D. AUST LUTZ
Editor and Proprietor

DANVILLE, PA., Nov. 9, 1906.

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Rates of a

ption of the publisher.

Rates of advertising made known on a publication. Address all communications to THE INTELLIGENCER,

DANVILLE, PA.

-Cochran had a sinch,

-Sidler was re-elected, anyway

-AMMERMAN had a fair majority -You can't always sometime

-Evans won by the "skin of his teeth."

-Bur didn't the gang boost

-Welliver slipped in easy

-McHenry cleaned the whole

-Shultz, we guess, thought it

—HERRING and his followers hav sunk into oblivion.

-How about Roosevelt since San

-The ballot was a puzzle to all,

—You who have voted conscienti-ously can rest at ease over the re-

—Evans will do all right, but we would liked to have seen Harman there, mighty well.

—HARMAN got all he claimed. If Herring would have gotten those 225 or 250 Republicans he said he would get in Columbia county, then what?

—Which one of the Gang stole and destroyed the Intelligencers at Washingtonville, thus trying to prevent the spread of the truth in the judgship contest? Of course it is generally known, but don't some squirm when this question is asked in their presence?

A Heart to Heart Talk With The Women and Girls of Pennsylvania.

Why a woman's page? Must women be fed on special and diluted diet? Can they not read as men

They do read as men read—and all that men read—and add the woman's

page to it.

Rightly conducted, it is the earnest journalistic attempt to instruct more than to amuse; well edited, it steers clear of the encyclopaedia and the bendelic boudoir.

It should be all that a well-round-

at that a well-round-ed, interesting, helpful woman is— ready to put out a strong guiding hand wherever it is needed.

It must take itself seriously. It must be honest. It must reflect what really is, and suggest from experience what might be.

rearry is, and suggest from experience what might be.

A great class turns to the woman's page for council, for advice, for suggestion. The ready made conventions of one set of people would be a misfit on another set, so why tell a woman who has to cook and wash for a husband and six children how to instruct band and six children how to instruct a footman to receive the cards of

woman's page should be all

things to all women.

No woman's page deserves success that does not give to its least ready a respectful hearing and the best advice in its scope. It must be kindly. It must inspire confidence.

It must enter into all the homely duties of the housewife with zest and enthusiasm. It must hold the affectionate friendship of its women readeas.

eas,
All these things the woman's page of 'THE PHILAD E L P H I A DAILY PRESS' is and does—it is beyond doubt the most practical and truly and helpful woman's page ever offered Pennsylvania women. You ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1907 Almanac

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks has beer compelled by the popular demand to resume the publication of his well known and popular Almanae for 1907. This splendid Almanae is now ready. For sale by newsdealers, or sent post-paid for 25c, by Word and Works Publishing Company, 2201 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., publishers of WORD AND WORKS, one of the best dollar monthly magazines in America. One Almanac goes with every sub-

Sick Headache,

—largely a woman's complaint—is chiefly caused by indigestion, constipation and torpid liver. You can prevent it by taking a dose of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, once every few days immediately after a meal. Pleasant to the taste. No nausea or griping. Write Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., Sick Headache, Sons, Rondout, N. Y.,
mple bottle, Large bottles \$1.00, all druggists.

Calendars for 1907.

The Intelligencer office has received a full and complete line of samples of fine art calendars, and we are ready to take your orders for 1907. Be sure to call and learn our prices before placing your order. Designs of every description to select from Remember, we lead and others follow.



" COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

The Intelligencer can justly crow over the results of the election held on Tuesday. While the Republicans won almost the entire ticket in the State, districts and county, our fight was principal

tire ticket in the State, districts and county, our fight was principally centered on the judge contest.

At the primaries last June, Mr. Herring carried all but one of the townships in Montour county, and at the general election, just held, one of the greatest efforts was put forth to swell his vote. The Intelligencer took up the side of Mr. Harman immediately after the primaries and laid it plainly, honestly and in the interest of pure Democracy before the voters of our county, with the result shown in the table in another part of the paper.

At the primary election Mr. Herring had 528 votes more than Mr. Harman. At the general election Mr. Herring had 211 votes more than Mr. Harman and carried but three of the ten townships of our county over Mr. Harman, that had each given Mr. Herring a majority at the primaries.

And, why?

And, why?

Did the Intelligencer not play an important part in instructing its readers of the conditions existing and the qualities of the two men scrambling for the place on the Democratic column?

You may not think this a great victory, but when you are acquainted with the facts that a fabulous sum of money was expendadditional the facts that a landfolds stall of money was expended by Mr. Herring and his workers, and that the Intelligencer was the ONLY paper in the District that dared to support Mr. Harman and right, you must acknowledge it a splendid showing of confidence the good people of this county have in the Editor, and that the paper is estitled to first place as a Democratic oversu. is entitled to first place as a Democratic organ.

Because of the straightforwardness of the Intelligencer a cer-

tain portion of would be or rather has been Democratic duffers has been exerting every effort to do us harm, not one even manly enough to take the paper and support it, while they cling fast like a hungry infant, and hope to dictate to us.

No, fellow Democrats, we now see you will not be led about

tike the lower animals, with rings in your snouts and forced to obey the will of those far beneath you, but are rising up to assert your virtue, truth and independence, and will not be insulted by bribery or any low trickery that is in indisputable evidence at our elec-

Education is the greatest advancement to civilization, and as soon as the people can be taught that God and the love of our great country should come first, so soon will the necessary reforms enter

into our political and civil governments, and not before.

Mr. Harman obtained everything he claimed, at the election, Mr. Harman obtained everything he claimed, at the election, but, unfortunately, gave Mr. Herring credit for more than he was deserving of or got. All through the contest Mr. Herring claimed, and it was generally conceeded, that he would get 225 to 250 Re publican votes in Columbia county, which failed to materialize, and which would have meant for Mr. Harman a snug plurality.

But, the cotest is closed, and while we hoped and expected Mr. Harman to be elected, we must admit that there are worse men than Judge Evans, and we believe he will endeavor to dignify our courts.

Mr. Harman's popularity is well established, and the result plainly proves which of the two is considered the Democrat, the one

fit, the lawyer, etc.
Hon. John G. McHenry, for Congress, was fought bitterly in Montour county, but notwithstanding the great effort put forth he carried it by a good majority, and also carried Columbia and Sullivan counties largely and ran very close in Northumberland, Samuels' own county, thus being elected by a very flattering vote, and we again say, "COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

THE ARAB.

With him I shared the same narrow corner of the deck. He was strict in his religious observances and at the appointed hours would spread his mat on the deck, turn in the supposed direction of Mecca and then kneel and rise and kneel again, bowing with his forehead to the ground in the imposing attitudes of Moslem prayer. Quick at detecting the least sign of consideration or respect, if we stopped talking or moved to make room, he would treasure up the courtesy and when his prayers were over turn and acknowledge it with a grave gesture and a smile that seemed no conventional grimace, but expressed the intention of a deliberate friendliness.

tention of a deliberate friendliness.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

How the Autumn Leaves Were Transformed Into Birds.

How the Autumn Leaves Were Transformed into Birds.

An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes is one about the transformation of leaves into birds. Long years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Wherever his feet benched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy, and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them. One day the wind told them the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could so as not to make the mother trees unhappy. But at last the time came, and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his "birds." From the red and brown leaves became wrens, sparrows and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the rees and always go to them to build their nests and look for food and shade.—Kansas City Journal.

-Kansas City Journal.

FRIENDSHIPS.

THE ARAB.

An Artist In Manners is This Son of the Orient.

In all matters of sentiment the Arab's instinct is sure. If you can appeal to him on any ground of hospitality or generosity, says the author of "In the Desert," you have a hold on him.

It used to be the boast of Arab poetry in its best days that it "never praised a man except for what was in him," and the habit of judging directiy and without regard to surroundings has always been an instinct of the race. All those evidences of worldly prosperity and success which turn the heart of the Anglo-Saxon to water leave the Arab unmoved.

The Arab is an artist in manners. I remember a certain shelk, who was once my traveling companion on the Upper Nile, a tail, lean, keen faced man, of a complexion almost black, with a glitter on it like the sun poilsh on desert stones, who walked among the fellahs on the crowded deck like a chief among his slaves.

With him I shared the same narrow corner of the deck. He was strict in his religious observances and at the appointed hours would spread his mat on the deck, turn in the supposed direction of Mecca and then kneel and rise and kneel again, bowing with his forehead to the ground in the imposing attitudes of Moslem prayer.

GETS PLENTY OF LIGHT.

was far, far away from daylight. There was one electric light, which did not make the apartment lustrous. We had some papers to look over, and I instinctively moved over near the air shaft window.

"I can do better than that,' he said, going to his satchel and taking out an electric buib. I carry this around with me for just such occasions,' he laughed. 'That one does well enough for transient guests who are not in their rooms except to sleep, but sometimes I need more than sixteen candlepower, and I carry a thirty-two.'

"He unscrewed the sixteen, and in a jiffy had on his thirty-two. The current was there, all right, and we had no more trouble about too little light. Later he showed me a large gas tip which he carried along for hotels that used gas instead of electric light. This needed a pair of pilers in addition, but he had them in his small box, and he told me it was a mighty poor quality of gas and a powerful low pressure that wouldn't respond with the goods when he put on his accommodation tip. There is nothing grafty about that little scheme possibly, but just the same he is getting something the landlord is paying for."—New York Press.

The Pandects of Justinian.

paying for."--New York Press.

The Pandects of Justinian.

The pandects of Justinian, the most complete body of Roman lifws ever collected, were supposed to be lost, but in 1137, when Amalii was taken and plundered by the Pisans, a private soldier found a copy, which he sold to an officer for a few pence. The value of the discovery was song apparent, and the precious volume was taken to Pisa and stored in the city library. When the precious volume was taken to Pisa and stored in the city library. When Pisa was stormed by the Florentines in 1415 the precious volume was cap-tured and taken to Florence, where it was placed in the library of the Medici.

GROOMING COUNTS

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition. Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Curthie will-give will-

Medicine

Lane's Family

Caught Napping

By C. H. Sutcliffe

Possibly a canoe is not the safest couch in the world, but Gwen Masters was given to the unexpected, and she lay stretched at full length on a blank-et stretched over the floor.

The low sides of the tiny craft shut out a view of the shores of the lake and the bright camps that spangled the dark green of the undergrowth here and there. Above rose the mountains in their majesty, and above all was the blue sky, flecked with tiny white clouds drifting as idly on the surface of the blue as did the canoe on the placid waters of the lake.

It was a complete escape from civilization, and she dreamed her day dreams comfortably until the sand man sprinkled her eyes and she dozed off.

off.

It was her first day in camp after a hard year in the city, and the air was at once like wine and opium. So soundly did she sleep that she never heard the chug chug of a motor boat until the instant before its shirt puose struck the side of her canoe, overturn ing it completely and throwing he nto the water. The shock of the cold water roused

The shock of the cold water roused her, and, diving, she came up against the side of the little motor boat, now lying silent beside the cance, while a young man with a very white face eagerly searched the water.

In an instant he had grasped her shoulder, and the next moment she lay gasping in the boat, while he busied himself with righting the cance and making it fast to the stern of the boat. Then he turned to her with concern.

cern.
"I don't know what you think of
me," he began awkwardly, "and, indeed, I'd hate to know, but really I
had no intention of upsetting you."
"I don't suppose you did it deliberately," she admitted, "but it would
seem to me that with a lake as large
as this you should have had no trouble in avoiding the canoe."
"That was just it," he said appealingly. "I wasn't trying to avoid it. I
thought the boat was adrift and I was
going to win the thanks of the owner
by returning it. Then just as I came



SHE WAS THROWN INTO THE WATER

alongside I caught a glimpse of you in the bottom, and it startled me so that my hand shook on the wheel and I ran plump into the side instead of coining along as I had intended."
"I suppose that it was rather star-

tling," she conceded, "but there are so few camps on the lake that I had no idea I ought to put up a sign to the effect that I was aboard."

effect that I was aboard."

"In yachting they fly the owner's
flag," he suggested. "You might have
a pennant made, say a white one, with
a poppy on it."

"I think I had better do my sleeping
on shore after this," she laughed;
"then I won't risk being wakened by
a cold bath."

She chiercals."

a cold bath."

She shivered a little as she spoke, for there was a fresh wind blowing, and her water soaked garments were unpleasantly cold. The man sprang to the wheel and came back bearing a blanket, which he wrapped about her. "That is our camp over there," he said, indicating a tiny white dot a half mile up the lake. "The folks are all mountain climbing today, but I can get you some of my sister's things, and then I will take you to your camp."

camp."
"I think it would be better to take
me right home," she objected. "It is

not very far."
"It's a good three miles, and with

merely the annex to a commodious lodge.

As the launch grated against the gravel shore the man jumped out and without a word caught her up in his arms and strode off toward the lodge. He set her down in one of the plazza chairs with an injunction to sit still. Then he disappeared into the house. Presently he returned, a smile on his face.

"The girls have a lot of duds," he as the site of the disappeared and went of the disappeared to the house. Twenty minutes later she emerged to find that in the meantime he had prepared a tasty lunch with the coffee pot bubbling over the camp oven. "Coffee's better than whisky to take the cold out," he laughed. "Will Miss Masters do me the honor to lunch with me?"

"How did you know my name?" she "The word of the state of the cold of the did you know my name?"

"How did you know my name?" she asked curiously. " He pointed to the book drying by the

He pointed to the book drying by the fire.

"It took no Sherlock Holmes," he said. "To even things up, my name is Ted Crawford. I believe there was sometiming said about inneodore when it was named, but I never could live up to the dignity of the full tide and in mercy they call me Ted."

Gwen blushed redly. Lottie Nellis had been singing Crawford's praises to her for the last year. Lottie was an invoterate matchmaker, and Gwen had taken a malicious pleasure in avoiding all of the meetings Lottie had planned. She wondered if Crawford knew anything of Mrs. Nellis' facties, but his grave face reassured her, and she acknowledged the introduction with the stiffest of bows.

But it was impossible for any one to But it was impossible for any one to maintain reserve with Ted around. When he wished to be could make himself most fascinating, and almost before she knew it Gwen had forgot-ten Lottle Nellis and her schemes and was chatting as freely as if she had known him for years.

After lunch there came the ride down the lake in the launch, and she was sorry when the home landing came in sight.

"Shall I see you soon?" he asked as he handed her out and busied himself with fastening the cane. "I think you

with fastening the canoe. "I think you need an escort in your rambles. May I call and take you out tomorrow?"

I call and take you out tomorrow?"
"Perhaps," she smiled.
"The moonlight will be awfully pretty tonight," he suggested. "Suppose I run over about 7, and we'll go out on the lake and see it rise over the top of Old Bald. May I?"
Gwen nodded and ran toward the house. She was ashamed of herself for yielding so easily, yet she was glad when in the evening the puiling of the launch broke the summer stillness and Ted guided the boat alongside the dock.

dock. — That evening was the commence That evening was the commence-ment of Ted's campaign, and long be-fore the summer had begun to grow old he had won her promise to wed him when they returned to town.

"I fancy that Lottle Nells will be pleased to hear the news," he laughed mischlevously.

pleased to hear the news," he laughed mischievously.

"Did you know all along?" she asked, "That it was the dearest wish of he heart? Yes," he answered. "Being her cousin, she naturally orders me about a little more than even the rest of the poor fellows she is trying to push into 'matrimony."

"Well." said Gwen defiantly, "you never would have met me if you has not caught me napping."

"In a double sense," he admitted. "Heaven bless that nap."

"Heaven bless that nap."

The Right Age.

Among the litigants before the English courts some years ago was a Mrs Weldon, who, indeed, was so constant by at law that Baron Pollock once remarked: "This lady has now such a very large business at the bar that we must give her every indulgence." Mrs. Weldon was not abashed by the judges and said many clever things in court. The reminiscences of the late John George Witt, K. C., include an anecdote of one of her appearances in the court of appeal. She was endeavoring to upset a judgment of Vice Chancellor Bacou, and one ground of complaint was that the judge was too old to understand the case. Thereupon Lord Esher said: "The last time you were here you complained that your case had been tried by my brother Bowen, and you said he was only a bit of a boy and could not do you justice. Now you come here and say that my brother Bacon was too old. What age do you want the judge to be?" "Your age," promptly replied Mrs. Weldon, fixing her bright eyes on the handsome countenance of the master of the rolls.

She Got a Seat.

A woman entered a well filled Broadway surface car. She was reasonably young, fairly well dressed and good looking, but she walked with a deep, painful limp. As she clutched for a strap half a dozen men arose hastily and offered her seats. She took the nearest one and sank into it with a look of relief. The other men resumed their seats, and the car seed merrily leok of relief. The other men resumed their seats, and the car sped merrily on. Half a mile farther uptown the woman signaled the conductor to stop, and as the car slowed down she areas specially and as the car slowed down she areas specially and as the car with the nimbleness of a schoolgirit.

The man whose seat she had been occupying looked first amazed, then sheepish, as the other passengers be gan to grin at him, then joined in, as becomes an American when placed in Estate of Daniel T. Lazarous, Late of Libe.

es an American when placed in

becomes an American when placed in trying circumstances.

"She's an actress at one of the Broadway theaters," chuckled a man sitting near him. "I know her by sight, and when she came in I thought she must have been hurt in an accident."—New York Sun.

Township, too Township, too State I between the interest of the undersigned, all persons interesting to the undersigned, all persons including the person in the state of the undersigned, all persons including the person in the state of the undersigned, all persons including the person in the state of the undersigned, all persons including the person in the state of the undersigned, all persons including the person in the state of the undersigned, all persons including the person in the state of the undersigned, and present in the state of the undersigned, all persons including the person in the state of the undersigned, all persons including the person in the state of the undersigned, all persons in the state of the undersigned, all persons in the state of the undersigned, all persons included the undersigned the und

panien.

The First Steam Power.

The power of steam was known to Hero of Alexandria, who exhibited what seems from the description to have been a small steam engine to Ptolemy Philadelphus and his court about 150 B. C. Pliny describes a small boat built by a "magician" of Rome which moved by means of a wheel "driven by a pot of hot water." Watt's invention of a rotary steam engine was patented in 1769. The first railway locomotive was built by Trevithick in 1804. The first practical locomotive was perfected by Stephenson in 1820. As early as 1767 Denys Papin built a model of a stembout, which was destroyed by a "It's a good three miles, and with this breeze you would be chilled through before you got there."

"But I want to go straight home, she persisted, conscious the moment after of the childishness of the words." If you had in going to get you properly out of it."

There was a delightful mastery in his speech, and Gwen sank back against the cushions, finding it rather pleasant to be ordered about in this fashion. She had queened it over her set all season, and it was nice to have this clear eyed young fellow taking the whip hand.

At close range the camp appeared te

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MAN WANTED!

the the Kind You Have Always B

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this leave South Danville as follows: Latawissa, East Bloomsburg, Nescopeck nticoke, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Seran and intermediate stations, 7.11 a. m. and 5.50 p. m. week days, and 10.17 a. m that place is at the nbury and intermediate stations, 9.00 and 7.51 p·m. week-days, and 4.31 p.m. v. For Sunbury only, 12.10 p.m. week-

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Estate of Daniel T. Lazaron

NOT IN ANY TRUST

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The "New Home" is the only really HIGH GRADE Sewing Machine on the market.

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Can positively save you money on each purchase. The place to chase. spend your hard-earned cash is where you get full value for your money, and

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LOW-RATE EXCURSIONS New State Capitol

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE,

In Re: Sheriff's Sale of the Day Street Railway

Illustration of No. 710 Combination Set, Berkshire Design.

The week of the property of the force of the ed from any share of sine red from any share of



