MONTOUR AMERICAN

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

Danville, Pa., April 27, 1905.

Announcement.

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

CHAS. W. COOK,
of Valley Township.

TEN MEN DASHED INTO ETERNITY

WILKESBARRE, April 26.—Another appaling disaster occurred this morning at the Conyngham mine, when ten miners, while descending the shaft, were hurled into eternity, by the breaking of the cable. Their names are as follows:

Michael Zayants, married. Leaves wife and four children in the old country. Resided in Georgetown.

John Zhase, married, wife and four children. Resided at North Main and Kulp streets.

James Marmatarielek, married, wife and six children. Resided in Georgetown.

Anthony Zayants, married, leaves wife and no children. Resided in Georgetown.

William T. Haney, married, leaves wife and two children. Resided on North Pennsylvania avenue.

John Juritski, married, leaves a wife and two children. Resided 317 Wyoming avenue.

Anthony Zelvic, married, leaves a wife and four children. Resided at 313 Wyoming avenue.

Lawrence Warnick, married, leaves wife and four children. Resided at 313 Wyoming avenue.

Frank Rogul, married, leaves a wife. Resides at 31 Ralph street.

Harry M'Graw, laborer.

It was one of that class of accidents which cannot be rightfully or correctly explained, for the officials were positive in their declaration, that the cable was examined daily and not the slightest sign of a defect could be found in any part of it. They regretted the accident as much as anyone and worked hard and diligently to locate the bodies and succeeded after hours of strenuous efforts.

The bodies of the unfortunate men were horribly mangled. Some did not have a sound bone. The flesh in certain parts was torn into ribbons. Blood poured from the wounds. It was said, it was pitiful and sorrowful to observe the procession of the bodies from the head of the shaft to the ambulance wagons. It was a scene where there were no smiles, but a horrified expression on every face.

For how could it be otherwise, as the miners left their home, and their loved ones without the slightest premonition of trouble or the doom that awaited them. They reported at the usual hour, gave their number to the clerks at the office and then made their way to the head of the shaft. Two carriage loads descended to the bottom. Ten men got on the third. They laughed and joked with each other, as miners usually do and there were no sad faces when the ten men left the surface and descended into the mine.

When the cage neared the Hillman vein, Engineer William Cunningham, slowed the engines, with the intention of stopping at this landing, but while in the act of doing so, the cable snapped and the carriage, with its load of human freight descended to the bottom, a distance of four hundred feet.

The ride of these unfortunate men can be better imagined than described. It did not take the carriage long to get headway and with terrific speed it rushed to the bottom, carrying its load of human beings to eternity.

A Feature.

A feature of Lyman H. Howe's Moving Pictures which will be in Danville on Saturday evening, April 29th, is that every picture is vivid with life, and authentic. Every picture, too, is accompanied with admirable and ingenious sounds in instant unison with every action of the scene which makes the spectator imagine he is seeing actual life itself—life of world-wide travel and world-wide interest in all its lights and shades; a studious blending of the humorous with the pathetic the educational with the amusing, and all with a rapidity and precision that creates its own demand for regular return visits.

If you have never seen moving pictures that thoroughly pleased you, go and see Mr. Howe's masterful production; if you have seen what you considered pleasing, go anyway and see those that are infinitely better—perfect and steady, regardless of where or when you saw others; for the Lyman H. Howe moving pictures are today, as ever, the only edition deluxe of moving pictures in America.

Meeting of Ladies' Auxiliary.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A., will be held in Association parlor, this evening at 7:30 o'clock. A full attendance is earnestly requested.

A destructive freight wreck occurred Tuesday evening at the terminus of the lower yards, half a mile below Millersburg, on the Northern Central Railway.

At the opera house tonight Mr. Al. Laech, the Three Rosebuds and a company of fifty, mostly girls, will be seen in Wm. A. Brady's musical production, "Girls Will Be Girls" direct from the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York City.

Preparatory to paving Atlantic Avenue, the great central thoroughfare of the most famous seashore resort in America, the Council of Atlantic City has determined to send a committee to Harrisburg to see what has been done in the paving line in that city.

The seventeenth annual reunion of the Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves will be held in Jersey Shore on Wednesday, May 10.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION

HARRISBURG, April 26.—Without the least semblance of opposition the four candidates agreed upon by the Republican organization several weeks ago were nominated at the state convention held here today. They are:

J. Lee Plummer, of Holidaysburg, for State Treasurer.

Hon. Charles E. Rice, of Wilkesbarre; Hon. James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, and Hon. George B. Orlady, of Huntingdon, for Superior Court Judges.

There was but one session and the business of the convention was disposed of in record-breaking time. The program arranged by the party leaders semed to meet with favor all along the line, for not a word of protest was heard or even a question asked by any delegate during the deliberations.

Thomas Hays of Butler county, who was mentioned for state treasurer withdrew from the contest yesterday afternoon and as already stated Plummer had very smooth sailing. Mr. Plummer was on the ground for forty-eight hours before the convention and had headquarters in the Commonwealth Hotel. He managed his own campaign and succeeded in finally landing the coveted prize by a unanimous vote.

Wesley R. Andrews, of Meadville, who for years has been Secretary of the Republican state committee, succeeds Senator Penrose as chairman the Senator refusing to again be a candidate.

The platform indorses the state and national administrations; approves the work of the last legislature; favors the continuance of the present pension policy; advocates the enlargement of the rural free delivery system; approves Senator Penrose's management as state chairman and commends the capitol commission for its work in pushing the new capitol.

Because there were no contests the convention which met in the Lyceum Theatre at 10:30 o'clock this morning was one of the shortest and most harmonious on record but notwithstanding the absence of contests there was a large attendance.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

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

THE EGG DANCE.

A Curious Easter Custom of Ancient France—A Royal Romance.

In very ancient times a most curious Easter custom prevailed in France. Wooing lads and lasses would come forward as applicants for the "egg and matrimonial dance." A hundred eggs were arranged on a level sward spread with sand, and all the young tenantry selected their partners to dance on the green among the eggs.

The story is told by an old chronicler that Philibert, duke of Savoy, was out hunting and, being in the neighborhood of the beautiful palace of Margaret of Flanders, called to pay his respects to her. All the tenantry were dancing on the green, the eggs were laid, and the lovers were treading a measure of the national dance amid them. Few there were who managed to dance through without breaking some of the obstructions. If they succeeded not even the "nay" of the parents prevailed to break up the match. It was an evidence of the intentions of Providence to smile on the union.

While many had tried and been unsuccessful, the duke besought the princess to try the dance with him. Though it was the first time they had met, she agreed, and they executed the national dance without breaking an egg. They were greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and, as it was a sure sign that they were affianced by divine will and their wedded life would be one of great bliss, they bowed to the fates that ordained it so, and in the sentiment of the romance they were "married and lived happily ever after."—Philadelphia Press.

Half or Two-thirds.

The bishop of Kensington at a prize distribution recently told of a case in which a boy got the better of the examiner. "Suppose," asked the examiner, "I offered you half an orange and two-thirds of an orange, which piece would you take?" "Please, sir, the half!" shouted the lad. "Stupid boy!" exclaimed the examiner. "I shall put a black mark against you for that." Subsequently a deputation of scholars waited on the examiner to convince him that he was wrong. "Why am I wrong?" he inquired. "Because Tommy does not like oranges at all," was the conclusive answer.—St. James' Gazette.

Newspapers.

It has been calculated that, taking the population of the whole world, there is one newspaper to every 82,000 persons. The United States supports 12,500 newspapers, of which 1,000 are dailies, these being round figures. Germany has 3,500 journals, of which 800 are daily. Britain takes second place in the European record with 3,000 newspapers, of which 200 are daily. France has nearly the same number.

His Coat of Arms.

"Now that you are wealthy, Mr. C.," said the man who deals in pedigrees and the like, "you really should begin to adopt a coat of arms."

"I'll do just as I please," retorted Mr. C. hotly. "If I like to go about in my shirt sleeves, that ain't none o' your business!"

Anthony, the 6-year-old son of Charles Osairwicz, of Shamokin, died Friday night of spotted fever after only forty-eight hours illness. The child suffered terrible agony and when death ensued the body was rigid and arched in such a manner that the head and feet alone touched the bed.

Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Works, arrived in St Petersburg on Saturday to confer with the admiralty and the ministry of finance regarding the Russian naval program.

MARRIED IN PHILADELPHIA

Miss Louisa McClure and Dr. A. Beeber Vastine, both young people of this city, were united in matrimony in Philadelphia last evening.

The ceremony was performed at the Colonnade Hotel at 8:20 o'clock, Rev. R. H. Wilson, officiating. Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded couple left for the seashore where they will spend a week. Returning they will go to house keeping in Lewisburg, where the groom is located as a dentist.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McClure, and a sister of W. L. McClure, Cashier of the First National Bank. She is a young lady of education and culture and has a large circle of friends. The groom is the son of Councilman Amos Vastine. He is a young man of excellent character and likewise enjoys the friendship of a large circle taking in the leading residents of his native town and other places.

Weak, Nervous, Worn Out Women

Bloodless, Irritable, Despondent Women, Subject to All Sorts and Varieties of Nervous Troubles, Find a Positive Cure in

DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE PILLS.

The world is full of women whose daily life is one long struggle against diseases peculiar to their sex—whose days and nights are full of quiet, patient suffering. The head is the seat of pain and pressure—the result of nerve depression and physical weakness brought on by uterine or ovarian trouble—the nerves on edge—inclined to laugh or cry at anything—an ever present dragging in the back, hips and limbs—a feeling of utter weariness—lassitude and despondency. To these people Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills are of incomparable value, having as they do the power to rebuild, to invigorate and resupply every organ, every nerve, every muscle with the lost energy and to insure a complete return to health, strength and vigor again.

Mrs. John Bailey of Jackson St., Penn Yan, N. Y., says:

"I was told that Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills were a great nerve medicine, and as I needed one badly, I got a box. My nerves were very weak—I lacked ambition and strength and my heart action was very weak. I used the Pills as directed and they made my nerves quiet and steady—the heart action strong and regular and the appetite good, my sleep became restful and I feel altogether like another person. I think as a remedy in female complaints as well, they are grand, curing the headaches and heavy, dragging feeling rapidly and easily—this I know from experience and I am glad to recommend them." 50c a box at dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., on every package. For sale by J. D. Gosh & Co.

English and French Police.

No comparison can fairly be made between the police of London and Paris without due consideration of the fact that the French law admits an interference with the liberty of the subject which would not be tolerated in Great Britain. And it must also be remembered that the existence of octroi duties makes it difficult for a Frenchman to enter or quit Paris without being the subject of closer observation than he would encounter in an English city.—Solicitors' Journal.

Pay as You Go.

To live within one's income is the secret of prosperity. Happiness is the heritage of the one who adheres to this rule, and a contented mind and an ever increasing bank account will belong to the one who buys only what he can pay for.

Very Good.

"Yes, Hunter is really engaged to Miss Roxley."

"So he was telling me. He says she's not very pretty, but she's good."

"Yes, good for a million in her own right."—Philadelphia Press.

Chivalry at a Discount.

He—There was a run on the bank, was there? You were fortunate to get your money out. She—Yes; but I never saw such discourtesy. There wasn't a man offered me his place on the line.—New York Times.

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.

Piles

In order to prove to you that Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for any form of itching, bleeding, or protruding piles, the manufacturers guarantee a cure. You can use it and if not cured get your money back. *Mr. Casper Walton, laborer, Michigan City, Ind.*, says: "I work hard and lift a great deal. The strain brought on an attack of piles. They itched and they protruded and bled. Nothing helped them until I used Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment. That cured them." 50c. a box at all dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.

For sale by J. D. Gosh & Co.

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.

AN OVERDRAFT.

The Reason For a Peculiar Request Received by a Bank.

"We often receive peculiar requests for overdrafts," said a banker the other day. "A client whose standing account had never exceeded $1,000 requested us to grant him an overdraft of $4,000, stating that he was not able to offer any explanation at the present, but assured us that at no time would the bank be in any danger of losing, as the overdraft would not be real.

"After some hesitancy we consented, but stipulated certain conditions and reserved the privilege of refusing if these conditions were not followed.

"Shortly after his departure a well dressed gentleman came in and handed to our paying teller a check for $5,000 bearing the signature of our client and with it a letter requesting us to honor the check with cash. This letter was one of the conditions we imposed for our safety. Still feeling that we were taking a chance, the money was passed out to him. After holding the currency a moment in his hands he returned it, with a request for the check, which he destroyed before us.

"On the following day our client thanked us for our courtesy and waived the overdraft privilege, saying that he had no further use for it. He had with him a check for $5,000, which he deposited. This he had won from his friend on a bet. He had bet that he could negotiate an overdraft for that amount without first explaining that it was a bet and the nature of it, and his friend wagered that no bank would trust him for that amount."—Kansas City Star.

IRISH STORIES.

Some Droll Answers and Ready Wit From Hotel Waiters.

Of stories of Irish hospitality Mr. Macready had a full supply; also of hotel attendants and the peasantry. On one occasion he asked the girl in attendance for poached eggs. She looked a bit nonplused at first, but after a little hesitation replied, "There are no poached eggs in the place, sir, but I think I could get you some poached salmon."

In a poor little cottage of two rooms he saw a married couple and seven children. Hearing a baby cry, he asked to see it and explained that he took an interest in babies, having one at home. The infant was produced for inspection, and the mother asked proudly, "Is yours as big as that, sir?" To which he replied, "I think it is a little bigger." Instantly the instincts of the mother were roused, and, tossing her head, she said: "So well it might be. That's only half of ours; the other half is with God. We had twins."

At a hotel one of the party asked, "Have you got any celery, waiter?" "No, sir," was the significant answer. "I relies on me chances." That man deserved an extra tip. On another occasion the dinner was especially good and well served. At the conclusion one of the party remarked, "You're an angel, Pat." "I am, sir," assented Pat, "but I fly low."—London Telegraph.

DANCING PILGRIMS.

The Annual Carnival of the "Saints" of Echternach.

On every succeeding Whitsun Tuesday from time immemorial 19,000 to 20,000 pilgrims of both sexes and of every age and condition of life dance for four or five hours at Echternach, in the grand duchy of Luxemburg, to an unmistakable polka tune and an apparently nonsensical refrain. The central figure of this great Echternach "springprozession" is St. Willibrord, who migrated from Northumberland to the frontiers of the Black forest twelve centuries ago. Emperors and kings have in vain forbidden the "saints" of Echternach to indulge in their annual carnival.

With the peasantry of East Luxemburg and Eiffel the "springprozession" is as popular today as it was in 1131, when King Lothaire came to pray at St. Willibrord's tomb. The simple minded dwellers on the banks of the Sure and the Moselle are firmly convinced that their best hope of freedom from nervous diseases in this world and eternal salvation in the next lies in this mystic dance of five steps forward and two backward, by which, after three hours' indescribable toil, they cover the two or three miles intervening between the starting point, at which the pilgrims receive the episcopal blessing and the goal at the steps of St. Willibrord's shrine.

KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE.

The Two Do Not Necessarily Walk Hand In Hand.

High marks in examinations depend upon a trained memory and a power of acquiring irrelevant information. Culture, on the contrary, is a sympathetic assimilation of the best in the realm of thought and achievement. Culture is a slower process and a deeper, and its reward strikes further in. Assimilation of the best that has been thought and accomplished affects not merely the brain, but the character—the whole spirit of a man. Culture implies a soil plowed and fertilized, where whatever seed falls has the better chance for growth. Information even in vast quantities, so long as it remains mere information, used for purposes of passing examinations, need not affect the manners nor the morals of a man; both may remain hopelessly lax in an encyclopedian mine of facts. But culture affects primarily the manners and the morals. A cultured gentleman has external methods of getting on with his kind; he has the true sense of relationship, the feeling that all he can learn to feel or to be is not for himself, but for service; he knows himself in a network of human inter-relations. In the end the test of knowledge is not examination marks; it is living.—Harper's Weekly.

The Descending Scale.

When a girl is first engaged she figures on a ten room house in the swell part of town. As time goes on the house gradually decreases in size until it is a four room structure. Then all the fancy trimmings are left off, and next the house is located in a remote part of town. Finally when the wedding comes off it is announced that the couple will reside with the bride's father.—Atchison Globe.

Bills and Boards.

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his billboard to pay his board bill the board bill no longer bored Bill.—Yale Expositor.

The One Letter

By CHANNING POLLOCK

Copyright, 1904, by Channing Pollock

After they had come to an understanding Frank Claxton took Virginia Carter to dinner at Giovani's. This understanding, the result of many misunderstandings, put an end to their engagement, and they chose to hold the wake over their dead love at the tiny restaurant where it had been born. Neither talked much during the meal, and when either spoke, for some reason not easily explained, it was in a very low tone. The man said, "I suppose I had better return your letters?"

"There must be a great many of them," responded the girl, the corners of her mouth trembling into a faint smile.

"Yes. In—in three years"—

"I shall send yours tomorrow—that is, I shall send all but one. I should like to keep one—in memoriam. May I?"

"If I may."

"Certainly. 'A fair exchange,' you know."

Claxton left her at the door of her apartment something less than an hour later. On the way to his own home he marveled that he should regret what had happened so little. The petty quarrels of the past few months had worn out his endurance, he thought, and rendered him indifferent to their culmination. He wondered how she felt about it. At all events, the separation would leave him with more time—more time to work, more time to devote to the friends he had neglected since he had begun caring for her.

In the matter of the quarrels he did not consider himself blameless. He realized this, and admired himself a bit for the inherent generosity which prevented his holding her solely to account.

Claxton reached his "place" in rather a relieved frame of mind. He opened the door with a key fastened to a silver ring that she had given him on his birthday and walked straight across the library to his typewriter. Beside the machine was a tiny cushion she had made for him to rest his elbow upon when he was "reading copy." He recalled that it had come wrapped in numberless pieces of paper, each one inclosed inside the other, like the eggs in a Chinese puzzle. That was about the time that the interest aroused by his tale of Central American life had opened the hearts of editors toward him.

Somehow the detective story he had intended to begin did not fly from his finger tips as speedily as he had expected. The first paragraph, after writing which, he told himself, things would go better, stood alone on the page, a succession of stilted and uninviting sentences.

"Not in the mood," he confessed at last and strolled down Broadway to his club. The boy at the door didn't know him, and when, after satisfying the stupid fellow of his membership, he sauntered into the lounging room he was in an exceedingly unpleasant humor. "Parsons been here this evening?" he inquired brusquely of an attendant.

"No, sir," replied the man. "He does not come very often now, sir. Married, I believe."

Claxton cursed Parsons from the bottom of his soul.

"Graham?" he asked.

"Mr. Graham was in about a week ago. We don't see him more than once a fortnight."

"Funny," mused Claxton. "By George, I wonder if there's any one in the place?"

There was, in the writing room—Frederick Ford Ferguson, a youth just coaxing a timorous mustache into existence and tolerated only for the sake of his father, Major Ferguson, formerly of the Ninth infantry. Claxton would gladly have passed the youngster by, but he was hailed before he could regain the hall.

"Stop a bit, old chap. I want to read you a line I'm sending to a friend of mine at Daly's. Rather a clever letter, you know."

Claxton tore himself away and went back home. What was Miss Carter doing? He would have wagered a hundred that Phelps had called and taken her out. Confound Phelps!

The story went more smoothly, stimulated by the resentful energy of its author. From 10 o'clock until nearly daylight the typewriter clicked incessantly. When it stopped clicking, seven pages of manuscript, much marred by pencil marks, lay on the table near at hand. It was a good story, he felt sure, although there were two or three details concerning which he would have liked a conservative opinion. "I'll take Virginia out for luncheon and read it to her," he thought. Then he remembered that they had agreed never to see each other again—voluntarily, that is.

The day, which began with his rising at noon, dragged along monotonously. It was hard to realize that he might not speak to her over the telephone that stood on his desk and harder still to be convinced that she would not call him up. Toward midafternoon Claxton unlocked a drawer and took out the nine packages of her letters that represented a correspondence of three years. He must choose the one letter and return the rest to her.

To do this he must read every epistle in the nine bundles. Claxton, in common with most men who write or act, was a sentimentalist, and he wanted that the one letter should be the dearest of all. The first that met his eye he laid aside in the belief that it would prove the dearest. Miss Carter had penned it when he lay ill of fever at San Jose de Guatemala. "Your cable was repeated to me at Chicago," was the message. "Otherwise I should have been with you now. I know that if your illness continued you would need a nurse, and I felt that I could not delegate to strangers the privilege of attending you." It was a womanly letter—the letter of a woman mature in heart and brain—and Claxton pondered a long while before putting it aside.

Next came a telegram, sent to his apartment before the telephone had been installed. "Please come tonight. Am blue. Have wired Minnie stay home." A very sweet, dependent little message, but of course not to be thought of as the single memento of so close a friendship as theirs had been. It was even preferable to retain the short note which he had always ascribed to her literary genius rather than to her feelings. "Each thought of you, dropping into the waters of my heart, produces ever widening circles of tender recollection."

Then there was an envelope from her, on the back of which he had composed a fragment of verse. It began:

Thou art so dear to me, my love—
So dear and, oh, so necessary!

Claxton remembered that she had prized the poem above anything else he had given her. "It is so fine to be thought 'necessary,'" she had said.

In this manner he progressed through five of the nine packages. Each letter seemed more desirable than the rest, and every moment made a selection less easy. This scrawl was a reassurance which she had penciled on the leaf of her programme at the theater; that sheet of blue paper bore the first words of affection he had ever received from her.

At the bottom of the fifth bundle was a long envelope with the name of a publishing company on its upper left hand corner. The postmark was over two years old. "Rejected manuscript," Claxton concluded, tossing it to one side contemptuously. That had come back in the days when rejected manuscripts had not been half so rare as good dinners or money with which to pay rent. Something approaching curiosity made him pick up the envelope again and draw the contents from its mouth. The story that lay before him was headed, "From Frank Claxton, 211 West Twenty-first Street," but the type unmistakably belonged to the machine which still remained a fixture at Miss Carter's. The tale was one that she had sent over his signature to an editor of whose opinion she had felt certain, and it had in consequence been returned to him when that gentleman had classed it as "unavailable." "I thought you'd get a check," Virginia had confessed, "and I knew you'd spend it without considering whys and wherefores. It's just like Phelps! He was enthusiastic over the plot when I told it to him last week."

"Virginia," he had remonstrated, "it was like offering me charity."

"Nonsense! I shouldn't have thought of handing you money. I simply wrote a story for you that you might have written yourself if you had taken time."

"Taken time! Good Lord, how much time he had taken that year in just such discouraging, unremunerative labor! How unhappy he had been and how awfully, awfully hard up! He hadn't begun spending every evening with her then, and he had't begun selling whatever he wrote either. "Nobody ever did—at first," she had assured him.

For twenty minutes Claxton sat silently on his chair island in the middle of a sea of letters. His fingers clung to the rejected manuscript, but his eyes looked beyond it into the past. All the half forgotten history of his love for Virginia Carter had been recalled to him with wonderful vividness—her unvarying goodness, the sweetness of their intercourse, the erstwhile strength of his affection for her. A ship's clock in the adjoining room struck 2, the nautical fashion of saying that the hour was 5, and with quick resolution he began climbing into his evening clothes.

"I've come to take you to dinner," he said to Miss Carter when she responded to his pressure on the button at her door.

"So you were lonely, too?" she asked him.

"Lonely? By George, and those letters"—

She was too clever a girl not to seem surprised, and he could not look through the sides of her trunk into the tray where reposed several packages of his letters to her, unsearched, untouched, since first they had been read and laid away.

A STOLEN INVENTION.

How the Designer of the Hansom Cab Lost a Fortune.

Charles Hansom, the famous English architect, was a talented man in many respects other than in the exercise of his profession. He was dining on a certain day with a few friends when one of them taunted him with being unable to invent a vehicle which would supersede the old fashioned hacks and cabs in universal use in London. Mr. Hansom got a sheet of paper, and without any delay he sketched out his idea of a safe and convenient mode of passing through the crowded streets of the great metropolis. His friends watched him while he was at work and unanimously applauded the sketch which he had drawn. They dubbed it by the name of its inventor, and it was then and there called a "Hansom car." One of those present advised him to take out a patent for it, which he said he would do on the morrow. However, there was one dishonest man in the company, by whom he was forestalled, for on reaching his own house that evening and being, like Mr. Hansom, a clever draftsman, as all great architects are, he sketched out a car like the drawing he had seen, and early the following morning he took it to the office and got out a patent for it in his own name, thus robbing the talented inventor of all the remuneration which he deserved to reap from it. It brought an immense but ill gotten fortune to the one who had perpetrated the fraud, whereas Mr. Charles Hansom was never one penny the richer.—Donahoe's.

A Tailor's Proclamation.

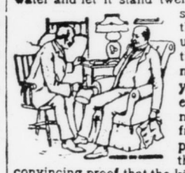
The art of advertising has reached a high pitch of excellence in these days, but old newspapers and circulars furnish some fetching examples which it would be difficult to improve upon. Fifty years ago a Maidstone (England) tailor made this alluring appeal to the public:

"Neoteric cutting. Coats, trousers and vests, in alamodal style and material, are scientifically constructed and symmetrically adjusted to the anthropological flexibilities, for a thaumaturgically minute, prompt, monetary gesticulation." Then follows the address, where your "commands will be executed with rabdological exactitude and melliloquent courtesy."

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.

How To Find Out.

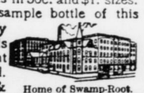
Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys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



What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely 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.

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

Certificate Re-Extending Charter.

Treasury Department.
Office of Comptroller of the Currency.
Washington, D. C., April 18, 1905.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that The Danville National Bank located in the Borough of Danville in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, has complied with all the provisions of the Act of Congress "to enable National Banking Association to extend their corporate existence, and for other purposes," appoved July 12, 1882, as amended by the Act, approved April 12, 1902.

Now, therefore, I, William B. Ridgely, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The Danville National Bank" located in the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended articles of association: namely, until close of business on April 18, 1925.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and Seal of office this eighteenth day of April, 1905.

(Seal)
WM. B. RIDGELY,
Comptroller of the Currency.
Charter No. 1078.
Extension No. 677.

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.

:o:

EUROPEAN PLAN

$1.00 per day and upwards.

:o:

AMERICAN PLAN

$2.00 per day.

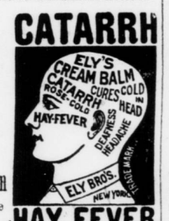
FRANK M. SCHEIBLEY,
Manager

THIS REMEDY IS SURE TO GIVE Satisfaction.

Ely's Cream Balm
Gives Relief at Once

It cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. It is absorbed. Heals and Protect the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50c., at Druggists, or by mail; Trial Size 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH



HAY FEVER

GAS ... 2 TO ...

Strictly High Class
Fully ...
SEND FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUE ...

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 seventeenth day of May, 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

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of S. Z. Mengle, late of the Borough of Washingtonville, Pa., dec'd.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Montour County to make distribution of funds in the hands of Mary A. P. Mengle. Administratrix of S. Z. Mengle, deceased, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit to perform the duties of his appointment, at his office, No. 107 Mill street on Thursday, May 4th, 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 in said fund.

R. S. AMMERMAN.
Auditor.

Danville, Pa. April 13th.

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.

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

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS.

Magazines should have a well-defined purpose.

Genuine entertainment, amusement and mental recreation are the motives of THE SMART SET, the

MOST SUCCESSFUL OF MAGAZINES

Its NOVELS (a complete one in each number) are by the most brilliant authors of both hemispheres.

Its SHORT STORIES are matchless—clean and full of human interest.

Its POETRY covering the entire field of verse—pathos, love, humor, tenderness—is by the most popular poets, men and women, of the day.

Its JOKES, WITTICISMS, SKETCHES, etc., are admittedly the most mirth-provoking.

160 PAGES DELIGHTFUL READING

No pages are WASTED on cheap illustrations, editorial vaporings or wearying essays and idle discussions.

EVERY page will INTEREST, CHARM and REFRESH you.

Subscribe now—$2.50 per year. Remit in cheque, P. O. or Express order, or registered letter to THE SMART SET, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York.

N. B.—Sample copies sent free on application.

Ayer's Pills

Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

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.