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DO A LITTLE THINKING.

The ancient admonition, "Think twice before you speak once," was a mighty good one in the good old days when people gave heed to it, harkened and out of date though some people of today may consider it. It has lost none of its merit through disuse and neglect. It does appear, though, that in the rush and hurry of the affairs of this day and generation, most people have entirely lost sight of the good advice, or if they ever gave it ear, have allowed the scramble of the hour for things material and immaterial to drive it entirely out of mind.

There is evidence on every hand and to be met with every day, that not only have many people put aside the sage counsel of the fathers, but have actually abandoned and forgotten the good fashion of thinking even once, or of thinking at all, not only before speaking but before acting. For the ancient and safe habit of thought, they have substituted impulse or inclination, or something even worse. Proof of this is found every day in the world's current history—in affairs of public importance and in private conduct. The columns of the newspapers are a constant record of things done that would have been left undone if the doers had only THOUGHT before acting.

There are equally convincing proofs of this new fault of not thinking to be found in the things left undone until it is too late to do them, simply for the lack of thought. There is not the least doubt in the world that Gov. Swetnam would not now be "sweating blood" under the world's condemnation if he had thought only once, let alone twice, before he said the things he so rashly and so brashly said to the American naval officer who was bending every energy to relieve the sufferings and distress of the victims of the Kingston earthquake.

There is no possible room for doubt that Thaw would not now be on trial for his life if he had given but half a thought to the subject before he sent a bullet crashing into the brain of his victim. It is a certainty that if Ben Tillman had done a little honest thinking he would not have tried to do a vaudeville stunt before the august and awful body of which he is a member, by toleration of the people of South Carolina—who, he it is said in passing, appear to have lost the habit of thinking, judging by the fact that they keep him in the Senate. It is barely possible that the people who were so active against the institutions for which the "people's papers" speak, spend a good deal of time wishing they had thought not only twice but MANY LONG, LONG THOUGHTS before doing the things they did. It is a thousand-to-one shot that the fraud order fanatics realize, if they are capable of anything so honest, that they would much better have done some genuine thinking in connection with their deeds and "duties," before they did so much arrogant talking and unscrupulous acting. And it is an equally safe bet that they are doing, and will do some real downright hard thinking before they get through with the fight they are having with the "common" people. To think is a start in the right direction, and a long step; and it will not take very many such steps to turn the people of the entire country back to the good old fashion of THINKING. It may be necessary, to keep up with the rush of events, to do this thinking a little quicker than in the days of stage coaches and stage boots, but the thinking will be of the better quality for that; and the world will be saved from half the wanton wickedness that is pointed to by sociologists as proof of the decadence of the human race. To suit the times, let us all try to learn to think once before we are acting, if not twice before we speak. We will be better men and women by so doing, and the world will be better and not worse for our being in it.

—UNCLE ANDREW CARNEGIE is reported to have said that he would give two hundred million dollars for a ten-year lease on life. Lots of us would be willing to dispose of a year or two at that rate provided the transfer could be satisfactorily arranged with Father Time.

The farmers of this county will be interested to learn that there will be held this year a series of Farmers' Institutes at Washingtonville on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13 and 24 and at Exchange on Friday, Feb. 15. A number of instructors from other parts of the State will be present to join with the farmers of this locality in the discussion of topics relative to agriculture. These meetings are free and open to all, and we have no doubt that the farmers of this county will avail themselves of the advantages to be gained by attending these meetings.

Because his wife refused to quit keeping boarders Vincent Drocowski, of Chester, armed with a revolver, drove his wife and four children and all the boarders out of the home. They appealed to the police and Drocowski was required to give bonds to keep the peace.

Loaded For Hawks

By C. B. LEWIS
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There was a great clattering and outcry among the fowls back of the farm-house, with one long piercing shriek from a single hen, and Aunt Sally Warner dropped the breakfast dish she was wiping and ran out to see a hawk sailing away with a fat pullet in his talons. She waved her hands and cried "Shoo! Shoo!" but there was no salvation for the victim.

"What is it, aunty?" asked her niece, Miss Nettie Ward, from the city, who had come out to the old farm for a vacation.

"Why, another of them hawks has grabbed another of them chickens," was the reply. "I told ya only last night that he ought to get out and load the shotgun for me. I s'pose that hawk has got as much right to live as the other folks, but I'll be summum if—"

"But he did load the gun, and it's there behind the door," interrupted the niece.

"So it is! What an old goose I am getting to be! Nettie, did you ever fire a gun?"

"Then I must show you how to do it. You take it in both hands this way. You draw it up to your shoulder this way. Then you set your eyes and pull on the trigger with your finger, and the hawk drops dead. A hawk may come while you are down on your knees, and you are out here alone, and you want to be able to shoot him."

There were only uncle, aunt and Nettie at the farm, and the girl from the city soon wore off the newness and the novelty and became a bit homesome. On account of this homesomeness she almost bowed to a young man who passed the gate one evening at dusk and almost bowed to her, and when she went in she asked her aunt who it was.

"I hadn't seen no strange young men around here myself," was the answer, "but I understand that the Stevenses, half a mile below us, have got a summer boarder. I guess he's the one you saw."

Things happen suddenly out in the country the same as in the city. Two days after seeing the young man Miss Nettie woke up with the toothache.

She had hardly come downstairs and told of where the rural mail carrier left a letter for the aunt, which stated that a sister living ten miles away was ill and wanted her to drive over at once. She couldn't drive, and so Uncle Joe must go along. There was room for Nettie to go along, but the toothache kept getting worse. It didn't take her long to decide to stay home and doctor it. She could put on a bag of hot ashes, hold hot vinegar in her mouth and now and then press a wad of cotton batting wet with peppermint essence against the offending molar, and there was hope that she would be all right before night came.

During the long day, if the ache permitted, she could swing in her hammock, climb the cherry tree after the ripe fruit, hunt for hony eggs in the barn and watch the ducks and geese in the horse pond.

"There is only two things to look out for," said the aunt when she was ready to drive away. "Keep your eyes out for hawks and tramps. As we haven't seen a tramp for six weeks, I guess you won't be bothered, but them hawks are liable to drop down any time. If one comes, you be sure to shoot it. I've heard that, shoot-hawks is been known to cure the toothache."

Uncle and aunt had been gone an hour when the toothache ceased, and Miss Nettie piled into her hammock under the pear tree with a book. She was just opposite the kitchen door and only three feet away, and just inside the door stood the shotgun. The hawk had great confidence that if hawk or tramp came along she would play the part of a heroine.

As the young man who boarded down at Stevens' came past the house with his kodak, he was satisfied from the swinging of the hammock that Mrs. Nettie was reading.

Two hours later, when he had snapped an old top horned cow, a crab apple tree and a brook that seemed to be flowing up hill, he returned to find the hammock so still that there was no doubt in his mind that the occupant was asleep. He had not past the house, walking as slowly as possible, when he caught sight of half the body of a man in an open window on the other side. Whoever it was had come sneaking down through the cornfield.

It was the young man to investigate. He started out with the impression that the intruder was a tramp, and he picked up a club, seized the picket fence and gave a shout. The man in the window started and drew back. He saw and dropped to the ground and ran around the corner of the house. He ran into the hammock and his sleeping occupant and fell over them and bounced and sleeping occupant out on the grass.

At about the same moment the young man from Stevens, who had started to pursue the unknown, caught his toe and took a roll, and he was so slow in picking the curvant bushes out of his pants when he did get up that he turned the corner just as the bewilderment Nettie had dashed into the kitchen, seized the gun and was ready to hawk.

She had been rudely awakened more rudely dumped on the grass and stepped on, and in her half awake state she didn't know a hawk from a man until it was too late. Her heart was in a cool moment she never could have mastered the mechanism of that old shotgun. Under the momentary excitement she not only fired it, but sent a liberal quantity of bird shot into some one's keep.

She had only heard the report of the gun when she became panic stricken and fled into the kitchen and shut and bolted the door, and for the next three or four minutes she was in a half daze. Then she realized that she had shot a man. She remembered that he had fallen on the grass. She wasn't sure when he had shot at the thought. On the contrary, she had shot a tramp and was entitled to all praise.

Presently, as Miss Nettie listened with her ears against the door, she heard groans. That meant she had only wounded the tramp. Her heart was touched by those groans. She could not see the man after she had opened the door an inch or two, because he was just around the corner of the house, but she called out to him: "Are you going away before I shoot again?"

"I can't say," was the reply. "I'm afraid I can't walk without help."

"Why not?"

"Because you have shot me in the legs."

"But my aunt told me to look out for hawks and tramps."

"But I am neither one nor the other."

Judging from his voice, he was a gentleman instead, and after drawing a long breath and breathing a prayer that he stepped out and peered round the corner of the house. That young man from Stevens was lying on his elbow on the grass. His face was very pale, and there were blood spots on the legs of his trousers. At sight of her he smiled faintly and said:

"I am stepping with my relatives, the Stevenses. I live in the city and am an artist. If you will pardon me, I will say that I have heard you are Miss Ward. In passing the house while you slept in the hammock I saw a tramp climb into a window. I gave the alarm, and he escaped. He it was who tumbled over your hammock and awoke you."

"And I thought you were a hawk or a tramp and shot you?"

"The girl as wrung her hands, and that fortunately without serious results. All the shot struck my legs, but I may need assistance to get down home."

"But I shan't let you get down home. Here, take my hand and see if you can stand on your feet. Now hang on to my arm and let me get you into the house and on to the lounge. How could I have been such a silly girl? Now, then, you lie down here, and I'll run for Dr. James. I know he lives in the first house above here. I'll bring him right back with me."

She was gone before Mr. Welbourne could protest and was back in half an hour with the good natured country doctor. It took about an hour to pick out the score of bird shot that had been fired into the young man's legs, and during this time Miss Nettie walked up and down in the back yard with tears in her eyes and no care if the hawks came down and took every hen on the place.

The doctor assured her that Mr. Welbourne would live. Mr. Welbourne himself assured her that he was bound to live and been repeatedly robbed, and he was taken down to the Stevenses in the doctor's buggy. He lay for three or four days, during which time Miss Nettie and her aunt called twice, and then he ceased limping and returned the calls.

Inside of a week he was something more than a caller. It beats all the fact a girl who shoots a man and the man is shot by her can get acquainted—very well acquainted. Matrimony and hawks are sometimes shot at with a gun.

The Land Ducks.

There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. China, literally, is white with these birds, and day and night the country resounds with their metallic and screeching notes. Children herd ducks on every road, on every pond, on every farm, on every lake, on every river. There is no back yard without its duck house. There is no boat, little or great, without its duck quarters. Even in the cities of China ducks abound. They dodge between the coolies' legs. They fit, squawking, out of the way of the horses. Their indignant quack will not unsmile down the rear of urban commerce. All over the land there are great duck hatching establishments, many of them of a capacity large enough to produce 50,000 young ducks every year. The Chinese duck is extremely tender and delicate—the best duck for eating in the world. Duck among the Chinese is the staple delicacy. It is salted and smoked like ham or beef, and duck eggs are eaten as chicken eggs in America.

The Oldest Bank Notes.

The oldest bank notes in the world are the "flying money" or convenient money, first issued in China in 2507 B. C. One writer tells that the ancient Chinese bank notes were in many respects similar to those of the present day, bearing the name of the bank, the date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official who issued it and its value in both figures and words. On the top of these current notes is the following philosophical injunction: "Produce all you can, spend with economy." The note was printed in blue ink on paper made from the fiber of the mulberry tree. One of these notes bearing the date 2507 B. C. is still preserved in the Asiatic museum at St. Petersburg.

AN OCEAN IN THE AIR.

The queer superstition that once prevailed in England is illustrated by the following strange story by an old English writer: "One Sunday the people of a certain village were coming out of church on a thick, foggy day when they saw the anchor of a ship hauled to one of the tombstones, the cable, which was tightly stretched, hanging down from the air. The people were astonished, and while they were consulting about it suddenly they saw the rope move as though some one labored to pull up the anchor. The anchor, however, still held fast by the stone, and a great noise was heard in the air like the shouting of soldiers. Presently a sailor was seen sliding down the cable for the purpose of unhooking the anchor. When he had just loosened it the villagers seized him and while in their hands he quickly died, just as though he had been drowned.

"About an hour later the sailors above, hearing no more of their comrade, cut the cable and sailed away. In memory of this extraordinary event the people of the village made the hinges of the church doors out of the iron of the anchor. It is further stated that these hinges 'are still to be seen there,' a bit of evidence much like Munchausen's rope wherever it once existed to the moon. If you doubt the story you were confronted with the rope."

There is another queer tale about this aerial ocean. "A merchant of Bristol," it is said, "set sail with his cargo for Ireland. Some time after, while his family were at supper, a knife suddenly fell in through a window on the table. When the merchant returned and saw the knife he declared it to be his own and said that on such a day, at such an hour, while sailing in an unpeopled part of the sea, he dropped the knife overboard, and the day and the hour were found to be exactly the time when it fell through the window." All of which was one implicitly believed by many and regarded as incontrovertible proof of the existence of a sea above the sky. One is at a loss to conjecture how that "unknown part of the sea" connected with the rest of it. A physical geography showing this would be no small curiosity.

Luck and a Woman

By FRED MEERS...
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"Close it up soon if you can," said the manager. "We have put some of our best men on the matter, but they can tell us nothing. If we do not manage to locate the cause of these robberies we might as well go out of business."

"I'll do what I can," promised Danvers, "but if Symes and Taylor have given up the case I don't see where I got off."

"Neither do I," admitted the manager frankly, "except that you seem to have fooled luck, and sometimes that is better than good detective instinct."

Danvers bowed at the doubtful compliment and took himself off. There might be something in that luck theory. Since going to work for the burglary insurance people he had more than once stumbled against a clue that developed into a conviction.

But this promised to be a harder case than usual, and after he had interviewed the watchmen who were on the night job and the men who had been working on the case it seemed hopeless.

The burglary insurance included the services of a night watchman and a burglar alarm system. Nothing seemed to be the matter with either of these, and yet the block on Seaton place had been repeatedly robbed. Of late a special patrolman had been assigned to the block, and all night long he had tramped from one end of the short street to the other. Seaton place was only a block long, a fashionable residence block that offered rich returns to the men who had systematically looted the houses.

None had seen them go in or out, though strict watch had been kept. They had even placed a man in each back yard to make certain that no one could enter from the rear, and yet during that week of special precaution three of the houses had been robbed.

The owners were of the ultra English set, who seldom came to town from their country places until after the open season set in, and already the company stood to lose the better part of its capital in paying off its losses.

Danvers, looking about for a coign of vantage, hit upon a theatrical boarding house at the rear of the block. Here he obtained a rear room, and for several nights he kept vigil. The moon was in its last quarter, and it was not always easy to keep watch, but he sat peering into the dark, looking to see some one jump the line of fences and attack the houses from the rear. That entrance was effected from the rear he was certain, because the watch from the front was too strict to be evaded.

It was the fifth night that, happening to look up, he perceived a shadow crossing the sky line of the houses. He rubbed his eyes that were drooping with sleep, but he still saw the shadow advancing toward the opposite roof.

"They can't have a flying machine," he muttered to himself. "If they have no wonder the boys couldn't locate them. I guess I'll go up on the roof and have a better look."

He stole out of the room and up the stairs to the roof. The trap was left open in pleasant weather to ventilate the stuffy halls, and as he climbed softly through the scuttle hole he almost lost his balance.

Standing on the edge of the roof he was a second man, and even as Danvers looked he stepped out over the edge of the roof and glided toward the opposite side.

There was a third figure, a woman's, and Danvers waited a moment to see if she, too, would essay walking upon the air, but she made no effort to follow her companion's example, and at last the detective slipped through the opening and crept softly behind her.

With a bound he was upon her and had clapped his hand over her mouth before she could make outcry. Even in the dim light he could recognize her as one of a trio of robbers he had noticed at the tables. More than once he had sought to attract her attention, for she was a remarkably pretty girl, but the two men with her resented even a look and kept such close guard over her that there had been no chance to make her acquaintance.

"What are you up to?" he demanded roughly. "I am a detective."

"They thought you were," she gasped as he raised his hand to permit her to reply. "Don't let them catch me, will you? They have gone to rob the houses."

"But how?" he asked curiously. "They seem to walk on air."

"They used to be wire walkers," she explained, "but they tried tumbling afterward. They are walking on the telegraph wires."

"They won't hold up," he scoffed. "Yes, they will," she persisted. "Over here they have fastened them, 'over here are strong on the other side. It's easier to walk on a slack wire than on a tight one, you know. This gives just the right sag."

"Yes, they will," she persisted. "Over here they have fastened them, 'over here are strong on the other side. It's easier to walk on a slack wire than on a tight one, you know. This gives just the right sag."

"Wait and you will see," she cautioned. Danvers slipped behind a chimney, and presently the pair returned, un-

ing before them a wheelbarrow with a grooved wheel. One of them carried a Japanese umbrella painted black, with which he preserved their balance while they moved. They jumped their load on the roof and turned back. When they had disappeared down one of the scuttles on the other side Danvers stepped out again.

"How long have you been with these men?" he demanded. "You don't look like their sort."

"They were with a circus," she explained. "I ran away with Jim; that's the smaller one. He watches me so that I do not have a chance to get away from him."

"That's a regular trick," he demanded. "She shook her head.

"Business is bad this year. The boys can't get work. They were fooling one night on the roof and found that the wire was strong enough to bear them. They used to carry me in the wheelbarrow in the show, and they got the idea of robbing the houses. They cut the alarm wire and can come and go as they please. When the men were watching they walked right over their heads."

"I'd like to get after them," he said. "I could try them down to the street where the watchman is."

"If you won't tell I'll take you," she volunteered. "Don't be afraid. I can do it."

She caught up another parcel from the roof and spread it. "Hide picka-back," she commanded.

Danvers put his arms about her shoulders and raised his feet clear. Slowly she adjusted her weight to the wire and began to make her way across. Somewhere he had read that it would not do to look down, so she shut his eyes and hung on to him.

Once or twice the girl seemed to lose her balance and for a moment worked the parcel violently while she regained it. Then she pressed on again, and at last, with a sigh, she stepped off the wire, and Danvers opened his eyes.

"They were on the farther side, and just beyond was the open scuttle."

"Let me go back," pleaded the girl. "They must not know that I helped you or they would kill me when you got out. You must never tell how you made the trip. Pretend that you saw the thief scatter a fire on the way and going to be gone by the time you get back to the house."

"But how can I reward you?" he questioned.

"She threw a glance at him. "I can get a divorce if I am convicted. My freedom is a rich reward."

"She kissed her hand to him in imitation of the circus ring, and he watched with admiration as her lithe figure sped across the open. Then he dropped through the scuttle.

"Well, I suppose," laughed the manager, when Danvers reported the next morning.

"Just that," assented Danvers, "bull luck—and a woman."

But he would not explain the latter part, and the manager imagined it to be the girl he married on the strength of his increased pay.

The First Photography.

It was in 1822 that John Draper, then a professor in the University of New York, made the first portrait photograph. The subject was Elizabeth Draper, his sister. Professor Draper had the idea that in order to produce distinct facial outlines in photography it would be necessary to cover the countenance of the person photographed with the most brilliant light possible. He used for this purpose a camera obscura, and it proved not to be a good one then, for all of Professor Draper's early attempts were failures.

Finally he left off the flour and then used a camera. This was a strange notion now, and it proved not to be a good one then, for all of Professor Draper's early attempts were failures. Finally he left off the flour and then used a camera. This was a strange notion now, and it proved not to be a good one then, for all of Professor Draper's early attempts were failures.

Testing Eggs For Freshness.

Dispel the common notion of a flat of water and then place the egg to be tested in this liquid. A new laid egg will at once sink to the bottom; an egg three days old will remain suspended about midway, and an egg that is five days old or more will rise to the surface of the solution. The vacuum in the shell is the explanation of the varying actions of the egg. The larger it becomes owing to the evaporation of the contents through the shell the more easily the egg floats.

Organ Grinders' Winter Resort.

The organ grinders of America, no less than the millionaires, have their winter resort. The organ grinders' winter resort is Italy, the Italian Riviera, and every boat that sails for Naples or Genoa in the late autumn has a steerage crowded with organ grinders. These men do so well in the spring and summer that they can afford a winter at home. Their home is a lovely one, far different from what they would get if they stayed in America. They sit at home on ancient piazzas and in the evening squares of little mountain towns. Behind them rise in the blue and gold air the pale pinnacles of the Maritime Alps. Before them, but far below, stretches the blue and glistering floor of the sea, with tiny ships coming and going. Yes, it is very pleasant for the organ grinders at home. Palms bloom everywhere. Oranges, yellow as gold, shine among the foliage. The air is sweet with the perfume of the great rose and violet farms that feed the voracious perfume factories of France. And it is cheap. For 19 or 25 cents a day the organ grinder can be as happy in his winter resort as the millionaire can be in his for \$10 or \$15.

President Tyler's Feast.

President Tyler's dinners were, on a large scale, those of a wealthy Virginia planter, and as the greater part of the provisions came from his own plantation at Greenway Court they tickled the palates of the most exacting epicures. He employed a negro cook from his old home, one who knew how to do a turn fried chicken and to shave off the delicious pink slices of baked ham. These hams were considered the finest that ever graced a table, and the Virginia porkers of today, famed the world over, might well pride themselves on their noble ancestry, that were as carefully prepared for the table as a thoroughbred horse for a race. For ham, then, he ran in the loosely harvested fields of black-eyed peas, after which they were fed on selected corn until shortly before the holidays, when they were killed, then smoked for several months by hickory chips and finally rubbed down with moist brown sugar.—Home Magazine.

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