

Cameron County Press

HENRY H. MULLIN, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Breezy County News

MEDIX RUN. Harriet Nefey of this place spent day Sunday at Driftwood, guest of her parents.

Abel Hartman who has been in San Francisco, Cal., in the army was obliged to resign his position on account of his health.

Ed Caldwell of Sinnamahoning was a visitor in town over Sunday.

Francis Doyle of Caledonia is visiting her sister at this place.

Mrs. James Barr was a Falls Creek visitor last week.

The young ladies of this place will hold a supper in the band hall Tuesday the 24th, for the benefit of the Band.

Where is Dudley.

Mrs. Joe Riss who has been sick for some time does not improve as well as her friends would like to see.

Susie Russell is some better at this writing; she has been in very poor health for some time.

Silas Munn was seen on our streets on Thursday.

The band boys held a dance in the hall Saturday evening for the benefit of the band. Quite a crowd was in attendance and all enjoyed the evening.

Ezra Peters was a visitor in town Sunday.

Dan Blachell of Trout Run, was a guest at the home of W. H. Krise and family over Sunday.

The Pucabentis held a supper in Robinson's Hall Wednesday evening. Quite a crowd was present as this is just a new order starting. We wish them success. They have about 40 members.

Ed Moore, David Chase and Jacob Davis attended the L. O. O. F. Lodge at Benzoette, Sunday evening.

Mrs. Lloyd Mohney of DuBois visiting her parents at this place.

Will Pistor was a business visitor at DuBois Friday.

Bert Russell and wife have returned from Potato Creek. They intend to stay here at their home until spring.

Mrs. George Seely of Delaware is visiting relatives here. She intends to soon leave for her southern home.

R. R.

HOWARD SIDING.

Miss Nora Ostrum and Miss Mabel Edwards two of Emporium school teachers, attended revival services here Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Burkland went to Portland Mills, between trains, on Wednesday. Reports Rev. Sunday Smith improving.

Revival meetings are still going on. Stormy weather and icy roads does not prevent the people from coming out. Large attendance every evening. Rev. Lerman is a man of God, and is laboring very hard for the salvation of souls. Eight have professed salvation. We wonder why there are not many more brought to Christ, after listening to such truths as he presents to them. May God bless his efforts.

George Mathewson, second trick operator, spent his relief day at Ishua, N. Y.

Miss Grace Gewinder of Beechwood, attended the meetings several nights last week, and was guest of Fiedell Close.

Mrs. George Mathewson and daughter Myrtle spent last Wednesday in Emporium, guests of A. L. Goodwin.

Mrs. Wm. R. Johnson and daughter Irene, of Bryan Hill, visited her mother, Mrs. Close, between trains Saturday.

Mrs. N. A. Ostrum and Miss Flora Edwards, made a business trip to St. Marys on Saturday and returned Sunday. Nora Ostrum and Miss Edwards remained over night and attended revival services here.

Mrs. Clayton Toner was quite sick on Saturday, but is now much better.

Mr. L. Buntingame, third trick operator, spent several days last week at his home.

Mr. Lepo Hoffman, operator at Ben-singer and son were guests of Mrs. R. Fisher on Sunday.

Rev. Lehman went to St. Marys to consult Dr. Neff. He is having serious trouble with his eyes. Hope he may be benefited and will not be obliged to close the meetings.

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The Brownings.

Today we all set Browning's wife above Browning himself in the hierarchy of singing and making, though few of us have the courage to confess it.—London Outlook.

DRIFTWOOD.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mrs. J. D. Winslow on Friday last, by the girls of the Fancy Work Club. Among those present were Misses Laura and Flora McDonald, Carrie Corbett, Rotha Kreider and Clara Miller.

Miss Collins, Supt. of schools of Cameron Co., was a pleasant visitor of the schools of Driftwood and Castle Garden on Tuesday.

Messrs. Thaddeus Brooks, H. B. Muthersbaugh and Frank Crusoe spent Tuesday in Williamsport.

Mr. Eldred Kreider attended a dance in Medix Run on Friday evening of last week.

Miss Bertha Corbett, on account of illness, has been unable to attend school for some time.

Revival meetings are being held in the Methodist Church of Castle Garden. Many of the Driftwood people have also attended these meetings.

The Ladies Aid are giving a supper on Wednesday evening of this week.

X. X.

NORTH CREEK.

Mrs. Florence Cool is improving. Dr. Falk is the attending physician.

Vere Swesey called on Mrs. Carter Friday and accompanied his sister, Miss Myrtle, home.

Rex McLeod and his uncle Henry Carter transacted business in town Friday. Rex has been staying at Grandma Carter's for awhile. He also made a flying trip to town Saturday.

Willis McClenahan, Wm. F. Lewis, Ernest Housler, Ed. Morgan and V. M. Dow transacted business in town Saturday.

Everal Housler and Ed. Morgan transacted business in town Wednesday of last week.

V. M. Dow made some improvements in his house recently.

One of North Creek's boys came near being drowned on Saturday. He was double-dared to cross a swollen stream. Not taking the dare he plunged into the water at the risk of his life, went under water but by and by, after a great effort, gained the opposite shore.

Ed. Morgan and Walter Smith transacted business in the city Tuesday.

Ernest Housler called on friends on West Creek Tuesday.

F. A. Lewis and Mrs. Solveson attended the funeral services in Rich Valley church, Sunday.

Ethel Britton returned to her school on Clear Creek after spending a few days at home and with friends here.

On Monday Ernest Housler cut down a tree on his premises for kindling wood. The tree proved to be of use for both fuel and food. Ernest was very much surprised to find it was a bee tree. About forty-two pounds of nice honey was taken.

Thomas Britton has been quite ill the past week, threatened with pneumonia. Dr. Falk attended him and he is improving.

Mrs. Bernice Moore of Rich Valley visited with her sister Mrs. Solveson Friday. Her mother Mrs. S. M. Housler returned with her.

Kenneth Housler, Mrs. Britton and Cleo Chandler are among those on the sick list.

Mrs. Solveson and son Norman visited in the city Tuesday.

That "lost friend" has returned. Skunks and wild cats are getting scarce around here.

Henry Carter transacted business in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Chandler has been quite ill the past week suffering with a cold, an attack of tonsillitis, but is somewhat improved.

BLUE JAY.

SINNAMAHONING.

An eight-foot flood Sunday morning which cleaned the ice and rubbish out of creek in good shape.

Duell B. Johnson of Loek Haven was a visitor in town a few days last week.

Andy Johnson of Hyner visited with friends and relatives in this place last week.

H. M. Fry, of Ridgway was a visitor in this place Saturday last.

T. J. Shafer of Benzoette was a visitor on Saturday.

Nace H. Drum of DuBois was a caller between trains one day last week.

Joe Council and Mont Peadley caught the first string of suckers of the season.

Miss Viola Smith of Arkskill is visiting with Mrs. Mead on Monday.

Misses Benette and Erma Bennett were Driftwood callers Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Walker and family of Falconer, N. Y., visited here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Francis, of Van-Couver, B. C., are visiting friends here this week.

Thomas Hill and daughter Ethel, of Driftwood, visited here Tuesday.

Mr. Emer Briggs of Galeton visited here Friday of last week.

George Dexter of Galeton visited with his family Monday.

Ira B. Perry was a visitor over Sunday.

John Logue went to Oak Grove Monday to see his best girl. John Swartz went next day to be best man at the intended wedding.

Wm. Logue of Huntley was in town

Tuesday purchasing some lumber for his new house.

J. R. Council was seen with a new girl on his arm one evening lately.

The Sinnamahoning girls are very entertaining. One of them entertained a young gentleman from Renovo one evening last week until five o'clock in the morning.

Several of the boys of Camp 88 of Renovo got strayed away and the Drum Corps had to hunt them up so that they would not miss the train.

John Logue took a pup along with him when he went to Oak Hill as a present to some of the hunters who were out there last season hunting wild turkeys. John says the pup will run anything from an English sparrow to a freight train.

A petition against the proposed gun tax is being handed around town by our local hunters who do not favor the tax.

John Poley, best known by his many friends as "Buttie," died at the Williamsport hospital Tuesday evening Jan. 10. Deceased was seventy-eight years old, a native of France. He had been in this country about 45 years and had purchased a property at Sinnamahoning and had made this his home for a number of years. Deceased had no other relation in this country—Mrs. Adalede Deloy, a cousin, of South Williamsport, who was ill at the time of his death and could not attend the funeral. Funeral services was held at the residence of Mr. Amos Bennett on Friday at 10:30 A. M. services conducted by Rev. Lawson of Westport.

Mr. C. M. Wykoff had charge of the funeral. A good many friends attended and burial was made in Wylsde cemetery.

Thomas Pitts of Grove was a visitor in town Saturday.

J. Henry Logue and Jas. Donley who were turned out in the cold by the loss of Hunter's Rest have gone to Potter county to look up new quarters to spend the winter.

If Professor Killburn is visiting Wylsde with the expectation of taking our teacher away we will have to look into the matter a little as we respect our teacher at Wylsde very highly and would be very sorry to lose her.

Mrs. F. McClain who went to Loek Haven Hospital last week is no better and will have to undergo an operation. Her friends went down Tuesday evening to be present during the operation.

DEBSE.

HER HOMEMADE HAT.

It Brought a Proposal That She Promptly Turned Down.

The bohemiens were making merry in the dim lit studio discussing the latest novel that one of their number was trying to write, the brutal editor who had refused the best article ever written—a masterpiece of the host—bemoaning the nonintelligence of the art critics, execrating the mercenary theatrical manager and utterly repudiating the general public—the vast horde of the Philistines. By way of diversion the painter of pastel portraits said to the bachelor maid:

"That's a charming hat you have on. Who else would know enough to combine turquoise and old rose? You have a genius for color. What a pity you only write!"

"Glad you like my hat, anyway. I made it myself. I trust it will only enhance its merit in your eyes to know that it cost me but 50 cents."

"Impossible!" screamed all the bohemiens with one breath, ceasing their arguments in order to take notice of the vastly becoming creation which capped the bachelor maid's brown hair.

"Fifty cents, did you say?" asked the man who once wrote a poem—aye, and had it published. Then rising, placing his hand above his heart, bowing low and solemnly, he said: "Fair one, will you be my wife? All my life I have been looking for a woman who could trim her own hats for nothing. Pray be mine."

"Nixie!" scoffed the bachelor maid cruelly. "All my life I have been looking for a man who would be willing and able to pay \$50 for my hats."—New York Press.

FIGHTING LIFE'S BATTLE.

Of Things That Must Be Done Tackle the Hardest First.

I know a very successful man who early in life resolved that no matter how hard anything might be or how seemingly impossible for him to do he would do it if the doing would prove of value to him, says Orion Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. He made this the test and would never allow his moods or feelings to stand in the way of his judgment. He forced himself in the habit of promptly doing everything, no matter how disagreeable, if it would further his advancement.

People who consult their moods, their preferences or their ease never make a great success in life. It is the man who gets a firm grip on himself and forces himself to do the thing that will ultimately be best for him who succeeds. The man who goes through life picking out the flowers and avoiding the thorns in his occupation, always doing the easy thing first and delaying or putting off altogether if possible the hard thing, does not develop the strength that would enable him to do hard things when necessity forces them upon him.

It is pitiable to see young men and women remaining far below the place where their ability ought to have carried them just because they dislike to do disagreeable things until compelled to. The best way always is to tackle the hardest things first.

THE BUDDHIST HADES.

Eight Easy Stages of the Most Awful Kinds of Tortures.

The places of torment to which all wicked Buddhists are to be assigned on the day of final reckoning is a terrible place of punishment. This Buddhist hell is divided into eight "easy stages."

In the first the poor victim is compelled to walk for untold ages in his bare feet over hills thickly set with red-hot needles, points upward. In the second stage the skin is all carefully filed or rasped from the body and irritating mixtures applied. In the third stage the nails, hair and eyes are plucked out and the denuded body sawed and planed into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The fourth stage is that of "sorrowful lamentations." In the fifth the left side of the body and the denuded head are carefully roasted, Yema, the Buddhist Satan, superintending the work. In the sixth stage the arms are torn from the body and thrown into an immense vat among the eyes, nails and hair previously removed. Then in plain hearing of the sore footed, blind, maimed, roasted and bleeding victim the whole horrid mass is pounded into a jelly. In the seventh stage the other side of the victim and his feet are roasted brown, and then comes the eighth and last stage, in which the candidate is thrown into the bottomless pit of perdition.

DEADLY MINE GASES.

White Damp, Firedamp, Black Damp and the Fearful After Damp.

"White damp is the gas most feared by the miners, for its properties render it difficult to detect, inasmuch as it is tasteless, odorless and colorless and when mixed in the proportion of about one part gas to nine parts air is called "firedamp" and becomes explosive to a degree hard to realize unless one has seen its effects.

Black damp, unlike white damp, is heavier than air, a nonexplosive gas which may be detected by its peculiar odor. Again, unlike the other, its effect is to suffocate and extinguish fire. This gas is so heavy and moves with such a sluggish flow that occasionally, when miners have been trapped in a mine following an explosion and have detected the black damp creeping in upon them by its smell, they have been able to stop its advance by erecting dams or barricades along the floor, building them higher as the volume of gas increased and keeping the air within their little inclosure comparatively clean by rude improvised fans.

Following an explosion, these two gases become mingled and form a mixed gas, possessing all the dreaded qualities of each, which is known as "after damp," and it is the mixture of gases which destroys any life that may remain following a mine disaster.—Atlantic Monthly.

Late Rising Birds.

A pair of singing birds had been advertised for sale.

"The property of a late rising family," the dealer stated.

"I wound up with that clause," he said, "so possible purchasers would not be scared off by the prospect of an unearthly chattering at 5 o'clock in the morning. Birds can be trained to keep any kind of hours. If they are brought up by a family of nightbirds they learn to go to bed at midnight and get up at 9 a. m., along with the rest of the folks, but if they are tucked in right away after supper they wake up the neighborhood at a correspondingly early hour the next morning. It is advisable for any person who is likely to lie abed until noon to inquire into the early training of a bird before buying."—New York Sun.

American Golf.

Certainly you are in good luck as a golfer if you go to America at all, for they are gloriously hospitable in that land, and, so far as I could see, the idea that some have here—that the American's notion of the object of playing a game is purely to win it, not to enjoy the playing—is perfectly mistaken. I never had the impression more strongly anywhere of being in the company of men who were playing the game for pleasure, not for the mere sake of winning the match. But then it is certainly true, as I heard one of their judges of men a legal judge, though he was a judge of golf, too say in an after dinner speech that it is "the cleanest sport in America."—Horace Hutchinson in London Telegraph.

The Voice of the People.

Lady John Russell visited Paris as a girl in 1839 and witnessed the somewhat artificial enthusiasm for Louis Philippe, who had just been placed on the throne by the revolution. "It is said," we are told, "that any small boy in those days could exhibit the king to curious sightseers by raising a cheer outside the Tuilleries windows, when his majesty, to whom any manifestation of enthusiasm was extremely precious, would appear automatically upon the balcony and bow."

One Formality.

"Oh, joy! She has written a letter saying she will marry me." "Congratulations. When?" "Well—or you see her father has to endorse this promissory note before it's good."—Cleveland Leader.

How Ma Resembled Him.

"Tommy, you don't take after your father much, do you?" "No, ma'am. But, gee, you ought to see the way ma does sometimes!"—Exchange.

HE PUNISHED GRANT.

The Cadet Was Guilty of Dismounting Without Leave.

While a student at West Point U. S. Grant excelled in mathematics and horsemanship. He jumped his horse over a bar five feet six inches high, which made a record for the academy and a close second to the highest jump ever recorded in America. He received little honor for some of his efforts, however, notably in the case recalled by Nicholas Smith in "Grant, the Man of Mystery." But perhaps the humor of it reconciled him.

The riding master was one Hershberger, "an amusing sort of tyrant," and on one occasion, whether seriously or as a joke, he determined to "take down" the young cadet.

At the exercise Grant was mounted on a powerful but vicious brute that the cadets fought shy of and was put at leaping the bar.

The bar was placed higher and higher as he came round the ring till it passed the record. The stubborn rider would not say "enough," but the horse was disposed to shy and refuse to make the leap.

Grant gritted his teeth and spurred at it, but just as the horse gathered for the spring his swelling body burst the girth, and the rider and saddle tumbled into the ring.

Half stunned, Grant gathered himself up from the dust only to hear the "strident, cynical voice" of Hershberger calling out:

"Cadet Grant, six demerits for dismounting without leave!"

BEAT HIM TO THE STATION.

The Message That Got There Before the Patrolman Did.

"When I was a patrolman," says a prominent detective, "there used to be a sergeant on the force who had it in for me. He reported me for various delinquencies, and—well, he's dead now, and I won't say anything against him. He got sick, and it was reported at the station that he wasn't expected to live. So the boss called me and told me to go around and see if I could do anything for the old fellow. I called at the house and asked if I could see him. They let me in. I tiptoed into the room where the sergeant was in bed and said, 'The lieutenant sent me around to see how you were getting along.'

"He spoke with difficulty, but I could make out what he said. 'Go back,' he grunted, and told 'em that I'm getting along fine. 'The boys have fixed me up all right, and I don't need anything. I'm feeling better.'

"So I went back to the station. I was stopped a couple of times on my way and got in about half an hour later. Then I made my report. 'He says he's better and doesn't need anything,' says I. The lieutenant jumped up. 'Do you mean to say that you saw him?' says he. 'I did,' says I. 'And he told you he was all right?' 'Yes, sir.' 'You blamed liar!' shouts the lieutenant. 'I got a message ten minutes ago that he was dead!'

"And it was true. What do you think of that old scoundrel trying to get me in bad with his dying breath?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Picture of Night.

Along the high hedged lane John Strong swung, the June gloaming deepening into night. He loved to shove his face into the night. He gloried in the uncertainty of night, the indefiniteness of night, and his soul cried back a wild answer to the cry of the night hawk and the owl. Night is more primitive than day; night is more calamitous; night is a savage; night everywhere is the true aborigine. Day has taken on civilization. Night hurls the world back to the day of the war club, the flint arrowhead, the painted visage. John Strong loved the night with an almost malevolent love. In the night he could hear the Valkyries screaming, the witches riding their broomsticks, the ghouls scraping the mold from off the new buried coffin. John Strong swung along, his face set to meet oncoming night.—Adventure.

Where He Drew the Line.

Thomas was an old gamekeeper on Sir Greville's Scotch estate, says Sir William Kennedy in "Sport in the Navy." When he was sixty years old he contracted measles and was very ill for a time. Sir Greville, with characteristic kindness, sent the old man some hot-house grapes and a pineapple. The next time the two met Sir Greville asked Thomas how he liked the fruit.

"Well, Sir Greville," answered the gamekeeper, "the plums was good, but I dinna think much of the turnip."

Ultior Motives.

"See, here," said the kind hearted lady, "I gave you a piece of pie two weeks ago, and you have been sending one or more of your friends here every day since."

"Youse do me a injustice, ma'am," replied the husky hobo. "Dem guys wot I sent wuz me enemies."—Chicago News.

Not Familiar With the Quotation.

"Ah, Mr. Blinks," said the fair one lightly, "I see you wear your heart upon your sleeve."

Mr. Blinks looked bewildered and hastily pulled down his cuffs.

"I guess maybe it was my red flannel underwear you noticed," he lamely remarked.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Bed.

The bed is a bundle of paradoxes. We go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret. We make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we wake up our bodies every morning to keep it late.—Colton.

Council Proceedings.

Minutes of meeting of Borough Council held Monday evening Jan. 2, 1911

Meeting called to order at 8:30 p. m. Members present: Messrs. Haupt, Howard, Mullin, Mumford, Cummings and T. H. Norris, President.

Members absent: Messrs. Cramer and Pearsall.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The following bills were read:

Table with columns for bill number, description, and amount. Includes bills for Work on Streets, James Davin, Owen Nangle, Dan Shugart, John Fleming, Mike Mulcahy, Wm. Murphy, Stif Bednar, Stif Rosnack, John Katoge, Joseph Waite, Pete Rosnack, W. H. Cramer, T. H. Norris, St. Marys Sewer Pipe Co., Emporium Machine Co., Ed. Extrom, Emporium Machine Co., and Electric Light.

Moved by Mr. Mullin, seconded by Mr. Cummings that bills be paid as read. Carried.

Ayes and Nays were called. Ayes: Messrs. Cummings, Haupt, Howard, Mullin, Norris.

Bill of A. H. Shafer for services rendered in regard to the filing of the municipal liens against property holders on Broad street was read.

Moved by Mr. Haupt, seconded by Mr. Mullin, that bill of Mr. Shafer be referred to Street Committee. Carried.

The report of the Burgess for the month of Dec. 1910 was read showing \$15 00 in fines and \$19 00 in licenses collected.

Moved by Mr. Howard, seconded by Mr. Haupt that report of Burgess be accepted and placed on file. Carried.

Council then adjourned.

C. E. CRANDELL, Secretary.

It is Serious.

Some Emporium People Fail to Realize the Seriousness of a Bad Back.

The constant aching of a bad back, The weariness, the tired feeling, The pains and aches of kidney ills Are serious—if neglected. Dangerous urinary troubles follow. An Emporium citizen shows you how to avoid them.

Mrs. J. F. Pepperman, Fourth Street, Emporium, Pa., says: "My back was weak and lame and my kidneys were in bad shape. I had but little strength and was feeling poorly in every way when I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Taggart's Drug Store. They benefited me greatly and in return I heartily recommend them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Geo. J. LaBar

Furniture

Tabourettes.



The Set to Set Before You

Is waiting for you in the shape of a nice set of crockery. We are now showing a splendid stock of good sound Crockery, every single piece warranted free from fault or blemish. The finest assortment in the county at reasonable prices.

Undertaking

Geo. J. LaBar

Advertisement for A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE Dr. Park's Herb Tea, including a small illustration of a person.