MONTOUR AMERICAN

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

Danville, Pa., June 28, 1906.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
EDWIN S. STUART, of Philadelphia.

For Lieutenant Governor,
ROBERT S. MURPHY, of Cambria.

For Auditor General,
ROBERT K. YOUNG, of Tioga.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
HENRY HOUCK, of Lebanon.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Associate Judge, subject to the decision of the Republican Primary election.

CHARLES A. WAGNER,
Ottawa, Pa

A COIN OF COURTESY

THE GUINEA OF THE ENGLISHMAN IS NOT A COIN AT ALL.

As a Piece of Real Money It Has No Existence, and It Is Used Only In Imagination as a Rather Awkward Standard of Monetary Value.

Of all the obstacles that confront the Englishman the guinea is the most amazing. The other day an American guest inquired of me, "What is a guinea?" He had been asked for one by a circulating library. It seems an easy question to answer, but as I had been puzzling over the division of an imaginary guinea into four parts the explanation took time. It was as difficult as explaining cricket to a German—in German.

"Show me one," said the American.

I confessed that I did not possess one.

"What, not $5.25?"

"Yes, but not a guinea. We don't have a guinea in England any more."

"But you talk in guineas!"

"That's our fun," I replied lamely.

Nevertheless there is something to be said for our system. Indeed, one might argue that this incessant obstacle race over the multiplication tables that we have to enter insures a bracing of the muscles. We are always kept on the alert to fathom the relations between a pottle, a perch and a guinea or some such absurd and fortuitous combination. And one may suspect that this tightening and strengthening of the muscles in the obstacle race is really the source of England's greatness.

For all practical purposes the guinea—in which we talk—is the most preposterously absurd coin in the world, for it does not exist—corporeally. Some few honest citizens wear spade guineas on their watch chains. But if they tried to pass them over to the booking clerk on the underground railway they would be in danger of the judgment. There are no guineas in England. Yes, in imagination they exist.

And never more accuse yourself of belonging to an unimaginative nation of shopkeepers! The guinea is the coin of courtesy, just because it is not a coin at all. And its preservation as an anomaly is a curious proof of the innate courtesy of the Englishman, who will face any arithmetical inconvenience rather than put a slur on a friend.

This you may see from the lists of subscriptions for the gentleman in distress. You cannot offer him the necessaries of life. When the friend falls by the wayside it must be guineas, not sovereigns, that you supply, and one feels glad that the remarks of the meanest sport that exists—the sport of kings—offers prizes in "sovs." It is merely the analogue of that convention which regulates gifts between equals.

Etiquette forbids your sending a friend a leg of mutton—that is, a sovereign, the ordinary, humdrum coin. But you may send him pheasants, oysters, grouse or salmon, more especially if the salmon is the victim of your own "rode, pole and perch." Possibly the real explanation is that, as a matter of courtesy, you may not give a man what he could obtain at the nearest shop—it must be something that is not easily obtainable.

Now, a guinea is not easily obtainable, and the difference between offering a man a guinea and offering him a sovereign is the difference between sending a man a leg of mutton and sending him a barrel of oysters. That little silly shilling stuck on to the sovereign, that retention of the ghost of a coin long dead and borne on a watch chain, with the locket containing a twist of great-great-auntie's hair, was its significance.

It is the embodiment of the Englishman's innate idealism. It is like the equally silly "Esq." which we tack on the names of friends. There are no esquires nowadays and no guineas, but we see them with the eye of faith. And we sacrifice to our faith considerable muscular exertion, many blobs of ink and sundry shillings that might otherwise stock our houses with cheap reprints of the world's best books.

You will naturally conclude that I did not put this view before my American friend. He would scarcely understand it. I led him gently to the palatial bank premises into which I hurriedly cast my weekly wage for fear I should lose it on the way home and pointed out to him (lowering my voice discreetly, as becomes the suppliant in the temple of wealth).

"Note that young man," I said. "He is adding up three columns of figures. There are guineas, things that won't fraternize with half crowns or four shilling pieces or florins or half sovereigns or sovereigns, but you will perceive that this young man is taking them in his stride. Now, what about his muscles?"

"I should conclude," said the American guest thoughtfully, "that a young man who can put 12 guineas together and make 'em' dollars can do anything."

"The guinea," I explained as we went out into Piccadilly, "is the source of England's greatness." And the American guest remained thoughtful.—London Chronicle.

Mistletoe Myths.

Many English girls believe that they will not be wedded inside of twelve months unless they have at least one kiss under the mistletoe. In many counties a berry is plucked from the mistletoe with each kiss, and when there are no berries no kisses are allowed. Mistletoe used to be considered a charm or amulet to ward off the baleful influence of witches. It was also considered that its influence was irresistible, that no one could possibly pass beneath it without yielding to its power, and hence both matron and maid must submit to the salutation which has since become customary.—Self Culture Magazine.

HIS WIFE'S STRATEGY

By DONALD ALLEN

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

"Martha, are you there?" called Farmer Milton from the back doorstep.

"What is it, pa?" asked his wife as she appeared with a dish in her hand.

"There's Jim Thomas coming down the road."

"Well, what of it?"

"He looks all dressed up."

"He's probably going to a dance somewhere."

"He's probably coming right here to see our Minnie."

"Then he'll have greased his boots for nothing. Minnie ain't wasting her time on no such fellows as Jim Thomas."

The farmer had more to say, but before he could say it Jim Thomas had arrived. He was a young man of twenty-five who had no particular occupation, but traded horses, helped to put up windmills and now and then acted as a piano agent.

He sat down beside the farmer, reached for his jackknife and a stick and proceeded to whittle and talk. Mrs. Milton came to the door to shake the tablecloth and gave him a nod, but during the two hours he remained he saw nothing of Minnie. He seemed much disappointed.

When he had departed the farmer entered the sitting room and said to the wife:

"Look a-here, Martha, what's the use in hurting a fellow's feelings?"

"What fellow?"

"Jim Thomas, of course. You didn't say three words to him, and Minnie didn't appear at all. It was a reg'lar snub, and I felt sorry for him."

"Then your sympathies are wasted. I want to tell you that Jim Thomas is a sneak, and if Minnie ever speaks to him again I'll box her ears, though she is going on nineteen years old."

The farmer sat down and pulled off his boots.

"Martha," he began, "I've known for two weeks that there was something up and that Minnie and you were keeping it from me. Now, then, I want to know all about it. Jim Thomas was down in the lot where I was at work today, and he had just begun to tell me that Minnie and Burt Anderson were mad at each other when Elder Davis came along and hung around so long that Jim had to go before finishing his story. You might as well tell me the whole story."

"I told you Jim was a sneak," answered the wife. "If he hadn't been there wouldn't have been any fuss between Minnie and Burt, and if he hadn't been he wouldn't have shown his face here tonight."

"This seems to be a 'tarnal nice howdydo—two folks engaged to be married and fighting like cats and dogs. What's the row about?"

"Nothing but Burt's jealousy. Minnie wrote her name in an autograph album, and Burt found it out through Jim Thomas and gave her a blowing up about it. She sassed back, and he got mad, and that's the reason he hasn't been here for the last two weeks."

"What in thunder is an aw-to-graff album?" asked the husband after thinking for a minute or two.

"It's a book that folks write their names in, and you needn't swear about it. It belonged to a summer boarder down at Scott's."

"And all she did was to write her name in it?"

"That's all, though Jim made Burt believe the fellow was struck on Minnie and said she had eyes like a sloe."

"What sort of a critter is a sloe?"

"I don't know, and I don't care, and I want to tell you that you are not to mix into this business."

"But ain't I her father, and ain't it my business to go to Burt Anderson and tell him that Minnie is a hundred times too good for him."

"No sir, it ain't! Abijah Milton, you are a thick headed man, and you are so nearsighted that you run against fences. If you had your way you'd spoil your only daughter's happiness forever. You are not going to have your way. You are going to fold your arms and keep still and let me work this thing out myself."

"By thunder, Martha, but"—

"Swearing some more! No wonder you have become afraid of lightning! Swearing won't help you, however. You have got to do as I say. If Jim Thomas comes around again you can talk about windmills all you want to, but don't talk about Minnie. If you see Burt Anderson use him just as you always have. The rest can be left to me."

"And what'll you do?" asked the husband and father.

"You wait and see. If you don't see Burt Anderson around here in less than two weeks then my name wasn't Martha Tompkins before I married you, and I didn't take a prize spelling the whole school down."

"I don't see how"— But she interrupted by saying it was time to wind the clock and go to bed, and during the next ten days she resolutely refused to answer a word whenever he approached the subject. Then one evening she queried of him:

"Pa, what's Burt Anderson working at now?"

"Hoeing corn in the field alongside the road," was the answer.

"Do you think he'll be there tomorrow?"

"Likely to be. Why?"

"Never mind why. Did our old horse Charlie ever run away?"

"Lord, no!"

"Could he run away if he wanted to?"

"He might get up a sort of hen canter."

"Suppose," continued the wife, "that the lines were to get under his heels and some one was to hit him five or six cuts with the whip, would he break into a canter?"

"I guess he would. Yes, he'd be so astonished that he would probably dust along for a few rods."

"And would he keep to the road?"

"I guess he would. What are you asking all these questions for?"

"Perhaps I'll tell you this evening. Don't bother me now, as I've got three pans of milk to skim."

Farmer Milton had no sooner left the house for the fields next morning than his wife began fixing up a crock of butter for the village grocer, while Minnie harnessed the old horse to the democrat wagon and got ready to drive to town.

"Now, then, remember what I've told you. When you come along to the cornfield keep your eyes straight in front of you and don't look around even if Burt calls to you. Just make out that you don't hear. On your way back when you get to the schoolhouse"—

"I understand," nodded the daughter.

"Don't forget the screaming part."

"No, but do you suppose"—

"There is no supposing about it. I am your mother, and I am no spring chicken. Now go on with you."

Burt Anderson was working in the cornfield that morning within two rods of the highway when he caught the pounding of hoofs and the rattle of wheels and looked up to see Minnie Milton driving by. He dropped his hoe and opened his mouth to call, but she struck the horse with the whip as if to hurry on. He couldn't say that she saw him, but he thought she did, and the thought hardened his heart. He had forgiven her "sass" days and days ago and was ready to "make up," but this action on her part showed that she was punishing him. From then until 3 o'clock in the afternoon the young man managed to hoe about twelve hills of corn. The rest of the time was spent in sulking or sitting on the fence and looking down the village road. His waiting and sulking was rewarded at last. A mile away arose a cloud of dust kicked up by old Charlie's feet, and as it drew nearer and nearer the young man prepared to drop off the fence and hide. Minnie should not have the pleasure of flouting him again. He was on the ground when he heard a woman's screams for help. He heard the hoof beats of a horse on the gallop. He heard the clatter of a rickety old one horse wagon.

It was a runaway. Burt Anderson saw that it was the instant he got his head above the fence. It was Minnie returning home. The lines had fallen under the horse's feet, and she was standing up and swaying from side to side and screaming. There was a hero and a rescue. There were explanations. There was no apology to old Charlie, though he certainly deserved one.

"No, I'm no spring chicken!" observed farmer Milton's wife to herself as she stood at her gate and saw that Burt Anderson was driving Minnie home and that Minnie's red cheeks had come back to her.

"Say, now, but how did you manage it?" whispered the husband to the wife that evening as the two lovers had the piazza to themselves.

"Manage what?" was the reply in a puzzled voice. "Abijah Milton, you are the most thick headed man I ever saw. How did I manage it! Just as if I'd been managing something—conspiring and plotting and all that sort of thing! There are certainly times when you make a body tired!"

A Surprise For Horace Greeley.

In the early days of the suffragist movement Miss Susan B. Anthony had no more bitter opponent than Horace Greeley, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. It was for a long time his custom to wind up all debates with the conclusive remark, "The best women I know do not want to vote."

When the New York constitution was being altered in 1867 Miss Anthony laid a train for him. She wrote to Mrs. Greeley and persuaded the editor's wife not only to sign a petition for woman's suffrage herself, but to circulate the paper and get 300 signatures among her acquaintances. In the committee Mr. Greeley, who was chairman, had listened to the debate and prepared to introduce to the convention an adverse report. He was just about to utter his usual "settler" when George William Curtis rose.

"Mr. Chairman," said he, "I hold in my hand a petition for suffrage signed by 300 women of Westchester, headed by Mrs. Horace Greeley."

The chairman's embarrassment could hardly be controlled. He had found at least one of "the best women I know" wanted to vote, but he revenged himself later upon the leaders by scathing editorials.

Italian Passion.

The emotional temperament of the Italians is shown even in their "agony advertisements." This is from an Italian paper: "Yesterday when I saw you I had not then received your dear letter. Imagine in what state of desolation I had been. The day was to me a veritable agony. I could not discover a reason for your silence. You may guess how I suffered. But at last yesterday evening I again saw your adorable handwriting. Thanks, thanks, with the whole of my soul. Thus, at any rate, we may part with tranquil hearts. But when I think we shall never see one another again my soul freezes. Write to me often, for I have need of your gentleness, and I have a foreboding that I shall succumb to the pestilential climate of the country I am going to. And I shall write every other day to you. To you all my soul, all my love, sweetest and most adorable creature."

SAINT OF THE COOKS.

A Queen of the Culinary Art Who Lived In Genoa.

Santa Zita, as the patron saint of the cooks is named, lived, it appears, at Genoa and was there canonized. She could, so runs the legend, cook better than any chef within 300 miles of the town, which, we all know, is noted for its wonderful soups and dumplings, though of course in the latter indigestible article of food outrivaled by Vienna, since it is one of the chief articles in the religion of gastronomy that it is only in the kaiserstadt that the "glose" is in perfection. Santa Zita was, it seems, not less famous for her piety than for cooking and was a constant attendant at the cathedral during high mass.

One day, however, she fell into a trance, so called—though, in plain English, a good, sound sleep—and quite forgot that she had to produce an exceptionally fine dinner for a large company. On awakening she hurried forth from the sacred edifice in a way which was far indeed from her wont, but on reaching the kitchen what was her surprise and delight to find a party of cherub celestials busy cooking the required dinner. She did not interfere, but was at first not unwilling to accept the praise which was lavished on her culinary success. She soon repented, however, and told the world the truth about the spiritual and miraculous help she had received, and it was agreed on all sides that she deserved to be canonized. Accordingly she became Santa Zita.—London Queen.

A Singular Epitaph.

At Annapolis, N. S., and in the military cemetery attached to old Fort Anne is a tombstone with the following odd inscription:

Here Lyeth the Body of
Margaret Winlett.
Born the 6th day of April, 1723, and Dyed
the 28th of February, 1722.

The singular part of the epitaph is that the child, according to the engraving on the headstone, died nearly a year before its birth.

Interpreted.

"Father," asked the youth, "what is your understanding of the saying, 'The race is not always to the swift'?"

"Practically, my son," replied the wise father, "it means that in the race of life the fast men don't usually come out ahead."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A MARCH MISTAKE

By Jeanne O. Loizeaux

Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham

"Elsie, John Fielding is waiting for you downstairs."

Elsie looked up to see her mother in the door and dropped the warm cloak she was about to put on. She was a quiet, gentle girl, so unassuming that her dark prettiness was more unnoticed than it deserved to be. It had been long since John had come to see her in the old friendly fashion of the time before Rose Lisle moved to their town. The girl gave another touch to her smooth hair. Her mother stood watching her and then remarked:

"Mrs. Dent told me today that John and Rose have been out for over a month. He has just come home. If a quarrel with Rose is all that sends him to you, I should think that"— Elsie wheeled impatiently.

"Mother, John and I have always been good friends, and I shall not question any motive that brings him to see me. I shall always be the same to him. You can't expect a man so deeply in love as he is with Rose to be regular in his attention to his girl friends. And no one could help loving a beauty like Rose. She's good too."

Elsie greeted John as if she had seen him yesterday and soothed his evidently overwrought mood with a gentle, half laughing tact. He was tall and blond, with fine blue eyes which tonight were clouded, and his face was a little careworn. Sometimes he gave random answers as if he had not heard what she said. After a half uneasy hour of the March twilight he turned to her in awkward masculine gratitude for her patience with him.

"Elsie, am I keeping you in? I have not thought to ask if you were going anywhere." She smiled and bethought herself that inaction was not good in his present mood.

"I was going for a walk and can go as well another time. I was going quite by myself. You know, I am never afraid."

"No, I never knew you to be afraid from the time we were children at school until now. I have always liked you for that. But would you mind letting me go with you for the walk? We used to like 'pushing the wind' together. Shall we go?"

Elsie put on her cloak and little red cap, and the two young people started away.

Rose lived not far from them, and as they passed the house both could not avoid what they saw. From the broad front windows the light streamed brightly. The shades were not drawn. Rose sat at the piano, and over her in rapt attention stood Norman Cady. John almost dragged Elsie past, though he said nothing. He did not know that he gripped her arm till it hurt and that he was walking at a pace that would have put a less healthy girl than Elsie utterly out of breath.

It was a raw night, with a sharp wind. The moon was high and cold, and the sky was streaked with flying clouds. The road was good, and they walked on and on, out of the town and along the river road. The girl was unwilling to disturb her companion's silent mood and swung gladly beside him. At length they reached the boathouse and a great pile of rough logs in a sheltered corner. John stopped here and proposed resting.

"Elsie," he said, "I must have tired you all out. I am a selfish brute to drag you about like this. I was trying to get away from myself by reminding myself what a stanch friend you have always been. I had not intended to tell you my troubles, but I think I must if you will let me."

"Tell me about it," she replied in the matter of fact comrade's way that made confidences easy.

"All right, but you must not try to help me. No one can do that. I simply need the relief of words before I settle down to forgetting as fast as I can."

He hesitated. A man finds it hard to confide.

"Is it about Rose?" She tried to make it easier for him.

"Elsie, I loved her almost from the minute I saw her. Everybody must know it, for I didn't hide my preference, and when I want anything under the sun it is my way to do my best to get it. I wanted her. Soon I made her my friend and then—well, I thought she loved me, though we had not spoken of it in words. About a month ago I wrote and asked her to marry me. I told her everything a man tells the girl he loves. I asked her to send me a note in answer and added that I should interpret her failure to do so as a refusal, though I was overconfident enough not to dream of such a thing."

He looked off across the river and drummed his heels against the logs.

"Elsie," he went on, "she did not send me a word! Not one word! And that very night she was heartless enough to smile and nod and blush at me at a concert where we were and seemed to think I would see her home the same as ever! Then the next time we met she did not even speak!"

"Are you sure she received it?"

"Yes. I sent it by my brother, and he put it into her own hand. He did not wait for an answer. She could have sent that anyway. Well, then I went away a few weeks. I could not stand it here, and now that I am back it is worse than ever. I despise myself for caring, but I hate Norman Cady for being near her. I thought if I told you, perhaps just putting it into words would wear off some of my anger and help me forget her. Elsie, be good to me and help me forget her. Will you?"

The girl touched his arm with her hand.

"You should go to her and have it out in words. There may be some mistake."

"There is no mistake. She was simply playing with me. Elsie, you were always my comrade, be so now in time of need." Elsie laughed, but it hurt her a little.

"Very well, John, come to me whenever you want to. We will talk and walk and you shall try to forget. I will not fail you."

March was gone and April had had her last day of grace. It was the evening before May day. Elsie, happy hearted, was waiting on the porch in the twilight. John was to come. Now he nearly always came. They were going for another walk in the spring twilight to wander across the green hills and back along the roadways in the white moonlight. Elsie thought only of the moment, but she could not help a little throb of gladness that he so seldom spoke of Rose. She did not, as at first, regret the coolness that had sprung up between her and Rose. Nothing seemed to matter but being happy without thinking why. John called her "sister" half jokingly, but with entire affection, and while he sometimes wandered off inconsolately by himself he seemed content to be with her. And so she waited. As she waited her fifteen-year-old brother called distressingly from his room:

"Sis, for goodness sake get my good coat from the closet in the hall! I'm goin' to be late to that party."

Elsie went to the dark closet and emerged with a coat. She knocked at his door.

"Oh, come on in and help me with this fool tie! Great snakes, if you haven't got the wrong coat! Just like a girl! Haven't worn that old thing since winter!" He snatched it from her impatiently upside down. A letter fell from the pocket.

Elsie picked it up, and as she glanced at the address her face went white.

"Terry! What is this?"

At the sound of her voice he turned to look, and then stood stricken with tardy penitence. It was addressed to John Copeland, and in the lower left corner was inscribed in Rose's hand, "Kindness of Terry." Terry stared and struggled with the refractory tie.

"A pretty mess! Rose gave me that months ago, and I promised to take it straight to John. And like a fool I forgot!" Then he cheered up. "Well, they're off anyway now. Probably she'll be glad he never saw it. I will take it back to her tomorrow." He wondered at the strange brightness of his sister's eyes, at the extreme whiteness of her face.

"Gee! Not even Rose can touch you for looks, Sis. I don't wonder that John"— She turned from him as John's whistle sounded below. She still held the letter.

"I shall give it to John. It is his. I shall tell him you forgot. I"—

Then she went down to John.

He sat contentedly on the porch with his hat pushed back on his fair head. He looked careless and happy enough. At her approach he rose.

"Ready, sister?" Her smile was odd, and she held the letter out to him. She spoke as if she had been running:

"John, take this into the parlor and read it. No one is there. I told you there was a mistake. It is to you from Rose. She gave it to Terry, and he forgot it. I just found it in the pocket of his winter coat." John did not know he almost snatched it from her hand. When he came back from the parlor his face was shining.

"Elsie, you are an angel! You have the heart of a sister! You have given her back to me. She did love me. She does! I"—

Elsie smiled and gave him a brave little push.

"Well, you silly boy, go to her this minute!"

He snatched her hand and pressed it hard. Then he went from her with an eager swiftness that he had never shown in coming to her. She knew it—she had always known it, but nevertheless it was not easy to see. And under her breath she whispered bravely:

"The heart of a sister!"

The Robber's Grave at Montgomery.

In a corner of the churchyard of Montgomery, writes a correspondent, is a bare space, known as "the robber's grave." It is not a raised mound of earth, but is below the surrounding ground, which is especially luxuriant. The date of the grave is 1821, and numerous attempts have been made to grow grass upon the bare spot. Fresh soil was frequently spread upon it, but not a blade of grass is to be seen. The shape of a cross is still distinctly visible. It is the grave of a man named Newton, charged with highway robbery and violence and sentenced to be hanged. He protested his innocence. "In meek dependence of a merciful God, whom I have offended, but who, through the atonement of his blessed Son, has, I trust, pardoned my offenses, I venture to assert that if I am innocent of the crime for which I suffer the grass for one generation at least will not cover my grave." Men of eighty bear witness that never since they were children has there been grass on the grave.—Westminster Gazette.

Traveling Incognito.

Some investigator of curious subjects has discovered that the inventor of traveling incognito was Peter the Great of Russia. The next after the famous Russian sovereign to adopt the practice was Joseph II. of Austria, who in 1777 made a little stay in Paris under the title of Count von Falkenstein. During the revolutionary period Louis XVIII. buried his temporarily useless royal dignity under the privacy of Comte de Lille, while Charles X. passed as the Comte de Marles. The ex-Empress Eugenie in her splendor frequently took little trips as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds.

But He Wouldn't Tell.

Gayboi—I had the bulliest chance to kiss another fellow's girl in the dark the other night. What would you have done under the circumstances?

Rounder—I would have kissed her, sure. What did you do?

Gayboi—Well, I won't say what I did, but I'm glad you approve my course of action.—Judge.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Thursday, the 28th day of June, 1906, by F. Q. Hartman, Ed. J. Hartman, T. W. Cutler, and Geo. C. Youngman, under the Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved Apr. 29th. 1874 and the several supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "F. Q. Hartman, Incorporated" of Danville, Montour County, Pennsylvania, the charter and object of which is the manufacturing of all kinds of thrown silk, and other textile work, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said act of assembly and the supplements thereto.

JAS. SCARLET, Solicitor.

June 6th., 1906.

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. O. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

For Sale by Paules & Co.

HANDLING MONEY.

It Is No Temptation to the Seasoned Bank Teller.

"Money? Don't the sight of so much of it make me hungry for it? Not at all. To tell the truth, it is like so much mud to me."

Thus spoke a teller in a Denver bank. He was talking to a young man outside the cage. On the counter were heaped piles of gold and silver coin and bunches of paper money.

"I'm sure I couldn't stand the constant temptation to appropriate it for my own use," said the man outside.

"Yes, you could," replied the teller. "You could easily after being in here a week. For the first few days the money would look pretty good to you, and you'd have to use your will power to keep away from it, but after a week or so it doesn't seem like money. It seems like merely an article you deal in, just as potatoes seem to the grocer. There isn't a sixty dollar a month bank clerk in a thousand who thinks of stealing the money he handles unless he is in debt and is being crowded for funds. To the bank employee who has his debts paid and has enough to keep from thinking of an urgent need for cash money has no value. Handling money is just like eating to a teller. As long as he has enough food in his stomach he has no desire for more and even a big, fine, juicy steak has no temptation for him. But let him get good and hungry, and he'll covet that steak. The only way for a man who handles money in a bank to be free from the temptation to appropriate it is to keep out of debt and not develop any urgent and expensive ambitions."—Denver Post.

THE PARLOR.

It Is Rapidly Becoming an Apartment of the Past.

The American parlor is a thing of the past, according to architects, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. No more will there be a room reserved for state occasions, such as the receiving of formal calls, the visit of the minister and for weddings and for funerals.

"We never take the parlor into consideration any more," said a Cleveland architect recently. "The parlor is merged into the living room. The good old fashioned parlor, which was held in so much reverence in the old days, has no place in modern architecture.

"The demand is for a large living room in a small house, together with a dining room and kitchen. In a larger house there is usually a large living room, library, 'den,' dining room and kitchen.

"I had a client yesterday who desired to have a reception room or parlor not connected with the living room. He decided later to have a sort of reception room in connection with the hallway.

"When the parlor idea began to lose ground we did not make a radical change, but reduced the parlor to a small reception room, isolated from the others, where formal calls could be received. Now we make no provision for the parlor.

"In these days the reception rooms do not have to be closed only to be opened on the occasion of the visit of the family minister or the physician."

There may be many who will regret the passing of the old fashioned country parlor, with all its memories of visitors, courtship and occasions which left impressions which have not been eradicated by the strenuous age of today.

BUNDLE HANDKERCHIEFS.

Introduced Into New England by the Salem Sea Captains.

Housewives of today would not know what was meant by the bundle handkerchief, yet 100 years ago the woman who did not have a pile of them neatly folded and ironed and laid away in smooth piles in a drawer of one of the capacious closets which were then built into houses was considered a poor housekeeper. The bundle handkerchief was first introduced by the Salem sea captains. It was brought from abroad with choice things, such as sandalwood fans, guava jelly and amber beads.

Those imported were the white india silk and were used to tie around the "best cap" box when ladies went out to spend the afternoon. Those of home make were of squares of calico or muslin and used for everyday bundles. When ladies went visiting to other towns their piles of dainty, handmade underware were wrapped in fine lawn or linen handkerchiefs sweet with lavender and orris. A new gown always came home from the dressmaker's carefully pinned in a thin, worn and much used madras handkerchief.

No Salem infant was considered to have been properly introduced to society till it had dangled in a bundle handkerchief from a pair of steelyard scales.

When the servants went to the bakery they carried a couple of coarse blue checked bundle handkerchiefs, and in one was wrapped the pot of beans, and in the other was wrapped the brown bread.

Luminous Plants.

In his book entitled "Luminous Plants" Professor Molisch explains the light which is often seen radiating from stumps of old trees. It is due to microscopic animals, fungoids, which on a diminutive scale have the exact form of mushrooms. These parasites live only so long as sap and strength remain in the wood. Similarly the "phosphorous" light on the surface of the sea comes from the animals which live on the seaweed.

A Railway Bull.

The recent intimation of an Irish railway that there would be "no last train to Cork" has apparently induced the Great Eastern Railway company to issue a placard stating that trains to Walthamstow will run "all through the night on week days."—St. James' Gazette.

Before and After.

"I think that every young woman should learn to play the piano before she is married."

"That's right. And forget it afterward."—Cleveland Leader.

The secret of all true greatness is simplicity.—Jordan.

MINOR MATTERS OF INTEREST

Facts and Episodes Caught in Passing and Briefly Related for Benefit of News Readers.

RAMBLER ROSES.

The red rambler roses which appear about town in such profusion, are now at their very best. There is scarcely a square in Danville or Riverside where the rich warm color of the ramblers are not in evidence among the shrubbery. Wherever they are seen they enrich the beauty of the lawn. The premises of A. C. Amesbury, Church street, can probably boast of the most beautiful profusion of rambler roses to be found in this section. Not only are the vines extensive, and admirably trained, but the roses are well developed and grow on every spot, in rich and luxuriant clusters. Many persons stop to admire the roses.

FISHING FOR TROUT.

James Scarlet, Esq., and M. H. Schram are spending the week trout fishing along the Fishingcreek. Good fishing conditions and two such experienced anglers are all that are needed. A rich haul of fish is assured.

THE ART OF ACTING.

What Amateurs Who Would Become Stars Must Learn.

It is surprising to discover how very differently people who have played parts all their lives deport themselves before the footlights. I was acquainted with a lady in London who had been the wife of a peer of the realm, who had been ambassadress at foreign courts, who at the time had been a reigning beauty and who came to me longing for a new experience and imploring me to give her an opportunity to appear upon the stage.

In a weak moment I consented, and, as I was producing a play, I cast her for a part which I thought she would admirably fit—that of a society woman. What that woman did and didn't do on the stage passes all belief. She became entangled in her train, she could neither sit down nor stand up, she shouted, she could not be persuaded to remain at a respectful distance, but insisted upon shrieking into the actor's ears, and she committed all the gaucheries you would expect from an untrained country wench.

But because everybody is acting in private life every one thinks he can act upon the stage, and there is no profession that has so many critics. Every individual in the audience is a critic and knows all about the art of acting. But acting is a gift. It cannot be taught.

You can teach people how to act acting, but you cannot teach them to act. Acting is as much an inspiration as the making of great poetry and great pictures. What is commonly called acting is acting acting.—Richard Mansfield in Atlantic.

OLD ROMAN BATHS.

They Had Theaters, Temples, Feasting Halls and Libraries.

The ancient Romans were extravagantly fond of bathing. They got their notions about the bath as a luxury from the Greeks, and at one time there were nearly 900 public bathing establishments in Rome, some of which were the most beautiful and elaborate structures in the world.

The baths of the Emperor Diocletian covered more than half a square mile and contained, besides immense basins and thousands of marble recesses, theaters, temples, halls for feasting, promenades planted with trees, libraries, schools for youth and academies for the discussions of the learned. The bathers sat on marble benches below the surface of the water, around the edge of the basins, scraping themselves with dull knives of metal and ivory and taking occasional plunges into the water.

Dissipated Romans would spend whole days in the bath, seeking relief from overindulgence in eating and drinking the night before. Everybody, even the emperor, used these baths, which were open to every one who chose to pay the price of admission.

It was not usual for the old Romans to have baths in their houses, though at a date 1500 years before that, or 3,500 years ago, the noblemen of ancient Greece had their dwellings supplied with baths of terra cotta.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best

Administratrix Notice.

Estate of Enoch W. Snyder, deceased late of Liberty township, in the County Montour and State of Pennsylvania.

Letters of administration on the estate of Enoch W. Snyder, late of Liberty township, Montour County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Sarah E. Snyder, residing in said township, 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.

SARAH E. SNYDER
Administratrix

Liberty Township, Montour Co., Pa., May 8 1906

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.

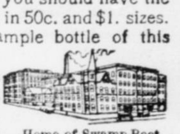
How To Find Out.

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, Swanp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the addres Binghamton, N.Y., on every bottles.

HAVE SOME Ice Cream

and make it yourself. It will be pure and just right in every way if you use

D-Zerta Ice Cream Powder

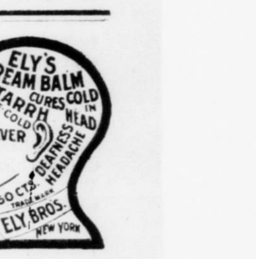
Everything in the package. No cooking or heating. Just add one quart milk and freeze. Makes nearly two quarts and can be made in ten minutes. Five flavors. Sold by all grocers. Two packages 25c.

PLEASES EVERYBODY

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

Administratrix Notice.

Estate of Mrs. Sarah E. Hoffman, late of the Borough of Danville, 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, 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.

ANNIE H. WILLIAMS,
Administratrix.

Executrix Notice.

Estate of Dr. Thomas B. Wintersteen, late of the Borough of Danville, Penn'a., deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the above estate 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.

MINNIE L. WINTERSTEEN,
Executrix.

Executors' Notice.

Estate of Jacob Brobst, late of the Township of West Hemlock, 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

WM. J. BROBST,
MARY ELLEN KNORR,
Executors of Jacob Brobst, deceased.
P. O. Address, Bloomsburg, Pa.
EDWARD SAYRE GEARHART,
Counsel.

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
$1.00 per day and upwards.

AMERICAN PLAN
$2.00 per day.

FRANK M. SCHEIBLEY,
anager

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.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

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

Cures Grip in Two Days.