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 Cruel and Unjust Power-Some of Its Outrageous Penalties.

When the Earl of Richmond had defeated Richard 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 unblushing manner in which bribes and threats were resorted to by those that had influence over the proceedings of these courts denied 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, embracing, theoretically, the king himself, who was considered the author of all justice, to which were confided 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 revision by appeal.

This was afterward known as the the star chamber, so called because the celling of the room in which it met was studded with stars the time of Edward I. the contracts of the Jews, called starrs, were de posited in boxes or chests.

This scheme had good results at first. Wealthy landowners who had oppressed their neighbors with inpunity merit of the court was that it was not

in keeping with their consciences. unlimited by prescribed rules, though | sides New York. called into existence for wise and salutary purposes, was in the end like invoking the spirit of mischief without a corresponding power in reserve to ordered anything. lay it or check its excesses if inclined to abuse its authority."

ety for its existence passed away it drew to itself new elements of strength and enlarged the extent of its jurisdiction. It became, after successive administrations under the hands of ambitious leaders such as flourished in the time of Henry VIII., Elizabeth and the two Stuarts, a most potent engine 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 3 o'clock in the morning to secure seats to hear the proceedings. The discretionary power of the court in the way of 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 learning and spirit and at one time a special favorite of James. While enjoying his patronage he exerted his influence in be-balf of Laud, afterward archbishop, who owed his first promotion to his good offices. Some disagreement arose between them. Nothing would satisfy therein. Laud but the ruin of the man who had befriended him.

On some slight pretext the bishop

was brought before the star chamber

suspended from office. His furniture fine. Among some refuse papers were | what had Billy called it?-kimono?schoolmaster, directed to the bishop. In these letters the writer spoke of a "little great man" and in one place of "little urchin." As Laud was small of stature, it was conjectured that these terms referred to him. They were both tried, one for receiving such scandalous letters and the other for writing them. Williams paid a fine of

had his ears nailed to the pillory. Prynne. a barrister at law, of Lincoln's Inn, a Puritan of the strictest sect, published his famous "Histrio Mastix," a huge volume of 1,000 quarto pages, aimed at stage plays, music dancing, public festivals, Christmas sports, bonfires and maypoles. For this cloth, you beggar?" called Yates. alleged libelous volume he was arraign

ed before the star chamber. Mr. Prynne, in his general sweep for his historical illustration of the mischief of frequenting plays, referred to Nero and spoke of Flavius and others who conspired against him for his bad example upon the magistrates and the The chief justice from this inferred that the author intended to instigate the people to murder the king. and Prynne was deprived of his right of practice as a barrister, condemned to stand in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, to lose his ears, one at each of these places, to pay a fine of

£5,000 and to be imprisoned for life. There was hardly a man in the realm who had not personal experience of the harshness and greediness of the star chamber. It became odious, and not without reason. It was abolished in 1641 as one of the acts of concession made by Charles I. to the demands of an indignant nation. Prynne and his dreamed the boy had gone so far. fellow martyrs were recalled from prison. They entered London in triumph amid the shouts of the multitude. who threw harrels in their path.

Courting In the Tyrol. Tyrolean maidens are by old custom spared the necessity of giving tongue to their "aye" or "no." The first time a young man pays a visit as an avowed Cures all Coughs and sultor 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 it point blank-that would be too gross an insult-but should the wooer not be agreeable to her or his declaration come a little too prematurely she declines the proffered wine, pleading that it looks sour or that wine disagrees with her or any other excuse that feminine ingenuity may suggest. If she likes the lad and is equal to owning it she empties the glass, taking care not to spill any of the wine, for if she does so or the glass or bottle be broken it is an unhappy omen. "They have split the wine between them," say the peasants when the marriage turns out badly

THE PINK KIMONO

By IZOLA FORRESTER Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

hall, an innocent looking parcel, flat tablecloth. It's a dream! and somewhat square. Three of Warwick's letters lay on top of it, neatly, as the hall boy had placed them, also wickedly out from the dressing room his weekly paper from home.

Warwick glanced at the letters, again at the clock, tossed off his hat, long drawn howl of delight from the coat and gloves and carried the whole lot, parcel, letters and paper, into the arms, and swept him up on the center deep chair

would arrive. Everything was ready. The spread would be sent up at 8:30 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 password that admitted one to the inside of things, the "getting next to the itness of all." 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 nly thing that ailed 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 or because in this apartment prior to satisfied. All the boy needed was direction and a cool hand checking him now and then, and he would win out.

Warwick opened the weekly paper from home and smiled to himself at the familiar heading, the Weekly Visitor. Ever since he could remember were brought before this court, where the Weekly Visitor had visited regneither fear nor favor could avail, and ularly at the quiet, big gray house that tried for their offenses. The greatest crowned Warwick's hill, up in Hillsboro, N. H. And Stanton was from dependent on a jury, for juries were the country, too, some place out west, unable or unwilling to render a verdict out in Nebraska. He wondered if he n keeping with their consciences. had a weekly paper, too, to keep him One said, "A court thus constituted, in touch with the old world, and the with powers so broad and a discretion ethics and standards of something be-

> The letters were unimportant. He took up the parcel and slipped off the cord. Laundry probably. He had not

The paper fell to the floor and he sat staring at the thing in his hands. Instead of losing power as the neces- 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, unmis-

takably. The texture was the softest Japanese crape, the silk interwoven around of despotic rule and intolerance. Tor- the sleeves and neck in a border of ture, intimidation and other devices golden butterfiles. 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 Trainor's ring. Warwick hesitated, east 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

Billy lifted it by the shoulders and

connoisseur.

lucky lady?" The door beli buzzed again. Warwick took the kimono with deliberate forethought, went to the wardrobe in teapot, which the Jap servant had young David Green, one of Mary's ad-

"It's Stanton," Billy announced, "and the rest."

Warwick played the host with more inner discomfort than ever before in Mr. Warwick?" and fined £10,000, committed to the his life. It was not the mere fact of Tower during the king's pleasure and | the mistake that troubled him, nor that he minded the boys knowing of it, but Mar-Miss Stanton, I'm awfully glad and books were levied upon to pay the he didn't want to see that particularfound some letters from Obaldiston, a handled and laughed about and specu over the teapot. Tea making does related over. Somewhere there must be the girl who wanted that kimono. He hoped she was a brunette. Pink was best for brunettes. Not too much of a brunette, perhaps with blue eyes, or

gray-yes, gray-a gray eye or so. Billy was pushing back the chairs and taborets for the spread. Stanton was singing at the plane. Out in 18,000 and Obaldiston 15,000, and he | the kitchenette Yates and Rogers and the Danforths were rummaging for dishes and knives and forks. Big De Veau was up on the divan with its red Turkish cover draped picturesquely about him, reciting some original

"Rex, don't you own a decent table Warwick smoked without replying.

Through the baze he saw the brunette vious explanation is that centuries ago girl with the pink kimono about her smiling deliciously like a geisha-no, he gration were caught in a snowstorm, didn't want her to be a geisha-smiling, chilled and buried in the snow, where well, just as a girl should smile when she had the right one to smile at. Stanton left the piano and came over.

"Say, you're a prince to get me here tonight." he said. "I didn't know you large swarms of locusts on the mounhad a place like this. Beats hotels, doesn't it? What do you call it?"

"Studio apartment," said Warwick, lazily. "Haif den, half home, not confined to bachelors. I like it. When a these insects.—St. Louis Republic. 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-I am going to housekeeping too," began Stanton awkwardly.

"Honeymoon?" Warwick's eyes lighted with amusement. He had not "No, not as bad as that," Stanton besitated, glancing at the joyous, riot-

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rare of me until she can come herself. I guess they didn't get very good accounts of their little boy in Manhattan. But I wrote home and told them about you and what sort of a chap you were and how you had taken me under your wing, and I promised to cut out the hotel and-well, a whole lot of things mother didn't like the navor of, and today

"Whoopee!" yelled Yates from the It lay on the massive settee in the dressing room. "I've found Warry's

Warwick sat up and dropped his cigarette. Waltzing dizzily, radiantly, came Yates, arrayed in the pink silk kimono. There was a stlence, then a crowd. They caught Yates in their comfortable study and dropped into a table. They handed him a Samoan fan of dyed plumes and a Mexican, There was an hour before the crowd peaked hat. Trainor at the piano crashed into the "San Toy" overture. And suddenly Warwick stood up, sharp. He hoped Stanton would be white and mad, mad clear through that they should dare even in jest to touch anything that belonged to the dear, unknown girl, the brunette with the gray eyes.

"Take that off!" he said. The music stopped short, but not from his words. Every face in the crowd was turned toward the door of the hall, and Yates looked helpless and miserable. Warwick turned, too, and held his breath. She stood in the doorway, one hand lifting aside the heavy drapery. Behind her was George, the colored hall boy. Her face looked startled, and yet there

eyes, as they glanced from face to face and finally rested on Yates. "There is some mistake, I think," she said gently. "George tells me a parcel of mine was left here tonight, I have only moved here today, and

he made a mistake. I think that gentleman has on my kimono." Wretched, limp and apologetic, Yates was assisted from the table, and di-

vested of the pink silk gown. "I am sorry to spoil your amuse-ment"- she stopped, and turned her head toward Warwick as the host, when all at once her eyes met Stan-

"Marjorie!" he gasped. "Marjorie, you blessed kid!" Silently and discreetly the crowd averted its composite face while Stan-

ton kissed Marjorie eestatically. Warwick looked unhappy. "Boys," cried Stanton, "this is my sister, all the way from Nebraska to Manhattan to take care of her little

brother." "Mother is here, too," Marjorie explained, blushing at the effusive welcome accorded her. "We had the ad-

dress of these apartments and you wrote that they were very nice, you know, and that Mr. Warwick lived "That's Warwick," interposed Stan-

ton. "He's a bully fellow."

Warwick bowed. Suddenly he felt a great, supreme gladness steal over him. She had gray eyes, Stanton's sister from Nebraska.

"So we came right here from the depot, and mother wanted to surprise you by having everything ready. I bought my kimono on the way here, because our trunks haven't come yet, and the boy made a mistake delivering it. We have the apartment just across

the hall." "Boys," cried Stanton, "come on to the apartment across the hall and be introduced. You've got to make us welcome, because we've come to stay." Decorously and quietly the crowd crossed to the apartment next door. beamed with the appreciative eye of a With dignity and beautiful grace they were introduced to Stanton's mother "It's a kimono, the real imported ar and to Stanton's home, and Stanton ticle. No bargain sale. Who's the knew he was accepted and admitted forever to the "itness of things."

But Warwick sat in a corner watchhis dressing room and concealed it brought over, and over the back of her chair hung the pink silk kimono. He

suppressed sigh. "Say, do you know | well. you're a brunette, with gray eyes." "Why?" Martorie's head bent lower | Pennington.

quire so much careful attention "Because," said Warwick, "pink is so

becoming to that type." "And to Mr. Yates' type, too," laugh-

ed Marjorie, but her face was flushed as she slipped the pink kimono around her, over her gray traveling suit, and poured the tea a la Japanese for the crowd, and for Warwick

Grasshopper Glacier. One of the small glaciers in Montana is of special interest on account of the fact that in the mass of ice there are imbedded two strata of grasshoppers, each about a foot thick. There are life erally tons of grasshoppers in the ice, and the question naturally arises as to where they came from. The most obtwo enormous swarms in course of mithey have remained till ow in a perfect state of preserve on. In the accounts of the early western explorers tain tops in the Rockies. It is a very

The way to fill a large sphere is to glorify a small one. There is no large sphere; you are your sphere.-Edward

these insects.-St. Louis Republic

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Executrix Notice.

Estate of Michael H. Wallize, late of the Borough of Danville, Montour

county, deceased. ## All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having legal claims against the same, will present them without delay in proper order for set-

tlement to MRS. MARY JANE PERSING, Executrix.

Danville, Pa., Nov. 1st, 1906.

Heredity Triumphant

Excesses and the second

By Alice Lowett Carson Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcell

English and the second A shrill whistle echoed along the sunny avenue. Mary Dexter jumped from her seat on the porch, scattering embroidery sliks 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 as with a hasty glance around she put up her face for a kiss. Then the two sat down on the top step in earnest, subdued conversation. Mary Dexter was a maid of nineteen with a fresh peachblow complexion. Today, wearing a simple white frock, she looked her best-and knew it.

In a few minutes an elderly woman came out the front door. Her hair, worn as a coronet, was silvery white. though she was only forty. Age had touched her face lightly, pressing in the wrinkles with loving fingers that Her left only sweetness in the expression. Rumor told a romantic tale of Linda was amusement, too, in the wide gray | Pennington's life, and for once rumo was right. A girlish engagement with a young army officer who fell in his first battle, a few years as a nurse in the war interrupted by a marriage with Lyall Pennington, early widow hood and a subsequent life devoted to good work-these were among the incidents in her story. For many years all her plans had been for Mary, whom

she had adopted long ago. Mrs. Pennington had taken a great interest in Mary because she came from her own town, and the case of the child was particularly pitiful, for there were no near relatives to whom she could be sent.

Fresh from the sadness caused by 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



"ISN'T IT A BEAUTY, AUNT LINDA?" Merton college in the fall. After graduation endless possibilities opened be fore her. This was the situation that July morning when Mrs. Pennington came out on the porch and greeted mirers.

He was a manly fellow of twenty was wondering how she would look in one, son of a prosperous farmer of the rural district. He had lately been giv-"Sugar?" she asked. "One or two, en a good sized tract of land by his father, with the instruction to "see what "Two," said Warwick, with a half he could do with it," and he was doing "You've just come back from Nev

York, haven't you, David?" asked Mrs. "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 "Why, Mary," she said, "Is this your embroidery on the floor? Pick it up

before it gets dirty." The girl leaned back comfortably against the railing. "You pick it up, Dave," she said indifferently. And the young man did so. But Linda bit her lip in vexation. It was a little thing, but characteristic of the way Mary

made all her friends wait on her. "Did you go away on business, David?" she asked hastily. "No-yes-well, I don't know as

you'd call it exactly business." "I should," said Mary decidedly-"the most important business for you just now, Dave." The lad laughed, embarrassed.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make ! the appearance and disposition of man fortunate circumstance that the great women. The freshness, the charm, th extension of agriculture in the west brilliance vanish like the bloom from peach which is rudely handled. 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 appreciat the shock to the system through th change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weak nesses which too often come with man riage and motherhood, not understanding any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of it

As surely as the general health suffers erfectly honorable in all business transac-ons and financially able to carry out any when these organs are established in health the face and of mat once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and ss in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak won n strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label-contains no alcohol

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ous," said Mrs. Pennington, smiling. "What is it all about?" "I went to get something for Mary,"

"And here it is." said the girl, holding out her left hand. "Isn't it a beauty, Aunt Linda?" A handsome soli-

taire flashed into view. The significance of the stone did not enter Linda Pennington's mind, for it was many years since she had thought of such things. "Mary, you know you nay not receive presents of jewelry om young men," she was beginning. out the words died on her lips. Mary and David, looking for some sign of

approval, read in her face grief, disap-

'Aren't you pleased?" went on the "We've been engaged since ristmas. Before I visited Florrie Tucker, Dave asked me and I said, 'I'd see.' Then while I was away he ike him best of any of the boys-so I ist had to say 'yes.' He's so obsti-"Of course I am very much surprised," Linda said when she could trust

both too young to talk of such things. sides, you are going to college soon, ite engagements. "But there's nothing indefinite about r engagement," replied the girl airiy, twisting the ring on her finger. We are to be married in September."

"Oh, yes, it's all settled," nodding er head. "I wrote this morning to Merton canceling my application. I'm ed of study-what is the use of it? now more now than any other girlboy almost-in Dorsettown. Just think, after September I'll never have study any more!

Mrs. Pennington rose in wrath from er chair. "Mary." she cried sharply. you don't know what you're saying! You are giving up carelessly 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 exercise my authority as your guardian. ut when you act like a silly child I must. I ask you-no, I order you-to break this engagement!"

Mary sprang up and stamped her "Well, I won't!" she cried. "And you can't make me: I'm ineteen years old." Linda sank back in the chair with

rembling lips. The mother who had was speaking through her aughter. "Mary, if you love me," she pleaded, but she knew it would be no ise. The girl's heredity was showing, nd she must bow to the inevitable. Mary never would understand what a blow this was to her guardian's amoitions for her. College, then advanced work, or, if the girl preferred, art

these the plans she had made. And this mad whim must overturn them The girl's storm of fury spent itself n floods of tears. "Aunt Linda, I in't. Don't ask me to," she sobbed. David drew his sweetheart toward him. He had been a silent, troubled

tudy in Paris or music in Germany-

witness of the scene. Now he spoke "It's like this, Mrs. Pennington, we ove each other, and we don't see the ise of waiting. If we wait four years by then we'll have grown apart peraps, 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 eople are pleased, and we only want

But she shook her head impatiently. I have nothing against you, David, rt—it is impossible."

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

How old memories can rise again! A ision of a boyish soldier, with pleading eyes and tender smile. And that arting-could she ever forget the sound of his voice, low and thrilling? She gave a shuddering sigh and opend tear dimmed eyes. "I was only sevnteen and he was twenty-and I never saw him again. His body could not be found. Ah!" Steadying her voice, she went on. "You are right, David. It was foolish and wrong to try to control Mary's life. She must work it out herself. My plans were far differ ent from this, but I can give them up, as I have given up others."-

'Dear Mrs. Pennington," said David, grasping her hand. Then, when Mary ran off to set the ipper table and David followed, with awkward attempts to help, Linda Penington drew forth an old locket and long at the portrait within. "Once I thought that the shattering of my dreams would kill me." she murured. "But I lived to thank God for other dreams and duties that came. So t will be now. I think."

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

PERIL IN PAINLESS FACES.

Victims of Dread Malady May Be Hurt Without Knowing It.

"The redhot wire," said the electrisizzled and smoked. 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

"I pulled him to one side. "'Would you stand there,' I said, and be burned to death?' 'Was I burning?' he said, with a scared look. And he put his hand to the side of his face—the wrong side.

the air.

as it possible that he couldn't feel that horrible hurt? "Gentlemen, that man had no feeling his face whatever. He told me that e had been operated on for tic doloueux, and the operation, while it had ured the tic, had left his face dead to

"I had often read of tic doloureux in English novels, but I thought it was a triffing disease. This chap said it was a facial neuralgia so painful that in he past 90 per cent of its victims eiwent crazy or killed themselves.

"Every victim of the undergoes the eration; hence there are a lot of peo lking the earth with no feeling their faces. The condition is a dan

shed by resistance) sixteen and a halelectricity travels so astonishingly fast that it is able to complete the circuit

In Wall Street

By EDITH M. DOANE

he was entitled to it.

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas Jack Bentley was permitting himself the luxury of a day off. He felt that

For a month past the situation had been too tense, the excitement too keen. for any thought beyond the whir of

brokers, was the medium through which a wealthy syndicate had manipulated the stock market to its own advantage. Bentley, the junior partner of Curtice & Co., had bored 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 suc-

And now upon this bright morning in early summer Jack Bentley was feeling decidedly well satisfied with life in on Sheldon's forehead. With tremfeet in width, thence along last menhad been well handled, his share in the flung its contents malignantly across way of corenissions was distinctly the table. gratifying, and in addition he had cleaned up a neat little sum by going into the deal on his own hook.

the city, sweltering in midsumme heat, to the vision of a clubhouse the heart of the Berkshire hills. It was a picture often in his thoughts.

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 bowlder, the sunlight falling through the leaves in flickering shadows on her soft, fair hair. In the height of the fight he had re-

ceived her letter. "You'd better come," she wrote. "It's as lovely as ever here," and at the end again, "Do come." He had smiled as he telegraphed his answer There was no doubt of his attitude where Constance Elliott was concerned.

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 tidy sum he had pulled 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 evidences 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 I thought"-"I am wondering," he interrupted, laughing uncertainly to cover his hurt.

"why I might not have known you were in town?" "But I wasn't, not until late last any one to know. He wired me yesterday to come at once. You know, he has managed everything for me just as much since I have been of age as he dld 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 ever so much eblo Indians came to regard springs make a lot in the same way. He has around them myth and tradition and all my securities. I gave them to han made them objects of religious wor

stant Bentley was sure of it. His brain, used to quick deductions, leap- water welling up from unknown ed from the rumor on the street that depths, impressive always even to the Sheldon had been badly hit to the sudden wire to Constance-the secrecythe misrepresentation. These, coupled had a powerful effect on the mind of with the man's well known shrowd.

to recoup with Constance's money. His first impulse was to tell her of masks.-New York Tribune. the deception that was being pra ticed upon her. But she would not believe him. Besides, he was not absolutely certain of it and might alarm her needlessly. How he accomplished what follow

ed he never clearly knew. He heard a voice he hardly recognized as his in need of a cook, and ten of the best own claiming a pressing engagement and begging her to lunch with him the coveted post. They were in later. He saw the surprise in her eyes serve a dinner of his own choice and

meet him, and then a moment later would eat of each different dish and he was speeding toward lower Broad-then pass judgment. This programme way. Once only did his pace lessen, was carried out and the palm awarded and then only so long as it took him to a Frenchman who had been chef for to rush up the steps of his apartment many years to the Baron Haussman and slip something small and shining A trip to Marlenbad by the whole of into the pocket of his long, loose coat. the jury was the sequel to this famous The situation from Sheldon's point dinner of 100 courses.-London Ti

of view was bad enough with nterference of Jack Bentley, who had entered his private office with scant A Positive CATARRH

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

abruptly, "I learned an hour ago that appropriated certain securities belonging to Miss Elliott."

For once Sheldon's self possess deserted him. "What lie is this?" he fried, half rising from his chair. "And," continued Bentley coolly, "I have come to get them and return

them to her.' "I refuse to give them to you." "You must."

right do you"-Bentley leaned across the table, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said

ome for the papers and intend to get

Sheidon, his face livid, reached for The firm of Curtice & Co., stock the bell, only to find himself confronted by a gleaming pistol barrel surdetermined eves.

"I will not." "You shall!"

"I'll be ruined," gasped Sheldon. "You'll be ruined if you don't. I'll have you arrested inside of an hour." general. His part of the transaction bling hands he opened a tin box and tioned alley westwardly fifty-four fee

> "Take them, -- you!" he cried, with a bitter oath.

And so it was not until Miss Elliott avenue his mind turned longingly from had been delivered from her "abuntion that had been practiced upon her, touching lightly upon his own part in A SMALL FRAME DWELLING HOUSE

"Oh." she said in an unsteady voice "what can I say to you? I want to thank you. I cannot-I do not know

He leaned forward, his eyes holding hers across the flowers on the center of the table. "I know," he said under his breath but I dare not ask-it is so much". She colored a delicious pink, but her

yes met his bravely. "There is nothing-that could be-too nuch," she said.

WORSHIP OF SPRINGS. How It Prevailed Among Early Peo-

ples In the Southwest. Springs are rarely found in the south western part of the United Stafes, and Admistration upon the above state have for this reason they have been from been granted to the undersigned. All ancient times prized as a most valued persons in lebted to the said estate are possession. The people who dwelt in required to make payment, and those this region, says Walter Hough in having claims or demands against the "Records of the Past," saw in these said estate, will make known the same, sources of life giving water the founts without delay, to, 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 com bined 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 ploneers and of every human being who has since made his home in the great American desert was complete as to the location, distribution and idosyncrasies of the

by the inhabitants of those desert solltudes than that from living streams. because it is always drinkable and al ways at hand, while the watercourses which for the greater part of the year country this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and are sinuous reaches of dry sand, furnish at flood a quickly disappearing supply of thinned mud which will not be touch ed by man or beast except in the dis tress of thirst a primitive people will regard these

Spring water is naturally more prized

water supply.

ght, and Mr. Sheldon did not wish springs as sacred. In fact, the Indians of the southwest are not peculiar in the worship of springs. The sentiment is will meet all persons interested for the worldwide, has had a vast range of purposes of his appointment at his law time, perpetuates itself in the folklore offices No. 106 Mill street, Danville, of the highest civilizations and presents | Montour County, Penna, on Friday, in its manifestations a most interesting the 16th day of November, A. D., 1906, body of myth and fancy. But in the at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the southwest the arid environment has so said day, where and when all persons ture that no spring in the region is having claims on the said fund are reintensified this feature of primitive culwithout evidence of many offerings to quired to make and prove the same or the deities of water.

It is small wonder then that the Puwith special veneration; that they wove "Do you mean you have given that man all your money?" Bentley blurted to have been a natural, even though Had Shekion appropriated the girl's offerings to springs will not admit of unconscious, generalization, Perhaps money to his own use? That same inmystery of the underground source of observer who believes himself free from the trammels of superstition, has also the Indian, leading, like many other Sheldon had lost heavily and intended natural phenomena, to an attitude of worship of unseen powers behind these

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 deliberatio and cross examination. On one special chefs duly presented themselves for succeeded by frank acceptance of his explanation, he heard each inflection be served the same evening to a jury of her dear voice as she promised to of the best gistronomes in Paris, who

Centenarians give various reasons to

is significant that they all agree on ne advantage of plenty of work and The advice lately given by a womaover a hundred is worth considering ises one to eat when hungry sleep when sleepy, with plenty of sleep, to work constantly, keep cheer is the doctrine of the simple conclusion is worthy of

PUBLIC SALE

in said county, on

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

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

"I am acting as her agent. By what Saturday, November 17th,

'Mr. Sheldon," he said grimly. "I have 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, commenc-"Stay where you are till I'm through | ing on Cooper street seventy five feet with you," cried Bentley, at white east of line of land between Hannah neat. "Now give them to die." B. Still and Joseph H. Hale, thence along Cooper street in an eastwardly direction forty-five feet more or less to a sixteen feet wide alley, thence along side alley southwardly one hundred The beads of perspiration stood out and ten feet to another alley sixteen 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 Bentley's automobile whirled up Fifth avenue his mind turned longingly from said Joseph H. Hale in a northwardly direction eighty feet more or less to dance of riches." She sat speechless, the place of beginning. It being part watching Bentley with beautiful, hor- of lot No. 74 in plan of lot laid out by the place of beginning. It being part rified eyes as he laid bare the decep- John Deen, Sr. Whereon are erected

and other necessary out-buildings. Terms of sale, one half of purchase oney 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

> Administrator Mary Crossley

> > P. O. Address

Danville Pa. Auditor's Notice.

Edward S yre Gearhart

IN THE ORPHAN'S COURT OF MONTOUR COUNTY. n the first and final account of E. L.

Lyons, administrator of George

Fry.late of the township of Lime-

stone, in the county of Montour

and State of Pennsylvania, deceas-The undersigned, appointed by the aforesaid Court. Auditor to make dis-One is not surprised, therefore, that tribution of the funds in the hands of the said administrator to and among the parties legally entitled therete

be forever debarred 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 decedent. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, 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 V. Amerman.

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Between 12th and 13th Sts. on Filbert St

Philadelphia, Pa.

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\$1 00 per day and upwards

AMERICAN PLAN \$2.00 per day.

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