The Spring Election. Many of the newspapers of the State are strongly in favor of the ultimate adoption of the proposed constitutional amendment abolishing the February election and providing that municipal officers shall be chosen in November at the same time the general election occurs. In fact, the sentiment of the editorial writers seems to be practically unanimous in favor of the amend-

Should this amendment become part of the State constitution it will have to pass through the regular process prescribed by the constitution itself. That is to say, having passed the gauntlet of this legislature it will have to be favorably considered by the legislature of 1909 and then submitted to the vote of the people. It will be perceived that the earliest date at which it could go into effect would be November, 1910.

The strongest argument against the amendment is the fear that the election of councilmen and other municipal officers in November would assist the designs of the partisan. Usually party spirit runs rather high during gubernatorial and presidential campaigns, and the probabilities are that some unfit men would slip into office under stress of political excitment However, it is quite evident that the independent voter is growing in numbers with each passing year, and it has become possible to secure the defeat of an unworthy candidate even in the heat of a national campaign if the truth be properly presented to him.

The chief argument in favor of the proposed change is the great expense of holding primaries and elections under the new laws we have recently placed on our statute books. Two registrations, two uniform primaries and two elections involve a heavy expenditure annually. The idea is becoming very prevalent that no harm would come if the expense were cut down one-half by the abolition of the winter primaries and the February election. The cities and boroughs, as well as the townships, would probably get as good officers by the new plan as they do now, perhaps better. And the independent voter would still have his opportunity.

The Planting of Trees.

The Tree Planting association of New York city has just been making through its secretary, some pointed remarks that fit Danville conditions quite as well as they do those of the metropolis Recommending the planting of more trees in the city streets wherever the conditions are favorable as they are in many residential portions, where their shade and beauty is notable only by its absence, he goes on to draw attention to the fact that the planting season is practically at hand, auso deciduous vegetation is already awakening in answer to the call of spring. Also, that while the planting season bids fair to be an active and orderly one, it will certainly be none too long for the work to be done. A few years ago Dr. J. T. Rothrock, for so many years Pennsylvania's forestry commissioner, as he was the in ceptor of forestry preservation in this State, and still an active member of the town marshal". the commission, supplied on request a list of varieties of trees especially adnoted for street planting in this clim ate. While it is not at hand at this writing, it is essentially identical with the list just sent out by the New York association. The list says: Of varieties | hurry along home with it before it beto choose from we have the elms, the maples, the oaks, poplars, tulip, locust, horse chestnut, sweet gum, sycamore or plane tree. Western catalpa, beech, linden. "Under some stress, even the ailanthus and the willow," the list closes. These last are probably named with the thought in mind of "the more open territory in outlying boroughs." These, assuredly, here as there, are entitled to more consideration than they receive, both from our officials and from property owners.

There are several suggestions, dwelt upon with considerable detail in the association's circular that may well receive full consideration here, where such consideration is certainly needed Much greater is the attractiveness of the streets and neighborhood where trees have been planted and cared for, with its resultant consequence of a favorable influence on the value of property. Another is the undoubted sanitary value of tree growth and their shade in the heated term of the year. Then, often for long spells together, we have in this city a blazing sun like that of the tropics beating down on sidewalks and dusty highways in a manner destructive to health and vital power.

Finally, do not go out into the woods to select your own trees for planting, at random. The nursery grown trees of whatever variety you prefer, from two to three inches in diameter, with a symmetrical top and, most imperatively of all, with roots full and compact-for there, as all norticultural authorities are a unit in recailing, like the vigor of life and the promise of healthful growth. Would that there were long stretches of the wastes of highways, such as there are, for miles around this city, set out with shade trees by their owners or by the county authorities. A far greater degree of public spirit in regard to this important adjunct to the public weal is desirable and would bring its own great rewards.

Peril of Aged Lady.

The dwelling occupied by the mother of ex-Senator Thomas R. Danner, and the grandmother of John Danner, well known in this city, at Bath, near Easton, was destroyed by fire Monday night. Mrs. Danner, an invaild, was carried unconscious from the building. Most of the household effects were destroyed.

Elias Flickinger, a chronic chicken thief of Mt. Carmel, was given a six months' sentence by 'Squire Deitrick, of hat place, Tuesday.

Elsie's Little Miracle

By Anna Steese Richardson Copyright, 1906, by May McKeon

It was pretty generally understood that the Billy Daltons were drifting apart. There was no particular reason of something better to do.

Von see they had just enough money so that Billy did not have to work nor Janet to worry about making both ends They had danced their way through several seasons into a lazy, good humored and comrade-like engage ment, thence into matrimony. After that Billy had continued to lead cotillons and Janet to dance them, but generally with other partners.

Matters between them had reache the point where the rumor laden society papers had suggested covertly that when Billy went to England and Scotland, where he had nothing in particular to do, Janet would probably take up her home in Nevada or South Dakota, there to remain until Norman Stanley returned from Africa, where he was fighting ennul by hunting big game. It was even whispered that Billy Dalton had insinuated to Stanley hat it was rather better taste to stalk big game than another man's wife, especially when the other man was perfectly willing to make it clear sailing for his wife if it would make her any

happier. Of course, this sounds a bit strong on paper, particularly to the old fashioned folk who still believe that marriage is contract for life and not a mere epi sode. In the set to which the Billy Daltons belonged the situation was accepted as a matter of course, and when Janet asked a lot of people down to their Long Island place for the automobile races and the week end no one thought of refusing just because the Daltons might separate within a fortnight after the gathering.

Such was the situation when the Dalton car broke down on the Jericho turnpike, and its occupants-Janet, Mrs. Greenwalt, Joe Jeffreys and 'Marsh" Huntoon-decided to cut through the woods to the Dalton place and leave the car for a farmer to guard the scene of the accident.

Perhaps it was not entirely impaence which led them to take the short cut through the woods, but the call of a hundred autumn voices in rustling leaves, rich, warm colorings and the chatter of squirrels laying up winter stores. And thus it was that they suddenly stopped in their tracks and listened to a sound that was not of the woods, but of the nursery-the plaintive wail of a child. Janet it was who found it-a bit of white faced, taring eyed humanity rolled up snugy in a great shawl of Iceland wool.

While she held the baby in her arm and tried to silence its walls with uncertain and awkward little pettings the quartet held a conference. was too young to have walked there. Mrs. Greenwalt said it was not a day over two months old. It was too far from the road to be heard by passing lars, Mrs. Birt," I said. "I see Ducky travelers. Ah-there was the answer. a wisp of paper tied to the end of the

"Please take care of little Elsie. It was not her fault that she came into the world, and I can do no more." "I've always said that the govern ment ought to regulate the question of

marriage among the poor," remarked Mrs. Greenwalt severely. "Here is a case in point." "You are jumping at conclusions,"

said Huntoon dryly. "Let's take it to "And what then?" asked Janet without lifting her gaze from the child's

face. The baby had clutched her finger with its tiny fist and settled down as if it had found anchorage.

"Oh, there are asylums and homes for youngsters like this. You'd better gins to howl. One of your men can take it to town before dark. Shall I carry the little beggar for you?"

"Oh, no. She's not a bit heavy, and she is quiet now. She might cry if we

changed her position." They trudged on through rustling leaves and soft Indian summer haze. three of the party chatting gayly; two, the young wife and the baby, looking into each other's eves as if searching for a new key to the problem of life. Sometimes Janet wished that the child would close its eyes. She did not like to meet that trustful, clear eyed gaze.

"Have you disposed of the youngster?" asked "Marsh" Huntoon as the sat down to dinner that night Janet started and looked across the table at her husband. He lifted his

eyebrows inquiringly. Huntoon's good humored laugh broke the awkward silence.

"What? Don't you know that our party was increased by one during our vide this afternoon? Rather a small one,' but, my, what lungs it has!" Janet drew in her breath sharply.

"I wish you would not talk any more about it at present, good people," she said, trying to speak lightly. "I've started inquiries in a quiet way. I don't want the thing to get into the papers-because if no one claims little Elsie I think I-I shall keep her.

"Keep her!" gasped Mrs. Greenwalt. Why, my dear girl, the place for a child without a name is a foundling Janet spoke very softly, yet every

silence.

"I shall give her a name because once-just once-I saw a line of chi. dren walking, rows and rows, by twos from an orphan asylum. I can't send her there. Mentally she saw again those clear,

trusting blue eyes. "And I know you will all be kind enough to keep this very quiet until"there was just a slight, tense hesitation-"until we decide what shall be done.

Naturally it was talked about, how ever. In boudoirs and at clubs th question was raised as to what name little Elsie would acquire. Was it no bad enough to be facing a divorce rest dence in the far west without acquir ing an unnecessary incumbrance at

the crucial moment?

Within the Dalton bungalow on Long Island stranger things were happening. No clew to the baby's parents had been found. When Billy Dalton dropped down occasionally, as he had been doing for a year past to keep up appearances, his first question was, "Anything new?" and this always anything new about the baby's And little Elsie would loc. up at him with reproachful blue eyes as if asking, "Why do you care?" And it was that Billy Dalton

had changed, and, with an odd sort of jealousy, he realized that it was little Elsie and not he who had brought about the marvelous and altogether desirable change. She was no longer bored. How could she be with Elsie cutting a new tooth every few days and such wonderful hampers of clothes to be bought, fine handkerchief linen, narrow val and convent embroidery A more fastidious customer had never entered the shops which specialize on ayettes, and with her own hands Janet made covers for down pillows, silk tufted afghans and other foolish things, gayly over the whole absurd episode. One frosty December afternoon Dal-

while the tongue of gossip wagged ton ran down to the bungalow and found Janet standing at the window The low spreading evergreens on the vest side of the house were powdered lightly with snow, and Janet turned to im with kindling eyes.

"Billy, I shall have a Christmas tree for Elsie. She is so bright for her age. do believe she will notice it." "Quite likely," responded Billy, with ssumed carelessness, as she laid aside his storm coat, "but in making your plans you seem to have overlooked one

mportant fact. As yet Elsie is not really yours. The law"-Janet turned on him sharply.

"She is mine by right of-everything. found her, and I love her." "Yes, but you must formally adopt her. I thought perhaps you'd better see to that before I leave. I've changed my plans a bit. I'm going to meet mother and Grace in Rome for Christmas. The mater has not been feeling very fit. I am not fond of England in

Janet crossed to his side, and her and rested lightly on his arm. "Don't you think you'd enjoy much nore seeing Elsie have her first tree? And-and I think-I need you-more

winter, and"-

than your mother does." Something rose in Dalton's throat and threatened to choke him. It was a sensation he had never felt before, not even during the good natured, lazy run of his wooing Janet wanted him! He thought he had not cared. Now he knew that he had cared all along. But it was characteristic he did not express his fierce joy in words. He held Janet

very close and whispered: 'Well, I rather did hope you'd give the little beggar the name of Dalton. It's a pretty good name after all, eh?"

Norman Stanley heard the news when he landed in London. He sent a lion's until the mechanic who handled the balton garage could be dispatched to the Elsie to roll upon. Then he went tle Elsie to roll upon. Then he went to the Nile country for the winter.

Radical changes in clothing are seldom safe, at least so the old time grandmothers held. The putting off of winter underwear was likely to be a gradual and prolonged process. That this belief in deliberate adjustment was widespread and inclusive is shown in W. P. Frith's story of his life. He was engaged in painting a portrait of Mrs. Birt, the wife of a prominent business man, who used to bring her little dog to share her sittings.

Mr. Birt was a great lover of dogs, but he entertained a strong aversion to dog collars, so I was surprised one day when Mrs. Birt brought her favorite dog. Ducky, to see a band around the little animal's neck.

"I thought you objected to dog colsports one today."

"Oh, no, that's not a dog collar," returned the lady. "It's only a piece of flannel. The poor dear has had a dreadful cold and a sore throat. Sh

has worn flannel night and day.' "Surely that is too narrow to do any The strip is no wider than collar.

"Oh, it was wider, of course. We have gradually lessened it. She is leaving it off by degrees."

Nothing but the Truth. Buncum-My physician tells me I am working too hard. Marks-The M. D. evidently know

his business. Buncum-Why do you think so? Marks-I have been comparing notes with a few of our mutual friends and find you have worked us pretty hard.

The Difference.

Mike-Kin yez tell we phwat's th' difference betwane humor an' wit, Pat? Pat-Well it's lolke th' difference bewane whin yure woife tickles ye undher th' chin wid a shtraw from th' broom an' whin she hits ye over th' bead wid th' handle av ut .- Judge.

Science and Merality. true student of the professiona or technical school becomes heir to a comprehensive and clear understanding of his duties and responsibilities in his relations to his fellow men and to the community. Those duties and responsibilities present themselves to his it's his own fault," she thought hotly, trained mind in their real proportion. He is neither nondeveloped nor maldeveloped in his judgment of affairs. His university training, especially in the technical school, has taught him accuracy and penetration in the analysis of proposition confronting him and that truth and knowledge must be sought with the directness of a plumb line. Science yields nothing but confusion to the shifty, devious and dishonest inquirer. The fundamentals of

tainment.-Scientific American. Stage Dressmaking. Our plays are for the most part overdressed, with extravagance, vulgarity in next morning by Dick, and, though and inappropriateness obtaining in Mabel instinctively dreaded it, she place of artistic fitness. The new costumes have to some extent frequently undone the results of undress rehears-als, the actresses no longer representing the drama as they did before the dressmaker sent home their gowns while the variety of their impersonations is swamped by the uniformity of their fashions .- A. W. Pinero in Cos-

to technical success or professional at-

Inconsistency.
"What is Inconsistency?" asked the

"Well," responded the wise one, "i is that spirit which moves a woman whose sleeves stop at the elbow to scold her husband because he hasn't any cuffs on."-Chicago News.

Robecchi asked a friend to dinner

and then returned home furious. "What is the matter?" said his wife. "Do not speak to me! It is a shame! I always thought a politeness produced one in return, so I asked Dobelli to

"And has he refused?" "Refused! I should think not. He has accepted."-Caricaturista.

Would Improve Mankind. If the resolution not to lie were as strong as the determination not to be called a liar, the world's veracity would be greatly enlarged .- St. Louis began to realize that he did care. Janet Post-Dispatch.

Love by Graphophone

By Alice Lovett Carson

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The office of Horwitz & Mallon, wholesale brass manufacturers, shone with polished fixtures and fresh white wood. A pleasant, cheery place to work in, Mabel Thurston thought as she entered. She had come early that morning because it was the last day of the month and a great deal of correspondence had to be finished up. She greeted Dick, the office boy, before going into her own little sanctum, for, as the "graphophonist" of the firm, she was given a nook away from the rattle of tickers and other machines.

"The boss left a note fer you, Miss T'urston," said the boy as he followed her in, carrying an armful of wax cylinders. "There it is." Mabel read it as she opened and

dusted off her typewriter. "No. 3 im-

portant-to be done first. Then 5, 4 and 2. C. H." She nodded understandingly and fitted cylinder No. 3 into the graphophone that stood on the table at her elbow. Then she wound up and started the

machine and, having fastened about her head the cap that held the tubes against her ears, sat down prepared for the work. The instrument huzzed a few seconds, then started off. "Take this let-

ter to Messrs. Carroll & Briggs, Mid-dle Roxbury, Mass.," began the gruff voice of Carl Horwitz. She could almost see the sharp glances he gave from under his bushy eyebrows while he dictated. The typewriter began to rattle in a businesslike way. Other stenographers and clerks came in. laughing and chattering, and settled down to work, and the office quickly resumed its usual active appearance. Hurrying, for he was a little late, en-

tered Pierce Mallon, the funior partner. He was Horwitz's nephew, a bright young fellow of twenty-six. He nesitated a moment, with flushed face and embarrassed air, before Miss Thurston's door, then moved on to the inner office. Puzzling over the phrasing of a sentence. Mabel did not see him enter, though she always looked for his morning greeting and felt something lacking in the day when she missed it. Of late the handsome boy who blushed and stammered whenever he spoke to her had been often in her thoughts.

"No. 5 next," she thought pleasurably, handing Dick a sheaf of letters to be signed by Horwitz. That cylinder always contained Mallon's correspondence and she enjoyed hearing his sympathetic voice.

"Please take this letter, Miss Thurston." it began deferentially-so different from his uncle's abrupt manner. "Mr. Henry S. Wright, 845 Main street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. My dear Mr. Wright," and so continued, the girl drinking in every word.

"If you've finished that, the next is a personal note." Mallon's voice went He stopped a minute, then continued with many halts and jerks of utterance. "Dear friend-no, my dear friend-just leave out the name, Miss Thurston. My dear friend, though I've wanted to do so many times latelyin fact, whenever I passed your door-I've never had the courage to speak to you of a matter on which I feel very deeply. I don't know how you'll regard this method of addressing you. No doubt it will seem to you as rude

as it is unconventional, but I must run the risk of offending you. Miss Thurs-With a sharp exclamation the girl arted from her seat and tore the can from her head. "How dare you?" she The seller was almost too crushed to panted, her cheeks flaming with indignation. To take advantage of her position to insult her in this way! Of course there were always little jokes that the instrument permitted ofthings the men would not say to her line of purchasers that had overheard face, but never anything of this na-

James Cate, Horwitz's secreture. tary, began his letters by drawling "My deah girl, if you love me take this," and Steve Murphy, the business manager, sometimes interrupted his correspondence to tell a story in his inimitable brogue, ending in a lusty "Haw! Haw!" that always made her laugh. Horwitz frequently prefaced his dictation with remarks that consigned his correspondent to Jericho, but to think that Pierce Mal-

lon, of all men, should be guilty of a vulgar practical joke like this! She jerked the paper off her typewriter and tore it into bits. Then she stopped the graphophone and changed the cylinder for another. "If Mr. Mallon's letters are not all written today with a feeling of joy that she could

punish him thus But a dull ache that would not cease remained in her heart, though she told herself over and over again that the fellow was a cad and a boor and she despised herself for ever taking him for a gentleman. Her pillow that night was wet with some bitter tears as she tossed sleeplessly on the narrow boarding house bed. It is hard to morality are the very stepping stones give up ideals when one is only twen-

The same cylinder was frequently used more than once, for the surface could be shaved smooth ready for another impression, so No. 5 was brought could not refuse to take it with the

rest. Mallon's voice began at once without introduction: "I have offended you deeply, I know You thought it was a practical joke. and a poor one at that. Pardon me for being such a boor; but, indeed, I meant every word. It wasn't a joke, but dead earnest, for I love you, love you, love His voice broke passionately. "I am offending you again, but I

"Ah, forgive me," he went on contrite can't be silent when the phone tempts me, and I dare not speak to you face to face. Can't you pity me at least?" As she listened the girl's expression changed from indignation to surprise, then to doubt. "Perhaps," she said un certainly, "he is speaking the truth aft Perhaps I misjudged him. Oh I hope I have!" With the sudden real face in her hands.

Next day when she came to cylinder No. 5 in the routine of correspondence Mabel found herself hoping for the little personal message which should give assurance to her heart. It came abruptly, but decidedly;
"I'm going to stop this sort of thing.

Mabel. It smacks of cowardice, and I want to be worthy of your respect. I mean to put my fate to touch at once, so expect me this afternoon." The girl's heart sang its paean of joy as her fingers flew over a heavy budget

usual time of leaving and went home at last, sad and uncertain what t

"Say, you'll find some tall cussin' of the tubes today, Miss T'urston," said Dick as he brought her the cylinders next morning. "The boss chased Mr. Pierce off to Boston in a hurry yesterday, then ripped round all the afternoon cause he couldn't find some rush or ders the young feller put away. I tell you, there'll be fur flyin', you bet, when he gits back this mornin'.'

beamed so on him and presented him with a rose she had just bought. He could not know that his news had put an end to a bitter heartache. It was Saturday, a half holiday, and her only fear was that Pierce would not return The clerks had all left and even the elevator had stopped running before she covered the instruments, and still ne had not come. Slowly she adjusted

Dick wondered why Miss Thurston

a rush of eager, impatient feet up the stairs, and the door of the office was burst open. He dropped his suit case and came forward with outstretched "Oh." he exclaimed breathless and

her hat before the mirror. There came

gone!" She did not turn. "You know, don't you, why I didn't come yesterday? You understand it was not my fault—that I hadn't time to send you a note even?" She bowed her head in silence. "Ah, but you still think it was unmanly to talk through that old graphophone! Forgive me, dear, I didn't know what I was doing. But I do love you, Mabel." He would not be discouraged by her silence. "I love you and I want you. Tell me, can you forgive me and love me a little in

return?" Then she wheeled about, her face radiant, her eyes shining like gray stars. "Pierce, dear!" was all she said, but he was satisfied, for he read the answer in her eyes.

He Drew on Sight.

Mart Hoover years ago, when Kansas was not the cultivated common wealth it has since become, had sent a consignment of corn to a commission merchant in Kansas City. The merchant telegraphed, telling the consignor: "Your credit is \$27.40. Draw on me at sight."

But Hoover was mad. He had ex pected his money, and none came. He felt he had been duped, and he treasured up the grievance. One time, about six weeks later, the commission man came to Hoover's town, got out of the bus and started to walk down the street. Hoover saw him and instantly drew his revolver and fired. His eye was fairly good. The bullet cut away the merchant's necktie and unfastened his collar.

Then Hoover put up his gun. 'That's expensive shootin'," said he, 'but I reckon you're as sorry as I am." "What do you mean?" demanded the own constable, arresting the gun man. "He told me to," said Hoover, sur-

prised. "Told you to?" demanded the white cheeked city man. "I never did any thing of the kind!" "You did," said Hoover. And, draw

ng out the telegram, he read: "'Draw on me at sight."

"I done it," said he.

Tamed the Box Office Man. A theater box office man whose seat were all sold days shead was turning away disappointed patrons more than gruffly when a man who had watched the process with glowing ire reached the window. "Selling any more seats this season?" he began. The ticket seller answered with a stare. The question, quietly but firmly repeated, finally received an affirmative answer. "Give me two." "When?" growled the seller. recovering. "Any time." said the man. ask "Where?" "Anywhere," replied the man. "How much?" whispered the seller, his voice deserting him. "Any price," said the man. The tickets were transferred in an awed silence, and the smiled benevolently at the noticeably tamed man in the cage.-New York

Antiquity of Proverbs Proverbs existed long before books. In the earliest times they served as the unwritten language of morality and have been passed down through the generations. In Africa there are numerous quaint proverbs. Among them are: "He who dives on dry land will scarify his face," "Two people cannot sit down upon the point of the same thorn at the same time." In the Transvaal the proverb. "Beware of a stlent man; he has a brass band in his mouth," is often heard.

Holmes on Shelley. Shelley vaporized everything in his glowing crucible, but there was gold at the bottom of it. When I look at him spreading the starry wings of his fancy over his chaotic philosophy he seems like a scraph hovering over the unfathomable chasm, whose blackness is

the abode of demons.—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Two Blackballing Stories. The Travelers' club rejected Thackeray, the majority fearing to see themgreat man-an interesting commentary, by the way, on the Thackeray-Yates kind to the novelist. There he was blackballed. The difficulty was got ver, however, in the following year by the rule which permits the election witnout ballot of persons distinguished

in science, literature or public life.

There was a worse contretempts over lanthropist, to Brooks'. His nominator was in Ireland and his seconder unable to attend the ballot. The consequence was that men were running about saying, "Surely you're not going to vote for that scoundrel Moore Twenty-two votes were recorded, and of these nineteen were blackballs. They had mistaken their man for a scamp who had been rejected years be When the blunder was discov ered members wanted to retake the ballot, but this was against the rules, so the election had to be deferred to another day, when the philanthropist was unanimously made a member.

London Standard Steam Engines. The steam engine goes back to Hero of Alexandria, in the third century B. C. Branca, an Italian, in 1629, made an engine which blew steam against vanes and thus made a wheel spin. The first actual steam engine was made by Captain Savey, an Englishman, to whom, in 1698, a patent was granted for a steam engine to raise water. In 1705 Thomas Newcomer made a vacuum steam engine. But the steam engine of today, which has wrought such a tremendous evolution in industry and society, was the invention of the Englishman James Watt, and the first patent bears date of letters. When the day was over she of June 5, 1769. - Scrapbook.

THE SNARLS OF TIME

POPE GREGORY'S CORRECTION OF THE JULIAN CALENDAR.

At One Time October Was the Year's Shortest Month-It Contained Only Twenty-one Days In 1582-Commotion the Change Made In England.

Did you ever hear of the famous short month of October, which had only twenty-one days? Some three centuries ago in southen Europe men growing continually for more than a thousand years, and the result was that they called the day after Oct. 4, 1582, Oct. 15 instead of Oct. 5. We get our ideas and principles re-

garding the calendar from two sources, Roman and Jewish. Every one knows that the names of the months are Latin, and in the histories we read how the various Roman rulers changed the do-ribution of days within the month. etc., to suit their pride or political schemes, much as modern politicians hasten or postpone a convention, and brought things into great confusion until Julius Caesar decreed that the coming year should consist of 365 days relieved. "I was afraid you would be and every fourth year of 366. The ex-24th and 25th of February. In their way of numbering the days of the month, which seems to us so awkward, the 24th was sexto calendas, or the sixth day before the calends of serted it was called the second sixth. or, in Latin, bissexto calendas, whence our bissextile From Jewish sources we get other

features. The great Jewish festival of the passover was celebrated on the very day of the first full moon after the spring equinox. The early Chrisns, or many of them, took the same lay, but this led to charges of heresy, to discussion, criticism and even con-

actly 365 days 6 hours, but about 11 minutes 14 seconds less. So the insertion of the extra day in four years was overdoing the correction, as was known even in the dark ages, but after the revival of learning and the establishment of observatories it was commented on in the council of Trent and was very much discussed by mathematicians. And by the middle of the sixteenth century the hundreds of small errors had accumulated to ten days, so the vernal equinox fell not on the 21st, but on

the 11th, of March.

when, in 1572, Pope Gregory XIII. was elected. He realized the glory that it Ely's Cream Balm would be to his reign if this confusing cleanses, soothes and heals m: tter was settled, and so set a company of mathematicians to work out It cures catarrh and drives the problem, not only of rectifying the away a cold in the head old errors, but of providing rules to quickly.

Cream Baim is placed into the nost contains the future. The hardviolence to the traditions. That a good deal could be said about the work is evidenced by the book of 800 pages written by Clavius, one of the company. The result was that in 1581 a papal bull was issued declaring, among other things, that in 1582 the day foland that centuries should not be leap years unless divisible by 400.

Rulers and states that were then Catholic responded to the pope's request for acceptance of the reform. In France the ten days were dropped after Dec. 9, 1582; in Catholic Germany the change was made in 1584, but the Protestant states delayed until Feb. 19 (March 1), 1600. In Switzerland and Poland there was such resistance made

press it. The change was long delayed in Protestant England, which would not will-ingly accept an alleged reform due to a pope that had encouraged the armada. But the need of the uniformity among neighboring states was too great, and in 1751 Lord Chesterfield introduced into parliament a bill for the

of the law may be quoted from a magazine of September, 1752: "Sept. 14-This day the Gregorian style took place in all Europe, Asia, Africa and Amer ca. This day, had not this act passed would have been the 3d of September, but it was now reckoned the 14th, elev fourth year will be a bissextile, or lear year, until 1800, which will be a common year of 365 days, but 1804 will be leap year. Easter and the movable feasts thereon depending are to be reckoned according to the new tables prefixed to the act of parliament. All the fixed feast days * * * are to be tept on the same nominal day as here-ofore. Payment of rent notes, * * * he attainment of majority or expiration of apprenticeships * * * shall not be accelerated hereby, * * * If servants' wages are usually paid at the quarter days, eleven days' wages may be deducted out of the present quarter and the reckoning for the

A Square Deal

our eleven days!"

future go regularly on." Such were

some of the minute provisions of the

act. It will be readily believed that

gnorant people could not understand

through the land crying, "Give us back

this, and we are told of mobs marching

tra day was to be inserted between the Is assured you when you buy Dr. Pierce's family medicines—for all the ingredients entering into them are printed on the bottle-wrappers and their formula are attested under oath as bein paying for and that the ingredients are March. When the extra day was in- gathered from Nature's laboratory, being selected from the most valuable native medicinal roots found growing in our American forests and while potent to cure

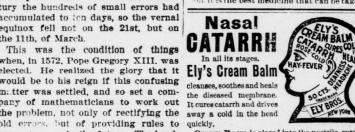
American forests and while potent to cure are perfectly harmless even to the most delicate women and children. Not a drop of alcohol enters into their composition. A much better agent is used both for extracting and preserving the medicinal principles used in them. viz.—pure trinference glycerine. This agent possesses intrinsic medicinal properties of its own, being a most valuable antiseptic and antiferment, nutritive and soothing demulcent.

ferment, nutritive and soothing demultempt; so it was decreed probably by Constantine the Great in 325 A. D., in Connection with the council of Nicaea, that the Christian festival Easter should be observed on the Sunday following the passover, and the other movable feasts of the church were made dependent on this. So the element of a fixed day of the week was brought into the calculation.

In this year—325—the vernal equinox fell on Much 21, and, if Caesar's work in establishing the Julian calendar had only been correct, this event would have happened on this date forever. But nature seems to abhor simple ratios as she was said to abhor a vacuum. Unfortunately for simplicity the year is not exactly 365 days 6 hours, but about 11 menutes it seconds less. So the inter-

cases.

In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on one is caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if negected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken



the work was to fix the over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is im movable church feasts without doing mediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup

CONTAINS KONEY AND TAR Relieves Colds by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels.

Relieves Coughs by cleansing the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

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WHAT MONEY IS.

Bait for the matrimonial hook. The most effective substitute for Money is the most difficult root to

That which women look for while en sleep.

Money is the loudest sound in the oice of life. What the rich don't need and th poor don't get.

A curse to some that have it and o all that haven't. A provider for everything but happi ness, a passport to everywhere but

The one thing that makes crooked things look straight and straight things

crooked. That which speaks a language we can all understand, but in which so

few are able to converse.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The only thing some people always have ready is an excuse. Almost any one can be induced to lie

if you ask enough question The better you behave the better you get along. It's old, but it's true. A man nobody can quarrel with has the life problem reasonably well solved.

n excuse for a lot of general shiftless-The trouble with some people lies in he fact that they consider their faults

Lack of opportunity has to stand as

Are you a long those who treat their ew acquaintances better than they eat their old friends? If a man has plenty of money to back ip a lot of fool notions, people call him

ccentric, but if he only has the notions e is a crank.-Atchison Globe. POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Carelessnes: is the great sin of mos If a man doesn't acquire a little sense

vith age he cheats himself. If a man owns a pocketknife it is hard for him to pass a grindstone. Say what you please about moral courage, the man who has a lot of it is mighty unpopular.

Make the stories you tell on a rainy day as short as possible, especially if on tell there under an umbrella. There is very little use trying to convince a man who meets your statement with this argument; "I'll bet

vou." etc. No matter bow highly you may value your own opinion, remember it does not go with other people unless they think exactly as you do, which, by the way, they sold on do .- Atchison Globe.

"By her thumb ye shall know her" is guide to the young man who conten plates matrimony and yet is doubtful how the chains of wedlock will sit on the girl of his heart. Delightful a companion as she is before marriage, will she turn out a termagant? He can learn readily, say the modern ages, and by the folding of her thumbs. He should take her to church and watch her closely. When she crosses her hands plously he should note if she folds her right thumb over her left, of vice versa. If the left goes over the right she has a dominating mind, and he will be walking a chalk line when he's hers. If the right goes over the left she will be a docile, uncomplaining mate who acknowledges the superiority of the masculine mind .- New York Press.

Book learning is the curse of our whole educational system. The average mechanic is far better educated in the the average clerk, but than the average clerk's average employer, and I should say most gardeners have more real knowledge than most schoolmasters .-

Rambler in London Dispatch.

Vivid Description. Mrs. Hornihand-What does Cousin Vi's husband look like, Silas? Farmer Hornihand-Well, he hain't no blushin beauty. His mouth looks like a wall pocket, and his face looks like it had wore out fourteen bodies. - Chicago

News. Cunning leads to knavery. It is but step from one to the other, and that very slippery. Lying only makes the difference. Add that to cunning and it

ts knavery.-Bruyere.

Auditor's Notice. IN THE ORPHAN'S COURT OF MONTOUR COUNTY. IN RE ESTATE OF CATHARINE HAHN, LATE OF THE BOR-OUGH OF DANVILLE, IN THE COUNTY OF MONTOUR AND STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, DECEASED. IN PARTITION.

The undersigned appointed by the aforesaid Court, to make distribution of the fund paid into and remaining in the said Court after payment of the amount of costs and fees taxed and approved by the Court, to and among the parties legally entitled thereto, will meet all parties interested for the purpose of his appointment at his Law Offices No. 106 Mill Street, Danville, Montour County, Pennsylvania, on FRIDAY, APRIL 5th, A. D., 1907, at eleven 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 debarred from thereafter coming in upon the said fund.

EDWARD SAYRE GEARHART, Danville, Pa. Mar. 2. 1907.

Winsder

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ing Terminal. Five minutes walk from the Penna. R. R. Depot. **EUROPEAN PLAN** \$1.00 per day and upwards.

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