#### Panville Intelligencer Established in 1828.

D. AUST LUTZ

DANVILLE, PA., DEC. 21, 1906.

y seat of Montour county, Pa, at \$1.00 a year in advance or \$1.25 if not paid in advance; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearage is paid, except at the option of the publisher. Rates of advertising madvication. Published every Friday at Danville, the

the publisher.

f advertising made known on apAddress all communications to
THE INTELLIGENCER,
DANVILLE, PA.

#### Defenders of Santa Claus.

It is refreshing to find the sturdy oungsters of an Iowa town determinyoungsters of an Iowa town determin-ed to stand up for their ancient friend —Santa Claus— and to forego the oth-er pleasures of the Christmastide entertainment if the old-time master of the revels is not permitted to participate. The children of the Iowa Sunday

cupying a prominent seat on the front row, can forget the jingle of sleigh-bells behind the scenes. The beloved pastor, who was addressing the Sabbells behind the scenes. The beloved pastor, who was addressing the Sabbath school members at the time, stopped in the middle of a word to exclaim: "My goodness! That must be Santa Claus with his reindeer team." And a moment later, "stamping the snow off his boots and shaking it from his head in floury clouds, with a huge pack slung over his shoulder and a bundle of toys strapped round his neck, good old Deacon Smith stumbled upon the improvised stage. Everybody knew it was Deacon Smith right away. He wore the same fanny clothes he did the Christmas he fore, and the he did the Christmas before, and the same whiskers, only singed a bit where they had collided with the candles on the tree; And those same old familiar jokes, the annual exchange of repartee between the beloved pastor and Santa Claus which the children had learned to look for, never omitting to laugh in the right place whether they saw the point or not—how they stick in the memory of the old-timer who was a boy in the glorious days before any-body tried to make little old men and women out of the youngsters. A few decades ago if anybody had suggested excluding Santa Claus from the Christmas festival a commission would have been appointed to inquire into his sauity, or at the very least he would have been warned by kind friends nev-er to make such a bad break again. A Christmas entertainment without Santa Claus would have been worse than a turkeyless Thanksgiving or a noiseless Fourth of July. Grant Miller, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, of Lewisburg, fell against the kitchen

stove on Saturday morning, while play ing. His clothing caught fire and be fore the flames could be extinguished the child was badly burned about the

Bishop Charles C. McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal church, died in the New York hospital at 5:20 a. m. today. Death was due to apoplexy, with which the Bishop was stricken December 11, while passing through this city on his way to his home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. McCabe and the Bishop's niece, who have been with him almost constantly since he was stricken, were at the bedside when he passed away.

The night before he was stricken, Bishop McCabe had delivered his lecture, "The Sunny Side of Life in Liby Prison," at Torrington, Conn. Accompanied by Dr. George P. Mains, publishing agent of the Methodist church, the bishop had reached the West Twenty-Third street terminal of the Pennsylvania railroad and was about to step upon a ferry boat when he staggered and fell unconscious. He was carried into the ferry house and later was removed to the New York hospital, where he received treatment as a private patient.

Tecthy satisfied with their lives as they were.

"Ah!" she sald softly as the tall figure loomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wire loomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wire loomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wire loomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wire loomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wire loomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wire relomed and relomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wire loomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wire loomed nearer. What possibilities might lurk under that wire relomed in the leant of the ware. All wire learn, pentate in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the sun. Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the su

later was removed to the New York hospital, where he received treatment as a private patient.

The indications of the twenty-four hours following were that the shock had been slight, and the patient's condition gave promise of a speedy recovery. Just before the attack he had walked briskly and carried a grip weighted with books and papers without apparent fatigue.

It is, "he admitted. "Hard of itself and hard because it leads to nothing because it leads to nothing hard because it leads to nothing the following itself," he added, with a gleam of inspiration. Miss Levering's eyes rewarded him for his discrimination. She wondered vaguely if he were not rather above the weighted with books and papers without apparent fatigue.

Bishop McCabe, however, early realized the seriousness of his illness and his first words upon returning to con-

very ill, and ask her to come at once."

That night Mrs. McCabe, a niece and the bishop's secretary arrived from

Philadelphia and have since remained at the hospital.

The condition of the patient did not inge materially until early Satur day last, when he lapsed into uncon From then on the Bishop

failed gradually and Monday the physicians in attendance said that the outcome was no longer in doubt. Bishop McCabe was born at Athens, Ohio, October 11, 1836. He entered the

Ohio conference of the Methodist church in 1860 and two years later be-came chaplain of the 122d Ohio In-fantry. He was captured in the battle inchester and spent four months in Libby prison. His experiences as a prisoner of war were later recounted on the lecture platform. For more than thirty years he was popularly known as Chaplain McCabe and the title clung to him even after the general conference? of the Methodist church in 1896 made him a bishop. 225

Following the war he became pas of a church at Portsmouth, Ohio, and later was associated as assistant sec-retary with the Board of Church Ex-tension

# **STUDYING**

By EDITH M. DOANE Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Everybody in Windsor Falls

And because the sun is a fickle mis heavy clouds of a sudden shower, and also because it is well known that 'hayin' weather' waits for no man, the "hayin' weather" waits for no man, the farmers toiled in the hayfields early and late, pressing their families into service and laying eager hands on all the outside laborers they could find. It was at this time that Jim Holden

was at time that Jim Holden foated into town from no one knew where and hired out by the day. He was tall and lank and "the goldendest worker I ever see," drawled Hiram Sears admiringly as he stopped for a moment's rest in the shade of a spreading oak.

school in question, voted to strike and to take no part or attend an entertain ment on Christmas eve unless Santa Claus was the chier performer, with the same stunts as last year.

And who of the older folks, who used to attend the Sabbath school of not so many years ago, before we got new fangled ideas about the distribution of gifts at the schools, when occupying a prominent seat on the front row, can forget the jingle of sleighbells behind the scenes. The beloved pastor, who was addressing the Sab-bath sand advanced steadily in her direction.



and thin for that—but he seemed recep-tive, and he certainly wore his coarse cothes with an ease a city bred man might have envied. It was a pity that a man evidently fitted for better things should go to waste in this little village. He needed a wider horizon—a broader outlook. Well, she would see what she could do for him. So the couple sat together under the oak tree very often or wandered through the shaded country lanes, and he listened, always intent and respect-ful, while she expounded her hopes and

aims for humanity in general and for him in particular.
"I know I've no right," she said ear-nestly, "but you will forgive me, won't you? Your life seems so petty, so nar-row, I want you to feel the stress of life as men in the city feel it. The struggle, the endeavor, the thrill of ac-complishment"—

complishment"— And Holden agreed with her and

And Holden agreed with her and smiled upon her with a look behind the twinkle in his eyes that made her come near to forgetting her station in life and her attruistic aims generally.

The sun was near the western hills one day before the stage came bearing its quota of daily mail. That she might not miss the glory of the sunset Miss Levering took her letters and magazines and turned up the road to where from her vantage seat on a rock she could see the splendor of the hills outlined against the faming sky.

Her letters were soon disposed of, and she opened a magazine and idly turned the leaves, then suddenly sat rigid—spellbound—while the letters on the page before her burned themselves into her consciousness.

"The critics," so ran the magazine.

A suggestion: The best and most appreciative Xmas gift you can send to a friend is the Intelligencer. Into her consciousness.

Into her consciousness.

"place J. Holden Morse's Under New England Skies' among the six greatest backs of the vear. It is in its fifth

She did not hear him till he dropped on the rock beside her and picked up the open book. "Don't! Please don't!" he pleaded

contriety. "Forgive me! I never dreamed you'd care—that way. I had to have types for a new work I'm doing. I could get what I wanted so much better this way. Surely you understand;

"But you let me try to help you—to teach you," she exclaimed, furious with herself and hating him till she looked up and met his eyes.

"And was I not an apt pupil" he and he with the year. swered half seriously, half jestingly Then as he bent and drew her closer: "At all events I learned one lesson pretty thoroughly," he said.

Brahms Was Not Sociable. Anecdotes about Brahms show

Anecdotes about Brahms show the composer to have been a somewhat unamiable companion. His wit was brilliant, but cruel, and its direct object could rarely join in the amusement it created. One story begins with the statement that as a performer Brahms had an extremely hard touch. This once led a musician who was accompanying him on the cello to exclaim, "I don't hear myself." "Ah," replied Brahms, "you are a lucky fellow." When he left the room after a lively evening among friends he used to remark, "If there is any one present whose feelings I have not hurt, I trust he will receive my humble apology." Brahms never could bring himself to produce an opera. "If I composed one which failed, I should certainly have a second try," he said to pressing friends,

which raised, I should certainly have a second try," he said to pressing friends, "but I cannot make up my mind to the first. To me the undertaking seems much the same as marriage." The latter institution found no favor in his eyes, and he lived an isolated existence, recognizing no kinsfolk.

THE TRADE RAT.

Odd Ways of This Peculiar Little California Rodent,

One of the oddest little animals in existence is the California wood rat, better known as the "trade rat." It towes the latter name to the fact that, though it is a great thief, it never steals anything without putting something else in its place. It is said that a paste pot which had been left overnight in the assay office of a sliver mice in that state was found in the morning with the oddest collection of rubbish. This was the work of trade rats. They had stolen the paste and left in exchange a plece of stick, a length of rope, some odds and ends of wire and an unbroken glass funnel. The object of the trade rat in so scrupulously paying for what

giass funnel. The object of the trade rat in so scrupulously paying for what he takes is something of a mystery, but these same rats certainly take the greatest pleasure in the odds and ends which they steal and collect.

In Lindsay's "Mind In Lower Animals" a description is given of a trade rat's nest found in an unoccupled house. The outside was composed entirely of iron spikes laid in perfect symmetry, with the points outward. Interlaced with the spikes were about two dozen forks and spoons and three large butcher knives. There were also a large carving fork, knife and steel. a large carving fork, knife and steel, several plugs of tobacco, an old purse

a mage carving fork, knife and steel, several plugs of tobacco, an old purse, a quantity of small carpenters' tools, including several augers, and a watch, of which the outside casing, the glass and the works were all distributed separately, so as to make the best show possible.

The trade rat has its South American counterpart in the viscacha, a pretty little relative of the chinchilla, which lives in families of twenty or thirty on the pampas. Everything that takes its fancy and is portable is carried by the viscacha and piled in neat little heaps at the mouth of its burrow. If a ranchman drops his watch or any similar article he always searches the viscacha burows in the neighborhood and generally finds his lost property.—Chicago News.

### COLOR COMBINATIONS.

In a large factory in which were em-ployed several hundred persons one of the workmen in wielding his hammer

being red, and the one for the left ey consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed to him, and he was

ordered to read the writing on i

ordered to read the writing on it through the glasses.

This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. Owing to the effect whieff the colored glass must have had upon the green writing the sound right eye fitted with the red glass could not possibly distinguish the writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.—London Standard.

High Finance.

"Say," began Burroughs, "lend me a five, will you?"

"See here." replied Markley. "If you'd only save your own money you wouldn't have to borrow from your friends."

"But by borrowing from my friends I do save my own money."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Datey Doodle

was far afield. After a long silence he turned to the girl beside him and asked in a voice that he could not keep

quite steady:

"Your answer is final, then? You
won't marry me? And you—you don't
love me?" he added, with a helpless

They rode along in silence, the thoroughbred moving with nearly noiseless steps, and as they were turning an abrupt bend in the road half a mile



farther down a thin groan struck up from the tail wayside weeds. Hadley brought his horse to a standstill by a violent jerk.

olent jerk.
"What's that?" he asked sharply. Again the sound was repeated—a faint, piteous note of pain.
"It's a baby," declared Elizabeth, trembling, "and it's burt."

Hadley was already poised between the wheels of the runabout and in an

Indee wis areasy bosed between the wheels of the runabout and in an instant was striding through the long grass, which he suddenly stooped to part. After an appreciable space he straightened up and held out a hand to Elizabeth, who had followed him, and the girl's fingers closed tightly over it as she leaned forward to peer into the grass.

"Oh, Ned, a puppy!" she exclaimed, relief and fresh pity blending in her voice, for at their feet lay a poor little morsel of a dog. His little black nose was dry and bleached with pain, and the soft curly white of his hair, through which the skin showed faintly pink, was solied by blood and dirt, and, saddest of all, one tiny hind leg lay shattered and limp in a pool of blood. "Some brute has run over him and chucked him in the gitter to die."

shattered and limp in a pool of blood.

Some brute has run over him and truck a fellow workman in the left eye. The man afterward averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible.

He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise. Under the law the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind.

The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist, retained by the defense, examined the alleged injured member and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye.

Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of

open court an eminent coulist, retained of the defense, examined the alleged injured member and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye.

Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye the coulist proved him a perjurer and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim. He did it simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined make black.

He prepared a black card, on which a few words were written in green link. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the left eye being red, and the one for the left eye forms of the left eye of the court of the l

bloodshot with pain, opened immediately with an anxious expression, and the puppy lifted his drooping ears inquiringly.

"See, Bess; he misses your touch," said Hadley, dropping the towel with which he was drying his hands.

With a murmur of tenderness, Elizabeth slipped her hand under the soft little head, and after a snuggling movement of the nose, which was becoming moist again, Patsy Doodle gave a little breathing of content and, closing his beautiful eyes, fell asleep, like a tired child.

beautiful eyes, fell asieep, like a tired child.

When the office had been restored to its former immaculate order Hadley walked to the open window and stood looking moodily out upon the summer street, but when Elizabeth stirred in her chair he turned quickly, for his mind was centreed only upon the occupants of the office. She beckoned him, and he came across at once, seating himself on a corner of the table.

For a moment neither spoke; then the girl lifted her face and said in a tone that thrilled her companion:

"Ned, dear, I've done you a horrible injustice."

wou't marry me? And you—you don't love me?" he added, with a helpless movement of his head. "Why, Elizabeth, I can't realize it; I really cannot." And the blue eyes he turned on her were full of tears.

"I—Edward," she began, "Edward, I can't bear to hurt you, but"— And her voice lost itself in a quick sob.

The young man put a quivering hand over the ones she had locked in her lap.

"Don't cry, little Bess," he said huskily. "It hurts me terribly to see you. If you can't love me, you can't, I suppose, and I'll have to bear it like many another man. But I—well, I loved you so much that it didn't seem possible that you could help liking-me—just a little."

That this humble, suffering man could be the same cold, unmoved person who had, only a short time since, with such reluctance and ill concealing to Elizabeth. But she clung to her decision to give him up, a course of a dying old woman seemed incredible to Elizabeth. But she clung to her decision to give him up, a course of a citon made imperative by the dictates of her reason, so she answered hesitatingly:

"I am so sorry, Edward, but I can't."

They rode along in silence, the thoroughbred moving with nearly noiseless steps, and as they were turning an abrupt bead in the road half a mile abrupt bead in the road half a mile albrupt bea

ed Elizabeth.

A Difficult Matter.

There was strong family feeling in Brookby whenever any question affecting a member of the little community arose. The matter of Abel Wood's arrost illustrated the state of affairs.

"You see, we all knew he'd been dishonest in his dealings and that he'd ought to be put away for a spell, and the warrant was issued," said Mr. Hall, explaining to a visitor what seemed like an unnecessary delay in a simple process of the law, "but 'twas kind of hard for us to settle on the best place to arrest him.

"You see, it had got to be done either at his mother's—that's the only good woman for extry scrubbing in the place—or else at his uncles—athat's the express agent, and none too obliging even when he's feeling pleasant—or else at his brother-in-law's—that's the only man in town that's got a fust class carpenter's set-out, monkey wrench and all. Anyway, the sheriff, being his fust cousin, made it kind of awkward, now I tell you.

"Seems to me we did pretty well to get him arrested inside of a week, considering what drawbacks we had to contend with."

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must so metimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed.

Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family

To Run the Gantlet.

"To run the gantlet" originated in Germany and traveled thence to England, finally becoming domesticated in America. In both the German and English armies and navies about the time of the settlement of America running the gantlet was a punishment for misdemeanor, the soldiers of a company or regiment being placed in two lines facing each other, each man armed with a switch. The culprit ran between the two files and received upon his bare back the switches of his comrades. An officer stood by to see that the punishment was properly enforced, and any soldier who falled to do his duty was himself liable to make the journey between the two files. The Indians along the coast of Virginia are said to have observed this punishment inflicted upon some sailors of an English man-of-war and immediately adopted the idea for torturing their enemies; hence came the belief that the punishment or torture was peculiar to the aborigines of North America.

KEEP UP YOUR ENERGY.

tand Erect and Walk as Thous Never allow your physical standar to drop. Keep up your energy. Wal as if you were somebody and were go ing to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superior ity. If you have fallen into a habit of ity. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches or lolling about the streets, with their hands in their pockets, or haunting intelligence offices and wondering why fate has been so hard with them. You don't been so hard with them. You uon want to give people the impression that you are discouraged or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God and of his power and who believes thoroughly in himself walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest well projected in order to give a large lung capacity. He is the man who does things.

You cannot aspire or accomplish great or noble things so long as you assume the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble

the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble and do noble things you must look up. You were made to look upward and to walk upright, not to look down or to shamble along in a semihorizontal postfiou. Put character, dignity, nobility, into your walk.—Success.

A pair of stoild eyes were obediently focused upon the puppy.

"Yep," he announced after a moment's survey; "that's Sammy Casey's parts Doodle. No; you can't find Sambia along in a semihorizontal postion. Put character, dignity, nobility, into your walk.—Success.

Victims of a False Prophet.

Just before the opening of the Casey's movements having been satisfied, Elizabeth suddenly to cart along "thout Patsy Doodle. Why, they had three". But, her interest in the Caseys' movements having been satisfied, Elizabeth suddenly to cart along "thout Patsy Doodle. Why, they had three" But, her interest in the Caseys' movements having been satisfied, Elizabeth suddenly to cart along "thout Patsy Doodle the horse with the whip, and in a moment they had left the discursive urchin for behind.

Once in Hadley's office the little dog was deposited upon the table and his broken legs bound up with deft and tender fingers. With the intelligence often vouchsafed his kind, Patsy Doodle seemed content to le quites still and relaxed in the atmosphere of sympathy. So motionless was his attitude and bear agent when Elizabeth withdrew her hand from the head she had been softly siroking the great brown eyes, still the great prophet starved to death.

The strain of stoile eyes were deadly stand to look down or to shamble along in a semihorizontal postion. Put character, dignity, nobility, into your walk.—Success.

Victims of a False Prophet.

Just before the opening of the Kaffit destroy their crops of grain. The spirits of their ancestors were to arise and help them to exterminate every white man in the country. The adversary is willing to devo e particular the spirits of their ancestors were to arise and help them to exterminate every winter an extension properties. No experience necessary is willing to let us steach you the spirits of their ancestors were to arise and help them to exterminate every winter an in the country. The adversary is willing to devo e particular the spirits of their transmit and relaxed in the atmosphere of sym

### Merry Christmas

and you will surely have a Merry Xmas if you come and buy one of the following articles. Each article will make a first class Xmas gift for yourself, for your friend, and for your neighbor,

**Overcoats** Necktles Mufflers Rain Coats Silk Hd'k'fs Pea Jackets Linen Hd'k'fs **Boys' Suits** Initial Hd'k'fs Boys' Reifers Fancy Garters Boys' Overcoats, Arm Bands Sweaters, Suspenders Cardigan Jackets, **Umbrellas** Hats Caps Suit Cases Shoes Satchels Rubber Gloves **Felts** Shirts Aretics Hosiery Trousers **Chest Protectors Knee Pants** 

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222 Mill Street.

Calendars for 1907.

The Intelligencer office has received a full and complete line of samples of ine art calendars, and we are read

fine art calendars, and we are ready to take your orders for 1907. Be sure to call and learn our prices be-fore placing your order. Designs of every description to select from. Remember, we lead and others fol-

Bears the Biguature Chart Hilitakur Bought of

Bad Breath.

**Fancy Vests** 

NEWMAN

One Half Block From Post Office. Nation was an average and a second a second and a second

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It cures headache, backache, ndigestion, constipation and skin

A HABII

is formed through repetition of the same aget. If you will convenant to lay away a certain sum every week, and keep faith with yourself, you will have formed a have habit that is worth something. A habit the fruits of which gathered in old age, or in time of need will prove of benefit. There is everything in forming the right kind of a habit. If you will leave your Savings with us we will pay you 3 per cent interest and compound it every six months. Glad to see you any time, but the sooner the better:

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the tonic laxative.
This is a herb medicine, sold in

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The First National Bank of DANVILLE, PENN'A. PAYS THREE PER CENT INTEREST ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS. Resources Over \$1,250,000,00.



MAN WANTED! somewhere near panyille, to assist us in showing and selling properties. No experience necessary, if willing to let us steach you the real estate business. Salary \$40,00 a month, to honest man, willing to devoe part of his time to this business. Coperative Land Co. Andrus Bidg., Minneapolis, Minn.

# DENNSYLVANIA

Shall We Tan Your Hide? The average Stock Raiser hardly realizes the value of cow, steer and horse hides when converted into fur coats, robes and rags. Get the new illustrated catalog of the Crosby Frisian Fur Co., Rochester, N. Y. It will be a revelation to you. And "Crosby pays the freight."—1-11.

AUCTIONEERS. Michael Breckbill, Danville, Pa. McClellan Diehl: Washingto McClellan Dieni, Washingtonvine, F. A. H. Deeter, Oak Grove, Pa. A. A. Sweitzer, Washingtonyille, Pa. E. M. Haunty, Pottsgrove, Pa.

Election of Directors.

The annual meeting of the members of the Montour Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held on Monday, January 7th, 1907, in the Grand Jury Room of the Court House at Danville, Penn'a. Organization and transaction of business at 10 s. m. Election of Directors and other officers from 1 to 2 o'clock p.m. JAMES SHULTZ, President.

Thefts have been so frequent in the rural sections of Berks, Chester and Montgomery counties that many farm ers have joined to raise \$400 for the

**NOT IN ANY TRUST** 

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO had entered a trust or combination; we wish
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273 Mill Street, - Danville, We straighten Cross Eyes without operat HOURS, 8 A. M. to 12 M. 1 P. M. to 9 P. M.

EYES A SPECIALTY. ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Effic J. Arnwine, late of "col Hemicot township, deceased.

Hentier of administration upon the estate of tens. A rawine late of West Hemicot township.

A rawine late of West Hemicot township.

A rawine late of West Hemicot township.

Salve of Vens.

Chas. S. Alwwiss.

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Chas.

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