

# Montour American.

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

Danville, Pa., Nov. 8, 1906.

## THE STAR CHAMBER

CONDENSED HISTORY OF A FAMOUS SCHEME OF OPPRESSION.

At First its Objects Were Laudable, but It Subsequently Became a Tool of the Highest Officers of the Kingdom, and It Became a Power-Some of Its Outrageous Penalties.

When the Earl of Richmond had defeated Edward III at Bosworth and had been crowned king as Henry VII, he found the times in so troubled a state that men whose rights were infringed upon or denied them dared not apply for justice to the ordinary courts.

The unobscured manner in which he had threatened to resort to force by those to whom he refused to yield, the proceedings of these courts led to them the security of a juror's oath.

To reach a mischief that had grown so intolerable Henry, feeling himself strong enough with his second parliament, created a court made up of the highest officers of the kingdom, and submitting to their jurisdiction, the king himself, who was considered the author of all justice, to which were confined unlimited power and discretion over a large, undefined class of offenses, many of which were of a political character, without the restraint of a jury and subject to no review by appeal.

This was afterward known as the court of the star chamber, so called because the ceiling of the room in which it met was studded with stars or because in this apartment prior to the time of Edward I the contracts of the highest officials were deposited in boxes or chests.

This scheme had good results at first. Wealthy landowners who had oppressed their neighbors with impunity were brought before this court, where neither fear nor favor could avail, and tried for their offenses. The greatest merit of the court was that it was dependent on a jury for juries were unable or unwilling to render a verdict in keeping with their consciences.

One said, "A court thus constituted, with powers so broad and a discretion unlimited by prescribed rules, though called into existence for wise and salutary purposes, will in the end become a court of arbitrary power, and will be used to oppress the weak and to oppress the rich." This prediction was not far from the truth.

Instead of losing power as the necessity of its existence passed away it drew to itself new elements of strength and enlarged the extent of its jurisdiction. It became a court of appeal, and its administrators under the hands of ambitious leaders such as flourished in the time of Henry VIII, Elizabeth and the two Stuarts, a most potent engine of despotic rule and intolerance. Torture, intimidation and other devices were used to compel the accused to incriminate himself.

Charles I, through the star chamber, filled his coffers. During his reign such enormous fines were imposed for trivial offenses that the audience gathered about the courtroom at 8 o'clock in the morning to secure seats to hear the proceedings. The discretionary power of the court in awarding punishment made it a means of cruel injustice in the hands of bad men, instances of which disgrace the history of its administration during the reigns of James I and Charles I.

One of the most remarkable cases was that of Bishop Williams, who had been lord keeper of the seal, a popular prelate and a man of plain sense and spirit and at one time a special favorite of James. While enjoying his patronage he exerted his influence in aid of the poor. Nothing would satisfy Laud but the man of the man who had befriended him.

On some slight pretext the bishop was brought before the star chamber and fined £10,000, committed to the Tower during the king's pleasure and suspended from office. His furniture and books were levied upon to pay the fine. The man who had been so kind to him was now a prisoner. He found some letters from Obaldston, a schoolmaster, directed to the bishop. In these letters the writer spoke of a "little great man" and in one place of a "little urchin." As Laud was small of stature, it was conjectured that these terms referred to him, and he was both tried, and receiving such scandalous letters and the other for writing them. Williams paid a fine of £8,000 and Obaldston £5,000, and he had his ears nailed to the pillory.

Prayne, a barrister at law, of Lincoln's Inn, a Puritan of the strictest sect, published his famous "Histrio Mastix," a large volume of 1,000 quarto pages, aimed at stage plays, music dancing, public festivals, Christmas sports, bonfires and maypoles. For this alleged libelous volume he was arraigned before the star chamber.

Mr. Prayne, in his general sweep for his historical illustration of the mischief of frequenting plays, referred to Nero and spoke of Flavian and others who conspired against him for his bad example upon the magistrates and the people. The chief justice from this inferred that the author intended to incite the people to murder the king, and Prayne was arrested, committed to prison. He entered London in triumph amid the shouts of the multitude, who threw laurels in their path.

Tyrolens made a habit of custom spread the necessity of giving tongue to their "aye" or "no." The first time a young man pays a visit as an avowed suitor he brings with him a bottle of wine, of which he pours out a glass and offers it to the object of his affections. In any case she will not refuse to drink the wine, and it is equal to saying "I am going to house-keeping too," began Stanton awkwardly.

"Honey-moon?" Warwick's eyes lighted with amusement. He had not dreamed the boy had gone so far. "No, not as bad as that," Stanton hesitated, glancing at the joyful, riotous crowd about the piano. It's my own doing," Stanton said. "I didn't know you had a place like this. Beats hotels, doesn't it? What do you call it?" "Stanton's apartment," said Warwick, lazily. "Half day home, not confined to bedchambers. I like it. When a fellow's had a home, it always sticks to him a bit. There's a Jap comes in and cleans up for me, and if I want a meal, I can have it."

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# THE PINK KIMONO

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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It lay on the massive settee in the hall, an innocent looking parcel, flat and somewhat square. Three of Warwick's letters lay on top of it, neatly, as the hall boy had placed it, and his weekly paper from home.

Warwick glanced at the letters, again at the clock, tossed off his hat, coat and gloves and carried the whole lot, parcel, letters and paper, into the comfortable study and dropped into a deep chair.

There was an hour before the crowd would arrive. Everything was ready. The spread would be sent up at 8:30 sharp. He hoped Stanton would be able to get away. He liked Stanton. The boy needed a good friendly grip just now. He knew himself what it was to be in New York a stranger. Money could not give one the inside of things, the "getting next to the fitness of" as Stanton said. And if the right path did not open, and one happened to be lonely, there were others wide and welcoming. Warwick knew.

The boy was young and clever. The only thing that allied him was too much money, and the confidence he had therein. He was a bit handy with it—all the whirl and the swing and the chance for big success. Warwick had kept an eye on him for weeks, measuring and judging him, and now he was satisfied. All the boy needed was direction and a cool hand checking him now and then, and he would win.

Warwick opened the weekly paper from home and smiled to himself at the familiar heading, the Weekly Visitor. Ever since he could remember the Weekly Visitor had visited regularly at the quiet, big gray house that crowned Warwick's hill, up in Hillsboro, N. H., and Stanton was from the country, too, some place out west, out in Nebraska. He wondered if he had a weekly paper, too, to keep him in touch with the old world, and the ethics and standards of something besides New York.

The letters were unimportant. He took up the parcel and slipped off the cover. Laminated probably. He had not ordered anything.

The paper fell to the floor and he sat staring at the thing in his hands. It was a pink, delicate, shimmering, silken thing. He stood up and shook it out to its full length. It reached to the floor. It was not a bath robe. It could not possibly be a smoking jacket. It was a woman's garment, unmistakably.

The texture was the softest Japanese crepe, the silk interwoven around the sleeves and neck in a border of golden butterflies. There was no mark on it nor on the paper. Warwick looked carefully.

The door bell buzzed imperatively, once, twice and a long one. That was Billy, trainer's ring. Warwick hesitated, cast the pink silk thing behind him on the chair and opened the door.

Billy stepped in smilingly, interrogatively looked about the room and spied the pink silk thing.

"Rex," he said reproachfully, "why, Rex?"

"It was left here by mistake," said Warwick hastily. "The hall boy did it. What is it?"

Billy lifted it by the shoulders and beamed with the appreciative eye of a connoisseur.

"It's kimono, the real imported article. No bargain sale. Who's the lucky lady?"

The door bell buzzed again. Warwick took the kimono with deliberate forethought, went to the wardrobe in his dressing room and concealed it therein.

"Stanton," Billy announced, "and the rest!"

Warwick played the host with more inner discomfort than ever before in his life. It was not the mere fact of the mistake that troubled him, nor that he minded the boys knowing of it, but he didn't want to see that particular kimono hanging back the chairs and taboret for the spread. Stanton was slugging at the piano. Out to the kitchenette Yates and Rogers and the Danforthes were rummaging for dishes and knives and forks. Big De Vau was up on the divan with his red Turkish cover draped picturesquely about him, reciting some original poetry.

# Heredity Triumphant

By Alice Lovett Curzon

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Percelle

A shrill whistle echoed along the sunny avenue. Mary Dexter jumped from her seat on the porch, scattering embroidery silks in all directions. She waved her handkerchief in response. Then she ran into the house calling, "Aunt Linda! Where are you? Here's Dave Green to see you!"

Without waiting for a reply she returned to the porch just in time to greet the young man who came up the steps. "Glad to see me, Mary?" he asked with a hasty glance around her. "I just had to say 'yes.' He's so obstinate, Dave is, he wouldn't take 'no.'"

"Of course I am very much surprised," Linda said when she could trust herself to speak. "I think you are both too young to talk of such things. Besides, you are going to college soon, and I don't see how you can have such an engagement."

"But there's nothing indefinite about our engagement," replied the girl airily, twisting the ring on her finger. "We are to be married in September."

"Oh, yes, it's all settled," nodding her head. "I wrote this morning to Merton enclosing my application. I'm tired of study—what is the use of it? I know more now than any other girl—or boy almost in Dorsettown. Just think, after September I'll never have to study any more."

"Pennington rose in wrath from her chair. "Mary," she cried sharply, "you don't know what you're saying! You are giving up earnestly what I would give years of my life to have had when I was a girl—what you will always regret giving up. I don't often see you with a girl, but when you do, I ask you—no, I order you—to break this engagement!"

Mary sprang up and stamped her foot angrily. "Well, I won't!" she cried. "And you can't make me; I'm nineteen years old."

"I'm like this, Mrs. Pennington, we love each other, and we don't see the need of it. If we wait four years before then we'll have grown apart perhaps, and it will be harder to give in to each other. We want to be married at once. I am making a good living, my people are pleased, and we only want your consent."

"I have nothing against you, David, but it's impossible."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Pennington," he cried. "Think—think when you were young and in love. Don't you remember how it was then?"

"How old memories can rise again! A flash of her husband, Linda found the death of her husband. Linda found the child's companionship a great comfort. Mary had passed serenely through the stages of childhood and youth and now, at nineteen, under the training of private tutors, was prepared to enter Merton college in the fall. After graduation endless possibilities opened before her. This was the situation that July morning when Mrs. Pennington came out on the porch and greeted young David Green, one of Mary's admirers.

He was a manly fellow of twenty-one, son of a prosperous farmer of the rural district. He had lately been given a good sized tract of land by his father, with the instruction to "see what he could do with it," and he was doing well.

"You've just come back from New York, haven't you, David?" asked Mrs. Pennington.

"Yes," said Mary. "He's been away two whole days."

The sigh with which this was said brought a laugh from the other two. Mrs. Pennington seated herself in the rocker.

"Once I thought that the shattering of my dreams would kill me," she murmured. "But I lived to thank God for other dreams and duties that came. So it will be now, I think."

"Supper is ready, Aunt Linda," called Mary, and Mrs. Pennington turned from the sunset glow.

# In Wall Street

By EDITH M. DOANE

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Jack Bentley was permitting himself the luxury of a day off. He felt that he was entitled to it.

For a month past the situation had been so tense, the excitement so keen, for any thought beyond the whirl of the ticker.

The first of Curcio & Co. stock brokers was the medium through which a wealthy syndicate had manipulated the stock market to its own advantage. Bentley, the junior partner of Curcio & Co., had stood steadily at his post on the floor of the exchange, cool and imperturbable in the midst of the rising storm, and only the day before the deal had been pulled off successfully.

And now upon this bright morning in early summer Jack Bentley was feeling decidedly well satisfied with life in general. His part of the transaction had been well handled, his share in the big commissions was distinctly gratifying, and in addition he had cleaned up a neat little sum by going into the deal on his own hook.

It was getting well into July, and as Bentley's automobile whirled up Fifth avenue his mind turned longingly from the city to the country. A little while, in the heart of the Berkshire hills. The long, low, rambling clubhouse, with its old fashioned garden at one side, a little winding brook sparkling and splashing between clumps of fern and low banks, willow fringed, a girl, sweet and gracious, her white frock cool against a great moss covered boulder, the sunlight falling through the leaves in flickering shadows on her soft, fair hair.

In the height of the fight he had received her letter. "You'd better come," she wrote. "It's as lovely as ever here, but the vision of a clubhouse in the heart of the Berkshire hills. The long, low, rambling clubhouse, with its old fashioned garden at one side, a little winding brook sparkling and splashing between clumps of fern and low banks, willow fringed, a girl, sweet and gracious, her white frock cool against a great moss covered boulder, the sunlight falling through the leaves in flickering shadows on her soft, fair hair."

A great longing for country sights and sounds swept over him, for the woods and hills and her. A little while, and he would have them. A few days' attention to straightening out the aftermath of the great fight and then—Constance had no parents to object, and even her old curmudgeon of a guardian—strange how he had always mistrusted that man—could not fail to be impressed by the tiny sum he had pocketed out of the late deal.

Where Fifth avenue broadens into the plaza he mechanically lessened speed, his mind still with the girl in the Berkshires as the huge car turned smoothly into Central park.

And the first person his eyes lighted on was Constance Elliott.

The next instant he was before her, cap in hand and she rose in astonishment to meet him. For a second they faced each other, he scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses, she coloring prettily and holding out one slim hand in cordial greeting.

"I phoned to your office this morning, but you were not there."

"Is anything wrong?" he asked uneasily.

"Nothing, except that I return to the country this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and I thought—"

"I am wondering," he interrupted, laughing uncertainly to cover his hurt, "why I might not have known you were in town?"

"That I wasn't, not until late last night, and Mr. Sheldon did not wish any one to know. He wired me yesterday to come at once. You know, he has managed everything for me just as since I have been of age as he did before." She hesitated, flushing with excitement. "Jack," she cried, "it is a great secret, but I am going to be very rich."

He regarded her gravely.

"Through some stock deal," she went on, with feminine vagueness. "Perhaps you've heard of it. Mr. Sheldon has made over so much money lately—yesterday—and I am to make a lot in the same way. He has all my securities. I gave them to him this morning."

# PERIL IN PAINLESS FACES.

Victims of Dread Malady May Be Hurt Without Knowing It.

"The red-hot wire," said the electrician, "burned the man's cheek till it was as hot as iron. Yet he never moved out of the way. He continued to laugh and joke and pull on his clay pipe, and a smell of burning rose into the air."

"I pulled him to one side."

"Would you stand there? I said, 'and he burned to death?'"

"No, he didn't," he said, with a scared look. "And he put his hand to the side of his face—the wrong side. Was it possible that he couldn't feel that horrible burn?"

"Gentlemen, that man had no feeling in his face whatever. He told me that he had been operated on for the disease, and that the operation, while it had cured the disease, had left his face dead to all sensation."

"I had often read of the delirious in English novels, but I thought it was a trifling disease. This chap said it was a fatal neuritis so painful that in the past he had killed his victims, but also there is an operation that gives relief."

"Every victim of it undergoes the operation, hence there are a lot of people walking the earth with no feeling in their faces. The condition is a danger to the eyes, and you are likely to be hurt without knowing it."—New York Tribune.

The Speed of Light.

Just think of it! Eleven times around the globe in the space of thirty seconds! Can you imagine that? It is a fact that the light of the sun travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, and it takes but eight minutes to reach us.

Light passes through a distance equal to seven and a half revolutions of the earth in one minute, and it takes but eight and a half minutes to reach us.

Light travels so astonishingly fast that it is able to complete the circuit of the earth eleven and a half times in sixty seconds.

# Worship of Springs.

How It Prevailed Among Early Peoples in the Southwest.

Springs are rarely found in the southwestern part of the United States, and for this reason they have been most valued possession. The people who dwell in this region, says Walter Hough in "Records of the Past," saw in these sources of life giving water the fountains of continuance and well being, and near them they located their pueblos. Save air, no elements of nature are nearer to human life than those combined into the primitive fluid which must always be within reach of men who put themselves into the grasp of the desert. The primary knowledge of the tribes who were the pioneers and of every human being who has slain made his home in the great American desert was complete as to the location, distribution and idiosyncrasies of the water supply.

Spring water is naturally more prized by the inhabitants of these desert soils, tides than that from living streams, because it is always drinkable and always at hand, while the watercourses, which for the greater part of the year are sinuous reaches of dry sand, furnish at flood a quickly disappearing supply of thin mud which will not be touched by man or beast except in the districts of this country.

One is not surprised, therefore, that a primitive people will regard these springs as sacred. In fact, the Indians of the southwest are not peculiar in their worship of springs. The sentiment is worldwide, has had a vast range of time, perpetuates itself in the folklore of the most remote peoples, even those in its manifestations a most interesting body of myth and fancy. But in the southwest the early environment has so intensified this feature of primitive culture that no spring in the region is without evidence of many offerings to the spirits of water.

It is small wonder then that the Pueblo Indians came to regard springs with special veneration; that they were around them myth and tradition and made them objects of religious worship. To one acquainted with the environment and its radical needs this seems to be a natural, unconscious, generalization. Perhaps offerings to springs will not admit of such simple explanation. Perhaps the mystery of the underground source of water welling up from unknown depths, impressive always even to the observer who believes himself free from the influence of supernatural forces, has had a powerful effect on the mind of the Indian, leading, like many other natural phenomena, to an attitude of worship of unseen powers behind these masks.—New York Tribune.

A Hundred Course Dinner.

At a dinner given by the late Prince Ratibor there were a hundred courses. The chefs of the prince were solemnly chosen after the greatest deliberation and cross examination. On one special occasion the prince's guests were in need of a cook and ten of the best chefs duly presented themselves for the coveted post. They were informed by the prince that each must serve a dinner of his own choice and cooking, consisting of ten courses, to be served by the prince's own staff, and that the prince would be in Paris, who would eat of each different dish and then pass judgment. This programme was carried out and the palm awarded to a Frenchman who had been chef for many years to the Baron Haussmann. A trip to Marcelland by the whole of the jury was the sequel to this famous dinner of 100 courses, London Tit Bits.

Don't Worry So!

Centenarians give various reasons to which they ascribe their longevity, but it is the fact that they all agree on the advantage of plenty of work and little worry in adding length of life. The advice likely given by a woman over a hundred is worth considering, as she has had one to eat when hungry, sleep when sleepy, with plenty of food to work with, and keep cheerful and contented. This puts in a few words the doctrine of the simple life, and the conclusion is worthy of an apostle, even when she says that if these things do not produce health and long life, she will better die once.

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# PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Montour County, Pennsylvania will be sold at public sale on the premises in 2nd ward of Danville, in said county, on

Saturday, November 17th,

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the following real estate, late of Richard Quinn, deceased, to wit:— All that certain house and lot of land situate in the second ward of the Borough of Danville, said county, bounded and described as follows: Fronting on Cooper street, commencing on Cooper street, seventy five feet east of line of land between Hannah B. Still and Joseph H. Hale, thence along Cooper street in an easterly direction forty-five feet more or less to a six feet wide alley, thence along side alley southwesterly one hundred and ten feet to another alley sixteen feet in width, thence along last mentioned alley westerly fifty-four feet more or less to a line of land of Joseph H. Hale at a point seventy-four feet southeast of line of lands between Hannah B. Still and the said Joseph H. Hale, thence along the line of the said Joseph H. Hale in a northwesterly direction eighty feet more or less to the place of beginning. It being part of lot No. 74 in plan of lot laid out by John Deen, Sr. Whereon are erected

A SMALL FRAME DWELLING HOUSE and other necessary out-buildings. Terms of sale, one half of purchase money to be paid upon the property being struck down, the balance upon confirmation absolutely of said sale by the court when a deed will be delivered at the expense of the purchaser. GEORGE MAIERS, Sheriff, Trustee.

Wm. Kase West, Atty.

Oct. 17, 1906.

# Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Mary Crossley late of the Borough of Danville, in the county of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration upon 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:

J. P. BARE, Administrator. Mary Crossley, deceased. Edward S. Yre Gearhart, Counsel. P. O. Address Danville Pa.

# Auditor's Notice.

IN THE ORPHAN'S COURT OF MONTOUR COUNTY.

In the first and final account of E. L. Lyons, administrator of George Fry, late of the township of Limestone, in the county of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

The undersigned, appointed by the aforesaid Court, Auditor to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the said administrator and among the parties legally entitled thereto, will meet all persons interested for the purpose of his appointment at his law office, No. 108 Mill street, Danville, Montour County, Penna., on Friday, the 16th day of November, A. D. 1906, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, where and when all persons having claims on the said fund are required to make and prove the same or be forever barred from thereafter coming in upon the said fund.

EDWARD SAYRE GEARHART, Auditor. Danville, Pa., Oct. 4th, 1906.

# Administratrix's Notice.

Estate of Franklin P. Appleman, late of Valley Township, Montour County, State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the above estate have been granted to the undersigned widow of said estate and all persons having any legal claims or demands upon said estate shall make the same known without delay, to:

MARY J. APPLEMAN, Administratrix. or to her atty. Charles W. Amerman.

Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Cures all Coughs and assists in expelling Colds from the System by gently moving the bowels.

For Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs.

For Sale by G. & C. CHICAGO, ILL.

## Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliancy vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rotting beneath. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change of life, the neglect of the motherhood, and the neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate woman's organs, so surely will the system be weakened, the complexion faded, and the face become witness to the fact in the most compelling manner. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Female Remedy. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label contain no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native American medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as Favorite Prescription. It is adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of women's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, and Surgical Institute, Danville, Pa., Nov. 1st, 1906.

## 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. Depot.

### EUROPEAN PLAN

\$1.00 per day and upwards.

### AMERICAN PLAN

\$2.00 per day.

FRANK M. SCHEIBEL, Manager.

### R. I. P. A. N. S. Tablets

Doctors find a good prescription for Mankind.

The Sweetest (and most potent) of all purgatives. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a full year's supply. All drug stores.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Croup in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. E. W. Grove

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature.

on every box, 25c.

## A Positive CATARRH CURE

ELY'S CREAM BALM

It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. Closes, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. Cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Full Size 50c., at Drug-gists or by mail; Trial Size 10c. by mail. Ely Brothers, 51 Warren Street, New York.

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