MONTOUR AMERICAN

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

Danville, Pa., July 19. 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.

THE REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES

Will be Held Friday, July 27th in Montour County.

The Republican primary elections will be held in the different districts of Montour county on Friday, July 27th., between the hours of 6 and 8 p. m. at the usual voting places.

The county convention will be held the Saturday following in the court house at 10 a. m.

JOHN E. ROBERTS,
County Chairman.

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 WONDER OF JAPAN.

The Famous Castle of the Gold Dolphins at Nishma.

In the novel castle at Nishma, Japan, the palace which Marco Polo described in his tale of the marvels of far Cathay as covered with gold slabs? At the ends of the ridge of the pyramidal structure are large solid gold dolphins. Beneath the pile is a well which is literally a salted gold mine. It is gold lined and will hold sufficient water to supply 5,000 persons. The dolphins, which were placed on the top several centuries ago, have excited the curiosity of foreign relic hunters, as any one might imagine they would. So many have climbed to the top of the high structure to discover by testing if they are real gold that the dolphins have become seriously disfigured. Strong steel wire bags have been put over them to prevent further vandalism.

Only by good fortune does one of these dolphins still grace the old castle. A number of years ago it was taken down and sent to Vienna for exhibition at the world's fair held there as a rare specimen of ancient Japanese art. The vessel on which it was being returned sank, and it lay at the bottom of the sea for several years in spite of every attempt to raise it. Persistence was rewarded at last, for it was finally recovered and placed again in its old position.

The castle is used by the emperor of Japan as his headquarters during the army and navy reviews. State balls are also held there.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Wild Beasts of New York City.

As a matter of fact, it is not very generally known that wild trout may be taken and wild game killed within the corporate limits of New York city. Certainly I have found but few that seemed to know that foxes, and not always foxes bred for the purpose, but the genuine wild Reynard, are chased on Staten Island. The city limits are very extended. A good slice is taken off Westchester county at the north, the whole of one end of Long Island at the east, while Staten Island entire is included at the south. There are wooded districts within these boundaries—brushy hills and swampy thickets—some of them well nigh inaccessible. There are fresh water streams and lakes, and there are vast areas of salt water; also there are wide set meadows or marsh lands where the waters of ocean and bay and sound swept long ago and where salt creeks and inlets still make and ebb with the tide. Such haunts as these are ideal, and the creatures that have held them against three centuries of civilization are not to be easily driven away.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Metropolitan.

The Hardest Blow.

An artist who has attained fame and an income was telling some friends of his early struggles. "I had spent eight weeks on the picture," he said, "and had put my very soul into it, and we were penniless. My wife was hungry and in rags, the baby was sickly and I was discouraged. I hawked that picture about town desperately, only to bring it home that night. No one would have it."

"I suppose that was the hardest blow of your life," suggested a sympathetic friend.

"Oh, no, it wasn't, either. I could stand that. I knew I was right. But next day I went out to answer every promising advertisement. The last on the list read, 'Dishwasher wanted.'

"I felt secure of that, so saved it for the last. But when I applied the greasy proprietor of the restaurant looked me over with a critical eye.

"'Ah, yes,' he said, 'and what experience as a dishwasher have you had?'

"Of course I hadn't any, and he would not take me. I've never forgiven him for that awful jolt to my pride."

No Pleasure Trips For Them.

An amusing scene was witnessed one day last summer in a country town. An old lady, with her coachman, drove up in a large brake and stopped opposite a huge red brick building.

Her ring was answered by an official in uniform.

"I am come," she began, "to take the inmates for a picnic in the green fields and flowery meadows. It's a beautiful day, and it will do them a world of good, cooped up as they are in this building day after day."

The official gasped for breath. Never in all his long experience had he heard such a cool request. He simply gazed at her in astonishment.

"They can't come, madam," was all he could utter.

"Yes, they can. Let them all come—every one of them."

"We never let them out," he added in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, yes, you do! I met two of the dear old men just now in their long smock frocks."

A whole flood of light suddenly burst upon the astonished attendant. He saw everything clearly now.

"Ah, I see!" replied he. "You want the workhouse. It's just around the corner. This is the county jail."—London Graphic.

WHEN MYRA FORGAVE

By ROSE RAWSON

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The ice was in splendid condition, and carefully avoiding the people she knew in the crowd about the boat landing Myra struck out with long, powerful strokes for up the river.

She was in no mood for company. She wanted to be alone and think things over. It is a serious thing when a girl gives back her first engagement ring and informs the donor that she never wants to see him again. That experience had come to Myra that afternoon.

It had all been ridiculously foolish. Tom had scoffed at her for having joined the Browning club, declaring Browning to be a prize puzzler and not a poet. She had taken offense, and they had had their first quarrel. She

HE WAS LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD, AND IN THE DUSK HE PASSED HER.

had given back his ring and he had gone off in dudgeon, leaving her with the afternoon on her hands. They had planned to skate to Riverdale, five miles up the river; have supper there and skate back by moonlight. Now it was all spoiled and she must skate alone.

She was fond of the ice, and the swift motion and the bracing air soon put her in a more pleasant frame of mind. Perhaps she had been hasty in giving back the ring, but then it is not every day that one is elected the president of the literary club, and he might at least have congratulated her upon her victory over Nettie Doran.

She had been so engrossed with her thoughts that it was with surprise that she found she had entered the "cut," more than two miles from the landing. Here the river ran between steep bluffs for three-quarters of a mile, and she shuddered a little as she glanced at the cliffs on either side. She never had noticed it before, but now they seemed so black and forbidding.

She was still glancing up as her skate struck a bit of wood frozen into the ice, and with a cry she sank to the glassy surface. She struggled to her feet, but with another little moan she sank to one knee; she had sprained her left ankle.

Several times she essayed to rise, but each time her ankle hurt her more, and finally she desisted and crept on hands and knees to the bank. Perhaps some of the others would take it into their heads to skate up and they would give her help. If no one came she would try to creep back after she had rested.

But after an hour she gave up hope of help coming. She was so numb she could scarcely move. She began to cry softly. If she could not get to the lower end of the cut, where she might attract attention of some one on shore, she might freeze to death.

With infinite labor she crawled a few feet, but she had to give up and sit down again. Perhaps they might miss her at the landing and remember that she had gone up the river. They would send out a searching party for her. It might be an hour or more before she could hope for help, but the idea brought her some comfort, though it did not check the flow of tears.

Then her quick ear caught the welcome sound of the ring of steel on the hard ice and she tried to struggle to her feet.

Around the bend above Tom Runyon came with powerful strokes. He was looking straight ahead, and in the dusk he passed her. Before she could gain the courage to call to him he stopped suddenly and turned. In a flash he was at her side, kneeling before her.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked. "Are you hurt?"

"I've sprained my ankle," she sobbed, "and I'm tired and cold and hungry, and it hurts an awful lot. I'm so miserable."

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Hours," she moaned. "It seems like days, and it's so black and lonesome."

"Poor little girl!" he said tenderly. "I'll soon have you out of it. I'll skate down to the landing and borrow a sled."

She grasped his coat in terror. "Don't leave me!" she pleaded. "I think I would go crazy!"

"It won't take only ten minutes or so," he argued, but she kept a convulsive hold upon his coat. Presently an idea struck him.

"Can you stand on your other foot?" he asked. "Will it bear your weight?"

For answer she put out her hands, and he helped her to rise. She winced as the lame foot struck the ice, but she smiled bravely.

"I think I can," she said.

Tom dropped on one knee and started to unfasten the skate on the injured foot. The ankle was so swollen that he had to cut the strap through, but presently he rose and grasped her hands.

"Now keep the foot up," he commanded, "and let me tow you."

It was a little awkward at first. They skated together nicely, but now she could not take a stroke, merely sliding along upon the single runner and leaning heavily against him for support. Under his coaching she soon caught the idea, and presently they were swinging along at a good pace.

The injured foot ached with the motion and weight of the boot, but it was comforting to feel Tom's strong hand clasp and to lean against his shoulder as they sped along.

Somehow she had never realized what a strong man he was until she felt herself being carried along almost without an effort. It was less than ten minutes before they came in sight of the town as they turned the last curve.

"Looks kind of good, doesn't it?" he laughed as she gave a cry of delight.

"I thought I never should see it again," she confessed. "I had almost given up hope."

"Lucky thing I had to go to Riverdale," he commented. "I had given up the idea, but Johnson took me up in his rig to look at a horse he wants to sell me, and I took my skates along."

"I'm glad it was you," she murmured.

"Are you?" he asked in surprise. "I thought you would have had almost any one else rescue you."

"I did feel that way for a moment," she confessed, "when I first saw it was you. I wonder why you turned around."

"Something seemed to stop me," he explained. "It was a funny sort of feeling. I just seemed to see you behind me, and I had to turn around to make certain. It seemed almost as if a great hand made me stop."

"I think it was fate," she said softly.

"Maybe I sort of half saw you and was not conscious of it until I had passed you," he suggested.

"I would rather believe it was fate," she persisted.

"So would I," he said soberly. "Here's the landing."

The crowd had left the ice and had gone home to supper. There were no sleds around, so he slipped off his skates and caught her up in his arms.

"It's only a couple of blocks," he said. "We'll get home more quickly this way."

She did not make any comment until he had carried her into the house and had bestowed her comfortably upon the sofa. As he turned to go she spoke his name softly. He turned back.

"Will you be over after tea?" she asked.

"Surely," he answered. "I shall want to know how you are getting along."

"Will you bring the ring," she whispered.

"I have it right here!" he cried out eagerly.

For answer she stretched out her hand, and he slipped it on.

"This makes me think of the only Browning I know," he laughed. "Remember:

"There's a time in the lives of most women and men
When all would go smooth and even
If only the dead knew when
To come back and be forgiven."

"I forgave you long before that," she whispered. "I care more for you than I do for Browning."

OLD ROMAN NAMES.

The Peculiar System That Was In Use by the Nobility.

The noble Romans were peculiar in their system of nomenclature. They had the praenomen, the nomen and the cognomen. The first of these distinguished the individual and was equivalent to our Christian or baptismal name. It was usually indicated by a single letter, as A. for Aulus, or by two letters, as Ap. for Appius, or three, as Ser. for Servius. The nomen was distinctive of the gens or clan and has no corresponding appellative among us. The cognomen was placed last and designated the familiae, precisely answering to our surname. Sometimes a fourth name was added, the agnomen, in consequence of a renowned action, some conspicuous event of life or feature of character. Scipio, in addition to his regular names, was styled Africanus after his conquest of Carthage. The name Germanicus was assumed by those who distinguished themselves in the wars with the Germans.

In female names the Romans indulged but small variety of appellation, and fancy had little or nothing to do with their invention and bestowal. When there was but one daughter in a family she received the feminine termination of her gentile name, as Tullia, the daughter of Marcus Tullius Cicero, and Octavine, the sister of Octavius Caesar, etc., which names were retained even after marriage. When there were two daughters one was called Major and the other Minor, as Cornelia Major and Cornelia Minor. If there were more than two they were distinguished by their number, thus: Prima, Secunda, Tertia, Quarta, etc.

Baptism in Morocco.

This is the way an infant is christened in Morocco: "When the first child is born—and the parents are accustomed to wish for a girl as a happy omen—the mother of the young matron sends a basket containing the layette of the infant, along with henna, eggs and pigeons. The baby is stained with henna from head to foot and the little body smeared with butter and wrapped in flannels. The seventh day is the day of baptism. At the first hour of the morning the friends are invited to the repast. About 9 o'clock a 'taleb,' or, better still, a 'shereef,' sacrifices a sheep on behalf of the child and as he cuts the animal's throat pronounces the sacramental words, 'In the name of God it is the baptism of such an one, son of such an one.' Then the child is washed for the first time, henna is put on its hands and feet, khol under its eyes; it is clothed in its finest robes and put into its mother's bed, at the head of which lighted tapers are burning."

He Knew the Game.

A Kenwood man consented the other day to go to the millinery department for the purpose of helping his wife decide on a hat. After much trying on the lady decided on two hats from which to make her selection. One of them was $24, the other $16.

"Now, I want you to tell me honestly, George," she said, "which of these two you would advise me to get."

Then she put one on after the other and permitted him to view her from in front, each side and from behind.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said at last. "The one you had on first looks to me as if it might be more stylish and all that, but the second one makes you look much younger than you do in the other."

He had wasted an hour, but he saved $8.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unreasonable.

"My husband," said a young wife, "is a very unreasonable man!"

"In what way?" asked a friend.

"He expects me to live on nothing and save half."

Sarcastic.

Barber (pausing in the mutilation)—Will you have a close shave, sir? Victim (with a gasp)—If I get out of this chair alive, I shall certain consider it such.

Fiction.

Legitimately produced and truly inspirited, fiction interprets humanity, informs the understanding and quickens the affections. It reflects ourselves, warns us against social follies, adds rich specimens to our cabinet of characters, dramatizes life for the unimaginative, daguerreotypes it for the unobservant, multiplies experience for the isolated or inactive and cheers age, retirement and hardships with an available and harmless solace.—Tuckerman.

BANKS IN A FIRE CITY

THE PRESSING NEED OF MONEY IN A STRICKEN COMMUNITY.

Experience of a Chicago Financial House In 1871—Greed of Depositors and How It Showed Itself—An Unexpected Proposition.

Whenever a great fire devastates a large city the first effort of those concerned with the work of restoration is to get the banks open so that the pressing needs of a homeless population may be cared for. At such times business is done on a strictly cash basis, and everything sells at a premium. The consequence is an extraordinary demand for hand to hand money, since the merchant can use the poor man's dollar to better advantage than the rich man's credit in buying supplies to replenish his flame emptied warehouse.

The struggle that ensues to obtain all the cash in sight is full of human interest. It has its picturesque features. On Monday, Oct. 10, 1871, when all Chicago trudged downtown to see what was left of the city, great crowds besieged the banks. Some men were crying, others talked incoherently, and everybody seemed half dazed. An officer of one of Chicago's greatest banks who fought his way through the smoldering embers to the white marble hall which surrounded his vault, gave the following description of what occurred:

"Although the iron door of the vault had been somewhat expanded by heat, I found that the combination worked perfectly. That reassured me, and after hunting about the debris I fished out one or two iron crowbars and by wedging them in finally opened the vault door. The inclosure smelled smoky, but I soon found that the cash was all right, and so were our books. That made me feel good, and I got down to work in short order. The first thing I did was to look at the balance sheet and see what our exact resources were. A glance showed me that by collecting what was due from out of town creditors the bank could pay every thing it owed and declare a 10 per cent dividend besides, even if it lost every dollar due from its Chicago clients. That was all I wanted to know.

"On leaving the vault I saw four men waiting for me in what had been the cashier's office. They were among our largest depositors, and I knew well enough what they wanted. They were of very different types—one a shrewd money lender who had $30,000 to his credit on our books, another was a school teacher in an outlying district who would have been ruined had we not been able to pay him $25,000, a third was an out of town banker with $150,000 to the credit of his institution in our bank, and the fourth was a man who has since become one of Chicago's greatest capitalists and who had always professed his sincere friendship for me. It was a trying ordeal and one calculated to make each of my visitors show the real stuff that was in him. As events proved, this did not take long.

"The little money lender grabbed me first. With a strange little wink he forced me one side and said in a half whisper, 'Do you know how much I have in your bank?'

"I said, 'Yes, about $30,000.'

"'Well, I will give you $6,000 if you will give me the cash right away.'

"'I won't do that,' said I. 'Your money is all right, but you will have to wait a week for it until we get in shape again.'

"'What,' he fairly gasped, 'do you decline $6,000? That is a good deal of money in a city that has gone to destruction.'

"I answered no, that I would not, and told him in plain English what I thought of him. I said: 'I am not knave enough to take your bribe and give you an unfair advantage over the other depositors, and I am not fool enough to do it, because I know as soon as you discover the bank paid its claims within a week you would sue me for the $6,000. Get out of here right away.'"

"That was the last of him. He took his money when the week was out and kept clear of the bank after that. Then the school treasurer came to me with a straightforward story of how his bondsmen were anxious to know how he stood. When I told him that his money was safe and that he would not lose a cent he burst into tears, saying the news was too good to be true. The out of town banker was also very nice, saying that he did not care to withdraw his money so long as he knew it was safe. Then the man who has since grown enormously wealthy accosted me with the remark that he had come down to see how things stood. That gave me a chance to test him, so I said brusquely:

"'You know how things are as well as I do. Can't you see the position we are in?' 'Oh, yes, yes,' he answered hastily. 'I don't care about the fire. We are all in the same fix. But I want to know how you stand personally. Have you plenty of ready cash? You cannot get credit these days, so if you need anything from the grocer's you want hard cash. I brought you a little'—

"With that the man threw open his coat, dived down into his pocket and dragged out a roll of bills as big as his hands could grasp. Then he straightened them out and divided them into equal piles, retaining one himself and handing me the other. He was dreadfully in earnest, but I told him I could not accept the money and that I thought I could manage without it. He assured me that whatever he had would always be at my disposal. That man has always been one of my best friends."—New York Post.

A Candid Critic.

Author—Is it true that you say my latest is the worst book I ever wrote? Critical Acquaintance—Nonsense, my dear fellow. What I said was that it was the worst book anybody ever wrote; not you in particular.

A Narcotic.

Teacher—Give me a familiar instance of a narcotic. (Pupil hesitates.) Teacher—What does you father smoke in his pipe? Pupil—Mother says it smells like harseed, but I guess it's leather.

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 dairy."

Kodol Digests What You Eat.

Dollar size bottle 2½ times the trial size which sells for 50 cents.

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

For Sale by Paules & Co.

DANGERS OF DIETING

UNDERFEEDING LIABLE TO WEAKEN HEART'S ACTION.

Usually Appetite Is a Measure of Health, and the First Sign of Illness In a Man or an Animal Is Loss of the Desire For Food.

Professor Alexander Haig, an English dietary expert, has written from London to the medical fraternity of New York warning Americans against the popular belief that the average man eats too much. He says that the increasing number of deaths from heart failure is largely due to underfeeding.

The notion that science is a more unerring guide than is nature is constantly gaining ground. In the good old days men drank when they were thirsty and ate of whatever they wished until their hunger was satisfied. Now science condemns such foolishness as primitive. It prescribes one glass of water one hour before meals and one glass one hour after meals—no more, no less. If you happen not to be thirsty at those times, no matter, drink that amount anyway. If perchance you are thirsty and would like two glasses you must not yield; it is only nature that prompts you, and nature is an unsafe guide. Or, you may be "abnormally" thirsty at meals; nevertheless do not drink then.

As to our amount of food, we are directed to consume so many grams of the proteids, so many grams of the carbohydrates and so many grams of fat, while we hear learned discourses upon large calories and the supreme importance of exactly maintaining our nitrogen balance—whatever that may mean.

I have purposely not mentioned the precise numbers of grams of the different food elements, for the simple reason that our eminent authorities have not yet agreed upon this important point. All give different figures.

Scientists, however, following the lead of Russell H. Chittenden, Ph. D., LL. D., Sc. D., have pretty well agreed that the average man eats twice more than he needs. If half his customary amount of food does not satisfy him it ought to, they say, and it will eventually, provided he keeps on suppressing his natural and therefore unscientific instincts.

But just here lies a danger. It is true that one can accustom himself to a much smaller quantity of food than that to which he has been habituated and that eventually he will desire that smaller quantity and no more, but when he attains to this condition his digestive power will have been reduced by one-half. As a result he will lose from ten to thirty pounds in weight; that is to say, his muscles and organs will decrease by so much in bulk and strength. Now, if the heart decreases considerably in strength there will always be danger of its collapse, particularly if it be subjected to any extra strain, as when one runs for a car or rapidly up a flight of steps. Excitement alone may be fatal to a weak heart.

Rigorous dieting to reduce weight is always dangerous. A better plan is to work off the superfluous flesh by exercise.

Lack of sleep has a depressing effect on the heart, for during sleep cerebral circulation diminishes, when the blood can devote itself to the rest of the body.

Eating before going to bed, particularly if one is up late, is a good practice, it being most favorable to thorough body repair that the blood at night be rich in nourishment.

Accustoming the digestive organs to a small amount of food results in a decline of appetite, whereas our object should be to increase appetite and thereby strengthen our digestive powers by judicious exercise in the open air or in a well ventilated room.

If the doctrine that a small appetite is preferable to a large appetite be true—and this is what "economy in nutrition" teaches—then open air exercise, which manifestly increases appetite, must be injurious to health. Or why should we exercise to increase appetite if we may eat only so much?

The notion is wholly absurd. The first sign of illness in a man or an animal is loss of appetite. And usually appetite is a measure of health.

To build up the heart and muscular system generally we must vigorously exercise the muscles.

It is not enough that one should stuff himself; it is all important that he should desire every morsel he eats, and this he will do only if he undergoes general physical and mental exercise. Food that is ingested, and even digested, will be absorbed only by those organs that need it—that have been exercised. This fact explains why many persons that are good "feeders" are yet inadequately nourished. If they are brain workers and take no physical exercise their brains absorb what nourishment they need; the rest is excreted.

Magnificent as are the results of brain work we must bear in mind that there could be no result without the co-operation of the body, and that the body in its turn depends primarily on the integrity of its heart, lungs and stomach.—G. Elliot Flint in New York World.

A chief of bureau in the navy department tells a good story of the time when one of the secretaries of the navy got the notion into his head that officers should not permit their wives to reside at the foreign stations to which their husbands might be attached. So an order to that effect was promulgated. Soon thereafter considerable perplexity and no little amusement was afforded the secretary when he received the following cablegram from Commodore Fyffe, then in command of the Asiatic squadron:

Secretary Navy, Washington:

It becomes my painful duty to report that my wife, Eliza Fyffe, has, in disobedience to my orders and in the face of regulations of department, taken up her residence on the station and persistently refuses to leave.

—Harper's Weekly.

Male Birds Lead the Way.

When birds are migrating the males usually precede the females. The robins, for instance, which are seen early in the year, are almost invariably males, which apparently traveled on before their mates. The female birds follow, perhaps because they are not so powerful and also perhaps because they like to take their time and gossip with one another. In the fall the male birds leave first—the old ones—while the females travel along together with their young, solicitous for their welfare and still training them after the fashion of mother birds.

A Polite War.

A little boy, with an interest in the meaning of unfamiliar words, said to his mother, "What is the meaning of 'civil?'" "Kind and polite," answered his mother. A puzzled look brooded for a second on the boy's face. Then he said, "Was it a kind and polite war that was in this country once?"—Pacific Unitarian.

THEIR FIRST RIDE

By T. S. Boyd

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Gilder glanced anxiously at his watch. He had only seven minutes in which to catch his train. The night was dark, and he could scarcely walk five blocks in a driving rain, wait for a car and make connections.

Just then a carriage drove up to the curb and an elderly man of about his build alighted. The chairs were all occupied; it would be fully fifteen minutes before the newcomer could get a shave. In that time he could get to the station and the carriage would have time to return.

It was worth the chance. He dashed across the sidewalk, called an order to the driver and jumped in. As the door slammed the horses started up and they were off at a brisk pace before Gilder realized that there was a second occupant in the carriage.

"It did not take you very long," laughed a musical voice.

Gilder sank into the seat with a groan. "I don't know who you think I am," he said apologetically, "but I'm a robber. Don't be afraid. I'm not a regular robber, but one through force of circumstances. I have to catch the 6:48 train, and the only way I could do it was to borrow a carriage without permission."

"My uncle did not give you permission to use the carriage?" demanded the voice. Gilder knew that a girl with a voice like that must necessarily be pretty.

"I didn't ask him," he said calmly. "You see, it would have wasted precious time. I figured that I could get to the station and the carriage could get back before he was shaved. A dollar would have fixed the driver. I suppose now you will have me arrested."

"For trespass, perhaps," she laughed. "On your own confession you did not mean to steal the brougham."

"How was I to know that a man who went in to get shaved would leave a

"THE MAN'S DRIVING DOWNTOWN," HE WAILED.

woman waiting in the carriage for him?"

"When one gets as old as uncle one is apt to feel himself privileged," she laughed.

"He doesn't appreciate his privileges," he said boldly. "Now, if I had a pretty niece"—

"Flattery will not amend your offense," she warned. "How do you know what I look like?"

"By your voice," he explained. "It's a sort of intuition."

"I thought that was a feminine gift," she laughed.

"Not entirely," he insisted. The carriage rattled past an electric light, and he peered into her corner. "You know I am right," he added triumphantly.

"What can I say?" she laughed helplessly. "You are a most embarrassing person."

"Don't say anything," he pleaded. "If you did you would probably tell me to get out."

"In all this rain?" she questioned, with a little shudder. "I shall let you go on to the station in common charity."

"The gods are good," he murmured. "I am only sorry it is such a short ride to the station. I'll be there in a minute." He glanced out of the window and gave a cry.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"The man's driving downtown," he wailed. "I can never make the train now."

"Did you just tell him to drive to the station?" she asked.

"Of course," he said. "There is only one station."

"You forget the Northern," she reminded. "Uncle was taking me there. I live in Union terrace. John supposed that you meant the Northern."

"It served me right," he admitted, glancing at his watch. "I suppose the only thing to do is to drive back to the barber shop and ask his forgiveness."

"He might be getting worried," she suggested.

He lifted the speaking tube and blew through it. When he had given the order for the change of direction he turned to the girl again.

"It's going to be mighty awkward explaining," he said. "Is your uncle inclined to be"—

"Very," she said impressively. "I don't know whether he will cane you or call a policeman."

"Pleasant prospect," he commented.

"You can get out before we get there if you wish," she suggested.

"I usually face the music," he said.

"It's the better way," she said approvingly, "but uncle can play a very lively tune."

"Sort of 'Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' thing," he suggested with a chuckle.

"Very likely," she assented, "but you will not be long in doubt. Here is the shop."

Gilder threw open the door and darted across the sidewalk. The men in the shop crowded curiously to the door. "The old gentleman has gone to the police station," they explained. "He thought it was an elopement." Gilder went back to the carriage.

"Your uncle thinks we have eloped," he said. "Shall we follow him to the police station?"

"I think you had better take me to the Northern," she said coldly. "Perhaps that will be the quickest way of stopping a scandal."

He gave the order to the coachman and stepped inside. "I am sorry to have to inflict my company on you longer," he said penitently, "but it might be as well if I went along. I will take you to the station and then be driven to the house and explain to him in person."

He sat silent as they sped along to the little suburban station, his forgetfulness of which had caused a part of the situation. The Northern was only a fifty mile line, cutting some of the manufacturing towns, and it had entirely escaped his memory.

It seemed a longer drive than it really was, for the girl was annoyed and he keenly felt his responsibility for the awkward position in which he had placed her. Just as they were driving up to the station the horses were pulled up quickly and a blue coated form shortly appeared at the door.

"I didn't think you would be so foolish as to try to get away," was his remark as a policeman stepped into the carriage. "The captain wants to see you at the house."

"Won't it be sufficient if you take me?" demanded Gilder. "This lady is anxious to reach her home."

"They're anxious to have her there," was the terse comment, "but orders is orders, and I was to bring you both in if I found you."

"I don't suppose that $25 would bring about a forgetfulness of orders?" suggested Gilder.

"It did bring about a broken head," was the wrathful answer.

Gilder remembered that there was a police investigation then on and realized that the policeman feared a trap, so he kept silent until they drew up before the green lights. The policeman politely led them up to the desk sergeant, who ushered them into the captain's room.

"Your uncle said he would come right down when we phoned," he explained. "I don't like to lock you up."

Gilder had regained his self possession and by the time the wrathful uncle arrived he had made such good use of his time that his apology had been accepted in full. Then the door flew open with a bang and a choleric old gentleman in a tattered flourishing a cane. Even in his excitement Gilder wondered how the coachman had mistaken him for his master, but the next development drove all such thoughts from his head, for the new arrival paused in his boisterous demonstrations.

"Are you Jimmy Gilder's son?" he demanded.

"So I've been given to understand," he answered wonderingly.

The cane flew across the room, and the old man came toward him with outstretched hands.

"You're the living image of your father when he left college," he cried. "I'd have known you anywhere."

"I wish you had recognized me in front of the barber shop," he laughed, then added brazenly: "No, I don't. Then you would just have helped me to catch my train. I'm glad I stayed."

It was easy work explaining. John Davies now regarded the whole matter as a joke and insisted upon carrying Gilder back to his home.

"I'm sorry the elopement wasn't in earnest," he said late that evening as they smoked in the library.

"I'll do the best I can," was the earnest assurance, and when Gilder finally caught the 6:48 Mabel saw him off, and on her finger glistened a ring that had not been there when they took their first ride together.

The Result.

"My first husband," she sobbed, "was a kind, gentle man, always considerate of me. He always let me have my own way."

"Yes," growled the second, "and look at the result."

"Result? What result?"

"Why, he's dead!"—Cincinnati Post.

Got the Worst of the Bargain.

He (tauntingly)—Your father was in trade when I married you, wasn't he? She (bitterly)—I suppose so. He was sold, in any event.

The Jester.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Such let thy jests be that they may not wound the credit of thy friend, and make not jests so long that thou becomest one.—Fuller.

H ow's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all 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
Adminstratrix

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

Ayer's Pills Sugar-coated, easy to take, mild in action. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache. 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.

CUTTING DOWN DEATH RATE

State Health Commissioner Samuel G. Dixon continues to cut down the death rate from diphtheria through the agency of anti-toxin which the State department of health is distributing free of charge throughout Pennsylvania in all cases where the patients are too poor to pay for the serum.

For instance the report of the anti-toxin division for the week ending July 16 gives the remarkably low death rate of three per cent. for all cases treated with State anti-toxin. There were no deaths at all where instructions of the commissioner as to the liberal use of anti-toxin within twenty-four hours after onset were followed out.

Statistics show that the death rate in diphtheria is forty-two per cent, where anti-toxin is not used; hence the splendid achievement of the new department of health in saving precious lives by its free distribution of anti-toxin.

Protecting Animals.

A number of Lock Haven dealers in horse and cattle feed have been arrested for the alleged violation of the law governing the sale of feed stuffs in not having labels showing their ingredients. It would appear that the new food law requires not only that human stomach but the stomachs of animals shall be protected against injurious foods.

What it Cost "Farmer" Creasy.

William T. Creasy, candidate for Auditor General on the Democratic and Lincoln party tickets, has filed his statement of expenses with the Secretary of State. His Democratic nomination cost him $63, and the Lincoln party nomination nothing. Mr. Creasy paid $60 for two rooms at the hotel and $3 car fare from his home to Harrisburg and return.

County fair managers are already arranging their programs.

A Positive CURE Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH HAY FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAYFEVER PERMANENTLY ALLAYS PAIN AND DRIVES AWAY A COLD IN THE HEAD. ELY BROS. 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, in whom all persons indebted to the 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, Manager

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.

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.