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POLITICAL.

WE are authorized to announce the name of ANDREW J. STEINMAN as candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules and decisions of the Democratic caucus.

Among the more important legislative propositions that died with the fifty-ninth congress, and most of which received the sanction of the president and the country, are: The eight-hour bill which organized labor has been asking for these many years. The anti-injunction bills, of which there were several. Swamp land reclamation. Codification of the revised federal statutes. Modification of the Chinese exclusion act. Copyright revision. Reduction of the tariff on Philippine products entering the United States. The bill to make Porto Ricans citizens. Publicity in campaign affairs. The Crumpacker bill to afford a court review of a fraud order issued by the postoffice department. Federal child labor legislation. Legislation to protect free labor from contract labor. Legislation regulating the interstate traffic in intoxicating liquors. Most of these measures will re-appear at the next session, but it is a discredit to congress and to this nation, that the Sugar and Tobacco Trusts prevented justice to the Philippines in giving them such legislation as would place them on their feet and revive their industries, by reducing the tariff on Philippine products entering the United States.

The notorious railway mail graft, carrying with it excessive payments to the amount of at least ten or fifteen million dollars a year, is continued. The trick of weighing the mails for seven days and dividing by six to find the daily average, which makes a free gift of five million dollars to the roads, is still in force. The Beef Trust is also victor. The Beverage amendment to date meat products was defeated in conference. The conservation of government oil and coal lands, urged by the president, was refused, though the refusal leaves them at the mercy of the Standard Oil and Coal Trusts.

ARTIFICIAL WARMTH.

Its Use as an Inherited Habit and a Sign of Luxury. With the big, restless, energetic world outside of this tropical belt, however, the matter of keeping warm is ever present, troublesome and expensive, throughout all of each passing year.

As a matter of fact, the world of humanity dwelling in stoveland never has been in all the ages really and comfortably warm in winter. It is largely our own fault. Mankind is the only animal which employs fire in the effort to survive the cold of the winters. The hardy lower animals do not need it, however much they luxuriate in elevated representatives, the dog and the cat, may enjoy it when they have a chance.

Ancient man only got himself rid of his primitive coat of hair and his sufficient latent heat when he began to loaf around the family cooking stove and absorb the intoxicating comfort of artificial warmth. This faraway ancestor is responsible for the fact that the present day human being, outside of the belt aforesaid, is obliged to keep close to a thermometer registering nearly or quite 70 degrees F. from October to May, besides which he must wear extra clothing. This also is an inherited habit.

A traveler west once asked a half naked Indian in midwinter how he managed to stand the weather. The Indian replied: "Your face no get a coat. It no cold. Indian face all over."—National Magazine.

WAYS OF THE TOAD.

Some of the Oddities of This Peculiar Creature.

It is remarkable that the toad, long water as it does, should wander away from watery regions to dry ground, where it can never see a drop of water except at rain time and leave its water rights to the undisputed possession of its rural neighbor the frog. How the toad loves water must be known to every garden lover. Whenever there is a shower the creature leaves its cool retreat under the piazza or shed and struts as far as its legs will let it, erect in the rain, apparently enjoying to the utmost the shower bath.

Whenever they are near the water at breeding time they deposit long, slimy strings of eggs, and the young toad has to go through the tadpole stage in common with his brother frog. But when they are wholly excluded by distance from the water, they seem to have the power of being viviparous, or bringing forth their young alive. In the water fertilization is effected in the same manner as in fishes, but the method in the land life career is not known. About all that is known is that confined toads are found with little toads, no larger than house flies, about them after a time, and in walled gardens and places far removed from water little toads, no larger than peas, wandering around on their own resources and which could never have been tadpoles, are within common experience.

The Girl From the West

By OTHO B. SENGA

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Paul Alger looked firmly into Mrs. Elliott's face. "You don't realize what you're asking, Aunt Ruth," he said.

"I'm not asking," calmly. "I'm simply telling you what I expect of you. The girl will be here tomorrow. My will is made with these plans in view. If you don't fall in with them, you're dishonored absolutely; that's all."

"Alger, you're more than a mother to me, and I'd like to do everything I can to please you, but this is expecting too much. I must reserve the right to select my own wife."

Mrs. Elliott was stubbornly silent, and after a moment the young fellow said earnestly, "Aunt Ruth, give the money to the girl if you want to, but don't let her come between you and me."

"Don't talk to me, Paul," impatiently. "I shall give it to you two—either or not at all!"

"Who is this girl," Alger demanded with heat, "that she should be thrust upon me in this style?"

"She is the daughter of my husband's brother. When this girl and Frederick were little children the brothers promised each other that the children should marry when they were old enough. Frederick died, and after your mother's death I adopted you. You have taken Frederick's place in everything else. You must in this. Promise, Paul!"

"It is utterly impossible!" firmly. "Paul," temptingly, "she is very pretty."

Alger smiled and shook his head. "And, Paul," playing her trump card, "she is musical."

"Music was Alger's passion. "Yes?" indifferently. "Yes," emphatically. "She plays the violin."

"What insufferable presumption!" impatiently. "A girl from the west, sent brought up on a cattle ranch, you said. Doubtless she can ride a broncho or lasso a steer, but she shouldn't meddle with the violin. She probably never heard of Bach or Mendelssohn and wouldn't know a sonata from a sandwich. Aunt, can you fancy her bringing her violin in her arms and playing for the delectation of the other passengers in the Pullman. Ugh!"

"You refuse, then?" "Most decidedly."

"Very well," icily. "I accept your decision as final."

The next day Alger from his desk in the library saw the girl as she entered the adjoining room, where Mrs. Elliott waited to greet her. She was tall and graceful, with a high bred air of ease that surprised him. Her voice was clear and well modulated.

"Upon my word," he muttered, "I expected her manner of speech to be a cross between a cow-boy's yell and an Indian warwhoop."

He saw the servant come in with a violin case. "Will madam have this in the music room?"

"Yes, here," And Vera held out her hands. "You brought this yourself, Vera?" Mrs. Elliott's tone held the slightest suggestion of annoyance.

"In my arms literally," laughed Vera. Alger in his dim corner smiled. Vera gently placed the case on the door and lifted out the instrument as tenderly as a mother lifts her babe from its cradle.

"Oh, Aunt Ruth," fervently, "when you see it you will understand—my beautiful violin!"

She clasped it to her bosom with a gesture of tenderness. The beauty of the girl, the unaffected grace of her pose and her evident artistic appreciation stirred Alger to instant admiration.

He met the girl at dinner. She gave him one long, earnest look that he felt keenly as an inquiry and a challenge, and then she directed her conversation to Mrs. Elliott.

Alger was plucked. He was accustomed to more attention from young women. She related some of the incidents of her trip.

"We had a concert each evening. There were three girls in our Pullman coming to Boston to study music. They sang well."

"And you played, I suppose, Miss Elliott?" Alger could not forbear the question.

She turned her glance upon him and the instrument he loves best—a Stradivarius almost beyond price—to a pupil who merely "scrapes," thought Alger.

"Did he have many pupils, Miss Elliott?" experimentally. "No one but myself. He is old and can no longer play. Age has stiffened his fingers. But he played once—oh, how he played! He taught me from a little child, and when I could play—to please him—he gave me this."

"Your teacher was a German?" tentatively. "A Belgian," quietly. "Now you shall hear the voice of the Stradivarius."

She tuned the strings and played. There was certainty of chord fingering, a strength, an almost unadorned, combined with emotional warmth, about her interpretation of the difficult Bach sonata that amazed Alger.

Francis Auguste de Berier.

"And this from the cattle ranch?" thought Alger.

As the days went by he found him self desperately in love with the girl and unable to win from her anything more than the most chilling courtesy. He had not even the satisfaction of confiding in Mrs. Elliott. Once when he tried to speak of Vera, meaning to confess his love for the girl, his aunt interrupted him coldly: "Say no more, Paul. I accepted your decision as final, you will remember, and a later will leave all I possess to the Home For Aged Men."

She swept angrily from the room. Alger stood for a moment as if stunned; then he laughed aloud. "That's good news! Now there's no money in the way, and I'll move heaven and earth to win the loveliest girl that ever lived."

"Come out of the west," quoted a merry voice, and the portiers parted and Vera stepped from the window seat into the room.

Alger sprang forward hastily. "Vera," eagerly, "you've known all the while that I love you?"

"A girl from the west, brought up on a cattle ranch?" she questioned, holding him back with her hand on his breast.

"I don't care where you're from, or anything else, if you'll only say you love me, Vera," pleadingly.

"A girl who doesn't know a sonata from a sandwich?" mischievously. "Vera, forgive me for that and say you love me."

"I've loved you ever since I was a little girl. See?" She drew a locket from her bosom and pressed back the cover.

Alger gazed in bewilderment. It was his own face that looked up at him. "Aunt Ruth said that to my father. I claimed it as mine and have worn it always."

"Vera," with his arms about her, "why have you been so cruel to me when I've tried so hard?"

"I feared you might propose to me to please Aunt Ruth—and because of the money."

"Here, here! What's all this about?" Aunt Ruth's voice sounded harshly at the door.

They turned toward her together. "Vera has promised to marry me, Aunt Ruth."

"And my latest will!"—She fairly hurled the words at them. "We don't mind!" they cried together rapturously.

"—I was never signed," added Aunt Ruth in a changed voice, and they heard her laughing as she softly closed the door and left them to their happiness.

TESSIE THE WAITRESS.

The Reason That Faithful No. 12 Took a Day Off.

Like the fated duchess in Browning's poem, Tessie smiled upon all men. No matter how intricate the order or how many times you sent things back, she never crumpled. There was always a struggle to get a seat at her table. "The boys" who regularly gathered in the downtown restaurant at half past 12 would wait fifteen minutes for the privilege of being served by Tessie. They joked her a good deal and always were rewarded by a flashing smile and a twinkle of the eye, a bit of repartee or perhaps a little extra attention to their order. But never did one of them promise upon her friendliness and bon camaraderie to overstep the very certain line which she had drawn between herself and those whom she served. She was young, pliant and pretty, but she "mothered" them all, and, no matter how tenderly she might ask if the order were just right or the coffee hot, they knew that it was useless to misinterpret that "mothering."

Tessie stayed in the downtown lunch room just three years. From the day she came the manager's discerning eye discovered a prize in her, and from the ladies' table she was promoted to one where masculinity and tips were more frequent. If a waitress were absent, Tessie was always given the "extra" table to serve, and she never complained. Tessie was never tardy, never too ill to work, never distrustful or careless. Tirelessly she went up and down with her arms full of dishes and food. "The boys" used to speculate sometimes upon Tessie's matrimonial possibilities and hazard guesses as to what they would do when some fellow carried her off to wait on himself exclusively. But in time she became such a fixture that they ceased wondering why such a pretty girl was forced to work in a quick lunch room and gave up the thought that she would ever marry at all.

That is why they were very much surprised one day when they arrived to find no Tessie. Another waitress tried to take her place, but nobody got what he wanted, and nothing went right. They had been so used to depending upon Tessie's suggestions and her memory that the new waitress had a hard time of it. Finally in a fit of the pique one of the boys called the manager over.

"Say," he demanded, "where's Tessie?"

The manager lifted his eyebrows politely. "Tessie?" he began. "Oh, you mean No. 12. She will be back tomorrow."

The next morning Tessie appeared as usual. The crowd of young clerks greeted her with a whoop. "Where have you been?" they demanded.

Tessie looked at them for a moment. Her fingers gripped the edge of the table, and two big tears rose to her eyes.

"I stayed home yesterday," she said chokingly, "to go to my husband's funeral."

The clerks looked at one another blankly. "Your husband?" exclaimed somebody.

"Yes," said Tessie simply. "He's dead. He had been ill three years—consumption." And then she hurried away to the kitchen to give her orders and wipe her tear stained face.—New York Press.

LADLIKE GEOMETRY.

Figures of the same shape don't always have the same style. Figures of the same size never consider themselves equivalent.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two millinery openings. A plain figure is one all points of which have been neglected by the dressmaker.

A mixed line is a line composing the reception committee of a club's presidential candidate.

A broken line is a series of successive straight lines described by a woman alighting from a street car.

A straight line determined by two bargain tables is considered as prolonged both ways until the store closes.

Women equal to the same thing are not always equal to each other.—Nellie Parker Jones in Chicago Record-Herald.

PHYSICIANS DISAGREE

Different Opinions on Cooper's Remarkable Success Held by Cincinnati Medical Men.

Cincinnati, O., March 14. The astonishing sale of Cooper's preparations in this city has now reached such immense figures that the medical fraternity at large have become forced into open discussion of the man and his preparations.

The physicians as a whole seem to be divided with regard to the young man's success in Cincinnati—some being willing to credit him for what he has accomplished, while others assert that the interest he has aroused is but a passing fad which cannot last, and which will die out as quickly as it has sprung up.

The opinion of these two factions is very well voiced in the statements made recently by two of a number of physicians who were interviewed on the subject.

Dr. J. E. Carass when questioned about the matter said: "I have not been a believer in proprietary preparations heretofore nor can I say that I believe in them at present. But I must admit that some of the facts recently brought to my notice concerning this man Cooper have gone far towards removing the prejudice I had formed against him when the unheard of demand for the preparations first sprang up in this city. Numbers of my patients whom I have treated for chronic liver, kidney and stomach troubles have met me after taking Cooper's remedy and have stated positively that he has accomplished wonderful results for them. I notice particularly in cases of stomach trouble that the man has relieved several

cases of years standing that proved very obstinate in treatment." "I am the last man on earth to stand in the way of anything that may prove for the public good simply through professional prejudice, and I am inclined to give Cooper and his preparations credit as deserving to some extent the popular demonstration that has been accorded them in this city."

Another well known physician who was seen took the opposite view of the "Cooper-mania." He called it, which now has this city in its grip. He said: "I can only liken the present state of affairs to a certain kind of hallucination. For want of a better name I might call it 'Cooper-mania.' The people of Cincinnati seem to be firm in the belief that this man Cooper has health cured up in a bottle."

"Some of them imagine that he has completely cured them of various ills judging from their statements. It is beyond me to say why the city has gone crazy over the man. It may be said that I am in a hurry. I think, to one of the passing fads that so often attack the American public."

"Sooner or later the people are bound to regain their senses and will then realize the reputable physician is the one to whom their health had best be entrusted."

In the meantime Cooper meets several thousand people daily, and only smiles when statements of the above character are quoted to him. His charitable work still continues to be very extensive.

and tell you all about the wedding. Goodby, Bert." She turned and flew down the steps after the man and with a spring was back on the seat beside him.

"I'm sorry," she said penitently, "but I just had to get home, and they knew I'm glad I found you."

"You seem quite capable of looking after things yourself," he laughed. "I fancy you shocked Mrs. Montrose. She is so omniscient."

"I'm sorry," she said penitently, "but I just had to get home, and they knew I'm glad I found you."

"You ought to be out west," she said, with a sympathetic gaze that was not impertinent because it was frank. "You're more the type of western man. They don't have a lot of men of your type here."

"The driver fluted. "We have them," he said quietly, "but I guess they don't travel in the Pleasantville set." He laughed as he thought of the snobbish social circle of the little suburb, where even the trolley was barred. Nan read his thoughts and laughed in sympathy. Her visit had not been pleasant.

She chatted on as they sped along. The man was singularly intelligent for a workman, and she enjoyed his chat as much as she did the presence of a real man after six weeks with the pale youths who constituted the male element of Pleasantville society. She was almost sorry when they reached the town and drove up to the station.

The driver ushered her into the waiting room, purchased her ticket and sleeper, checked her trunks and finally came toward her. "Here is what I had to pay out," he said, offering a neat memorandum. "This is the change."

She glanced at the coins and smiled. "That's the last of my greenbacks," she laughed. "Now I'll get gold again."

"We don't take it on here," he smiled. "But I've got to give you one," she said. "I have no more bills."

She held out a five dollar gold piece, and after a pause his hand closed over it. "Thank you," he said. "But you would have been welcome to my services. I hope you have a pleasant trip."

"That's a real goodby," she said impulsively, remembering the frigid farewell at the house. "Will you shake hands?"

His hand closed over hers with a pressure that almost crushed it; then, with a bow, he turned and left the room, while she settled herself for the hour wait.

Nan was in time to be a bridesmaid, and when she had written a long account to Mrs. Montrose she sought to put thoughts of Pleasantville out of her mind. It was easy enough to forget Mrs. Montrose and the colorless Bert, but somehow the expression would crop up in her memory.

She assured herself over and over again that she did not care for an expression wagon, and yet at the time she knew that she did care, and when a few weeks later she entered the Crumpacker building and saw at the far end saw a face she thought familiar her heart gave a bound.

It could not be the expression, she assured herself. The Crumpacker was most exclusive, and yet— "He came to me last night," she said to herself. "Mr. Newhall has been asking about you, my dear," smiled the old lady. "It seems that you met back east."

"I do not flatter myself that Miss Todd recalls me," she smiled. "But I know I do. If you hadn't made that slight service at her departure."

"Well, you can recall it to her," said Mrs. Crumwell placidly. "I must go and look after that Templeton girl. Look after Paul, my dear."

"I suppose you are surprised to see me here," she smiled. "My I explain. The conservatory is very handy."

Nan bowed, and he led the way. "You see," he began when they had found a plain screened nook, "my father had some old fashioned ideas about work. He says that a man who commands must be able to obey, and he put me on with the men on precisely the same footing. He even docked me half a day's pay for going to town without permission and I chuckled when I told him I was still \$2 to the good."

"Then you are not a regular expression?"

"That was the mill wagon. It had expressed painted on it when we bought it, and we did not take the trouble to paint it out."

"What did you think of me?" she gasped.

"I thought that a girl with your capacity was worth knowing," he said promptly. "So I made a note of your name and address, which were on your trunk, remembered that Mrs. Crumwell was a school chum of my mother's and came out to see her."

"I suppose she feels highly com-

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FLY FISHING. The Expert Angler Explains Why It is a Humane Sport.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on MARCH 18th, 1907, by W. W. Dudley, W. E. Dudley, Louis A. Greenleaf, and E. S. Shimer, under the Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and reorganization of certain corporations."

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Daniel T. Lazarus, late of Liberty Township, this County, deceased.

Administrators Notice Estate of Edie J. Arnyne, late of east Hemlock township, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Edie J. Arnyne, late of east Hemlock township, deceased, State of Pennsylvania, having been granted by the Register of Montour County to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the said estate to present the same, without delay, to

CHARLES S. ARNYNE, Administrator, Route 5, Danville, Pa. or to CHARLES W. ARMYNE, Danville, Pa.

Dr. I. G. PURSEL, NEUROLOGIST 273 Mill Street, Danville, Pa. We straighten Cross Eyes without operation.

This Triple Plated Knife is stamped Remember '1847' (And has a Knave Bolster) doing away with all sharp corners on that part having the hardest wear. This patented improvement insures much longer wear than the other makes of knives, should they be plated equally as heavy.

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