

Alice's Strategy

By EDWIN FOWLER
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John Garvan did not object to Tommy Tenley except as a son-in-law. Personally he liked him immensely, and it was with real regret that he refused to give his consent to Tommy's engagement to his daughter Alice.

Tommy went out of the study feeling as blue as the enamel on the automobile that panted at the curb, but Alice took a more cheerful view of the matter.

"Isn't that father," she comforted, "I've managed him ever since mother died and I'll find a way to make him behave. He didn't tell you not to come around, did he?"

"No," was the terse response. "He told me to come around all I wanted and help him keep the other fellows off 'til he does that, you bet?"

"What was his reason?" she asked.

"Said I was too fond of outdoors to be a good merchant."

"Is that all?" she asked in surprise. "I thought from your face it was something serious." She patted him on the shoulder. "Now run along," she commanded. "I want to have a chat with father before he can think I over and get the idea rooted in his mind that he doesn't want you in the family."

Tenley went down the steps much comforted. Ever since they had known each other Alice had always taken the lead, and he was content to follow. He climbed into the auto and rumbled off with the comfortable feeling that all would come well.

He was not the sort of a man who is content to hold back and let a woman plan. He was willing to take the initiative when necessary, but he knew that Alice knew her father's whims better than he did, and more than once she had, with her woman's wit, accomplished more than his bulldog pertinacity would have gained.

Alice nodded wisely when he met her that evening, but he did not ques-



"YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!" HE CRIED.

tion her. He was confident that she had control of the situation, and as they sped along the road he waited for her to speak.

But he was surprised when she suddenly asked him to take her father out in the automobile. One of the objections Mr. Garvan had urged was his fondness for his auto; that the old gentleman should want to ride was strange.

Alice's word was law, and the next afternoon when the blue racer drove away from in front of the Garvan house Mr. Garvan was established in the tonneau, while Alice, beside Tommy, saw that he kept down his speed. They ran decorously along for several miles until they came to the shore road, which stretched its level length for a couple of miles beside the lake.

"Want to go fast?" demanded Alice as she turned to her parent.

"Is it safe?" he demanded anxiously.

"Safe and just lovely," was the assurance. "Put on the speed, Tommy, and show papa what automobilizing really means."

Tenley threw over the lever, and presently they were doing about forty miles an hour. There were no interesting roads along the lake and no traffic, so that Tenley felt safe in letting the machine out. At the end of the stretch he slowed down and turned to see what effect the run had had on the lone passenger in the tonneau.

To his surprise he found the old man leaning forward. "Let us try it again," he urged. "It's great."

Back they flew along the broad road. Then they slowed down and headed for home. At the door Garvan turned to Tommy:

"I wish you'd drop in this evening," he said. "I want to see you about something."

Tommy nodded and drove off. A part of Alice's plot began to unfold. He guessed that the "something" was an auto, and the guess was right, for a week later a high power car found a resting place in the Garvan stables, and John Garvan devoted himself to its study. Within a month he was sufficiently expert to be able to handle the car himself.

He looked with kindlier feeling toward Tommy, who had made known to him this new delight. In his younger days he had been a horseman, and such of his objection toward Tommy had been that he had taken to the auto instead of to the trotter. Now that this objection was removed, Tommy asked for a rehearing of the case, but, to his surprise, there was the same negative.

"It's just a whim," explained Alice. "He will come around all right."

But the coming process was slow, and Tommy fretted as he followed the big red car along the roads in obedience to Alice's commands.

Then there came the hot afternoon when they made for the top of Mount Stephen. Alice with her field glass swept the country beneath for half an hour after it was time to start back home. Then, with a sigh of relief, she slipped the glasses into their case and turned to Tommy.

"Take the wood road back," she commanded, "and you do just as I say. Will you promise?"

"Don't I always?" he parried. "How would I dare do otherwise?"

She made a bow. "I thank you," she said demurely. "Now, if ever, is the time to realize that a soldier's first duty is obedience."

She smiled to herself as she knew

Betty's Burglar

By RUTH CATHERWOOD
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Greenville looked at him contentedly. When a man has been absent for a month and has slept in sleeping cars most of that time home seems pretty good, even though it may only be a four room flat.

He washed the stains of travel from his face and hands, slipped on his smoking jacket and went over to the hamper. To his surprise the box was empty save for a card on which was scrawled: "Had a party. I owe you a box, Bert."

With a laugh he started for the window. Bert Niblo lived on the floor below. He would demand the immediate return of a couple of cigars. He wanted a chat with Bert anyway, and the quickest way down was by the fire escape.

His slippers felt made little or no noise against the iron treads, and presently he stood on the landing below. The windows were open, and he stepped into the room.

For a moment the gloom blinded him, then as his eyes became accustomed to the dusk he started forward. As he did so there was a click, and a feminine voice commanded him to throw up his hands.

The command had to be twice repeated before he obeyed, but at last he comprehended that the order was intended for him, and he raised them above his head.

There was a rustle of feminine draperies, then the light was turned on, revealing a girl who was pretty even in spite of the white eagerness of her face.

"I beg your pardon," said Greenville, "I am afraid that there is a mistake somewhere. I thought these were Mr. Niblo's apartments."

"They are," was the quiet response. "You made the mistake of seeing Mr. Niblo."

"Not on those terms," Alice drew a package of sandwiches from a basket and handed Tommy one. It served only to remind the old gentleman of his fast approaching dinner hour. He stood it ten minutes longer, then with a snort he climbed into the seat.

"Go ahead, and be hanged to you!" he shouted. "I consent."

There was a whispered conference, and Tommy climbed down. Five minutes later the red and the blue machines were slipping down the road.

On the steps Alice paused a moment over the hood.

"The chauffeur will be over tonight for a hundred dollars," she whispered. "I promised him he should have it if he would fix the machine for the break-down."

"And cheap at the price," declared Tommy as he took her in his arms in the friendly shadow of the vestibule.

Cucumbers Are Ancient.

Few garden plants have been known to and cultivated by man longer than the cucumber. The Candolle has proved that this plant has been in cultivation between three and four thousand years. There is no specific remedy for the striped cucumber beetle. Direct applications of poisons, such as paris green or other arsenical, will destroy the beetles when they occur in moderate numbers. A normal crop may be placed at about 200 half barrel baskets per acre, the price varying from 50 cents to as much as \$2 per basket. After the fruits have been harvested and the marketing season has closed the vines should be destroyed by gathering and burning or plowing them under, so as not to harbor or breed diseases. A point which is of prime importance in the management of the cucumber patch is that none of the plants should be allowed to mature. The ripening process, which means the development and maturing of the seeds, produces a heavy strain upon the growing plant.—United States Farmers' Bulletin.

Reasonable Request.

"Yes," said the fair young widow, "I'll do anything you if you'll promise to quit smoking."

"That's asking a good deal," rejoined the man.

"Well, that's my ultimatum," said the f. y. w. "I don't propose to give up my needs for a man who isn't willing to give up his needs for me."—Woman's Home Companion.

According to Contract.

A man who was very miserly boarded up his stacks of hay year after year in the hope of making double the price he was offered for them. A well known hay and straw buyer in the district one day asked the price of a stack. An enormous price was asked, which the buyer refused.

"I'll do about the terms of settlement," asked the old miser.

"Well, you see," said the buyer, "my terms are to settle when I fetch the last bad away."

"That's a bargain," said the miser, slapping the other's hand. The old chap watched every load go away except the last, and that the buyer never did fetch away.—London Standard.

PUNY EAST INDIANS.

The Native Born of English Parents Are a Sorry Lot.

"The queerest sight you see in India is the native born," said the sailor. "The native born is the thinnest, softest, laziest, silliest thing in the way of a white man that was ever invented."

"It is the proof that England would never colonize India. For the English can't live in India, you see. The moist heat of that land, with its nights of 100 degrees and its noons of 130 or worse, takes the strength and backbone out of an Englishman, gives him liver trouble and makes a complete wreck of him."

"If he goes back home, he may recover his health. If he stays in India, he don't never recover it. If he has children born in India, those children are called native born, and for poor, little, puny, spiritless critters they're the limit."

"If these native born English have children in their turn, well, that third generation of native born has none, at least. It is a generation of idiots, paralytics, cataleptics, cripples. If you was to see an army of native born of the third generation, you'd think you had the ransure sure."

"If England get out of India. She does the Indians only harm, and what she does for herself is to turn tall, strong, blooming young colonists into their skinny, yellow, whimperin' specers what you call native born."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Betty's Burglar

By RUTH CATHERWOOD
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It was just for a moment, though long enough to make Greenville hope that she would smile again.

"I should think you would try to be respectable," she scolded. "You look like a man who might become a good citizen."

"I'm a gilt edged citizen," he protested. "I'm a member of the Reform club and all sorts of good government things. I forgot just what they are, but I remember that I belong to a lot."

"I suppose they cannot be very careful in these large societies," she commented. "Still, it is a pity that they afford you an excuse for posing as a good citizen."

"Bert will buy the life out of you for this," he said irrelevantly. "I'll bet he shoots when he comes home."

Betty started. This visitor seemed to know her brother very well. What if she had made a mistake? She knew he would never be permitted to forget it. Her lips parted as if to speak, when a key grated in the lock, and the hall door opened.

"Hello, Bert!" shouted Greenville. "Hello, Fred!" came the surprised reply. "When did you get back?"

With a quick gesture Betty thrust the revolver under the pillows of the sofa and looked appealingly at Greenville. He smiled and nodded just as Niblo came into the room with outstretched hands.

"I came down after those cigars," he laughed. "I found your sister here, and we've been having quite a chat. I wanted to get back upstairs, but he insisted that I should wait until you came."

"Glad you found some one home," laughed his club, attributing Betty's confusion to another cause. "Betty's got a compelling way about her. When she says 'stay' you might as well make up your mind to stay."

"She's a real good girl," he agreed. "I couldn't have got away if I had tried."

"Well, let's have some supper," suggested Niblo. "I'm hungry as a bear."

Betty slipped out to set the table, and presently the three sat down to a cold lunch. The girl exerted herself in every way to be agreeable, and long before the meal was over Greenville decided that she was the burglar—she had stolen his heart.

At last he stood by the window taking his leave. "You were very good," whispered the girl as his hand closed over hers.

"Not good, but selfish," he corrected. "I shall hold that over you like a rod of iron to make you always nice to me."

"Is that needful?" she asked, but her eyes told him more.



SHE INDICATED A SEAT BY THE WINDOW, AND INTO THIS HE BACKED.

Remarkable Piece of Handicraft.

Charles A. Confer, of No. 2 Ash street, is the champion whittler of this section. A specimen of his work may be seen at M. H. Schram's store, which deserves to go on record among the marvels of human handicraft.

From a block of soft pine wood one inch square and some eight inches long he has carved something which in a general way resembles a Maltese cross, very complicated and ornamental. The block of wood was simply cut up into component parts each of which, although entirely cut loose, was not removed from its place in the block. The piece of wood was first reduced to two halves, which on a central pin, open and close, while each of the four arms in turn, were divided and subdivided, the various parts cut loose, like the two halves, opening on central pins and spreading out in a variety of fantastic forms. When the cross is fully opened up the eye is bewildered with the smaller crosses and the ingenious subdivisions of these that in turn grow out of the plain piece of wood.

The wonder is equally as great when Mr. Confer commences to close up the whole thing like a jackknife—first the ornamental parts that have grown out of the arms and then the arms themselves and the observer sees a plain and apparently solid block of wood an inch square and of the length described above, in all respects precisely as it was before the whittler sank his knife into it.

Farming Pays.

The final estimate of the crop reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the U. S. department of agriculture has been made and indicates a tremendous yield of products, at the best selling prices ever recorded.

Corn makes a new record at 2,927,416,000 bushels, practically a round three billions, and as in the two preceding years, its value exceeds a billion dollars, being this year \$1,166,626,479. Wheat, returning 735,260,970 bushels, falls short of the record by 13,000,000 bushels, but contributes a gain of 42,000,000 above last year. Cotton is not included, as it is not yet all gathered, but over 11,000,000 bales have been ginned, 78,916,464 bushels of barley are worth \$74,235,397. 33,374,833 bushels of rye are worth \$19,671,243. Flaxseed is worth \$25,899,165,308,038. 382 bushels of potatoes are worth \$157,547,392. The acreage of hay was 42,476,224, the yield being 57,145,959 tons valued at \$592,539,671. Tobacco yields 682,428,530 pounds, valued at \$68,332,427.

In five years farms have increased in value \$6,131,000,000. This is not inclusive of advances in values of live stock and farm implements.

A leading railway authority has reckoned that the transportation of the crops will bring to the railways this year \$24,764,025.

The international significance of these farm figures is not doubtful. They are a call upon the world's gold to the extent of, say, an average \$75,000,000 monthly, subject to any offset by our merchandise imports.

A New Building.

The concrete foundation is nearly completed for the new house that will be built by Emerson Adams on Church street on the corner of the alley at the rear of the jail. The building will be a store room and dwelling combined and will be occupied by Mrs. Thomas Adams of South Danville, who will open a store.

Webster Foust, who for the past four weeks has been undergoing treatment at the Baltimore hospital, at Baltimore, Maryland, returned to this city Saturday evening very much improved. His mother, Mrs. Philip Foust and his wife, who have been spending several weeks with Mr. Foust in Baltimore also returned Saturday evening.

BRUIN BREAKS FROM CAPTIVITY

The bear, which was kept in captivity by Charles Antrim at Oak Tree hotel in Valley township, and which had become familiar to all who had occasion to drive the Washington road, was shot and killed on Saturday after it had broken from its chain and caused considerable consternation among the people who happened to be in the neighborhood of the hotel at the time.

A party of men, among whom were J. T. Findley, W. Kase West, Charles Rishell, William Fern, J. C. Rishell and Alfred Blecher, had been attending a wool sale in the country, and on returning stopped at the Oak Tree.

Some of the men were taking a look at bruin, when he broke loose. A scramble for the house ensued. Mr. Antrim was informed that the bear was at large, and he, being familiar with the nature of the beast, decided that the only way to ever again get bruin into captivity would be to shoot him.

Mr. Antrim did not have a weapon heavier than a shot gun loaded with rather fine shot. The bear received two barrels of this without much apparent discomfort, and started off through the fields. At this juncture James Rousney arrived on the scene with a rifle, and catching up with the bear a couple of hundred yards away, put a bullet in a vital spot.

Lurdered Body on Tracks.

On Sunday morning the first fatal accident happened on the Trevorton branch of the Shamokin Extension Trolley company, which was attended with circumstances of a mysterious character that may imply something more than an accidental occurrence.

According to the reported facts it appears that when car No. 16, in charge of Motorman Tuttle, was running into Trevorton, at 12:30 o'clock, on Sunday morning, a person was struck at the corner of First and Shamokin streets and dragged a distance of some thirty feet. Upon examination it was found to be the body of Matthias Schaschke a young man of about 19 years of age. He was found to be dead with his head crushed to a pulp.

At first it was believed that the young man had fallen across the track and that it was very dark at that place, the motorman, who is one of the most careful and reliable in the employ of the company, was unable to see him. But a further examination of the circumstances attending the case does not sustain the theory of an accident. It is found that his overcoat and other articles of clothing that were known to be in his possession are missing. He had been attending a party on Saturday evening, and is not known to have been in a condition that would have led to his falling on the track and remaining there in a helpless condition. Besides his head was contused in a manner that could not have been caused by contact with car wheels. The case is enveloped in mystery which, when solved, may add another to the numerous Northumberland county murders.

Will Start Up This Week.

During an interview Monday Mr. F. Q. Hartman stated that he would have his new silk mill on the South side in full operation before January 1st. The steam plant was fired up during the early part of the month and yesterday the steam connection with the engine was completed and the latter was started up. The engine, which is one of the most improved type of 150 to 180 horse power, started off very nicely and ran without a hitch. The steam plant at Mr. Hartman's new mill, which is of 180 to 200 horse power, like the machinery installed, embodies all the latest improvements, the plant in its entirety being without a rival in this section.

The setting up of the machinery was completed some days ago and but little more remains to be done. Meanwhile the employes on the south side who are to fill places in the new mill are looking forward with pleasure to the date of starting up.

WON'T STAND FOR WITCHES.

State Zoologist Surface has just been appealed to along a line of investigation out of the ordinary course of his department, by receiving a letter from a farmer in the eastern part of the State in which the writer says that in a year he had lost three farms, his horses died, his hens grew fat and would not lay, his "squab factory" turned out a dismal failure and his bees proved worthless, while porkers of the same breed that used to yield 280 pounds at nine months now gave only 100 pounds at a year. The letter concludes in these words: "I have had no luck no more no way. I am convinced that I have been bewitched and I wish you would give me something against it." Professor Surface says the man has been trying to do too many things at once, and he will write him and tell him to specialize, but the State will not stand for the witches.

Sad Story From Williamsport.

Sad news comes from Williamsport, which affects a former resident of Danville, Charles Wallize, son of our townsman, John R. Wallize.

Mr. Wallize, who is a traveling salesman in the employ of the Welliver Hardware company, this city, with his wife and two children occupies a flat in Williamsport.

Last week his little daughter Margaret, four years of age, contracted scarlet fever and was removed to the city hospital. At 2 o'clock last Saturday afternoon the child died at the hospital. Meanwhile the little boy, Herbert, six years old, was taken down with the disease and the family was quarantined at its home. At 4 p. m. Saturday little Margaret was buried from the hospital, neither father nor mother being permitted to attend the funeral. The other child continues very ill.

W. E. Lunger, of Trenton, New Jersey, and Maurice Lunger, of Sparrows Point, Maryland, spent Christmas at the home of Mrs. W. E. Lunger, Centre street.

GRIPPE AND PNEUMONIA AT CROSS STREET

If we can believe all we hear, there must be a good deal of gripe afflicting the community just now. At any rate, there are a number of families that have one or more members who have had, are having—or may add go to have—if this kind of changeable weather prevails—a case of gripe, which means cold and severe pains in the head, a fever, pains and aching all over the body, and a devil-may-care kind of feeling, as if you didn't care whether school kept or not, and which winds up with a cough. A good many people, easily scared, think they are beginning with the typhoid fever when it's only a case of the gripe, but the latter is bad enough, and if not attended to may easily turn into pneumonia.

The last is the most dreaded disease, of the winter season, one of the most frequent, insidious and fatal. From early fall until late spring, during all the raw, wet, cold, changeable weather, death in the guise of the pneumonia germ rides upon the blast. And nobody can save you from pneumonia but yourself. It is a disease easy to avoid but hard to cure. Consumption is ranked as the most dreadful of scourges. But while consumption carries off 100,000 victims annually in this country, pneumonia follows close with 106,000. And while consumption is being mastered and is on the decline, pneumonia still baffles medical science, and is on the increase.

Science has identified the "pneumo coccus" germ, it is true. It is everywhere—in the dust, in the damp, and even in our mouths by the million. As a mere potential parasite it doesn't amount to much, if only we would keep in fair "condition." Over exposure, overindulgence or any weakening of the system gives the germ his chance for deadly work. There is no physician can tell you except in the vaguest and most general way how to avoid pneumonia. And if you are stricken with the disease there is no known drug that will certainly arrest its development, no system of nursing or treatment upon which you may safely rely to carry you through the crisis. And yet of all diseases this is the one which the physician's earliest possible attention is most important. He may not be able to cope with the disease directly, but he can conserve your vital forces and give you that "fighting chance" which alone can save you.

Take care of yourself and pneumonia can't touch you. It's up to you. An eminent specialist gives the following simple rules: Have plenty of fresh air day and night; Guard against chill and damp. Do not overeat or overdrink.

Rutter Settles With Columbia.

Final settlement of his accounts with Columbia county was made by ex-Register and Recorder J. C. Rutter at Bloomsburg on Saturday, when he paid to the Columbia county commissioners the sum of \$900.

The agreement of settlement reads as follows: "The said county of Columbia by its commissioners and said appellant by their attorneys mark the above case settled outside of court, and rules discharged of said J. C. Rutter, appellant, from any further accounting and settlement as register and recorder with the county, provided the said J. C. Rutter shall pay the said county before January 1st, 1907, the sum of \$900, which said sum said J. C. Rutter agrees to pay, settling all claim or interest in said appeal." This is signed by the commissioners of Columbia and Solicitor Rhaw and C. A. Small for the appellants and J. C. Rutter and Clinton Herring for Rutter.

Trolley Men's Aggregate Fight.

J. Steve Raver, conductor, and William C. Burger, motorman, who ran the first cars on the Danville & Bloomsburg trolley line and have been continuously employed on that road, have been doing some figuring to determine how many miles in all they have covered in the two years and three months that the cars have been running.

During conversation Saturday Mr. Raver said that the two had agreed that according to a conservative estimate the aggregate number of miles covered was no less than 129,000. This it was figured, was equal to a distance that would girdle the earth between five and six times.

The distance between Danville and Bloomsburg is ten miles, which makes it easy to arrive at several other facts. The two men have piloted their car backward and forward between the two towns 12,900 times and have made 6,450 round trips.

Naturally all the objects along the road, owing to the comparative short run, have become very familiar to the two men and they in turn have become very well known and popular among those who patronize the line.

A Supurb Piano Chosen.

Last Saturday evening one of the peerless Knabe pianos arrived at the home of Dr. C. H. Reynolds, Market square. This piano is one of unsurpassed excellence and belongs to a class distinctively its own. It was purchased of Oliver John & Co., 1 Union square, New York, who are the duly authorized factory representatives in this and many other counties in Pennsylvania.

SCHUYLKILL SCANDALIZED.

This being the time of year for license talk to be heard it is interesting to note that in Schuylkill county the anti-saloon societies are appealed at the record-breaking total of liquor license applications, which numbers 1635, to be passed upon by the courts next month. Last year the total was a little over 1200. Of this year's number, 335 are for new stands. The Law and Order Society expects to knock out 500 applications.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Myerly and son James of Wilkes-Barre, spent Christmas at the home of the latter's father, J. V. Gillaspay, Mill street.

GRADE CROSSING AT CROSS STREET

The action of the P. & R. railway company in removing the grade crossing at Cross street has caused considerable complaint among townspeople, who take the view that the railroad company has acted with undue haste in the matter. That the railway people feel justified in their action, however, is apparent from what follows.

Superintendent J. E. Turk speaking for his company contends that it has fulfilled and completed its part of the work in connection with the proposed extension of A street north and that a good driveway has been provided over the entire extension of A street, which has been in use since March or April of 1905.

Mr. Turk urges that the railway company has repeatedly asked to have the dangerous crossing at Cross street vacated on account of the great number of cars that must necessarily be stored and left standing on the tracks on both sides of this crossing, intended for the various industries of the borough. He contends that it is only reasonable to eliminate the danger of the public at that point, the P. & R. railway company owning the property on both sides. He wants the borough to take prompt measures to have the street vacated and has addressed to council the following letter:

To the Borough Council
of Danville, Pa.
Gentlemen: We beg to advise you that on or about Nov. 6, 1906, the Philadelphia and Reading railway company removed the crossing at the point in Cross street in said borough where said street crosses the tracks of said company at grade and constructed guard fences to prevent the use of said crossing by the public. The said company will not thereafter permit said borough and the public to use said crossing as part of said Cross street. This action was taken by said company in pursuance of a certain ordinance of said borough entitled "An ordinance to vacate a certain portion of Cross street in the Borough of Danville, Montour county, Pennsylvania, where it crosses the tracks of the P. & R. railway company at grade and in lieu thereof to extend A street in said borough under the tracks of said railway company to Walnut street in said borough, etc." Approved October, 1904.

Yours respectfully,
J. E. Turk,
Superintendent.

DANGER IN DELAY.

Kidney Diseases are Too Dangerous for Danville People to Neglect.

The great danger of kidney troubles is that they get a firm hold before the sufferer recognizes them. Health is gradually undermined. Backache, head ache, nervousness, lameness, soreness, lumbago, urinary troubles, dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease follow in merciless succession. Don't neglect your kidneys. Cure the kidneys with the certain and safe remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills.

Henry Collins, moulder, of 445 No. 6th street, Bloomsburg, Pa., says: "For years I have suffered with kidney complaint, backache and bladder weakness. I used all kinds of remedies but none of them seemed to have any beneficial effect. The secretions from the kidneys gave me constant annoyance and bothered me night and day. My back became so weak and painful across the loins that I could scarcely get about at times. I have had to lay off from work time after time. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised in the papers and very highly recommended by people that I knew. I obtained a box and used them as directed. I never had anything act so promptly in my life. The first box cured me of the pain and weakness. I kept on taking the remedy until I had used four boxes when the bladder weakness left me. I have had no trouble with the kidney secretions for at least two years. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills worth their weight in gold."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Family Reunion at Moersburg.

A very pleasant family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stump near Moersburg Tuesday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ritter, Mrs. Hendrshart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dease, Noah Stump, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Stump, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grim, Mr. and Mrs. William Clewell, Rebecca Ritter, Florence Stump, Mabel Stump, Pearl Stump, Ruth Grim, Pearl Grim, Helen Grim, Pearl Clewell, Helen Stump, Mrs. Lizzie Sheetz, Clinton Stump, Arthur Stump, Albert Stump, Harry Clewell, Steward Millheim.

POPE PIUS X GIVES NEW YEAR'S GREETING

Handsomeness of Pontiff With Blessing to Pennsylvanians.

The thoughtfulness of Pope Pius X for Christians in all parts of the world is beautifully exemplified in a signed portrait given to the Philadelphia North American as a New Year's greeting to the people of Pennsylvania. The portrait is inscribed in the Pope's own hand writing with the words of the apostolic benediction. The portrait and inscription have been artistically reproduced in the most expensive photogravure process, and a copy of it, 11x15 inches, will be a part of every copy of the Sunday North American for December 30, no handsomer work of art and no more fitting souvenir of a great and good personage has ever been published.

The publication of the portrait of His Holiness is made with the consent of His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia.

Copies of this artistic work are being displayed by all newswriters.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble. It will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Elmhampton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and Home of Swamp-Root dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Jurors for January Term.

GRAND JURORS.

Anthony township—George O. Barthlow, Morris N. James, Lewis Martin.

Danville, First ward—John L. Campbell, Charles Lotter, William A. Reed, George S. Maters; Second ward—James Erosius, Jacob Boyer, Newton Parsel; Third ward—Arthur Mowrey, Jacob Doster, Joseph Schmidt; Fourth ward—Bernard Shevlin.

Liberty township—J. D. Cotner.

Mahoning township—Frank Geringer, S. B. Koshier, William Hickey, Ralph Ritter.

Mayberry township—William Getty.

Valley township—Thomas R. Rogers, Elmer E. Renn.

West Hemlock township—O. J. Deightmiller, Walter Shultz.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Anthony township—J. S. Deunen, David A. Cox, Daniel Albeck, John H. Kuhns.

Cooper township—Wellington Hartman, C. D. Garrison.

Danville, First ward—Harry Ellenbogen, Jesse Klase, Robert Adams, William G. Turner, Harry Rupp, Eugene Miles, Charles Haag, Charles G. Cloud, John H. Gernet, Isaac Hoffman, Joseph L. Frame, John Miller, W. B. Startzel. Second ward—Jacob Dietz, Harry Camp, Grant Feustermacher. Third ward—George Tison, A. L. Voris, Michael Riely, Samuel Mouten, Harry Fields, Joseph Dival. Fourth ward—Fred Buchenberger, Fred Ploch.

Derry township—Charles Hileman, John Ashenfelder, George P. Cotner.

Liberty township—Jesse Unstead, W. C. Robbins, Joseph Hagenbach, John Coleman, J. E. Geringer, Jonathan Stahl.

Limestone township—Peter D. Werkeiser.

Mahoning township—C. C. Moyer, Elijah Gott, Michael Breckbill.

Valley township—William Gething, B. C. P. Gearhart.

Washingtonville—A. L. Heddens, Charles W. Derr.

West Hemlock township—James H. Geisler.

Why Refer to Doctors

Because we make medicines for them. We tell them all about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Ask your own doctor.

The best kind of a testimonial— "Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Sole Manufacturers, SERRAPILLO, N. H.

We have a secret. We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

Birthday Surprise Party.

Mr. and Mrs. George Reed entertained a number of the young friends of their daughter Jennie, in honor of her 16th birthday. Music and games were indulged in and refreshments were served.

Those present were Lizzie Jones, Mary Cashner, Barbara Bloom, Sarah Jones, Margaret Freeze, Blanche Reed, Irene Herman, Catherine McDonald, Olive Roat, Katie Bowers, Jennie Reed, Bessie Bloom, Agnes Hurley, Mamie Martin, Charlotte Reed, Heber Warantz, Howard Boody, Horace Swank, James Paugh, George Reed, George Jones, Phoebe Keat, William Rank, William Jenkins, Valentine Knebelstein, John Jones, Fred Grausman Howard Freeze, and Samuel Douglas.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50 cents.

Krickbaum Gives to Charity.

Associate Judge Krickbaum has announced at Bloomsburg that he will give his salary for the last quarter to charity. The amount will be distributed between the Joseph Ratti hospital, the Bloomsburg Library, the Bloomsburg benevolent society and the good roads association.

TO OURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25 cents.