can be benefited, if not fully restored. We will be pleased to refer any one thus afflicted to many who now enjoy the blessing of health, after years of hopeless suffering.

health, after years of hopered suffering.

"I have a son that had brain fever when two years old, followed by fits of the worst type, and he was pronounced for him, without relief. After about afteen years he became so bad that we sent him to Longcliff hospital for the there nearly three years, but he con-tinued to grow worse, so we brought him home duly 30, 1902, in an awful centifiely. He hardly knew one of the continuely. He hardly knew one of the family; could not even find his bed; was a total wreck. He had from 8 to you fire a day. We were used to the

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

NOT IN ANY TRUST

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO

had entered a trust or combination; we wish to assure the public that there is no fruth in to assure the public that there is no fruth in several manufacturing several manufacturing several manufacturing several manufacturing in the several manufac

machines, and stands on its over merits.

The "New Home" is the only really
HIGH GRADE Secoing Machine.

It is not necessary for us to enter into a trust
to save our reedit or pay any debts as we have
no debts to pay. We have never entered into
competition with manufacturers of low grade
cheap machines that are made to sell regardless of any intrinsic merits. Do not be deceived, when you want seewing machine don't
send your money away from home; call on a
"New Home" Dealer, he can sell you
bester machine for less than you can purchase
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