

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

Danville, Pa., July 12, 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.

PENGUINS FEEDING.

The change that takes place when they enter the water.

The appearance of the keeper of the penguins at the zoo, with his bill of the penguin, is the signal for sudden and intense excitement in the cages. The penguins were their little flippers and waddle to the door, where they peer eagerly down the wooden steps leading to the pool.

Once below water an astounding change takes place. The slow, ungainly bird is transformed into a swift and brilliant creature, headed with globules of quicksilver, where the air clings to the close feathers, and flying through the clear and waveless depths with arrowy speed and powers of turning far greater than in any known form of aerial flight.

The twists and turns necessary to follow the active little fish are made wholly by the strokes of one wing and the cessation of movement in the other, and the fish are chased, caught and swallowed without the slightest relaxation of speed in a submarine flight which is quite as rapid as the steady strokes of the wings are exactly similar to those of the air birds, while its feet float straight out level with the body, unused for propulsion or even as rudders and as little needed in its progress as those of a wild duck when on the wing.

Any attempt to remain on the surface leads to ludicrous splashing and confusion, for the submarine bird cannot float. It can only fly below the surface. Immediately the meal is flushed the water and surfs with round backs and drooping wings back to their cage to dry and digest.—London Spectator.

YOUTHFUL WARRIORS.

Pizarro completed the conquest of Peru at thirty-five and died at forty.

Cortez effected the conquest of Mexico and completed his military career before the age of thirty-six.

The great Gonzalo defeated the Spaniards at Rowal at twenty-two and won all his military fame before the age of twenty-five.

Peter the Great of Russia was proclaimed czar at ten years of age, organized a large army at twenty, won the victory at Embach at thirty, founded St. Petersburg at thirty-one and died at the age of fifty-five.

Napoleon was a major at twenty-four, general of brigade at twenty-five and commander in chief of the army of Italy at twenty-six. He achieved all his victories and was finally overthrown before the age of forty-one.

Frederick the Great ascended the throne at twenty-eight, terminated the first Silesian war at thirty and the second at thirty-three. Ten years later, with a population of but 5,000,000, he triumphed over a league of more than 100,000,000 people.

With a Home. The great millionaire looked out impatiently. "Well," he said, "what is it?" "I desire, sir," the young man faltered, "to marry your daughter, provided—"

The other frowned. "Provided what?" "Just provided," murmured the youth. "Mamma's the baby's best friend."

ENTERPRISING BOTANISTS.

Effects of the Great Revival of the 16th century.

In the great literary and scientific revival that took place in the sixteenth century botany made a fresh departure. The discovery of America had brought a vast number of new plants to Europe, and their study doubtless stimulated the more complete study of those of the old world.

Among those students were such men as Linnaeus, Oelch, Cassini, LeFebvre, Mattioli, Caspar and John Bauhin, Conrad Gesner, Pona, Leonard Fuchs, Prosper Alpinus, Dodoneo and many others.

They were great travelers, whose delight was to collect and examine plants in their native countries. Caspar Bauhin collected them in Germany, France and Italy with great labor and danger.

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SARAH, HUSTLING HEROINE.

By DONALD ALLEN. Copyright, 1906, by Beatrix Heade.

"Look here, Jim," began Colville one evening, when her brother James came home to supper.

"Yes, there is one there," was the reply. "Who is he?" "I can't tell you much about him. His name is Ripley, I believe, and he's come down from the city for a four weeks' vacation. He was asking me about boating and fishing."

James Halliday was a carpenter of the village of Branchville. His sister Sarah kept house for him. Sarah Halliday had lived for thirty-three years and no man had hinted of matrimony to her.

"Yes, he may be," said she. "Then you'd better saunter up to the tavern and show him that you want to be friendly. You can bring in, if you want to, that I noticed him this afternoon. We've got the mill pond here, and we've got a boat and fishing tackle, and it seems our duty to make the stranger's stay as pleasant as possible. You know how you'd feel if you were away from home."

The brother dutifully obeyed orders. He found Mr. Ripley smoking a cigar on the veranda. He mentioned Sarah, the mill pond, the boat and the black bass waiting to be caught, and Mr. Ripley replied that he should surely take advantage of the situation. He didn't set any date, however, and when he came home to supper on the following evening the brother observed to the sister:

"What do you think, Sarah? That Susan Jones has somehow managed to get acquainted with the stranger, and had dinner at her house playing croquet."

"Jim, you don't tell me that for a fact?" she gasped. "Of course I do!" "Humph! The freshness of Miss Susan Jones must be seen to at once."

And it was. Miss Sarah speedily donned another dress, fixed up a bill, and having her mother to attend to, she started for the Jones house. Mr. Ripley and Susan were just finishing their last game. Sarah walked up to Susan and whispering asked for an introduction and forced the issue.

When she returned home Mr. Ripley accompanied her and didn't leave the house until 10 o'clock. He had made himself very agreeable, and when he had departed Jim observed:

"By thunder, Sarah, but 'sposin' you could marry a feller like him!" "I mean to," was Sarah's laconic reply.

The next day Jim was left out of it. Sarah and Mr. Ripley took the boat and went fishing, and before they returned she thought she knew her man pretty well. He was romantic. He was inclined to be a hero. He quoted poetry. He sighed in fond love and a heroine.

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed Sarah as she paused in the act of pouring out the tea.

"That's what I saw. She was at the tavern to see the landlord's wife, and I 'spos she was introduced."

"Well, I'll put a stop to that pretty sudden. I told Mrs. Graves only last week that Tilly was altogether too coquetted."

Azazu Jim was left to eat his evening meal alone while the sister started out with aggressive steps. She saw Tilly and Mr. Ripley at the gate while she was yet a long way off. She walked straight up to them and observed that it was a beautiful evening for seeing the mill dam and bore the stranger away. When the pouring waters of the dam had been sufficiently admired the young man was walked to the Halliday homestead and kept busy quoting poetry and drinking ether until 11 o'clock.

In the course of a couple of weeks at least Jim had a dozen girls introduced to Mr. Ripley by the landlord's wife, and each and every one of them set out for a flirtation with him. Each and every one of them came to grief, however. Sarah was in evidence, and when she butted in the others had to butt out.

At the end of a fortnight she herself as good as engaged. Mr. Ripley had proved her strength and skill in rowing, her luck in fishing and her emotional temperament, and she had several times caught him gazing at her as a man only glances when his admiration is aroused. He had been asked to tea three or four times, and the two had boated and fished every afternoon, and all was going well.

"How's it coming out, Sarah?" asked brother Jim one morning at the breakfast table.

"There's only one thing needed," she replied. "I haven't noticed that he is always talking about heroes and heroines?"

"If I were a heroine he'd pop the question inside of twenty-four hours." "But how can you be?" "I can't say just now, but I'm going to think it over during the day."

That afternoon she received a note from Mr. Ripley excusing himself from calling on the ground of a slight illness, and two hours after she had read the note she learned that he was sitting on the piazza with the Widow Phelps, who had had two husbands and wanted a third.

Sarah planned fast from that time on. Sarah had learned that Mr. Ripley called breakfast at 8 o'clock. He then spent an hour on the veranda smoking and reading. The mill dam was not a hundred feet away and in plain view.

Next morning as the young man on a vacation sat smoking, he heard some one calling his name. He looked up, and there was Sarah Halliday in an earnest look forcing down upon the dam. She cried to him again and again, and it was plain to him that she must be swept over the falls and drowned. The best thing he could do, however, was to fall over his rocking chair and roll down the steps. Right under his eyes the boat went over the dam, and right under his eyes a sawmill man, who had never longed to be a hero, fished Sarah out with a long pole. She was a heroine, but insensible. They rolled her on a barrel. They dragged her around in the sawdust. They carried her home on a slab and sent for Jim and the doctor. She was wrung out and had to be nursed. It was two days later when Jim was permitted to ask:

"Now, then, what in the old Harry were you doing in that boat at that hour in the morning?" "Howing," she answered. "How came you to lose the oars?" "Oh, I see. You wanted to be a heroine, eh, and you wanted to give Ripley a chance to play the hero?" "Has he sent me any flowers?" she asked, avoiding a direct reply to his question.

"I saw 'em, but I surely called?" "How could you call when he took a skate that very forenoon?" bluntness replied the brother.

"Did he see me all wet and wopsy?" "Of course, and that's why he skated!" "Poor Sarah! She had hustled, but she had lost."

The Man Who Blushed.

By C. B. LEWIS. Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastman.

In announcing in a very impressive manner to all applicants that she kept a fashionable boarding house Mrs. Barnes did not exactly mean that members of the Four Hundred and stray multimillionaires fell over each other to be unnumbered among her guests. She meant that it was a homelike place for stenographers, typewriters, bank clerks and floorwalkers of department stores to take advantage of, but they must at the same time realize to the fullest extent the privileges permitted them.

These privileges, so far as any one ever discovered, consisted of a litchkey and a piano. Any boarder who dared do so could also take a seat in the parlor of an evening. He or she could also use the gas mill and enjoy one clean towel per day.

The girl with the golden hair, as they called Miss Berce, the stenographer, had been at this fashionable boarding house a week when "greenbacks," as they called the bank clerk, arrived. His name was given to the others at the dinner table by Mrs. Barnes, was Tillman.

The stenographer and the bank clerk had had two days to size each other up in when the actress arrived. It was physiognomy. It also transpired that the bank clerk had a fat. It was Deduction. After about ten futile looks at Mr. Tillman the stenographer discovered that he was a young man of weak character and easily tempted.

The shape of his forehead told her that he would not be honest under great temptation. Miss Dorothy Delmar, the actress, whose real name was Catharine Briggs, had no faith. All she wanted was to climb to the top of her profession. As she had just got through playing leading lady in a burlesquing company that had failed on the road after being

out about fifteen minutes. Her door was shut, but not locked. Her future career did not depend solely upon these diamonds, thank heaven, but unless they were recovered she would not be able to play certain leading parts.

When the evening paper came out with its account of "Bald Robbery"—An Actress Loses \$25,000 Worth of Diamonds in a Boarding House, Miss Delmar faltered away, and after her recovery her blushing was pitiful to her. It was so pitiful that the stenographer decided to temperize no longer.

Her father frowned at her enthusiasm, and Reed's thin, brown face colored. "You ought to run," grumbled the squire, continuing his examination of the young fellow; "you're built like a greyhound or a grasshopper."

"And as for running," continued the squire, with increasing cheer, for he too, had seen the pleading glance, "as for running, why should a man of ordi-

"I don't believe in it," trawled. "Boys go to college to study, or ought to, and they make a business of some kind of foolish play. If those football fellows," pointing to the three other young men who were his daughter's guests for the spring vacation, "had to work one-half as hard as you would be plowing, they'd think they were terribly abused."

Some one called Elsie, and she hurried away, giving a pleading glance at her lover which he interpreted as counseling him to patience.

"First, from my study of physiognomy," second, from your blush when I looked at you."

"Miss Berce, if I hadn't blushed and dropped my eyes when you looked at me across the breakfast table would you have suspected me of this robbery?" asked the bank clerk after a moment.

"I don't think so." "Then it was unfortunate for me. As a matter of fact, I have had that habit of yours when guilty of anything and have tried in vain to break myself of it."

"And you will restore the diamonds at once?" she eagerly asked. "You have depended on physiognomy in this case, Miss Berce. I have depended on deduction. Miss Delmar is an actress out of money and an engagement. Deduction: She must stand Mrs. Barnes off and bring her name before the public. She adorns herself with what she calls \$3,500 worth of jewelry. Deduction: Rhinestones. She sends for a reporter instead of a detective. Deduction: Sensation. The fact is, Deduction: She must stand where she bought the jewels, and she failed to remember the name of the house. Deduction: She didn't want to."

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Miss Berce followed the bank clerk down the hall to the window. Close up to the pole she saw the chamois bag and motioned him to reach it down.

"No use to have any trouble about it," he said as he placed the bag in her hand. "All her up to your room and try to get that you're looking at. Jewels where she's hid them. You are a detective of a physiognomist. Study her face when you produce the bag. That's all, Miss Berce."

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Thrust Upon Him.

By OTHO B. SENG. Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parrelle.

Squire Hart looked the young fellow over keenly.

"M-m" giving his pudgy hand to the clasp of the long, thin one extended in greeting, "Raiph Reed, eh? And what do you do? Football, I suppose, like the rest of these donkeys?"

"No, Mr. Hart, I wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance in a rush. I'm on the track team."

"It's the champion sprinter, papa," interposed Elsie eagerly. "He won five points for the blue in the intercollegiate contest."

Her father frowned at her enthusiasm, and Reed's thin, brown face colored. "You ought to run," grumbled the squire, continuing his examination of the young fellow; "you're built like a greyhound or a grasshopper."

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