MONTOUR AMERICAN

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

Danville, Pa., April 6, 1905.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

CHAS. W. COOK,
of Valley Township.

LOST IN THE AIR.

Birds at Times Get Confused and Lose Their Bearings.

Boys are frequently lost in the woods, and it is a singular fact that birds are sometimes lost in the air. This might seem strange to almost any one, but the average man is a superficial observer of little things.

In the far north, and particularly along the ocean coasts, birds are frequently storm driven and lose their bearings, so that many of them are lost at sea. They keep floating in the air, aimlessly striving to live until exhaustion compels them to drop into the angry waves, which engulf them.

There is a well authenticated case on record of an ocean liner bringing into New York on a winter's day a large white owl which had dropped to one of the forward spars in an exhausted condition more than 800 miles off the coast of Newfoundland. It was nearly dead from cold and hunger and almost too weak to eat anything. It had become much emaciated and trembled in its distress when it tried to swallow the first morsel of meat which was placed within its beak. The captain and sailors were all interested in it, and under their nourishing care it slowly recovered and became entirely well and healthy and strong. It willingly remained with the ship afterward.

It was evidently a land bird which had been blown off from the coast of Newfoundland by strong west winds, had become lost, merely drifted before the gales, kept out of the water, almost starved to death and made its last intelligent effort to reach the ship and there fell in exhaustion and collapse.

Old sailors narrate many other instances of finding birds that have been lost in the air.—St. Louis Republic.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Do you always keep an appointment or just claim to?

A woman always thinks her dressmaker keeps half the goods.

Nine-tenths of the things people quarrel over do not make any difference one way or the other.

When the doctor says to you, "Old man, I'm sorry, but you can't live an hour," how will you take it?

A boy is old enough to be welcome in the neighbor girl's parlor long before his sister thinks he is old enough to sit in the parlor at home.

Had the old fashioned children acted like the present generation there would have been no children. Their parents would have beaten them to death.

Every one has his vanity card to play. The preacher gets a man into the fold by telling him of the "great influence" he has upon others.—Atchison Globe.

A Fish's Appetite.

A singular instance of tenacity in the digestion of fish is reported from Sheffield, England. The fish, which was a ling four feet long, had what appeared to be an abnormally hard liver. But the cutting up process revealed something far stranger. The supposed hard liver turned out to be nothing else but a piece of stout netting, over two yards long and fourteen inches wide, which had been pressed into the form of a football. How this great mass of indigestible material came to be swallowed by the creature is a mystery, and the suggestion that the fish caught in the toils of a fisherman's net solved the problem of how to escape by devouring his prison walls is not considered scientifically practicable.

Why Leaves Turn Brown.

The green matter in the tissues of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn the natural growth of the tree is retarded, and oxidation of the tissues takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red. Under different aspects it takes on a yellow or brown hue. The difference in color is due to the difference in combinations of the original constituents of the green tissues and to the varying condition of climate, exposure and soil. Maples and oaks have the brightest color.

Compromising.

Charles—She is suing her late employer's estate for $50,000. Henry—On what ground? Charles—On the ground that on four different occasions he said to her, "We are having fine weather," with the accent on the "we."—Brooklyn Life.

A Broad Hint.

The Barber (lathering customer and gazing out of window)—I tell you, sir, the man who shaves himself keeps the bread and butter out of some poor barber's mouth. The Customer (fiercely)—And incidentally the lather out of his own!—Puck.

A Big Gorge.

Mrs. Newrich (back from the honeymoon in Switzerland)—Do you remember, dear, that lovely gorge up in the mountains? Mr. Newrich—I do. It was the squarest meal I ever ate.

Think Straight.

It would be impossible for a lawyer to make a reputation in his profession while continually thinking about medicine or engineering. He must think about law and must study and become thoroughly imbued with its principles. It is unscientific to expect to attain excellence or ability enough to gain distinction in any particular line while holding the mind upon and continually contemplating something radically different.—Success.

Sign of the Gambler.

When you see a man excessively shined up, new overcoat, new hat, trousers painfully creased, shoes that reflect images of the surroundings; when you see him enter a car, throw the tail of his coat up his back before dropping into a seat, stretch out his legs, jerk up his trousers and begin to clean his nails, it is safe to bet $1,000,000 he is a successful gambler.—New York Press.

He Had Use For It.

"Now, sir," began the agent, "this book"—

"Ain't got no use for it!" snapped the busy merchant.

"Oh, yes, you have! Look at the title, 'The Art of Conversation and Correct Speech.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where Extremes Meet

By Otho B. Senga

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Hammond, strong, alert, silent, guided his dashing automobile in and out amid the crush of traffic. His companion was silent also, which fact might have disconcerted a less observant man than Hammond.

He stopped the machine before a massive granite building and sprang to the sidewalk. Miss Markham watched him absently. He had said that he must stop at his office, but the waiting was not unwelcome to her. She liked to watch the great drays and heavy wagons and to observe the sights and sounds of this unfamiliar part of the city.

Presently she noticed that Hammond had not entered the building, but was standing in the doorway, looking up

"SHALL WE LOOK FOR IT TOGETHER, ELIZABETH?"

and down the street as if watching for some one. He caught her wandering glance and waved his hand, smiling brightly. Then he put both hands to his mouth, making a horn, and called something to her, which she could not hear above the roar of the street.

"He is like a boy," she thought and laughed in sympathy with his evident joyousness. "There is never any gloom or any uncertainty about him," adding sadly: "Men are so sure of themselves—and of one another. I wish—I wish I knew if he thinks only of my money, as all the others seem to do."

Still watching his eager face, she knew that whatever he had been waiting for was coming, and he pointed up the street and laughed again as he ran lightly down the steps.

Two young Italians, a man and a woman, were making ready to play. The girl wore a rose wreath on her dark hair, and her eyes were filled with the light of love as she looked fondly in the face of her companion.

The strains of the music came to Miss Markham in fitful snatches, mingled with the noises of the street. She saw that Hammond was listening as if to a symphony, and she wondered a little as to the meaning of the scene. She saw him place something in the girl's small brown hand, and then the man took off his cap with low obeisance, and the girl courtesied prettily as Hammond raised his hat politely and made his way to the automobile.

"What is it?" she questioned briefly as he took his seat.

"Only the beautiful outcome of a little romance that I have watched as it blossomed here amid the sordid rush of business."

"They are lovers, these two?" falling in with his mood.

"Yes. Wedded last night. Two magnificent types of primitive humanity!" with the enthusiasm of artistic perception.

They watched the two as they went down the street, each pushing the piano with one hand, while the other hands were clasped.

"Will you tell me about them?" she asked as they reached a broad, quiet avenue away from the din and confusion of the city.

"Are you really interested?" turning to look at her curiously.

"Very much so. Please tell me."

"They are Antoine and Carita. They may have other names. These are all I know. I have watched them from my window all winter. He had a tiny fruit stand on the corner, and she was errand girl in a big millinery establishment on the next street. I saw the first love glances, and I swear by Bunker Hill they did not come from Antoine."

Miss Markham laughed softly.

"I watched Carita passing and repassing, making several trips by the little stand for each errand. Then there would be days when she did not come at all, and Antoine's neck would have been safer in those days if it had really been made of rubber instead of the material provided by the Creator."

Miss Markham smiled appreciatively. She could fancy the ardent Italian gazing up and down the street watching for his sweetheart.

"Well, occasionally making pretense of an abnormal desire for bananas, I rushed out to the stand while she was still lingering there, and so I sometimes overheard a few sentences—their soft Italian love words sounding like bird notes in spring. Can't you fancy them building a nest somewhere of boughs and moss—they wouldn't require much more than the birds, you know—and settling down like the birds to sing their love songs and rear their young?"

A new light shone in Miss Markham's clear eyes.

"And this is the man whom the girls describe as a mere business automaton," she thought, but she only said encouragingly, "Well?"

Hammond's head swam for an instant with a comprehension of the magnitude of what he meant to do, but he went on steadily.

"The day of the tornado—you remember it—when the wind tore shutters from the houses and overthrew chimneys and great limbs were stripped from the trees as the small boy pulls leaves from a twig—that day I witnessed the downfall of the house of Buona—in other words, the complete destruction of Antoine's fruit stand and peanut cooker."

Miss Markham sighed with quick sympathy. Hammond was unconsciously giving the little story a dramatic turn.

"Poor Antoine! He made one or two frantic endeavors to prevent the disaster, and then, crushed by the misfortune, he clung to the doorway of the office building and watched the gamins as they wildly scrambled for the scattered fruit."

"And was everything entirely ruined?" Miss Markham's hand instinctively sought her purse.

"The peanut cooker lay in the mud, bent and twisted out of all semblance to its kind. Antoine picked it up with trembling hands and then, realizing its uselessness, replaced it in the gutter, while the tears streamed down his cheeks."

"That isn't all?" expectantly.

Hammond continued obediently: "'Never mind, Antoine,' I said cheerfully—it's so easy to be cheerful over another's misfortunes, you know—'you'll soon be on your feet again. We must expect reverses in business.' At my words of sympathy the flood gates of his grief were opened, and the words fairly tumbled over one another, his soft broken English finally relapsing into Italian altogether as he told his story. He had been so careful of his money—he had saved twenty-three 'dolla.' They were to have been married tomorrow, he and Carita, and he was to have bought Carita a new gown and a rose wreath for her hair, and they would have been so happy! And now—then he pointed eloquently to the ruined peanut cooker, waved both hands in a gesture expressing the utter nothingness of his condition, and the ready tears came again.

"I missed him then for several weeks. The other day they came together and waited until I came out from the office. 'My brudda—he die,' began Antoine cheerily as soon as I joined them. 'An' leave Antoine seventy-four dolla,' said Carita, her eyes big with the magnitude of the fortune. 'An' his business,' Antoine added pompously. 'Did he have a stand?' I asked him. 'No, a piano. We marry ourselves tonight, Thursday.'"

Hammond paused abruptly. The expression on Miss Markham's patrician face was so unlike the usual air of polite indifference that he was almost startled into the telling of his own story, forgetful of the Italian lovers. "That is all," he added awkwardly.

"And how did you know they would be at your office this morning?" as if reluctant to leave the subject.

"Antoine hunted me up last night—at the club. Said his wife—you should have seen his eyes when he said the word—his wife wanted to come and play for me first, believing it would bring them luck. I hadn't intended to go downtown this morning, as you know, but I thought that was really very little to do if it would add anything to their happiness. Foolish things, aren't they?" He turned his head away. She would agree with this, of course, and he couldn't bear to have her do so.

She put her hand lightly on his arm.

"No, they are not foolish. They are wise. They have found the greatest thing in the world. Those who win love need look no farther; there is nothing more to have here. They who lose it lose everything.

He put his own strong hand over the smaller one resting on his arm.

"Shall we look for it—together, Elizabeth?"

She looked hastily about—there was no one near; they were quite in the country now—and raised her beautiful face to his. "I think we have found it already," she whispered.

A Very Large Mine.

There was once in Cripple Creek an odd character named Burns. He was an odd person, who always, no matter what his work, wore what used to be called a "Prince Albert." He struck a rich vein of ore and named that the Prince Albert. Being of a generous and convivial disposition, this lucky fellow was, of course, surrounded by many self seeking friends. When he and they were in their cups some of them, with an eye to the main chance, managed to wheedle out of Burns on one pretext or another a deed of a share in his mine. With royal prodigality he scattered deeds about among his retainers and camp followers until finally something had to be done, and the case was taken into court. One of the lawyers had Burns on the stand. "Now, Mr. Burns," said the lawyer, "will you please tell the court how you can explain your conduct? The evidence shows that you have deeded away twenty-nine twenty-fourths of your mine. What have you to say to that?" "Well, sir," replied the witness, "you must remember, sir, that the Prince Albert is a very large mine."

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The first chrysanthemum show was held in Norwich, England, in 1829.

The Philadelphia Horticultural society held the first chrysanthemum show in the United States in 1883.

The first chrysanthemums brought to Europe were taken from China by skippers of the tea trading ships.

After the chrysanthemum is potted leave it for a little time in the shade. Then give it all the sun that is possible.

The chrysanthemum was introduced into England 200 years ago from China. It was grown first in Holland after its emigration.

The chrysanthemum is one of the easiest of garden flowers to grow, but it needs careful tending after it is brought into the house in pots when the frost comes.

The Change of a Name.

How family names change in the course of many years is illustrated by the conversion of "Boteville" into "Thynne." An English deed bearing date in the closing days of the fifteenth century shows three brothers then flourishing—John Boteville of Boteville and Thomas and William Boteville. The trio are distinguished from all other Botevilles by the explanation "of the Inne," or family residence, the title to which had come to their joint possession. John's grandson was known as Ralph Boteville-of-the-Inne, from which the transition to Ralph Thynne is easy. His descendants have been Thynnes ever since.

Keeping Cider.

Where cider is used from the cask, to prevent spoiling in the partly empty cask pour upon the cider a quart of some tasteless oil, such as olive or peanut oil. The oil will form a thin film on the surface of the cider and prevent access of the acetic and putrefactive ferments always present in the air.—Southern Farm Magazine.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tabuls

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.

THEIR NIGHT OFF

By.... Thomas E. Hinchman

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Twombley had been watching with silent satisfaction the very artistic smoke garlands he was reeling off his post luncheon cigar. Suddenly his glance fell to the figure of the girl bending over a desk by the window. Evidently she was puzzled by the letter he had given her to his father's Venezuelan representative. She shifted her position to throw a better light on the book. Incidentally it brought her profile out sharply against the early afternoon sunlight. Twombley forgot all about the smoke wreaths.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "that's a profile for the sculptor. I wonder where she sprang from and where the governor found her."

"The governor," otherwise Thomas Twombley, Sr., had been called suddenly to London, and Thomas Twombley, Jr., was spending his summer in the office instead of at Newport or on some friend's yacht, as was his usual custom. The summer nights in town were something of a revelation to the young man, who, despite his city birth, knew little of city life, so much had he traveled with his mother.

The girl swung round to her desk, and the typewriter clicked insistently. Tom laid down his cigar and bent forward, watching her curiously. It must be devilish hard to work like that when you know you were meant for better things, thought the young fellow, and the light of a strong resolution shone on his smooth, square cut face.

"I wonder how she'd like to spend an evening as I do around town?"

Then he paused uncertainly. Would she have the clothes to wear? He remembered the filmy, extravagant gowns he had seen at the casino the night before. Then he as quickly decided that she'd look well no matter what she wore. He strolled across the room to draw down the shades just a trifle.

"Beastly hot, isn't it?"

"Very warm," replied Miss Carruth without looking up from her work.

"If I owned the Stock Exchange or controlled big business interests I'd stop everything short in hot weather."

She looked up at him with a grave smile. "Then I'm afraid you couldn't own a yacht and a shooting box in the Adirondacks."

"That's so. The wheels of commerce must grind on the year around, I suppose."

"And what a lot of poor people they grind down!" The girl spoke to herself rather than to him.

"Oh, but the town's not so bad in summer," he said. "It's corking jolly if you know the right sort of people. I've had some good times the last few weeks."

She looked at him almost pityingly, but he did not notice it.

"You know, there are the roofs and the gardens, and nearly all the fellows in town have their automobiles. Oh, it's not half bad."

She did not answer, but resumed her writing. He went back to his desk, but the idea of giving her an evening out had become thoroughly imbedded in his mind. About 4 o'clock he rose with sudden determination.

"Oh, I say, Miss Carruth, let's knock off for the day."

"Knock off?" she said wonderingly. "I don't understand."

"Let's take a trip around town."

The girl swung around in her chair and looked at him in silent amazement. Twombley looked back at her with an engaging, boyish smile, and the faint flush which had come into her face died down again.

"I think we have been working pretty faithfully since the governor went away, and we deserve a holiday. I'd be awfully much obliged to you if you'd have dinner with me tonight, and then we will go up on one of the roof gardens and see the show."

A faint smile curved the girl's lips, and he felt encouraged.

"It's awfully jolly, don't you know, and if you have never seen that sort of thing you'd like it."

"Oh, I understand," said the girl—"you're going to give me just a taste of the life you and your friends lead. But it might make me very dissatisfied with my surroundings, you know."

Twombley found himself actually blinking at her. She put it so baldly.

"Oh, I say, that's not fair. Just for tonight I think we might be jolly good pals and forget that my father pays your salary."

The girl laughed. Twombley pulled down the lid of his desk with a snap.

"Wait," said the girl; "you must sign these letters."

"Oh, hang it," he said, "I forgot."

While he dispatched that work the girl was closing up her own affairs for the day, and when she took the letters from him and touched the bell for the office boy to carry them away he noticed that she had her hat on and a neat pair of gloves were caught through the handle of her purse.

"We'll have time for a spin in the park before we go to dinner," he said.

"I must go home first and change my frock."

He looked her over critically. The shirt waist suit was simple, but it had an air. He didn't feel quite so safe about the finery she might deem necessary for evening wear.

"Oh, don't bother," he said quickly. "You look very fit in that."

She shook her head. "I must go home, because mother would worry, and I have no way of telephoning to her."

Twombley saw that it was useless to argue the question.

"When and where shall I call for you?"

The girl flushed suddenly. "Oh, I will meet you at the park entrance. It's not far from our house, and I would much rather do that than give you the trouble of calling."

"All right," said Twombley cheerfully, and under his breath he added: "Ashamed of mamma and the little flat, I suppose. You can't exactly blame her when she's made something of herself."

At 6 o'clock she met him at the park entrance, and just for an instant Twombley felt actually dazzled. Her statuesque figure was draped in some soft, billowy gray stuff. He knew somehow that it took an artist to design and make such a dress. Her face was shaded by a picture hat of softest gray chiffon clouding pink roses.

Twombley hailed a hansom and they drove rapidly through the park to the casino. With a thrill of satisfaction he noticed that as they passed down the aisle between the lines of tables all eyes followed the slender gray figure and low murmurs of approval reached his ear. He wondered whether this was a twentieth century Cinderella, this graceful figure at his side, transformed by shimmering gray silk from the tailor made stenographer who had worked beside him for the past few weeks. She was perfectly self possessed, only a slight flush and a singularly bright light in her eyes showed that she was excited.

All patronage died out of Twombley's bearing. He was genuinely anxious now to please her. As for the girl, she displayed a knowledge of books, plays and pictures of the hour which astonished Twombley. Wonderfully adaptive creatures are the American girls, he decided. That must be the reason why it was so hard to tell whether a family had been born to money or born to make it. Before they re-entered the hansom to drive to the roof garden he had decided that money really didn't count after all.

The roof garden seemed stupid and cheap. He looked at the girl at his side, then at the occupants in the boxes around him; then he leaned toward her and whispered: "Let's get out of this. I know it's boring you. We'll go over to the Beauclaire for a bit of supper and hear the mondolin club play."

She rose with evident relief, and they walked through the quiet side street to an odd, foreign looking cafe on whose roof the mandolin and guitars tinkled limpidly. Here no lights blazed, for the moonlight flooded the scene.

The girl leaned back restfully in her chair, and Twombley smoked in silence, studying her profile the while. Somehow his father's brownstone mansion on the avenue seemed very far away. His austere and critical mother faded into a vague background. It would not be any condescension on his part, he decided. They could slip away to Italy or Japan or some other faraway place for the honeymoon, and the world would get through talking about it before they came back. A filmy cloud passed over the moon. The girl's hand, white and slender, lay on the table, temptingly close within his reach. He leaned forward impetuously.

"Hello, Twombley! What are you doing in town at this season of the year?"

Twombley scowled at the intruder; then his face cleared.

"Hello, Davidson! When did you land?"

The girl had made a move as if to rise; then she sank back in the chair, her face white and set in the moonlight.

"I came in on the Lucania yesterday and thought I'd see something of little old New York before starting for"—

He had turned slightly toward Miss Carruth, and just then the moon slipped from under the cloud, and the clear light struck her face.

"Helen!"

He leaned heavily against the table. The girl's head was bent so low that he could not look into her eyes.

"Jack," she said softly, but not so softly that he missed either the word or the tender accent with which she lingered over his name.

They had forgotten Twombley's existence. Now the newcomer pulled himself together.

"I beg your pardon, old man, but Miss Carruth and I were once—very—good—friends, and"—

"I see," said Twombley, rising, with an amused smile, "and if you'll look after Miss Carruth for a moment I'd like to have a chat with an artist friend I see buried behind a row of steins."

Without so much as a "thank you" Davidson dropped into the vacant chair.

"Helen, I've come back to look after you for always, and, dear, if you'll forgive my selfishness I'll promise you can study sociology and found working girls' clubs and endow industrial schools—anything, so you will come to me."

* * * * * * * *

Twombley had forgotten all about the artist friend. He was leaning over the parapet looking down on the flaring street lamps.

"And to think I patronized her and thought there was need of a secret honeymoon in Italy or Japan. Tom, my boy, you're a fool!"

He glanced across the area of tables. The gray picture hat and a stiff, white straw were close together.

Modifying It.

Uncle John—So you don't like your teacher, Tommy? Tommy (savagely)—No, I don't. I wisht he was at the bottom of the sea! Uncle John—Oh, come now, Tommy! That's too much to say. Tommy—Well, I wisht he was at the bottom of Jones' mill pond, then.—Exchange.

Portrait Buttons.

Portrait buttons for campaign purposes are no new thing. Exactly the same method of conveying the expression of political admiration was in force in the days of Queen Anne. At the time of the famous sermon by Dr. Sacheverell, when party passion reached a high pitch, the custom was originated of using coat buttons adorned with caricatures, portraits of the much discussed doctor and similar decorations. Nor was the fancy confined to buttons. Gentlemen sealed their letters with similar designs, and a little later they were to be found on the backs of playing cards and even on women's fans. Dr. Sacheverell's head, again, was made use of to ornament tobacco stoppers, crockery and similar articles.

Skillful Porto Ricans.

The natives of Porto Rico fashion a variety of useful and ornamental articles by hand from the palm leaves, gourds, cocoanuts and other products of the island. They are skillful in weaving hammocks, hats similar to panama hats, and a great variety of baskets. Canes, paper knives and other articles are carved out of the native woods, some of which show curious and strikingly ornamental markings. The senoras and senoritas of Porto Rico are especially skillful with the needle and produce a considerable quantity of fine drawn work and laces.

TWENTY YEARS' SLEEP.

Rip Van Winkle's Case May Have Been More Fact Than Fiction.

Even superficial students of folklore know that the tale of Rip Van Winkle, supposing that Irving really heard it in the old Dutch settlements along the Hudson, is by no means peculiar to that district, but is found in some form or other all over the world. In other words, the idea that it is possible for a human being to survive in a state of unconsciousness for a very long time would seem to be either a universal fancy or to be founded on some actual experience.

Dr. Lancereaux in the Paris Bulletin of the Academy of Medicine reports such an experience, the case of a woman who actually did, so far as intelligent consciousness was concerned, sleep almost exactly twenty years.

The patient, of a neurotic and hysterical family, had always been delicate and nervous. On May 31, 1883, she was severely frightened and fell into violent hysteria, which after twenty-four hours passed into unconsciousness. In this condition, interrupted every month or six weeks by sudden convulsive attacks, she lay until May 23, 1903, kept alive entirely by injections of nourishment.

On May 23 she was seized with hysteria similar to that at the beginning of her sleep, and the next day there was another convulsion. On May 25 she began definitely to recover consciousness and by the next day was able to speak intelligently of events before her sleep and could also remember from day to day since her waking. Of happenings during her sleep, such as the drawing of some of her teeth, she knew nothing. On the evening of May 28 she died peacefully.

The particular case is of interest chiefly to the medical profession, but the general fact of survival in unconsciousness for a very long time shows how such tales as those of the Sleeping Beauty, the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus and Rip Van Winkle, to mention only the most familiar examples, could have originated from actual experience and observation. Very likely such cases occurred more than once.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," runs the old saying. It is undoubtedly more correct to say that fiction is merely enlarged, reduced, distorted and otherwise decorated fact and that without a fact within general knowledge from which to start fiction could not exist. It is entirely safe to conjecture that at some prehistoric period, sleeping not out of doors, of course, but under shelter, and for many weeks and probably months, if not years, there was a Rip Van Winkle.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

For Amateur Thespians.

Knox—I hear you're getting up an amateur theatrical club. Woodby—Yes, and now we're looking for a good motto for the club. What would you suggest? Knox—What's the matter with "Think twice before you act?"—Philadelphia Press.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out often are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous services.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

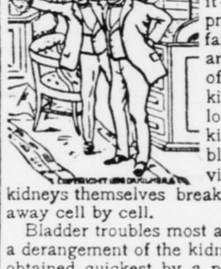
Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle
Hall's Family Pills are the best

Trout Will Soon Bite.

The regular season for brook trout opens on April 15, but despite that it is still several weeks distant many fishermen are getting their rods and reels in shape for a busy season. Black and rock bass cannot be caught before June 15.

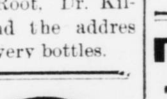
The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.



Bladder troubles most always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root**, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.



Home of Swamp-Root.

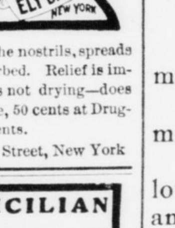
Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N.Y., on every bottles.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.



Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol cures indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does not only cure indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy cures all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says:— "I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

Kodol Digests What You Eat.

Bottles only. $1.00 Size holding 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.

Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

For sale by Paules & Co.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Est ate of William Kramm, Late of Lime stone Township, Montour County, Deceased.

Estate of William Kram, late of Limestone township, Montour county, Deceased.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Montour County, to report on the exceptions to the second and final account of William H. Kramm, Executor of the last Will and Testament of William Kramm, deceased; to re-state said account, if necessary and to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit to perform the duties of his appointment, at his office, 110 Mill St., Danville, Pa., on Tuesday, the 25th day of April, A. D., 1905, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties interested are requested to attend, or be forever debarred from any share of said fund.

RALPH KISNER, Auditor.
Danville, Pa., March 28th, 1905.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Monday, April 10th, 1905, by F. Q. Hartman, W. J. Baldy, J. H. Goeser, Wm. Gray Williams, Wm. G. Pursel and Carl Litz, under the act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations", approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called Mosaic Wood Working Co., the character and object of which is to engage in the manufacture and sale of Mosaic and other Wood Work and for the purposes to have and possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said act of Assembly and its supplements.

WM. J. BALDY, Solicitor.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Philip A. Foust, late of Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary 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

PHILIP H. FOUST,
Executor of Philip A. Foust, deceased,
P. O. Address, Danville, Pa
Edward Sayre Gearhart, Counsel.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

D. R. P. Childs in account with Valley Township as Supervisor for 1904:

To amount of duplicate	585 99
License Tax	85 50
Amount received for use of Crusher	150 00
Received of County Commissioners	2 35
	823 84
Work by citizens	363 :7
Plank and tileing	80 59
Supervisor's services, 57 days	85 20
Exonerations	3 55
Stone	15 10
Due from last year	53 98
Bale bond and oath	1 25
Duplicate and warrant	1 50
Publishing statement in Intelligencer	3 00
Books	50
Percentage on moneys collected	20 00
Attorneys' fees	2 50
Auditors' fees	4 00
Use of house	1 00
Paid on note	135 00
Interest on note	10 13
Discount on note	2 00
	732 57

Due township, $91.27.

E. E. RENN,
J. B. MCMAHAN,
S. H. WINTERSTEEN, Auditor

A. J. Merrill in account with Valley township for 1904:

To amount of duplicate	1032 69
License Tax	85 50
Work done by citizens	640 35
Paid out for work	33 86
Watering troughs	23 00
Bridge Plank	29 00
Stone	9 00
Old boilers for bridge	48 25
S. J. Welliver tile and supplies	17 70
Posts and railing	11 85
Lime	3 20
Pick handles	1 50
Cinder for road	11 35
Coal	12 49
Engine, eight days	28 00
Interest on crusher	6 00
Attorney fees	2 50
Duplicate and warrant	1 50
Bail bond and oath	1 25
Due supervison for 1903	12 73
Supervisor's service, 75 days	112 50
Percentage on total collected	23 89
Auditor's fees	4 00
Use of house	1 00
Printing statement	3 00
Due township, 74.27	1043 92

Audited this 13th day of March, 1905.

E. E. RENN,
J. B. MCMAHAN,
S. H. WINTERSTEEN, Auditor.

WINDSOR HOTEL

Between 12th and 13th Sts. on Filbert St

Philadelphia, Pa.

Three minutes walk from the Reading Terminal. Five minutes walk from the Penna. R. R. Depot.

EUROPEAN PLAN $1 per day and upwards.

AMERICAN PLAN $2.00 per day.

FRANK M. SCHEIBLEY, Manager

GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINES

2 TO 15 HORSE POWER

Strictly High Class!

Fully Guaranteed!

SEND FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUE E

Williamsport Gas Engine Co.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Notice of Application for Pardon.

Notice is hereby duly given that an application for the pardon of David Barrett convicted January 17th, 1901, of the crimes of (1) Burglary, (2) Receiving stolen goods and (3) Entering in the night without breaking with intent to commit a felony in the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Montour County, and on January 19th, 1901, sentenced by the said Court to pay the costs of prosecution, a fine $200 and undergo an imprisonment at separate and solitary confinement at hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary for a period of nine (9) years and six (6) months, and who is now thus undergoing the said sentence, will be presented before the Board of Pardons at its next regular session, in the Supreme Court Room, in the City of Harrisburg, in the County of Dauphin, and State of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, the nineteenth day of April, A. D., 1905 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, where and when all persons interested may attend and be heard if they deem proper.

EDWARD SAYRE GEARHART,
Counsel for Applicant.
Danville, Pa., March 28th 1905

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Benjamin Weaver, late of Cooper Township, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters Testamentary on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims against the estate will present the same at once to; and all persons indebted to the state are required to make prompt payment to

AARON C. MAUSER, Executor
Danville, Pa., R. F. D., No. 5.
or his Attorney,
Charles V. Amerman,
221 Mill St., Danville, P

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of H. H. Furman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letter of administration have been granted to the undersigned on the estate of H. H. Furman, late of Danville, Montour county, Pennsylvania. All persons having any claims against said estate will present them at once to; and all persons being indebted to said estate will make settlement at once with

O. F. FERRIS,
Berwick, Pa.
or his Attorney,
H. M. Hinckley, Danville, Pa.
Danville, Feb'y. 15, 1905.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Margaret Y. Grove, late of the borough of Danville, Pa., deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration d. b. n. 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 against the said estate, will make known the same without delay to

M. G. YOUNGMAN, Administrator.

Easy and Quick! Soap-Making with BANNER LYE

To make the very best soap, simply dissolve a can of *Banner Lye* in cold water, melt 5½ lbs. of grease, pour the Lye water in the grease. Stir and put aside to set.

Full Directions on Every Package

Banner Lye is pulverized. The can may be opened and closed at will, permitting the use of a small quantity at a time. It is just the article needed in every household. It will clean paint, floors, marble and tile work, soften water, disinfect sinks, closets and waste pipes.

Write for booklet "*Uses of Banner Lye*"—free.

The Penn Chemical Works, Philadelphia

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Magazines should have a well defined purpose.

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MOST SUCCESSFUL OF MAGAZINES

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A high-class preparation for the hair. Keeps the hair soft and glossy and prevents splitting at the ends. Cures dandruff and always restores color to gray hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Tablets. Cures Grip in Two Days.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.