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D. AUST LUTZ
Editor and Proprietor

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THE INTELLIGENCER,
DANVILLE, PA.

MUDSLINGERS AND MILLIONAIRES

THIS is surely a great country.

Here we have the possibility of a coal strike; "Pitchfork" Senator Tillman is in charge of the Railway Rate bill; millionaires are chased into hidding; almost everybody with any money being "investigated;" a bill in Congress to limit individual fortunes, and the socialists are demanding that the Federal Government or the State or the municipality shall own and operate nearly everything in sight.

At the same time the miners and other unions are insisting upon the "closed shop" principle that no man shall have the privilege of working for a living without their permission, and goodness only knows how many other social and economic fermentations are under way—and yet the country seems to be going about its business in the usual way. The farm, the mine and the mill are turning out products on an unprecedented scale, internal trade was never so active, exports are of record-wrecking magnitude and everybody seems to be prosperous.

That is the peculiarity of this period of investigation and crimination. In the past we have had such agitations, but they have occurred in times of depression following panics in which stagnant trade, shrinking values and widespread losses had irritated and angered the people, and stimulated demand for exposure and punishment of the wrongdoing in public and financial places to which the reaction and "hard times" were attributed. More than a year ago symptoms of popular unrest were noted abroad and at home and observers of the notable "revival" movement in England fancied that the unrest foreshadowed a great wave of religious excitement which would sweep the country. Perhaps the revelations of "high finance" in connection with life insurance companies directed it into secular and political channels.

The greed and contempt for moral and statute law exhibited by many rich men afforded just ground for popular indignation, and this has been expanded and fanned in various directions by cranks and by self-seeking demagogues until we have a sort of mud-slinging "craze," in which individual reputations far and wide are recklessly assailed and the fact that a man is rich is treated as prima facie evidence that he is a scoundrel. This is to be regretted because if all men are to be bespattered the guilty ones can no longer be singled out for obloquy, and those assailed, the good as well as the bad, are impelled to unite for common defense.

It would not be surprising to learn at any time that the Millionaires' Mutual Protective Union has been organized and that it had demanded concessions from the Amalgamated Mudslingers' Association (Thomas Lawson, President), coupled with the threat of a general strike of Millionaires and withdrawal of their capital, if these are not complied with. At the present rate of expansion of indiscriminating investigation and crimination there will soon cease to be any distinction in being the subject of one or the other. Everybody having been investigated or accused, the whole besmirched community will meet comfortably on equal terms.

The "craze" has gone so far that the saving American sense of humor will be excited and bring us back to a sane and discriminating view of the situation.

—THE KEYSTONE EAGLE, is an eight page monthly journal published in the interest of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, in this city, and under the editorship of our young friend, Mr. John G. Waite. It is a neat budget of news pertaining to the various aeries of the state and cleverly and well written. It is just a half year old and bids fair to be the State organ of that fraternal organization. Our best wishes, Bro. Waite.

—WHEN the bicycle was on the high tide of popularity and the automobile began to demonstrate its value as a practical invention, pessimistic forebodings were indulged in respecting the future of the horse. We were to enter the "horseless" era. The horse censuses taken by the Department of Agriculture fail to verify the prediction that the horse is disappearing. It is impossible to say how many hores our vehicular inventions have displaced, but the figures show that the number of horses has been increasing in proportion to the population. There has been a striking increase in the value of horses exported. Horses now command higher prices than they have at any other period during the past fifteen years, with the exception of the year 1902.

—POLITENESS is the principal attraction to new friendship. An impolite person is branded at first acquaintance. To snap and snarl, as a vicious cur is want to do upon the approach of a stranger, a bank president cashier, or clerk has often driver from their counters a desirable customer, likewise other business people and persons in private life have disrupted a friendship that might otherwise have proven profitable. Not only do we gain the disproval and enmity of the one suffering the shock, but the afflicted one's friends cooly withdraw one by one as they learn the true character of the impolite. This is an age of politeness, and progressive concerns of today are fast removing from their employ those who cannot kindly received and treat all classes of men with proper courtesy. No banking house or other concern can prosper or even hold its own, against a set of indifferent, unpopular employees, and the sooner their removal is effected the better the prospects for increased business. We trust Danville's business places will not be slow to renovate and remove all such objectionable rubish, standing abreast with the foremost ranks of life's swift race.

Derry Township Awake.

DERRY TOWNSHIP, Mar. 19, '06.

EDITOR INTELLIGENCER:—

Publications in some of our country papers, the last few weeks, have been making wrong impressions upon the public as regards road matters in Derry township under the new law. The people of our township, when understanding a question, are not often found wanting so far as prompt action is concerned. On the first Monday in March, as provided by the act of assembly, our supervisors, elected at the recent towdship election, met at the time and place provided in the law, and being duly sworn as provided, proceeded to organize the board by electing a Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer; after which they laid out the township into four districts, as again provided in the act, appointing four road masters, three of which promptly accepted their offices, the fourth one being a steady employe at the Blue Spring Mansion, aked to be excused, as by accepting the office of road master he might lose his steady job, whereupon a second party was appointed who accepted at once and all offices were filled. The tax rate was agreed upon as was also a system of improved road making adopted, to be put into operation as soon as the weather is favorable in the spring. The Derry township road district is in good shape, with no indebtness and nearly three hundred dollars in the treasurer to start with. The reason for making four districts of the township, was that a man on a small farm could act as road master on 7 or 8 miles of road and still attend to his farm, with a little aditional help, whereas, if he had 20 or 25 miles he could not accept the place and it seemed to prove so, as the divisions were so easily filled. With such competent men to fill the places, we look forward to the best of prospects and that the new road law will be a success in our township.

VOTER.

Pen, Paste and Scissors.

DANVILLE, PA., MAR. 21, '06.

Prize fighting is getting almost as brutal as football.

Wednesday, the 21st inst., was the first day of Spring. The days and nights are now equal.

Don't place orders for calendars for 1907 until you see the fine line of samples at the Intelligencer office.

Average monthly wages of men teachers in the Pennsylvania public schools is $51.81 and of women, $39.41.

After being tied to Boni so long, one could hardly blame Anna Gould if she were to marry a man next time.

Japanese need not worry about their small stature. They look big enough to people who get into difficulties with them.

The sighs that are given when we think of going on the roads are only exceeded by the sigh of relief when the trip is over.

When the consumer finds his coal has risen 25c a ton, he can conclude that an advance of ten cents has been made to the miners.

Count Witte says that conditions in Russia are different from every other country. Every other country is doubtless glad of it.

The 10,000,000 trout now in the various hatcheries of the State are to be distributed in lots of 1500 each to the 3,370 applicants.

The State Game people are about getting $2,000 worth of quails, 222 dozen at $9 a dozen, for distribution on the State Forest Reserves.

It is unlawful to shoot wild ducks now. The legal season extends from September 1st to January 1st and from the 1st to 15th of April.

Running down the populace in an automobile, appears to be a much more serious offense in Italy than in some places you might mention.

The House recently passed 416 pension bills in sixty-four minutes. Probably the reason it did not pass more, was that there were no more to pass.

If you intend having sale the coming spring, select the date, and have the announcement in the Intelligencer "Sale Register." It is free to all engaging bills at this office.

The Intelligencer House does all work at cash prices and expects cash on delivery of work. Patrons will please note the terms and govern themselves accordingly.

We are hardly through one political campaign before we are off on another. In about three months a candidate for Governor will be nominated, and that means there is already plenty to do.

Hoch, the Chicago bigamist-murderer, has been hanged at last. In a way he was of some use to his day. He got a couple dozen fool women to tie up to him who might have made some decent men miserable.

The Pennsylvania railroad's report shows that its net income last year was $38,000,000. It is going to be difficult for politicians to understand why a road so prosperous will not invite its friends to an occasional free ride.

The man who is ambitious to be his party's idol, is not the man for his country's service. What the country needs today is more statesmen and fewer statesmen, more patriotism and less politics, more gospel and less graft.

Nature made the coal free; men mine it for 60 cents a ton. railroad men haul it for 10 cents a ton. You pay $4.00 for 70 cents worth of your fellow workers' labor! And this is a free country, and don't you forget it!

The center of population of the United States, is officially announced to be six miles southeast of Columbus, Indiana, and not at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second street, as a great many New Yorkers vaguely fancy.

The Jersey match Northumberland county editors have been calling one another pet names. The sawed-off editor of the Miltonian, Comrade Joe Logan, calls the editor of the Watsontown Record and Star, Comrade Lew. C. Fosnot, "a bald-head sinner."

The Boys' Miniature Minstrel Troupe which holds high carnival on Intelligencer avenue, between Market and Mahoning streets, in this city, nearly opposite this office, will entertain their friends tomorrow Saturday afternoon, with an entirely new and catchy programme.

Fishermen down the river are protesting against the proposed construction of a power dam across the river at McCall's Ferry. It may become a question whether the Legislature will permit such a dam. It would practically destroy the fishery interests of the Susquehanna river.

When a citizen sends matter by mail, he is charged according to the weight of the package. Newspapers pay according to actual weight of each shipment. But when the Government pays there is a "system of averages;" one month's weighing with payments for four years based on the average. There is nothing alike in all business, yet under it the government pays the railroads $40,000,000 annually.

The many friends of Edward C. Diehl and Miss Lizzie G. Ritter, of this city, will be pleased to learn that they will be married next Tuesday, March 27th. After the nuptials the newly made man and wife will enjoy a trip to Gotham and the "City of Brotherly Love," and upon their return will reside in a well furnished double dwelling, in Riverside, with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ritter.

The city papers are all right, but it is the home county papers that promote the local interests, advertises your business; aids your schools, churches, numerous societies, sympathizes with your afflictions and rejoices in your prosperity. In brief, it is the home country paper that mentions and records the thousand and one local items in which you are interested during the year and which you do not find in the city papers.

OCCASIONAL.

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.

They Go a Very Long Way Toward Making the World Happy.

A wild bird's song is a little thing—lost in the deeps of a frowning sky.

And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody earth's green seems brighter and life is sweeter all through an autumn day.

The coo of a babe is a little thing—meaningless sound from a vacant mind.

But 'tis the only sound that all nations heed—the one clear language that all races know.

A mother's love is a little thing—too soon, alas, forgot!

But it typifies to blind humankind the love and trust and hope divine that bear with patience calm and sweet the willful wrongs in these lives of ours.

A passing smile is a little thing—lost in a world of toil and care.

And yet the soul with gloom oppressed and the life grown wearied with burdens hard will happier be in the afterglow of a smile that is warmly kind.

A kindly word is a little thing—a breath that goes and a sound that dies.

But the heart that gives and the heart that hears may know that it sings and sings and sings till at last it blends with the wild bird's song and the coo of babes in what men call the celestial choir.—Milwaukee Journal.

Lessons For Schoolboys.

There is no question that our forefathers supposed that benefit might be derived from causing schoolboys to be spectators of the hangings of criminals. Sir Walter Scott has borne testimony to this custom being not unknown in Scotland. In "The Heart of Midlothian" Mr. Saddletree is represented as saying:

I promised to ask a half play day to the schule so that the bairns might gang and see the hanging, which canna but have a pleasing effect on their young minds, seeing there is no knowing what they may come to themselves.—Chapter 26.

Sir Walter would not, we may assume, have written the above had he not known that such things had actually taken place.—London Notes and Queries.

THE MONOTONY OF LIFE.

Why a Comment About It Made One Man Laugh Out Loud.

"Sometimes I think that the monotony of life wears on us far more than the duties we have to discharge," sighed a robust citizen the other evening as the car reared on its hind legs and began to creep up the shaft. "The everlasting rut or treadmill, or whatever you may choose to call it, gets on to one's nerves. Existence isn't varied for many of us; it's a perpetual grind."

His companion looked at him a moment and showed a broad grin. "I like that kind of talk," he said. "It's so truthful. Do you know what you do when anything out of the ordinary happens to interfere with your cut and dried plan and takes you a few steps out of your beaten path? I do. You throw three or four fits hand running and look and behave as if there had been a death in the family. If your wife accepts an invitation or makes an engagement for you or you're cornered so that you can't escape the theater or a concert, you're the crossest and most despondent creature on earth. And you'll invent excuses that wouldn't wash in a strong lye to dodge a visit to your relatives or an excursion or a journey to another city. You want to do the same things in the same old way day after day, and if you can't do them you sit down and cry. With you it's the morning paper, breakfast, the barber, work, luncheon, more work, home and the evening paper, and that would be your routine if you had $100,000 a year and were free to come and go as you chose. Nine men out of ten are exactly like you, and when I hear them complaining of monotony I have to laugh out loud."—Providence Journal.

According to Custom

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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The night was perfect. Over picturesque Havana a yellow moon poured a flood of glory, throwing strange shadows on the old Morro, where the O'Donnell tower light revolved with steady flashes, and steeping all the world in a subtle, elusive spell.

On the Malecon the band was playing. Light hearted laughter floated from the thickly clustered benches and carriages. It was not a night to be alone.

Jerry Benedict, standing on the edge of it all, felt the beauty and knew the loneliness. He had come to Havana at Tom's suggestion. "There is a good opening down here which might suit you," his brother had written. And now, on arriving, he found Tom gone to Cienfuegos, not to return for several days. Jerry, wandering about by himself, had promptly fallen in love with the quaint little city, its gayly painted houses, dusky white clad men and pretty senoritas. Havana was not a bad place, he decided. But tonight he was restless. The moon was almost too powerful in its splendor and charm.

Turning away from the merry crowd that made him feel an alien and an outcast, he decided to walk to his brother's house in Vedado. There was a fresh coolness in the air. A walk would do him good. He struck accordingly into one of the nearby streets.

On his side the pavement was quite dark, but across the way the moon, reflecting with dazzling brilliancy upon the pink and white houses, showed every detail of window and facade and revealed plainly any one within who leaned out to breathe the air.

Suddenly Benedict stopped short. In an upper window, alone, stood a girl, certainly the most exquisite girl Benedict ever had seen. Against the blackness of the room behind, her face, turned full toward the street, stood out as purely pale as a moon flower. Heavy masses of dark hair crowned the stately little head, and just back of the tiny ear lay one splendid crimson blossom. Benedict caught his breath. The girl could not see him there in the darkness, he thought, and he remained motionless, staring with eager eyes. Who could she be?

The sound of a footfall roused him, and he turned abruptly just at the moment to collide with a slender, carefully dressed man. Benedict, his eyes still full of moonlight, mumbled some word of apology, but the other, after a quick glance at the window, looked back at the young American, and a slow smile began to dawn on his lips.

"But you are quite excusable, senor," he said in pretty English. Again his eyes sought the window. "It is for me to apologize," he laughed. "The sight of the Senorita Carmela is reason enough."

"You know her then?" burst out Benedict. Then he started and recollected. "I—I beg your pardon," he stammered distressfully. "But—but"—

The man nodded more gravely. "I judge you are a stranger here," he remarked. Young Benedict flushed.

"Yes," he said. "I—I suppose it is awfully rude to stand in the street and stare that way. But I never had seen any one so beautiful before," he ended up quite simply, the color deepening under his tan. "And I thought perhaps—my brother might know," floundering again. "Mr. Thomas Benedict," he added as the other seemed to wait.

The Cuban looked at him more closely.

"Is Tom Benedict your brother?" he asked, and in some way his voice had altered. "Tom! Ah!" Then he lifted his hat.

"Good night," he said politely. "And let me give you a piece of advice. It is not unusual to stand under a window, to watch from a point of vantage, or even to speak." And again he laughed. "But you, senor"—and his tone held a warning tone—"for you, senor, it would be best not to try it. You are but a stranger here, and our customs are not yours."

And before the somewhat indignant Benedict could recover speech the stranger had bowed, replaced his cigarette between his lips and was gone. The girl at the window, too, had vanished, and Benedict, accepting perforce the other's advice, walked on. But the sight here and there in the dusky street of a man leaning against the iron bars which guard the lower windows, exchanging low remarks to some female, evoked strange longings.

In the morning, however, Jerry could laugh at the whole episode. A girl's face at a window—surely he had seen plenty such. And if not quite so wonderful as this one—well, the Cuban's remarks had been well meant and were worth remembering. So he idled away an hour or two in the Calle Obispo, with its gay shop windows and bright awnings stretched the width of the narrow little street. Then he went to the bank for letters and had luncheon at the Englaterra, where he looked in vain for a familiar face. He did not mean to go near that street, her street, again, he assured himself. And yet somehow as 5 o'clock drew near he found his feet taking him in that direction. He scolded himself, turned and began to walk away. But it seemed foolish to avoid a street just because a pretty girl lived there, and it was the shortest way home. He was sure that it was the shortest way home. The next moment he was pacing rapidly along it.

As he drew near the house where he had seen her, however, his step began to slacken. Would she—could she be there? He looked, hardly daring to hope. All at once his heart thumped madly. She was there, and she was looking straight at him. He could have sworn that she recognized him. Yet how was that possible? And then slightly, almost imperceptibly, but to Benedict quite unmistakably, she bent her head.

Tom was still away. There was nothing to do. Jerry fell into the way of passing through that street once or twice a day. The girl was usually in her window. He would bow gravely. She would respond with the faintest smile. And one never to be forgotten afternoon there fell at his feet a small scarlet flower.

The night Tom came home he watched his brother throughout dinner with puzzled, thoughtful eyes. He did not know much about the "kid," he reflected, nor how he took things.

"I saw Don Enrique Galdos today," he began abruptly. Then, as Jerry seemed unenlightened, he added, "He said that he had met you one night outside the Maurisco." Jerry nodded.

"Oh, that chap! Yes; he did give me some talk about moving on I believe."

"Which you apparently did not heed," commented Tom dryly. "And now it seems you have been compromising the girl and"—

"Compromising!" broke in Jerry, wildly astonished. "Why, I've never even met her. Wouldn't I like to, though!"

"If you really wish it I suspect I can arrange it," said Tom slowly. "Donna Carmela is undeniably lovely. But do you realize what meeting her means?"

"Why, that I met her, I suppose," retorted Jerry. But Tom shook his head.

"It means more than that," he said quietly. "The Martinez are old fashioned people. Their ideas are very strict. You may court through the window if you like, but once taken to the house an engagement is settled."

"Engagement!" gasped Jerry. "Engagement to a girl you never have even spoken to!"

"That is the custom," said Tom. "And it is that or leave Havana. In fact, if Don Enrique had not known that you were my brother you might have got yourself into serious trouble. Luckily we are great friends, but even as it is—don't choose hastily, dear boy," he added kindly. "Of course it may have been the merest flirtation on your part, and you couldn't be expected to understand."

"And the girl?" cried Jerry. "She thinks"—

"She naturally knows nothing of American ways," answered Tom gravely.

For a moment Jerry sat with whirling brain. Become engaged to a perfect stranger? That he was longing to meet her he knew; that he would probably be only too glad of the chance to marry her he thought most likely. Yet to plunge into it this way! And then he thought of the rose which had fallen at his feet and straightened himself.

"I should like to meet the Senorita Carmela," he said. "How soon may we go?"

TREACHEROUS RIVER BEDS.

A Homesteader's Outfit When Caught In the Quicksands.

The "mover's" wagon, canvas covered and travel worn, is always picturesque. The traveling home for a family and all their worldly goods, from furniture to poultry, is still a familiar sight on western roads. The spirit of dissatisfaction and longing for newer fields that lurks under that broad brimmed hat is a spark of the same fire that has been the theme of our history. By some stream under the cottonwoods of an evening you may sometimes see this half gypsy, and the fire, with its accompanying smell of bacon and beans or the song and accordion, will suggest as you drive by why the roving has always its fascinations.

There are, however, the long dusty days of travel and sore backed horses, the occasional swollen fords, and always present, though seldom encountered, are the quicksands of the dry bottom streams. They are indistinguishable and silent. The shallow ribbons of water flow over them as over all the rest of the river bed, but once fairly in their grasp there is a remorseless, certain settling, which a struggle only hastens and which ends in an everlasting disappearance. Cattle and horses are caught in it oftenest, and, if seen in time, can be pulled out with a rope and horse, but into its hungry maw have gone horses, wagons and men, and even a locomotive, going through a bridge, has been known to disappear in this bottomless mystery.—Allen True in Outing.

The Moon's Phases.

The phases of the moon are caused by its relative position to the earth and the sun, so that when it is full moon in one part of the earth it is full moon in all parts of the earth, and so for all its other phases. The moon revolves around the earth once in twenty-seven days, though on account of the earth's revolution around the sun the mean duration of the lunar month—that is, the time from new moon to new moon—is twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes. The "dark of the moon" is that half of the lunar month during which the moon shines least at night.

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"I'm afraid," said the junior member of the law firm, "that we are causing our client unnecessary trouble."

"Oh, that's all right," rejoined the senior member. "We'll charge him for it."—Chicago News.

Good Old Remedy.

"How did you cure your boy of swearing?"

"By the laying on of hands, principally."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Home of Swamp-Root.

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Not Settled on Choice for Judge

ANTONY TOWN SHIP, March 20, '06.

MISTUR EDITUR:—Ther wil be a biger scrambl sune bi sum of us farmars tu plow thu sno under fir fertilizer, than thu poltichins ar makin tu plac ther mams befor thu peepel fir thu ofuses they ere so disirous of hevin, an ole Pennyeracker iz jist az powerfuly slow in namin a gude man fir jidge. Iverybodie wans Skarlet, an wi doant Pennie?

Las weak Bil sez, whu du yu want fir jidge. Kant sa jist yit hu I want, but thear iz Skot Ameman, Jon. Harman and Gen. U. S. Gran Herrin hu wud be dandy dumplins. Now, Skot iz lkly tu run fir thu Legislater, but we think hed better be jidge an leve thu field cler fir a gude Legislater man out in this section. An odder gude man hez bin thot uv oud in thu kounty, an he iz a brite, young man, tu. He wuz jist carlesely owerluked befor, but I believe he iz thu man fir this here offus, ef Welver do not want et and beet him, an thet iz Tommy Wan Saint. Tomie is a brilliant yung man, an iz favribly spokn uv evrywher. Wi not erge him intu thu field? Jere Grims livs ower thet wa an is gude at redin off a man's karacter, so we think we ot tu hev his opinion on Tom. Kum out, Jery, pap sez he liks tu read yur sentments on al sibjects.

Gess after thu sno melts once thu kandydates wil kum forth an bother us wile we ere plown and digin garden, wen thear not wealcom.

Respected,
JON. LAUTERBOX.

FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN!

ATTENTION!

Orders will be taken for a guaranteed 43 per cent. Protein Brand of Cotton Seed Meal, deilvered off the car at Pottsgrove, at a reduced price.

Send inquiries and orders by mail to Pottsgrove. Persons having orders in will be notified on arrival of the car

C. H. McMahan & Bros.

DEALER IN

Special Dairy Foods and Dairy Supplies,
HAY AND FEED
Pottsgrove, Northumberland Co., Pa.

GIBSON PICTURE FAD SEIZES COLLECTORS

Takes Place of Post Card Craze With the Young Women.

The Gibson picture habit has been effectually fastened on a big proportion of the reading population of this section by the publication by the Sunday North American of ten of the latest of this great American artist's pictures as art supplements. It has started the Gibson collection fad, and this promises to last until the last of the pictures are out.

There was a time when the Gibson girl was the idol of the young woman. Now the Gibson art supplement gives everybody an opportunity to collect the artist's works, and there will be few homes that will not have a good representation within the next few weeks.

For the time being the collection of Gibson drawings has taken the place of the collection of post cards in Philadelphia, and the fad is certain to spread to all of the towns where the pictures are made so easily obtainable.

The picture which The North American is to issue next Sunday is "A Castle in the Air." It is one of the most forceful of Gibson's works, and teaches a broad moral lesson to young people and old alike.

BARRIER BREAKERS.

Peter Cooper—Was only one year at school.

Oliver P. Morton—Lame; walked on crutches.

Chief Justice Chase—Nearsighted; had an impediment in his speech.

Elihu Burritt—Son of a farmer; became an apprentice in a blacksmith's shop.

Estey, the organ maker—Given away at four years of age; had scarcely any schooling.

Nelson W. Aldrich—Entered Providence on foot, with his clothes strung over his back.

Andrew Carnegie—Son of an immigrant; worked as bobbin boy in a mill for $1.20 a week.

Alexander H. Stephens—A dwarf; with a broken scythe he overmatched in the harvest all those who had perfect ones.

Thurlow Weed—So poor in boyhood that one cold March day he had to wrap pieces of cloth about his feet in place of socks and shoes.—Craft's "Successful Men of Today."

A Disgusted Musician.

Conductor Gericke, known as the "human metronome," had been giving a Wagner programme. After the concert one of the trombone players was heard to say to a fellow musician, "Well, I am going to quit." "Are you daffy?" said his friend. "What's the matter?" "Well, it's just this: In that 'Tristan und Isolde' number I momentarily forgot the technics of my instrument, got enthusiastic, filled my lungs for that magnificent passage for the brass, when up goes that fatal left hand, so I had to swallow my enthusiasm—and wind too. If I don't quit I am either going to burst or die of tuberculosis."

A Funny Misprint.

One of the most ludicrous announcements that ever appeared perhaps was made by a London newspaper in the earlier half of the last century to the effect that Sir Robert Peel "and a party of fiends were shooting peasants in Ireland." The words misprinted, of course, were "friends" and "pheasants."

SEND US A COW,

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping tags and instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs and ginseng.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,
116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bargains.....

For a Few Days

15c Flannelettes	@	9c yd.
12½ and 10c Flannelettes	@	6c yd.
10c Outing Flannels	@	8c yd.
8c Outing Flannels	@	6c yd.

Blankets and Comforts at greatly reduced prices.

W. M. SEIDEL,
344 Mill Street.

Is Your Stomach Disordered?

If it is, indigestion naturally ensues; the kidneys become clogged with impurities that impair or stop their secretory functions; the blood is vitiated and actually poisons the whole being. Let this go on to its natural ending and the sure result is—death. The one medicine that will arrest this fatal progress is

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

which stimulates and strengthens the digestive organs, restores the secretory functions and speedily casts out the gathered impurities in the organs affected. If you have bad breath, sluggish bowels, pain in the back, discolored skin, nervousness or dizziness, you may be certain that your vital organs are sadly out of condition and that

Your Only Wise Course

is a medicine that will cleanse your system of the impurities that clog life channels and restore vigor and health. Medical science proves that diseases, no matter how great a variety, seem to proceed from comparatively few causes. It is for this reason that some single medicines relieve or cure so wide a range of complaints. When a medical preparation acts at once upon the digestive and urinary organs and also

Purifies the Blood

the list of difficulties subject to its control is astonishing. It is conceded that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the most effective preparation now in use for all diseases arising from a foul or impure state of the circulation. A persevering use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy according to directions, will soon relieve and ultimately cure when no other medicine or treatment is of any permanent benefit.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
Prepared at Rondout, N. Y.
Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle; 6 for $5

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Schedule in Effect Jan. 1, 1906

Trains leave South Danville as follows:

For Catawissa, East Bloomsburg, Nescopeck, Nanticoke, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, 7.11 a. m., 2.21 and 5.50 p. m. week days, and 10.17 a. m. daily.

For Sunbury and intermediate stations, 9.00 a. m. and 7.51 p. m. week-days, and 4.31 p. m. daily. For Sunbury only, 12.10 p. m. week-days.

For Pottsville, Reading and Philadelphia, 7.11 a. m. and 2.21 p. m. week-days.

For Hazleton, 7.11 and 10.17 a. m., 2.21 and 5.50 p. m. week-days.

For Lewisburg, Williamsport, and Lock Haven, 9.00 a. m., 12.10 and 4.31 p. m., week-days; for Williamsport and intermediate stations, 7.51 p. m., week-days.

For Bellefonte, Tyrone, Philipsburg, Clearfield, and Pittsburgh, 9.00 a. m., and 12.10 p. m. week-days.

For Harrisburg and intermediate stations 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.31, and 7.51 p. m., week-days; 4.31 p. m., Sundays

For Philadelphia (via Harrisburg) Baltimore, and Washington, 9.00 a. m., 12.10 and 7.51 p. m., week-days; 4.31 (Baltimore only) p. m., daily.

For Pittsburg (via Harrisburg) 9.00 a. m., 12.10, 4.31, and 7.51 p. m., week-days; 4.31 p. m. Sundays; (via Lewistown Junction) 9.00 a. m., and 12.10 p. m., week-days; (via Lock Haven) 9.00 a. m., and 12.10 p. m., week-days.

For further information apply to ticket agents.

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

Stationery for Farmers.

Farmers and others, particularly those living on the Rural Delivery routes, 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.

WANTED TO BUY MACHINERY.

Complete iron or wood working Plants or single Machines of any description, Engines, Boilers, Lathes, Planers, Saw Mills, in fact, any kind of Machinery, scrap iron. We work entire Plants, buildings, Write us fully giving details.

BUFFALO TOOL & MACHINE CO.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

AUCTIONEER

Real Estate or Personal Property Disposed of at Public Outcry.

Best Results Guaranteed

Address,
Michael Breckbill,
Rural Route 4. Danville, Pa

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Effie J. Arnwine, late of West Hemlock township, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Effie J. Arnwine late of West Hemlock township, Montour County, State of Pennsylvania, having been granted by the Register of Montour County to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

GEO. D. ARNWINE, Buckhorn, Pa.
CHAS. S. ARNWINE, Route 3, Danville, Pa.
or to Administrators
CHARLES V. AMERMAN, Danville, Pa.

FOR SALE—A SMALL FARM OF FORTY-SIX acres, known as the Mauger farm located 2½ miles north-east 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. EVERITT,
R. F. D. 1. Pottsgrove, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists