MONTOUR AMERICAN

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

Danville, Pa., Dec. 24 1903.

CHLOROFORMED AND ROBBED

During Tuesday night burglars pried open a window in the rear of Francis Bowman's home, on South Shamokin street, at Shamokin, and after chloroforming Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, ransacked the house and stole $26 in cash, a watch, besides several other articles of small value.

The victims did not recover from the effects of the anaesthetic until about 7 o'clock Wednesday morning. Mr. Bowman was the first to waken, and had a beating headache, and was a very sick man. An odor of chloroform soon told the story. He attempted to awaken Mrs. Bowman, but she was still under the influence of the drug, and did not come to her senses until about an hour later.

A search of the premises was instituted, bureau drawers and cupboard doors were standing open and their contents scattered about the floor. The search revealed that the above mentioned articles were missing. Also that the rear window had been forced open.

Who the perpetrators are the victims have not the least idea, but the Shamokin officers have the case in hand.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

List of Grand Jurors for Dec. Term of Court 1903.

Anthony—Thomas Derr, William Brennen.

Cooper—Benjamin Buck.

Derry—J. W. Lowrie, John E. Wolfe, John Seidel.

Danville, First Ward—C. C. Moyer, William Mincemoyer, George Freeze, Thomas Reifsnyder.

Danville, Second Ward—Edward Mowery, Harry Phile.

Danville, Fourth Ward—John Jenkins, Theodore Baker, James Toohey, Peter Deitrich, Thomas Gill.

Liberty—Charles Robbins, J. D. Cotner.

Mahoning—George W. Sandel.

Mayberry—C. W. Eckman, Claud R. Kimbel.

Washingtonville—John A. Cooper, A. L. Heddens.

List of Traverse Jurors for Dec. Term of Court, 1903.

Anthony—Bryan C. Dennen, C. C. Mohr, P. F. Brennen.

Cooper—Isaiah Krum, William Dougherty.

Danville, First Ward—George E. Ammerman, William Startzel, William M. Heddens, Samuel McCormick, Taring G. Brown.

Danville, Second Ward—Joseph Bird, William Switzer.

Danville, Third Ward—James Finnegan, Dan Lyons, Harry Patton, W. J. Ritter, Dan Ryan, Henry Fleckenstine.

Danville, Fourth Ward—A. C. Angle, Wilson Fry, Joseph Sherwood, John Weniger.

Liberty—William P. Blue, Luther Cromley, Andrew Billmeyer, Dan Shade.

Mahoning—Frank Smith, Edward Maus, W. T. Dyer, Jerry Donovan, Henry Reich.

Mayberry—Joseph Brofee.

Valley—E. V. Flick.

West Hemlock—Matthew Maus, Peter Shultz, Albert Hartman.

Invented Oil Filterer.

W. O. DeWitt, superintendent of the Irondale Electric Light Co., has invented an oil filterer by which an elaborate absolute filtration can be secured of lubricating oils which are used in manufacturing plants, making the oil as good as new and making possible a large saving in this item of expenditure. The invention promises to be a valuable and important one.—Bloomsburg Press.

Mr. DeWitt is a son of Dr. A. T. Dewitt, Riverside.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25.

Steingenwalt—Klose.

In Danville at the parsonage of Trinity Lutheran church, by the Rev. L. D. Ulrich, Miss Maude M. Klose and Charles W. Steingenwalt, were united in marriage on Wednesday evening, December 16. The bride is of South Williamsport. Mr. Steinenwalt is inspector for the Western Union Telegraph Company. They will reside in this city.

P. & R.'s Action in Smallpox.

In order to prevent the spread of smallpox as much as within their power to do so, the P. & R. R. R. Company has issued an order giving instructions to their employes how to handle suspicious looking characters and those who are afflicted with the disease. The order is issued by General Superintendent Dice and countersigned by the various division superintendents.

Mr. Laumaster at Berwick.

On the 24th of January, in the M. E. church, the Y. M. C. A.'s next anniversary will be held. Among the speakers secured are Secretary S. M. Bard, of the Pennsylvania State Association, and W. D. Laumaster, of Danville. The evening will no doubt be devoted to a mass meeting of the public.—Berwick Daily Enterprise.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

[Original.]

It is impossible to tell what is for our welfare. I knew a young man who wrote a hand so illegible and spelled so incorrectly that the firm with which he was a clerk put him on outside work. In this he did so well that he eventually became managing partner. Had he written well he would never have been more than an accountant.

When I was young I was the pet of an aunt who was devoted to fashion. I was fond of society myself, and, being popular, my aunt was so pleased with me that she made a will in my favor, bequeathing me at her death a considerable fortune. I fell in love with a young lady who, like myself, was "in the swim," but unfortunately poor. My aunt, who was very romantic, was not at all displeased with my marriage, declaring that she had quite enough for both of us. Indeed she gave me an allowance which enabled me to support a wife and live a life of ease.

During the winter at the end of which our first child was born I was obliged to go into society without my wife. She was very notional in what she ate and craved things usually unattainable. One evening she was seized with a desire for some strawberries. It was in February, and even if the berries were to be had the markets were closed. I was going to a ball and was obliged to leave my wife pining for the fruit while I danced. It seemed like "fiddling while Rome was burning."

What was my surprise to see on the supper table at the house where the ball took place a splendid dish of strawberries. They had been brought from the south, but instead of being tasteless, as such berries usually are, were sweet and juicy. I ate a plateful of them and at the same time was planning to purloin some of them to take home to my wife. I loitered in the supper room till every guest had gone, all the while fearful that the strawberries would be gone as well. Fortunately a waiter brought in a fresh dish just as the room was left vacant. Seeing on the floor under a side table some paper boxes in which bonbons had been sent to the house, I selected one about the size of a quart strawberry box and, hastily filling it, slipped it unseen into a pocket in the swallow tail of my coat. Then I went to the hostess to bid her good night in order that I might at once carry the precious strawberries to my wife.

"Surely you are not going so early?" said the lady. "You can't go now. I need you to lead the cotillon."

I was terrified. Lead the cotillon with my pocket full of strawberries!

"Can you not excuse me?" I asked. "I am not feeling well."

"You are looking splendid. However, Mr. Vincent will arrive soon. I will relieve you when he comes."

"But I have no partner."

"I will dance the figure with you. Come, the music has begun."

Fancy my feelings at sailing away in a waltz with my coattails full of strawberries. Never did I guide a partner with such dexterity, gliding over the waxed floor, dreading especially that I might slip, now extricating her from between couples closing in upon us, barely saving my coattails from being crushed, now backing and stopping within a few steps to save the precious berries from being mashed by some lumbering dancer who was in everybody's way. Nevertheless there was an excitement in exercising my skill that was by no means displeasing to me. I was devoted to dancing, and, whirling about on the slippery floor, passing and repassing beautiful women in artistic costumes, I gradually forgot my burden and at the end of the figure, when every one was sounding my praises for its originality and the skill with which I had handled it, I threw myself on to a pale blue damask sofa for a rest.

There was a hum of conversation while preparations were being made for the next figure, and I was thinking of some new features I would introduce with it when I felt that I was sitting on something wet. In an instant the presence of the strawberries in my coat pocket and the fact that I was sitting on them flashed upon me. I sprang to my feet, and there on the robin's egg damask of the sofa was a strawberry blotch not unlike the map of North America, with the isthmus of Panama trickling on to the floor. At the moment the music began, and the hostess, seizing me, whirled me away again in the dance. Presently I noticed that the couples were avoiding me, at the same time regarding me curiously. As I spun round drops of the juice were scattered from my coattail like drops from a carriage wheel, damaging the costumes of those who came near me.

My social career was ended. The hostess reported to my aunt that I had stolen her berries, had made myself a laughing stock and had offended a dozen of her guests whose costumes I had ruined. I attended one more ball that season, but as I excited either the laughter or the contempt of every one I never went to another. My aunt disinherited me, cut off my allowance, and I was obliged to make my own living.

Now comes the sequel. I took up art, which I had dropped when my aunt took me up. I am a born artist and soon secured a hanging at an exposition that made a permanent demand for my pictures. About this time my aunt died, and it was discovered that the manager of her estate had sunk every dollar of it. The strawberry episode had not only led me to take up a delightful occupation, but to provide myself with a competency.

ELLEON PORTER.

DIZZINESS AND WEAK NERVES CURED.

Nothing Helped Until the Wonderful New Medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, Was Taken. Your Money Back If It Does Not Cure.

"I very much wish," writes Loretta J. Vail, of Hopewell Junction, N. Y., that I might be able in a few lines, without putting myself forward, to let the people understand how valuable Cal-cura Solvent, the *new* medicine discovered by Dr. David Kennedy, is in cases of indigestion and the like ailments, which are so common among us. I suffered from a severe variety of liver complaint, with dizziness, numbness, and an exceedingly weak and excitable state of the nerves. I employed the best treatment within my reach, yet nothing really helped until I began to use Cal-cura Solvent, and that did."

If your druggist does not have Cal-cura Solvent, write to the Cal-cura Company, Rondout, N.Y., but ask your druggist first. $1.00 a bottle. Only one size.

Guarantee: Your druggist will return your money if Cal-cura fails to cure, and The Cal-cura Company will pay the druggist. Remember, Cal-cura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders.

WHEN DAVID CAME

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Elm Dale was the scene of joyful preparation, for Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Hammond were soon to celebrate their golden wedding. From far and near their children and grandchildren were coming to the old country home under the great elms.

All of the neighbors were interested in the coming event, and a number of them were pledged "to help out on chairs and china." Patience Saybin, familiarly known as "Patty," and her brother lived only a mile from Elm Dale, but they had not been asked to contribute, and Patty felt slighted.

"I've offered to lend them everything on the place, even you, John," she said to her brother, "but Mrs. Hammond says they have all the arrangements made. I did want a finger in the pie."

John laughed. "Never mind, little girl," he said consolingly. "Mr. Hammond says they may ask us to 'sleep' one or two if the old house won't hold them all."

The day before the celebration Mrs. Hammond drove over in the morning to see Patty. "I thought we could slow 'em all away," she said, with a smile, "but I was thinking Mary had four children 'stead of five. I don't see how I came to forget little David when I counted noses. I've been wondering, dear, if you'd let him sleep here either like or one of the others?"

"Oh, yes!" Patty cried delightedly. "I should love to, Mrs. Hammond."

The old lady smiled. "I brought his picture along," she said, "so you could see what a dear little fellow he was."

Patty bent eagerly over the photograph. A pleasant little face smiled at her from the cardboard—the round, dimpled face of a five-year-old. "He's a perfect cherub!" she cried.

"I'm expecting most of my children this evening, and if his folks come I'll send him over before bedtime."

The dear old lady forgot to tell Patty that the picture of David was taken twenty-three years before.

All that day Patty was very busy preparing "little David's room." An old high chair and trundle bed were brought down from the attic and dusted. Lizzie, the good natured girl in the kitchen, made some little round cakes, and Patty frosted them and put a pink "I" on the top of two or three. When evening came everything was in readiness for the expected guest. The tin waiter and tiny knife, fork and plate were on the dining room table, and the little rocker held out its welcoming arms in the sitting room. An old rocking horse that had been John's long ago waited patiently for its gallant rider, and a little woolly dog stood on three legs with an air of expectation.

The day had been a long one to Patty. At 7 o'clock she was rearranging the furniture in little David's room when the doorbell rang. She went to the head of the stairs and called to Lizzie.

"Hurry, Lizzie!" she cried. "They've brought little David over. Take him into the sitting room and amuse him. I'll be down in a few minutes." She flitted back to her work and did not hear Lizzie's exclamation of astonishment when she opened the door and saw a big, broad shouldered man standing there. Probably he had overheard Patty's instructions to the girl, for his eyes were full of laughter, though he said soberly enough, "Good evening. I am David Terrell. Miss Saybin was expecting me, I believe?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," Lizzie stammered, "but she wasn't expectin' quite"—She paused in embarrassment.

"Quite as much of me?" he asked laughingly.

Lizzie giggled and led the way to the sitting room. The little chair held out its welcoming arms in vain to this guest. David Terrell's eyes rested at once upon the rocking horse and woolly dog, and his expression momentarily grew more cheerful.

"Were these them these preparations made in my honor?" he asked Lizzie. But before the girl could answer a sweet voice came from the upper landing, "Are you amusing him, Lizzie?" Lizzie giggled hysterically.

"Tell her you are," the young man whispered.

"Yes'm," she called in muffled tones from behind her apron.

"Show him the picture books," the voice went on, "and if the little fellow is tired take him up in your lap."

Lizzie stepped into the lower hall and turned her laughing face up to her mistress. "Please, ma'am, I can't," she said. "I'd hate to try."

"I'm ashamed of you!" the indignant reply came. "I'll come right down and take him myself."

Lizzie fled to the kitchen, and there was the quick click of heels on the stairs. Then David Terrell saw a pretty picture framed in the wide doorway. Miss Patty stood there, with surprise and disappointment plainly written on her expressive face.

"Where—where is?" she began in a bewildered way.

David came forward. "I don't know where he is," he said. "If I did I'd get him for you, Miss Saybin."

"You?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm little David's successor. Will you forgive me for growing older and larger, Miss Saybin?"

For a moment the sensitive mouth quivered. She had anticipated so much. Then she held out her hand and said, with a smile, "I suppose you can't help it, but you don't look much like your picture."

"Oh, that's it! Grandmother showed you that small boy photo, did she?"

Patty nodded and smiled again. After all, this David had pleasant eyes, quite like the little fellow's. "I am glad that you came," she said hospitably. "My brother and I are often lonely, and John will be delighted to entertain some one of his own age. I hear him coming now." And she rose and went to the door to meet him. "John," David heard her say, "Mr. Terrell is here."

"Mr. Terrell?" the answer came. "And who is he, Patty?"

"Hush! He'll hear us. It is little David. Don't laugh so loud, John!" She clapped her hand into his and led him to the sitting room, and in a few minutes the three young people were on the short road to friendship.

Late in the evening they adjourned to the dining room for a little lunch. Patty had forgotten the high chair and its accompaniments, and it was with a feeling of dismay that she saw their visitor's eyes traveling in that direction.

"Are those things for my use?" he asked humbly.

"What things?" Patty said innocently.

"This high chair, the tray and so on."

"Oh," she said, with a guilty glance at John, "those belong to my brother."

John stared at her in amazement. His face grew crimson with suppressed mirth when Mr. Terrell said, "How old is your little brother?"

"Twenty-seven," Patty answered demurely, and John exploded with laughter. "No good pretending, Patty," he cried. "Better show him all of my old possessions, including the trundle bed, but we'll not ask him to occupy it."

The morning of the golden wedding dawned clear and bright. It was a day filled with happiness for all who gathered at the old home. At 10 that night David Terrell gave John and Patty full account of "the gathering of the clans," as he called it. In conclusion he said, "I shall have to ask you to keep me another night, but after that there will be room for me at Elm Dale."

"I thought you said you must go tomorrow," John exclaimed.

"Yes; that's so, but since then"—and he glanced quickly at Patty—"I've made other arrangements. My brother and I are partners, and Jim is willing that I should have my summer vacation now."

"Oh," Patty cried, "I'm so glad! Aren't you, John?"

"Yes," he said heartily, but this sudden change of plans made him suspicious.

David made good use of those four weeks. His grandmother laughingly accused him of spending half of his vacation with the Saybins.

The last day came, and David walked over for a farewell visit. He found Patty alone on the vine shaded porch. John was away on business, she explained. "Never mind," David said cheerfully. "It is you I wish to see." Her clear eyes were raised to his inquiringly.

"Will you keep your word," he said gently, "and take me?"

"My word!" she murmured wonderingly.

"Yes. Before I saw you I heard you tell Lizzie that you were coming downstairs and you would take me yourself." There was a mischievous light in his eyes now.

Patty's face flushed. "You know I didn't mean"—she began.

He interrupted her anxiously. "But you will take me, dear, on trial for the sake of little David?"

She smiled into the honest eyes, so like those of the child in the picture. "Yes," she said, "for the sake of little David's successor."

Cafes in the Hungarian Capital.

The trees and the cafes in Pest are Parisian, only there are more trees and more cafes, and in Pest the cafes do not have a crowded existence. There is never the impression of a few tables and a few chairs forced into a narrow space. It seems as if, when the city was laid out and when the buildings were erected, special providence had been made for tables and shrubbery in front of them in the same way that space is calculated for gardens and fountains and lakes in laying out an exposition ground. If old Paris was all on a hill on one side of the Seine and new Paris had been built since 1800 and the Parisian had the free life of the gypsy in his heart and the Russian's fondness for room whether outdoors or in and art and architecture had flourished in Hungary for centuries, there might be some reason for that comparison which frequently occurs to the hurrying tourist.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

His Little Avocation.

"But," said the bright and good looking young woman, "haven't you any pursuit that you follow for the simple love of it in the hours when you are not at your office?"

The great and powerful organizer of capital stood for a moment abashed by the simple candor of a young girl. Then a ray of inspiration swept over his countenance, and he answered:

"Oh, yes. I'm a coin collector."—Washington Star.

Canned Goods.

Employ the following infallible test of preservation: Upon the first insertion of knife or punch listen for the distinct sound of a small rush of air. If this is to be heard, the preservation is perfect. Turn out the contents of all tins immediately upon their being opened.

Basis.

"But, after all, is not good digestion the basis of beauty?"

"Aye, what else may change the grub into the butterfly?" exclaimed Beatrice, attacking the sirloin zestfully.—Detroit Free Press.

Down and Out.

Upton—Say, isn't that richly dressed woman across the street your cook?

Suburb—No. We did make our home with her for awhile, but she discharged us last week.—Buffalo News.

History repeats itself. You cannot find the age of a woman in the Bible.

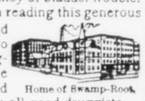
DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.



Home of Swamp-Root.

Don't make no mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N.Y., on every bottles.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tabules

Doctors find
A good prescription
For mankind

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

AFTER MANY DAYS

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

"Here I be again, Miss Wilbur," a blithe voice called, "beggin' for flowers this time. The cows have eaten ours off clean, an' we must have a good spread for our company."

A cluster of freshly opened roses called her attention, and she ran forward to smell of them. At length she came back with flushed face and sparkling eyes. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Miss Wilbur!" she cried roguishly. "He's come—Alfred Gray, the man I'm to marry, you know."

Miss Wilbur's hand closed a little more closely upon her pruning shears, but her face was calm, even smiling. Yes, she had heard the rumor.

"I thought he was not expected until next week," she observed. "At least that is what the paper said."

"Oh, I don't know," doubtfully. "We don't have a paper. But I think Charlie was expectin' him before next week. Mr. Gray's goin' to stay with him. They used to know each other. But there! I'd better get the flowers an' be goin'. They're all comin' up this evenin', an' ma said for me to hurry back an' get through with my fixin' an' fussin'. An', say, Miss Wilbur, if you don't mind, I'd like to bring him up to see you 'fore he goes," looking up with a shy, pleading expression on her baby face.

"Of course," the strained lips forced themselves to say, "you must bring him by all means."

But after the girl's departure Miss Wilbur left the flowers and hurried away to the seclusion of her own room. Bring him to her, this young girl who had been but a baby when they two had been so much to each other! What did it mean? And he had not even written to her or in any way announced his coming.

A week later she sat on the porch with her eyes fixed on the last visible point of the street before it was shut out by the althea hedge. A firm, eager step came up the sidewalk from the opposite direction, but she did not notice until her gate latch clicked; then she turned inquiringly.

She knew him in an instant, for the years had brought but a stronger step and nobler carriage, with perhaps a too liberal sprinkling of gray hair. She was conscious of a curious thrill of awe and tenderness as she rose from her chair, for even in that brief instant she remembered that there was not a single gray intruder among her own soft hair, and his she associated with the work which had conquered obstacles and adversity.

"Alfred!" she said as she went forward with extended hands.

"Elizabeth!"

"Come up on the veranda, Alfred," she said, with her eyes full of frank welcome. "I want to hear all about it. Of course I know in a fragmentary way, but it will seem new and more real from your lips."

And he told her, sitting in his old place behind the honeysuckle, with the swaying sprays sending alternate lines of sunshine and shade across his face in the same old way. And she listened with eyes full, lips half parted and with her head nodding commendation or sympathy from time to time. It was a story of heroism and triumph, told in a straightforward, matter of fact way, without egotism or self depreciation, knowing it was her right to have it entire even as he had lived it.

"But it is good to be home again, Elizabeth," he concluded, with a satisfied sigh, as he leaned back in his chair and surveyed the veranda and the flower garden beyond. "The memory of these flowers and their owner has been with me through all the twenty years I have been away. Many times have I been on the point of giving up and returning to them, and, indeed," a trace of reserve coming into his voice, "I might have done so but for what you said and the look you gave me when we last stood together among your honeysuckles. I knew I could only return to the sentence of a deserter who had forsaken his colors."

She was looking at him in a wondering, startled way, with the color coming softly into her face.

"But—you never wrote, Alfred."

"Yes, twice. One of the letters was lost, however, for I heard later of the ship's going down in midocean."

"I never received it." Then, "But you have been in the place a week, Alfred, and only just called."

He looked puzzled. "I came in on the train an hour ago, Elizabeth, and would have been here before but for a complication over a telegram. It seems there is another man of the same name in town."

"But Susie?"

"Never mind Susie, whoever she may be. I have gone through my probation and have done my work with all the strength that God gave me. Now I have come 10,000 miles for my reward—for you. If there is more work, bid me do it; but for charity's sake do not refuse your companionship in the labor."

She was not looking at him now. Her heart was too full for speech, almost for thought. The dog rubbed against her, and an oriole lifted up his voice in a sudden ecstasy of song. She stroked the one tremulously and looked at the other with the tenderness of the great joy that had come to her.

Then the gate clicked, and she roused herself with an effort. A young man whom she did not know stood before her, and with him was Susie.

"I've brought him at last, Miss Wilbur," the girl cried merrily. "But I just had to drag him, he's so bashful. Mr. Gray, this is my Sunday school teacher I told you about." Then, disregarding further formality, and with bubbling gladness in her voice, "An', oh, say, Miss Wilbur, we've coaxed him to stay with us for good an' all. He's goin' to open a grocery next the post office." Here she caught sight of the gray haired, soldierly figure in the background and stopped in sudden confusion.

"This is Mr. Gray, too, Susie," Miss Wilbur said, with something in her voice which the girl could not understand, "and we, too, are going to be married."

Ingenuity In a Flat.

Alyce—What a lovely cozy corner, Mayme! Such a pretty couch!

Mayme—Isn't it? It's made out of five trunks and a hatbox, seven pillows, two bolsters and an old piano cover.—Detroit Free Press.

A Measure of Time.

The Pupil—It seemed to me I must have practiced all of two hours.

The Professor—But I'm sure you did not. If you had practiced two hours, it would have seemed like six.—Puck.

THE REV. MR. DINGLEY

[Original.]

Having been ordered by the bishop to proceed to Helena to fill the place of a brother clergyman who had been taken ill, I was proceeding by stage—the only vehicle then in use in Montana—and alone in the coach. Shortly before dusk the driver pulled up in a lonely place, and I heard him talking with some one. Then a man opened the door and got in. He was roughly dressed, but his face was singularly refined.

The stranger opened conversation and we soon got into an animated discussion. He knew by my canonicals that I was a clergyman of the Episcopal church, and I told him that I was the Rev. Charles Dingley, going to Helena to preach the next day.

"Well, now," he said, "that's strange. I am going to Helena for the same purpose."

"You?"

"Certainly. I may not appear very clerical in this toggery," glancing at his high boots, corduroy trousers and blue flannel shirt, "but I will engage to preach you as orthodox a sermon as any regularly ordained clergyman in our church."

I smiled. The man was surely joking.

"We'll be there in an hour," he continued. "Meanwhile I must be making my preparations. You see, I was out fishing when I received the bishop's order, and, not having time to go home and get on my priestly garments, I cut across the country to meet this coach."

There was something very extraordinary about this. Surely the bishop would not order two men on the same duty. I stared at the fellow and waited for further development.

"I'll trouble you to take off your clothes," he said.

I laughed, but there was something so serious in his manner that my laugh was rather forced.

"Come," he went on. "I'm waiting."

I laughed again. Putting his hand to his hip, he drew a six shooter and placed the muzzle disgustingly near my nose. It was now evident that there was some desperado business in the wind, and, realizing my defenselessness, I took off my coat, my vest, my trousers and turned them over. When I handed him the gold cross which I always wore suspended from my neck he hesitated a moment, as though the sacrilege was a trifle too much for him, then put it on. When he donned my low crowned, broad brimmed clerical hat he looked far more of a clergyman than I even when appropriately dressed.

"I suppose you want my purse," I said. "You will find it in my trousers pocket."

"Your purse?" he replied. "Do you suppose that I, a clergyman, would rob you?" And, taking out the purse after glancing at its contents, he tossed it to me.

"May I put on your clothes?" I asked. "I must wear something."

"Certainly."

I slipped on his garments and must confess that I looked more like a man of the wild west than he had looked in the same apparel.

In less than half an hour we pulled up at the —— hotel, and the coach door was opened by the landlord. My companion stepped out and shut the door. I heard him tell the landlord that there was a lunatic inside the coach and he had better be careful. He then informed him that he was the Rev. Charles Dingley and had come to preach the next day in place of the Rev. Mr. Goggin, who was ill; that on the way a rough looking man had got into the coach, who conceived himself to be a clergyman, at once giving evidence of insanity. I thrust my head out of the coach door and protested, but I saw at a glance the futility of doing so. Then for the first time the seriousness of the situation came upon me. I had never been to Helena and did not know a soul in the town.

The landlord held the coach door till men were summoned, who took me into the tavern and upstairs to a room, or, rather, a large closet without a window, where I was locked in. There was a cot in the room, and soon after my incarceration the door was opened and my supper handed in. There was nothing for me to do but accept the situation, so I ate the supper, then threw myself on the bed and fell asleep.

It was the next afternoon about 3 o'clock that I heard a number of footsteps on the stairs, and my door was suddenly unlocked and thrown open. There stood three well dressed men.

"Do you know anything about the man who came in the coach with you yesterday?" asked one of them.

"Yes, he forced me to give him my clothes, and when we arrived told the landlord I was a lunatic."

"And you are"—

"The Rev. Charles Dingley."

"Gentlemen, we have been sold."

"Well?" I asked.

"The Rev. Charles Dingley who preached this morning made an impassioned appeal for funds to be used in erecting a reformatory where road agents and swindlers could be gently led back to the paths of virtue. He got the biggest collection we have had since Easter, but when we whose duty it is to take charge of all church funds went to the vestry to count the money we found the door locked. When we succeeded in getting in, the bird had flown, and the collection was not to be found."

It was afterward discovered that the man who had robbed me of my clothes and had so wrought upon his hearers was called Slippery Jim, and he had perpetrated the neatest trick ever played on the unsuspecting citizens of that region. THEODORE RICHARDS.

If the burdock is sliced off with a sharp spade four inches below the crown of the plant, it is the end of that burdock.

Purely grass fed Texas cattle sold for $6.45 per hundredweight on the Chicago market in July. At these figures the growing of such cattle is a bonanza.

The range cattlemen have a great prospect ahead—the best growth of grass known for years and an abnormally high market in sight for their fatted cattle this coming fall.

The quality of a potato depends almost wholly upon the kind of soil on which it is grown, the amount of moisture available for the plant during its growing season and the size of the tubers.

A Veteran Passes Away.

Jacob Reaser, a well known resident of Mahoning township and a veteran of the Civil war, died at his home on Bloom road shortly before 2 o'clock Sudday morning.

The deceased had been ill for some months, death being due to general paralysis. He was sixty-three years of age. He was a member of Goodrich Post, No. 22, G. A. R. and for some years was Chaplain of that body. For a long time he followed broom making. He was a good citizen and held the esteem of all whom he met in his walk of life. He was a widower.

Easy Pill

Easy to take and easy to act is that famous little pill DeWitt's Little Early Risers. This is due to the fact that they tonic the liver instead of purging it. They never gripe nor sicken, not even the most delicate lady, and yet they are so certain in results that no one who uses them is disappointed. They cure torpid liver, constipation, billousness, jaundice, headache, malaria and ward off pneumonia and fevers.

PREPARED ONLY BY
E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO
Don't Forget the Name.

Early Risers

Sold by Gosh & Co. Paules & Co.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William N. Simington, late of Liberty township, Montour county, Pa., deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are required to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the said estate, will make known the same without delay, to

R. M. Simington, Admin.
of W. N. Simington deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Sabina Clatyon, late of the Borough of Danville, Montour county, Pa., deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are required to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the said estate, will make known the same without delay, to

M. G. YOUNGMAN,
Administrator, Danville, Pa.
M. J. BALDY, Atty.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of James L. Riehl, late of the Borough of Danville, Montour County, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of James L. Riehl, late of the Borough of Danville, County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

GEORGE M. GEARHART,
Executor of the last will of James L. Riehl, deceased, Danville, Penn'a.
or to his Atty.
WM. J. BALDY.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

TO ALL CREDITORS, LEGATEES AND OTHER PERSONS INTERESTED—Notice is hereby given, that the following named persons did on the date affixed to their names, file the accounts of their administration to the estate of those persons, deceased, and Guardian Accounts, &c, whose names are hereinafter mentioned, in the office of the Register for the Probate of Wills and granting of Letters of Administration, in and for the County of Montour, and that the same will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county, for confirmation and allowance, on **Monday, the 28th day of Dec. A. D., 1903,** at the meeting of the Court in the afternoon.

1903.

Nov. 27th.—The First and Final account of Susan Shell, Administratrix of the estate of James K. Shell, late of Limestone township, Montour county, deceased.

Nov. 28th.—The First and Final account of Mary E. Mitchell Executrix of the last will and testament of David Vansickle, late of the Borough of Danville, Montour county, deceased.

Nov. 28th.—The First and Final account of George M. Gearhart, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of the estate of Elizabeth Riehl, late of the Borough of Danville, Montour county, deceased.

WM. L. SIDLER, Register

Register's Office, Danville, Pa.,
Nov. 28th, 1903.

A GOOD THING GIVE IT A PUSH.

LIVONA CAMP, PA. APRIL 21, 1902.
MOYER BROS.

DEAR SIR:—

I think that every man that has a team of horses or any stock, ought to have a bottle of Moyer's White Liniment in the stable or his house. I had a horse that stepped in a hole with his front foot, coming down the mountain with a trail of props, and fell forward and strained his shoulder blade. That it swelled so fast that we could hardly get the collar off, and in two hours his neck was swollen to all the skin would hold. We used your White Liniment freely, and in a few days he was to work again, and does not show any signs of lameness. It worked like magic.

Respectfully Yours,
J. A. BARTHAST.

—MANUFACTURED BY—

Moyer Bros,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
Bloomsburg -- Pa.

For sale by all dealers.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby duly given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between Arthur M. Heddens and Joseph Breitenbach, Jr., under the firm and business name of "H. Gloss-Breitenbach Candy Company," was on this fourteenth day of November, A. D. 1903 dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are receivable by the said Arthur M. Heddens to whom all claims and demands against the said partnership are to be presented for payment.

ARTHUR M. HEDDENS,
JOSEPH C. BREITENBACH.
Danville, Pa. November 14th, 1903.

The Home Paper of Danville.

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THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER.

Everybody Reads It.

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To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.