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The suggestion that Emery was beaten by Standard Oil money and Roosevelt influence has a degree of plausibility about it, despite the antagonism of the president to the oil trust, and the fact that his influence was not personally applied. With or without his consent, the president's name was used to help the gang, and it is to his lasting discredit that he suffered that to be done.

—EX-COUNTY TREASURER, A. J. Steinman gave us a pleasant business call on Saturday. Mr. Steinman served this county well while holding that responsible office and he is a meritorious citizen, who should receive the nomination next spring unopposed. He tells us he will be a candidate and we would like to see him receive the united support of all the parties, for he is honest, capable and above all one of the most deserving of our good and influential citizens.

—WHILE the San Jose scale has got in its fine work on the apple orchards of Pennsylvania, to that degree that it will be many years before we shall find apples as abundant and as fine as we had them ten and twenty years ago, there appears to be no scarcity in other localities. New England and New York are this season sending us most excellent fruit, and at moderate prices, as cheap, or cheaper, in fact, than inferior home-grown fruit is sold for in the local market. But, after all, the question remains, how can we preserve the apple trees still left us? Pretty nearly every reader knows that the lime and sulphur mixture is an effective remedy when properly applied. But who is to apply it? The State experts go out among the people and give practical demonstrations in the work. But how many persons are themselves able to do the work? What is needed is men to do the work for pay. Every man who has a few fruit trees will cheerfully pay a competent man to treat his trees, if he can find him. But where is the competent man? There is plenty of money in the business for any one who thoroughly understands it, and will go out among the owners of fruit trees and apply the remedy. The people are awaiting his coming.

In Honor of 58th Birthday.
A large number of the friends of David Heimbach gathered at his home in Grovania Saturday for a surprise party in honor of his 58th birthday. A most enjoyable day was spent and a fine dinner was served.
Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. David Heimbach, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Heimbach, children Earl, Verne, Marie and Maud, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Garrison, Mesdames Joseph Rishel, Catherine Freund, Emanuel Lazarus, Mary Cromley, Minnie Heimbach and daughter May, Minnie Middleton and son Paul, Lewis Thomas, Lydia Thomas, George Mowrey, Isiah Geiger, John Scott, George Yost, Barton Foust, James Morrison and daughter Hannah, John Welliver and children Earl and Dorothy, Alonzo Manser, daughters Pauline and Mary, Charles Fry, Misses Mary Stanley, Anna Krum, Henry Lazarus and John Reppert, Jr.

Birthday Surprise Party.
A surprise party was tendered Miss Anna Manning Friday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Manning, East Danville. A most enjoyable evening was spent during which games were played and refreshments were served.
Those present were: Misses Lydia Hartman, Laura Hart, Florence Blechler, Flora Kashner, Margaret Krum, Laura Krum, Florence Krum, Emma Byers, Margie Byers, Bertha Heller, Bessie Baylor, Olive Madden, Annie Lee, Susie Lee, Barbara Manning, Bertha Manning, Eva Manning, Blanche Manning, Messrs. Stuart Hartman, Clark Blecher, Frank Hartman, Frank Kashner, Frank Krum, Jacob Hoffman, Howard Baylor, William Krum, Arthur Cook, William Krumley, of Limestoneville and Mrs. Foust.

Excursions Make Trouble.
Large delegations from Danville have been journeying to Harrisburg on the Saturday excursions. Last Saturday five thousand people, from various parts of the State, were in the capital city.
In commenting on the excursion a Harrisburg paper says: "They came on the penny-a-mile excursion, ostensibly to see the new capitol. During the day, however, it looked as if most of them had taken the opportunity to turn the trip into a shopping tour."
It is on account of this that the merchants of many of the smaller towns along the route to Harrisburg have been making complaints to the Pennsylvania company that the excursions are greatly injuring their business.

The goose-bone weather prophet, Elias Hartz, of Berks county, has had another attack of illness and his health is declining.

Humble Pie

By Louis J. Strong
Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

"You're a heartless coward! You've driven my boy away forever! He's gone—he's gone!" Mrs. Hale wailed, with angry, tearful eyes.
"Gone?" Dora repeated, the indignant red flaring from her cheeks.
"Yes, gone! And I hold you little better than a murderer, miss!" with which startling declaration she was leaving when Dora caught her arm.
"Mrs. Hale, please tell me, do you mean that Steve is really gone now?"
"Yes, I do mean that he is really gone now!" Mrs. Hale's eyes snapped with vindictive satisfaction at the girl's distress. "He went across country in his buggy, meaning to stop at his uncle's to tell them goodby. He'll take the train at Lynchburg. Oh, I'll never see him again, and it's your doing, you good for nothing!" She left the unpleasant epithet unspoken and stalked away.

Dora fled to her room and fell upon her bed in a tempest of grief. It had not seemed possible that Steve could carry out his threat and leave her. As she thought of it the long years ahead without him seemed to envelop and smother her. She sprang up, gasping. She must get out.
"I'm going for a long ride, mamma," she announced later, and, pulling her cycling cap over her swollen eyes, she rushed away.
She skirted the village with head down, yawning she would not speak to a soul, but an insistent voice hailed her from a small house out on the road, and Miss Prissy, the old maid seamstress, hurried to her.
"Of all people in the world!" Dora groaned, dreading the sharp eyes and usually sharper tongue of Miss Prissy.
"I've heard all about it, Dora," Miss Prissy said bluntly, but with unvoiced kindness. "I happened to be there when Mrs. Hale came from your house, and her wrath boiled over me. I was just going to see you. I—want to—advise you, my dear girl. Don't let foolish anger and foolish pride ruin your life. Never mind what Steve said or did. You know he loves you, and you love him. Let everything go. Think of the long years."
"Oh, Miss Prissy!" Dora broke tragically, "I do think of them and how



HE STOPPED, BLOCKING HER WAY. I'm to live through them. I can't! It will kill me!"

"Yes, you can—you will—live through them and grow wretched and hard and sharp-tongued and unlovely, as I have folks can't do any time they please, and you can live with a heart like a desert of ashes."
"Oh, Miss Prissy, do you mean?"
Dora hesitated, the unasked question for her white eyes.
"I mean that I was a hot-headed, proud young fool. I would not yield an inch. I told him I would, and he went and never came back. I might have brought him back at first, but I wouldn't, and see what I am."
"But, Miss Prissy, Steve declared he would get me if I—"
"Yes, Miss Prissy interrupted, "that's man's way. And you're both miserable. He'll marry, likely, though he'll never care as much for another. That's man's way too. And you—you're not the kind that changes. Look at me and see what you'll be! But you mustn't. I've opened my grave to you as well as my own. Make it up with Steve now at any cost. Write to him, and be sure you ent your share of humble pie. You deserve it, I dare say, for you are a bit of a flirt, Dora. Write at once and every day till you hear from him." And she bolted into the house, leaving Dora staring at the unexpected romance, the secret of Miss Prissy's lonely life.

What a pitiful tragedy, rather! And one could live on and on! Oh, if she could see Steve! It might be weeks before a letter! If she could only see—she stopped abruptly, checked by the audacity of her thought that popped into her head. The next moment she swayed from her course and sped away on the trail of Steve.
She was uncertain of the distance. It might be fifteen or twenty-five miles; but, long or short, she would make it in time. He was going to stop at his uncle's. That was a guidepost.
The open surprise and curiosity of Steve's relatives at the questions as to his movements from the flushed passenger, little more than a stranger to them, who returned with an agony of embarrassment. It was plain that they had heard nothing of the short engagement and its violent rupture, and she was not in a position to explain, for only humiliating defeat might meet her attempt at reconciliation. She was obliged to leave them with an obviously unuttering opinion of a girl who was confessedly chasing a young man and who only blushed painfully and looked distressed instead of giving satisfactory reasons.
"That was a big piece of humble pie. It almost choked me," she gasped when once more pedaling for dear life. "But, anyhow, I know he's going to stop twice more and intends taking the early train at Lynchburg. It was worth it to learn so much. I can—I will—make it!"
Noon came and passed. The weary miles seemed to stretch interminably, but she pushed on, feeling that the only impossibility in existence was failure. A friendly boy assured her of the route and gave her directions for saving a couple of miles.
This maneuver came near being her

Waterloo, for on the crossroad she met young Lawson, a one-time suitor, whom she had rejected in favor of Steve.
"Why, Miss Dora?" He stopped, blocking her way. "Are you lost, or merely working off injured feelings?"
"Neither," she replied curtly, at tempting to pass.
He ungalantly wheeled his horse, preventing her, saying stily: "Your face answers as to your feelings. I might ask you how you like the sack yourself, but I'm generous. Oh, he laughed at her look of surprise, "it's no secret that Steve took you and put out this morning."
"You are very wise!" she retorted, endeavoring to pass.
"Oh, it's common wisdom," he grinned, still preventing her. "It wasn't gentlemen of Steve to jilt a girl so publicly. Come, now; let me make you Mrs. Lawson at once, and you'll turn the laugh on him good and hard."
"Steve did not jilt me! I was to have married him!" Dora dashed. "Let me pass, please. I must go out!"
"Why, you don't mean that you're tagging the fellow to try to coax him back?" he jeered insolently.
Scarlet, but disdaining denial, Dora scolded him and fled, murmuring with a long breath: "That was a horrible piece of humble pie! But it's better than eating bitter bread the rest of my life!"

With a sickening fear that she was already too late, she screeched desperately over the remaining miles and dashed, panting and disheveled, into Lynchburg, coming almost immediately upon Steve, with Don and the buggy, at a sale stable. With a pang she noted that Steve was pale and haggard. He, too, had suffered, and yet he looked so stern and grave. Her courage faltered. He might not—but she must take it, this last and biggest piece of humble pie, and if Steve were implacable she was so exhausted she was sure she would faint. And there would be no Miss Prissy's fate for her. As she timidly approached Steve turned, saw her and with an exclamation darted to her, and at the sudden light in his eyes, Miss Dora loped over in his arms, half fainting, murmuring heartbrokenly: "Oh, Steve! Steve!"
That was all, but enough.
"The humble pie I've eaten! I certainly deserve outro abolition!" Dora cried self-righteously when the high stepping Don was prancing home with them.
"Humble pie!" Steve exclaimed. "Your little piece is nothing to the hunk I've got to swallow—going back after all the fun—and how I'm to do it! I don't see unless we're married once and run away on a long trip."
Dora blushed, but said nothing, and—silence gave consent!

Easy Going Dutch Spelling.
In the good old days when the Dutch were supreme in the administration of the affairs of New Amsterdam everybody knew everybody else, and it mattered little how proper names were spelled. Modern lawyers and civil service reformers would be shocked at the orthographical freedom of the clerks of the burghomaster's court of those times. Here is a sample case taken from the old Dutch records in which the name of a plaintiff is spelled five different ways:
In a case before the court in 1653 Jan "Hacksins" is a complainant against the inspector of tobacco, who has certified to Jan "Hacksins" that the tobacco was good. The inspector says in his defense that he inspected the tobacco at the request of Jan "Hacksins" on June 25, and afforsaid "Hacksins" kept the barrel of tobacco until the 30th without finding out that it was bad. Then Jan "Hacksins" has something else to say in the cause.

Granted In Advance.
The young doctor who had lately settled in Strubville had ample opportunity to learn humility if nothing else in his chosen field. One day he was hailed by an elderly man, who requested him to step in and see his wife, who was ailing. At the close of his visit the young doctor asked for a private word with the man. "Your wife's case is somewhat complicated," he said, "and with your permission I should like to call the Brookfield physician in consultation."
"Permission?" echoed the man indignantly. "I told her I knew she ought to have a good doctor, but she was afraid you'd be offended if she did."

Scotland's Great Genius.
In one of those interesting literary collections the record of which could so much to the charm of Boswell's "Johnson" the name of George Buchanan, one of the greatest scholars of the sixteenth century and the most exquisite Latinist of modern times, was mentioned. A Scotsman who was present, knowing the poet's attributes and seeing, as he thought, an opportunity of cornering him, said, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman?" "Why, sir," said Johnson after a little pause, "I should have said of Buchanan that he had been an Englishman what I will now say of him as a Scotsman—that he was the only man of genius his country has produced." Buchanan's consummate ability was recognized by his contemporaries; but, like many another genius before and since, he had his share of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He read Livy with Mary, queen of Scots, and was appointed tutor to her son, James I. Political intrigues drove him to the continent, where he taught at Bordeaux and had Montaigne among his pupils. In his old age he returned home and wrote his "History of Scotland" and died so poor that his means were insufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral—London Express.

Pages 40-40.
In the little town of C. lived three millionaires by the name of Paige. They were "meats," as the villagers call it, in its most accentuated form, and they loved the small boy best afar off, in consequence of which they were a bright and shining mark for the pranks that youth seems to originate for its scorn.
One day the front gate strayed from its wonted place with the assistance of two small neighbors. Then came a reprimand from each of the old maids and barbed repartee in return, as usual. "I followed that exchange came a complaint to the parents of the offenders.
At the table that night papa was requested to reprove Jim and Ted for impertinence to the Misses Paige.
"What did you say to them?" demanded papa with the requisite frown. "Didn't see them at all," replied Jim, with a grin. "I only said, 'Papa, forty, fifty, sixty and page sixty,' and they got mad at it."
Ted caught sight of his sister's twitching mouth and added, "Gee, but they were just humping!"
"Well, don't let it happen again," answered papa as he hastily attacked a piece of apple pie.—New York Press.

A Mercenary Affair

By EDITH M. DOANE
Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

When Mrs. Palmer announced the engagement of her daughter Helen to James Corey, every one wondered why on earth Helen had not chosen a younger man.
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kimer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, indigestion, etc., and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and sweating pain in passing urine or water, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1.00 sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells how to get it absolutely free by mail.
Address Dr. Kimer & Co., Home of Swamp-Root, P.O. Box 2686, Lowell, Mass. Write for a free literature reading this generous offer in this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name Swamp-Root. Dr. Dime's Swamp-Root, and the address, Birmingham, N. Y., on the label.
She returned indignantly. "Do you suppose because you are a member of the family you are privileged to be as disagreeable as you like?"
"I suppose loving you is being disagreeable," he returned moodily. Mrs. Palmer had slipped from the room, and they were both too intent to hear other footsteps that came nearer up the gravel walk, up the steps, and were muffled by the heavy rugs on the porch outside.
"Loving me! How perfectly absurd! Why didn't you say so before? And not come here now?"
"I came to save you from sacrificing yourself to a loveless marriage," he returned grandly.
"Oh, Tommy, you are too funny," she laughed softly. She raised her eyes and looked steadily into his weak, good looking face.
"Tommy," she said gently, "you must not think that I have any feeling but a real honest liking for Mr. Corey. I respect him—I care for him."
"Of course, he is a very rich man. I understand."
"He is at all events the very best man I have ever met," she returned indignantly. "Of course he has been awfully good about father's troubles, but I should have loved him just the same if he went on, with quick conviction. 'He is my good, so kind, so just—'"
"Why don't you say that he has money and can shower that upon you?"
"I wish you to understand," she said calmly, "that, while I appreciate Mr. Corey's money, I love him for himself. Suddenly her mouth quivered and two large tears strove down her cheeks. "I am so worried about all this," she said unsteadily. "Every one tells me to care for his money. Will no one believe—"
The curtains at the long open window suddenly parted.
"I believe it. Do I count?" said James Corey as he entered the room.
After all, fate sometimes consents to interfere benignly, even in a mercenary affair.



What's This You've Done? HE DEMANDED VEHEMENTLY.
ought to be proud of him. I'm sure I can't imagine what more she could want.
Five pairs of eyes confronted Mrs. Wylie in shocked surprise.
"Well, I'm sure I hope she takes your view of it," said Mrs. Lawrence gloomily.
"If he only were younger. He's as old as Father Abraham!"
"Oh, if Mr. Palmer had not been in such sore straits!"
"Still, it is lovely to be able to cling to one's faith in human nature as you do."
"I'm clinging to nothing," said Mrs. Wylie stubbornly; "but, for my part, I think she's a very lucky girl."
"Oh, of course everybody respects him."
"And he is a very rich man." It was to save her father, that she did it to save her father, that she did it.
"Besides, there is her cousin, Tom Brewster," said Mrs. Brooks softly.
Tom Brewster was an ordinary sort of a fellow—fairly good looking, fairly clever—in fact, he did not amount to much one way or the other, but he happened to imagine himself very much in love with Helen, and when her engagement was announced burst in on his aunt in a storm of indignation.
"What's this you've done?" he demanded vehemently. "Why was I kept in ignorance all this time?"
"I don't understand you," returned Mrs. Palmer coldly.
"Don't you?" he went on ruthlessly. "Then I'll explain. You have engaged Helen to a man for whom she has not the smallest spark of affection. To save yourselves—for the sake of more money, mere worldly position—you and her father have consented to sacrifice that poor girl, body and soul."
"You must be insane to talk to me like this," returned his aunt icily. "There is no reason why Helen should not marry Mr. Corey or any one else she chooses."
"Let us confine ourselves to Mr. Corey. She has no right to marry him at all events."
"No?" said she. "And why?"
"Because a loveless marriage can never be right."
"But she says it isn't a love match!" he went on, forgetting her anger in her desire to convince him of the futility of interfering with Helen's engagement. "Mr. Corey is a charming man. Why should not Helen care for him?"
"She doesn't. It isn't her own doing. You are sacrificing her."
"As though I could make Helen marry any one she did not wish to!" returned Mrs. Palmer, with a low laugh. "My dear boy, if you feel like that, pray go away until you come to your senses."
"I shall not go away until I have seen Helen," he said doggedly.
"Tom, I beg of you. You have engaged Helen to a man for whom she has not the smallest spark of affection. To save yourselves—for the sake of more money, mere worldly position—you and her father have consented to sacrifice that poor girl, body and soul."
"Why are you two glowering at each other like Kilkenny cats?" cried a fresh young voice from the doorway. "Helen, are you, Tommy?" and Helen Palmer, flushed, dark-eyed, and all in soft shimmering gray, entered the room and held out her hand in smiling greeting.
Now that the moment had arrived, words failed him.
Nothing his hesitation, she smiled at him again. "I have you come to proffer your congratulations in person?" she asked shyly.
"No, not quite," he said. "Still I suppose one is bound to say something about the clever bargain you have made. That you of all people should prefer money to love!"
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Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

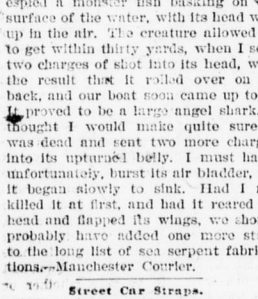
How To Find Out.
Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours. Sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. If it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kimer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, indigestion, etc., and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and sweating pain in passing urine or water, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1.00 sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells how to get it absolutely free by mail.
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When your Watch Stops
You cannot make it go by shaking it. When the bowels are constipated you can get them regular with cathartics but, like the watch, they will not be able to do their duty until they are put into proper condition to do it.
One cannot mend a delicate piece of mechanism by violent methods, and no machine made by man is as fine as the human body.
The use of pills, salts, castor-oil and strong cathartic medicines is the violent method. The use of the herb tonic laxative,
Lane's Family Medicine
is the method adopted by intelligent people.
Headache, backache, indigestion, constipation, skin diseases—all are benefited immediately by the use of this medicine.
Druggists sell at 25c. and 50c.



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Many newspapers have lately given currency to reports by irresponsible parties to the effect that the New Home Sewing Machine Co. had entered a trust or combination; we wish to assure the public that there is no truth in such reports. We have been manufacturing sewing machines for over a quarter of a century, and have established a reputation for ourselves and our machines that is the envy of all others. Our "New Home" machine has never been revealed as a family machine. It is made at the factory of High Grade Sewing Machines, and stands on its own merits.
The "New Home" is the only really High Grade Sewing Machine on the market.
It is not necessary for us to enter into a trust to have our credit or pay any debts as we have no debt 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 sewing machine don't send your money away from home; call on a "New Home" Dealer; he can sell you a better machine for less than you can purchase elsewhere. If there is no dealer near you, write direct to us.
THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
New York, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Oakland, Cal., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

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COME EARLY AND GET THE BEST CHOICE
Boys' Overcoats, 4 to 15 yrs.
Prices, \$2.00 to \$6.00
Every article, every garment is brand new of this season's make. Nothing old or shop worn at our place.

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222 Mill Street,
Half Block from Post Office.

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We carry the largest line of Ladies' and Misses' Coats, Suits, Hats, Skirts, Underwear, Dry Goods and Notions
Can positively save you money on each purchase. The place to spend your hard-earned for your money, and that place is at the
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
Schedule in Effect May 27, 1906
Trains leave South Danville as follows:
For Catawissa, East Bloomsburg, Nesquehony, Pottsville, Williamsport, Pottsville, Scranton and intermediate stations, 7:11 a. m., 12:11 and 5:11 p. m., week-days, and 10:11 a. m. daily.
For Harrisburg and intermediate stations, 9:00 a. m. and 7:51 p. m., week-days, and 4:31 p. m. daily.
For Pottsville, Reading and Philadelphia, 7:11 a. m., 12:11 p. m. and 5:11 p. m., week-days, and 10:11 a. m. daily.
For Lewisburg, Williamsport, and Lock Haven, 9:00 a. m., 12:11 p. m., week-days, and 7:51 p. m., Sunday (via Lewisburg Junction) 9:00 a. m., and 12:11 p. m., week-days; (via Lock Haven) 9:00 a. m., and 12:11 p. m., week-days.
For further information apply to ticket agents.
W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager, Passenger Traffic Manager.
Geo. W. Boyd, General Agent.

Dr. I. G. PURSELL,
NEUROLOGIST
273 Mill Street, Danville, Pa.
We straighten Cross Eyes without operation.
HOURS, 8 A. M. to 12 M.
1 P. M. to 9 P. M.
EYES A SPECIALTY.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Ette J. Arwinge, late of West Limestone township, deceased.
Letters of administration upon the estate of Ette J. Arwinge, late of West Limestone township, Montour County, State of Pennsylvania, having been granted by the Judge of the Probate Court of the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the estate to present the same, without delay to
CHAS. S. ARWINGE, Administrator.
CHARLES W. AMERMAN, Danville, Pa.

THE most popular of all GIFTS
Articles not alone beautiful, but useful and durable, make the most sensible gift. These good features, together with a moderate price, make the genuine "1847 ROGERS BROS." SPOONS, KNIVES, FORKS, ETC., an ideal Holiday gift. They are made in a great variety of shapes, sizes and designs, handsomely packed in lined cases, and vary in price from 25c. to \$1.50. Your dealer can supply you. Write us for our handsome catalogue "C-L" to aid you in making selections.
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successors to ROGERS BROTHERS CO., Worcester, Mass.

NOT IN ANY TRUST
Many newspapers have lately given currency to reports by irresponsible parties to the effect that the New Home Sewing Machine Co. had entered a trust or combination; we wish to assure the public that there is no truth in such reports. We have been manufacturing sewing machines for over a quarter of a century, and have established a reputation for ourselves and our machines that is the envy of all others. Our "New Home" machine has never been revealed as a family machine. It is made at the factory of High Grade Sewing Machines, and stands on its own merits.
The "New Home" is the only really High Grade Sewing Machine on the market.
It is not necessary for us to enter into a trust to have our credit or pay any debts as we have no debt 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 sewing machine don't send your money away from home; call on a "New Home" Dealer; he can sell you a better machine for less than you can purchase elsewhere. If there is no dealer near you, write direct to us.
THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
New York, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Oakland, Cal., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

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. Desires of every description to select from. Remember, we lead and others follow.
Trespass notices for sale at this office. Two for 5c, or 25c a dozen.