

Local Items.

Read M. Brink's ad.

Oysters at Boudman's, Sonestown, Pa.

L. M. King of Davidson Township made our office an agreeable call Monday.

Theron Allen made a business trip to New Albany Sunday returning Monday morning.

You can get a warm meal at Boudman's "Sonestown Hotel" at any hour of the day.

Fred Vincent, Appraiser of the Port, of Philadelphia is acting as juror in Court this week.

Attorney Crawford of Hughesville was in attendance at Court Monday. He made the News Item a pleasant call.

S. K. Brown of Ricketts is in town this week. Mr. Brown recently embarked in the poultry business and has an order in for a pair of Ringlet Barred Rock roosters for which he paid \$15.

Bennie Lee who has been living in Buffalo for several years was in town Wednesday morning on his way to Elkland to visit his sister, Mrs. D. F. McCarty. He will leave New York next Wednesday for Brazil where has business engagements.—New Albany Mirror.

Frank Paine a daring young aviator from Harvey's Lake Luzerne county, is attracting considerable attention with his six horsepower biplane. Mr. Paine will take part in the big aviation meet which will be held in Wilkes-Barre during the coming summer. On Washington's birthday he will attempt a flight at Bridgeport.

Members of the State constabulary who are working on the Bernice murder case in connection with the Lehigh Valley detectives in locating two men who disappeared from Bernice about the same time as the section boss was missed. The Lehigh Valley detectives under the direction of Captain Booth are working hard on the case, but have very little information which will assist them in locating the guilty parties.

Preaching in the M. E. church at Eagles Mere Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Service in the M. E. church at Laporte Sunday evening at 7:30. Theme of sermon: "Banking in Heaven." Epworth League Devotional service as follows: Laporte and Eagles Mere at 7 p. m. Let everybody come to the League services. Sunday School at Laporte Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in the church. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

There will be an entertainment and Sock Social in the M. E. church at Laporte on Wednesday evening, Feb. 22. A delightful time is anticipated. As it will be the anniversary of Washington's birth, an endeavor by decoration, entertainment, etc., will be made to fittingly celebrate and commemorate the occasion. An appropriate program will be rendered. Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake and coffee will be served free of charge. Entertainment begins at 7:30 immediately followed by the "Social." Invitations will be sent out in due time, which will admit the bearer to the church. Come, eat, laugh and grow fat.

Mildred Licenses Refused.

Three out of the four new applications for liquor license in the village of Mildred were refused after hearing evidence given by remonstrators. The fourth application made by Francis Sick for restaurant license was granted by Associate Judges Kschinka and Richlin. Those refused were to Frank Teitelbaum, wholesale, Louis Gatta, restaurant and Lewis Schwartz, wholesale. The remaining applications with the exception of Hillsgrove were granted making a total of 39 in the county.

NORDMONT.

Mrs. W. B. Snider spent Tuesday in Laporte.

H. C. Hess was a business caller in Williamsport Friday.

Miss Hattie Traugh has been employed by the Nordmont Supply Company as clerk.

Many from this place attended Court at Laporte this week.

Claud Fritz and son Allen are visiting at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Foust.

Minard Peters, wife and son Kenneth spent Thursday at Hughesville.

Reba Hess has gone to Hughesville to work.

Walter Hazen of Sonestown attended the S. S. convention here Friday evening.

Bert Hazen spent Tuesday in Hughesville.

T. J. Keeler of Laporte was a guest of W. B. Snider over Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Boals of Derry is visiting her sister Mrs. H. C. Hess.

On Wednesday evening Feb. 8, the friends of Freda Armes gathered at her home and entirely surprised her, it being the 17th anniversary of her birth. After playing many games refreshments were served. The young people, after wishing her many more happy birthdays, departed for their homes. Those present were Misses Edna Jones, Dollie Snider, Lathal and Reta Sellers, Etta Hunter, Katie and Fay Young, Agnes and Marion Gorman, Mary Harrington, Gertrude Knouse, Clara Norris, Laura Fiester and Alice King, Messrs Dewey Fiester, Harry Horn, Harry Hunter, Harry and Abe Knouse, Ray Anders, Albert Sharrow, Edie Keeler, Willie and Max Young, Horace Edgar, Brady Lease, Shedrick Hess, Will Geiger, Stanley May, James Faulkner and Waldron Sharrow.

SONESTOWN.

Robert Simmons and James Marshall were Nordmont visitors Saturday.

Harold Bender and Ritner Fiester of Muncy Valley, who have been on the sick list for some time, have returned to their studies in the Senior Class of this school.

Presiding Elder, Messenger of the Evangelical church conducted services here Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

The pastor of the Evangelical church, Rev. Hertz is having great success in his revival services here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Boudman and daughter Myrtle spent Sunday at Eagles Mere.

R. W. Simmons and wife, L. K. Freas and wife, Harry Basley and James Marshall visited Wm. Remsnider and family at Muncy Valley Sunday.

A jolly sleigh load of young people drove to Fulmer's at Mt. Vernon Friday Evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Donovan and family are visiting relatives here.

Keeping Quality of Lime Sulfur.

A prominent farmer of this State recently wrote to Prof. H. A. Surface, stating that last fall he bought a barrel of commercial lime-sulfur wash, and, owing to previous work he was not able to apply it. He wished to know if the material would be satisfactory to use about the first of March.

The Professor's reply follows:

"Replying to your inquiry asking if your commercial lime-sulfur which you bought last fall, can be kept to use for successful spraying this spring, I can say that it will be all right. I would recommend testing all lime-sulfur solutions with a hydrometer before using them. You can obtain a good instrument, with full directions for the use of jar for testing, and carrying case, for only one dollar (\$1.00) of the Carbondale Instrument Co. Carbondale, Pa. This will save an immense amount of trouble, and it need not be tested until it is dilute and ready for use."

The Two Hetties

Paul Andrus drew a long sigh of relief, as he laid the letter he had been reading on the table.

"She says that she will come and take charge of the house and Allie," he meditated. "I must have some one, and a poor little old maid like her will be very glad of a comfortable home."

With romantic visions of Aunt Hetty's serene face floating through his mind's eye, and a bundle of wraps, to shield the "dear little woman" from rain, under one arm, while a mammoth umbrella was held firmly in position by the opposite hand, Paul Andrus started for the station, nor did he arrive a moment too soon.

Quite a number of gentlemen stepped out of the train, but only two solitary female figures.

One was a dumpy little woman, with a puff of snowy hair showing under the rim of her ancient bonnet. There was a worried look in the eyes, turned inquiringly upon the strange faces about her.

"Please, marm, be you Hetty—Hetty—I forget the other name," said an awkward coachman, approaching her.

"Yes," she said, with an emphatic nod, "I'm Hetty. How kind of my nephew to send such a fine carriage for me. He must be rich to afford it."

Paul Andrus had not heard their conversation, for after mentally deciding that the "dumpy little woman" was "some one's grandmother," he glanced about in search of his "Aunt Hetty."

A pretty girlish face, with a tangle of nut-brown hair escaping from the coil at the back of her head, and a world of trouble in the blue eyes, attracted his attention.

"It must be she," Paul soliloquized. "There were only two ladies got off here, and the other is disposed of. What a pretty little creature she is. Don't look a day over eighteen. I never thought it possible for a woman to preserve her youth like that. It's risky business taking her home. I'm afraid that I shall fall in love with my Aunt Hetty. It'll never do for a great six-footer like me to call her aunt."

"Your name is—ahem!—Hetty, I believe?" he said, in evident confusion, as he approached the lady, quite forgetting to speak her surname in his embarrassment.

"Oh, yes!" she said, quickly, in tones of relief. "I am Hetty, and you have been sent for me. I am so glad. I was quite worried for a minute, for fear my letter had miscarried; and I have such a terrible headache."

"Your letter came all right," he said, cheerfully, beginning to wrap her in the waterproof he had brought. "I am so sorry that I have no carriage, but it is only a little way, and I will see that the rain does not touch you. Ah!" he exclaimed, coming to an abrupt stop. "The crossing is bad here. My dear"—"aunt," he was about to say, when, glancing into the sweet, pathetic young face, he checked himself instantly. "Madam," seemed too reserved, and, after a slight pause, he added—"Hetty, I think you will have to let me carry you. Such a wee little woman as you are, I can do it nicely."

Without waiting for her to object, and almost before she had realized what he was about, he had lifted her in his strong arms, and had borne her across the muddy crossing.

"What a splendid fellow he is!" Hetty thought, with a shy glance into his face. "She has always been sounding her brother's praises in my ears at school, but I never thought he could be so genial. It is strange that he did not introduce himself; and I don't quite like his familiar manner in calling me Hetty. But I presume he feels quite well acquainted with me through Sue, though I shall stand on my dignity and show him that there is a proper way of forming an acquaintance after to-night. I am too queer now for anything. I don't believe I would care much if he carried me all the way in his arms. I don't understand why he didn't bring the carriage, though."

All these conflicting thoughts made a tangle of ideas in the girl's mind, and her head was aching so badly that she did not attempt to straighten matters.

"I think I can persuade her to remain," he thought, complacently, and he banished all troublesome doubts on the subject.

"Can it be that Sue's papa has failed in business, and lost his property?" Hetty asked herself, as they entered a pretty little cottage, not at all like the fine residence Sue had described to her so many times.

"No carriage or coachman. Poor Sue! It must be that reverses have come," she decided.

On entering the wee, cosy parlor, Hetty turned to her escort, and said, pitifully:

"Can I be shown to my room at once? I am quite ill and must rest before I meet the family. Tell my dear Sue that I will see her in the morning."

A dreadful doubt began to creep into Paul Andrus' mind. Was it possible that a mistake had been made.

One glance into the girl's pallid face assured him that it was no time to rectify the mistake then, and she must get to bed at once.

Stepping into the hall, and, closing

the door behind him, he went to the dining-room.

A rogulsh child of eight years came noisily forward to meet him. "Has our Aunt Hetty come? I want to see her this minute!" she cried, quickly.

"Hush, dear!" said Paul, gently. "She is ill with a headache. You must take her to her room as quickly as possible. You may kiss her good-night, if you wish," he added, seeing the wistful look in the child's eyes, "but don't call her aunt. Remember, dear, we shall no doubt see her quite well in the morning."

"Brother says that you are ill," said Allie, appearing at the door to guide Hetty to her room. "I am to show you the way to your room. I think you are just as sweet and—and beautiful as you can be, and I shall love you very much!"

"You are a dear little girl!" said Hetty, stooping to kiss the bright face good-night at the door of her room, "and I shall love you a great deal when my head is better. Dear me!" she added, when the child was gone, "I never was so confused and bewildered in all my life! Sue never told me that she had a little sister. What does it all mean, and where is Sue?"

Paul Andrus was pacing the floor in the deepest perplexity when the door-bell rang. Stepping into the hall, he answered the summons in person.

"That's my nephew!" said a voice, from the shadows, which were dense in that part of the place. "He's got the Peters' nose. How do you do, Paul?"

The dumpy little woman he had noticed at the station came into the hall, and began shaking him vigorously by the hand.

"There's been a mistake, Paul; but I don't mind, for it gave me a ride in a splendid carriage this rainy night. Ain't you glad to see your Aunt Hetty?"

"Glad? Of course, I am!" he said, dutifully, returning her caress, while a disappointed feeling crept into his heart. "But, if you are my Aunt Hetty, who is the other Hetty—the one I brought home with me?"

"I reckon it's the one they're expecting at the big house," said Aunt Hetty, beginning to untie her bonnet. "She can go back in the carriage."

"But she has retired," said Paul; "and she is quite ill with a headache." "I do believe—" began Aunt Hetty. "Yes, I'm certain that it's my friend, Mary's daughter. I met her in the train. No, she shan't be disturbed."

Addressing the coachman, she said: "Go back and explain matters, and you can come for her in the morning. We'll take the very best care of her until you come."

Hetty was awakened in the morning by a gentle kiss dropped on her lips by a pair of rosy ones, which were smiling beside her as they looked up.

"My other Aunt Hetty has come," explained the child. She isn't pretty and sweet like you; but she's got nice, soft arms, and I shall love her, too. I'm glad I've got two Aunt Hetties."

"My dear," said a kindly voice, as the other Hetty came forward, "a mistake has been made; but don't worry about it. Your mother's daughter is perfectly safe with me."

And another kiss was dropped on Hetty's lips.

In the parlor, a little later, Hetty met her escort of the evening before, and mutual explanations were exchanged; but when the Howard carriage came for her, Allie burst into tears, exclaiming, indignantly:

"You must carry my sweetest Aunt Hetty off!"

It was not until Hetty had promised to visit the little girl often during her stay that the child was pacified.

Through Hetty's influence, Paul Andrus was invited to picnics and other amusements at the Howards' home, and Allie was made happy by more than one visit from "her sweetest Aunt Hetty," who felt it her duty to please the child, and become better acquainted with "mamma's friend."

But the real pleasure for herself was when the happy day was over, and Paul Andrus walked with her to her friend's home.

He always thought of some place of interest to show her which the rest had forgotten, and, altogether, they were thrown in each other's society quite frequently.

At last she was going home, Allie was inconsolable, and Paul felt quite as bad as his little sister.

The evening before Hetty's departure Paul spent at the Howards', and during a quiet walk in the pleasant grounds he told her how dear she had become to him during the weeks just past.

Then followed some whispered words which the writer did not hear; a delicious little silence, in which two hearts were viewing life in the halo of love's golden light; and then Paul said:

"I was dreadfully disappointed when I learned that you were not my Aunt Hetty, but I am more than thankful now."

Aunt Hetty proved to be a blessing in Paul Andrus' home, as he had prophesied she would; and when he brought the other Hetty home as his bride, little Allie's cup of happiness was "full to the brim."

"My prettiest Aunt Hetty is my sister now, and we'd rather have her so—wouldn't we, Paul?"

"Of course, we would," he replied, fondly.

Both Hetties are blessings in Paul Andrus' home, and he often wonders how Allie and himself ever managed so long without them. — ROSE THORPE.

Pomona Grange.

The Quarterly Session of the Pomona Grange No. 62, will be held at Colley on March 3 and 4, 1911. The Friday Session will open at 10:30 o'clock by music and the forenoon devoted to the organization of Pomona. The afternoon session will open at 1:30. During this session officers will be elected and installed. Evening session will start at 7:30 o'clock, and the conferring of the fifth degree will be an important feature. Saturday morning session will start at 9 o'clock. At this session State Master, Hon. Wm. T. Creasy will deliver an address. Afternoon session starts at 1:30. State lecturer, S. B. Dorsett and Hon. M. W. Keiser will be present and make addresses. Hon. E. G. Rogers will give a talk on "The Grange as a Potent Factor in Legislation." Fred Saxon will address the meeting on "Thorobred vs. Common Stock." Music for the meeting will be arranged by the following committee: M. W. Shores, J. H. Dieffenbach and D. L. Erle.

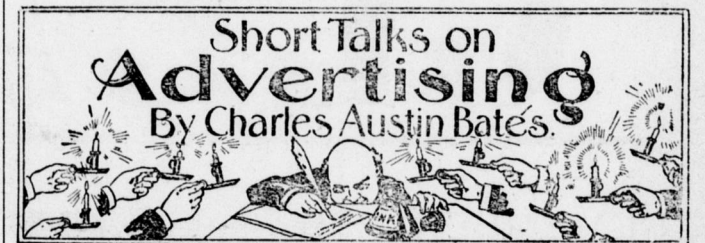
Hillsgrove License Refused.

Judge Terry refused license to Jacob Caseman for a hotel in Hillsgrove Township, on Monday. The application was held up by remonstrances and evidence was heard from several witnesses who claimed that a license hotel is unnecessary in Hillsgrove and that the applicant is not a proper person to conduct a licensed hotel because of his acting as distributing agent for buyers of beer since the time his license was refused one year ago. Lawyers J. G. Scouten for the remonstrators and E. J. Mullen for the applicant presented the case. Sufficient evidence was produced to satisfy the Court on the above claims and the license was refused on these grounds.

John Strevy Jr.

John Strevy, Jr., died at the Packer hospital in Sayre on Wednesday night of last week, after a long sickness of rheumatism and heart trouble. For the past year or two Mr. Strevy has been engaged in the clothing business in Lopez, but was obliged to sell the business on account of his failing health. He was 26 years of age.

A Classified Ad will sell it.



The first insertion of an advertisement very seldom pays. That is to say—if you have never advertised before in a certain paper it will take some little time for its readers to get acquainted with you, and until they do, don't expect much return. There are occasional exceptions, of course, but they are few and far between. It is the systematic, persistent effort that pays in advertising as in everything else. In taking medicine the regularity of the dose is almost as important as the drug itself.

For that reason the columns of the newspaper offer the very best medium for business announcements. For that reason, programs and wall hangers and schemes of all sorts, from an industrial write-up of the town to a picture card, are never effective. It may be well enough to indulge in a pretty novelty occasionally, if you are using all the space you need in the papers.

I have been a publisher of programs and of other "schemes"—I have advertised in them, and in my whole experience on both sides of the fence, I have never heard or known of a single advertisement in a medium (?) of that kind that paid.

The local newspaper goes into the house bristling with intelligence, brimful of the news of the world, sparkling with the daily doings of the community.

If its advertisers are awake to their opportunities it contains business news of value to every reader, for it pays to read advertisements. Advertisements are becoming more truthful every day. Business men know that their news must be true, or it will fail—they remember the story of the boy and the wolf. I think it is safe to say that any woman who makes a business of reading business news—ads.—will increase the buying power of her husband's dollars as much as twenty-five per cent. I am not sure but that the percentage is even greater at my house.

Remember the story of the boy and the wolf.

Frank D. Cooley.

News reaches us announcing the death of Frank D. Cooley of Whitesboro N. Y., a former resident of Laporte. His death was due to an attack of typhoid pneumonia, from which disease he was sick for about two weeks. Mr. Cooley was born in Greig, Lewis County, in 1877. When he was about four years of age the family moved to Laporte. About eight years ago he went to Rochester where he was employed by the Electro Surgical Instrument Company. He married Miss Isabelle Bradbury of Whitesboro about seven years ago, who died a year later. He is survived by his parents, three sisters and one brother. Many of this place who knew Mr. Cooley and his parents, will regret the news of his death.

Agricultural Society Meeting.

The Sullivan County Agricultural Society met in the school house at Forksville on Saturday, Feb. 11, and elected the following officers: M. E. Wilcox, President; G. Eugene Bown, Vice President; O. N. Molyneux, Secretary; E. J. Bedford, Treasurer; T. S. Kilmer, L. J. Pardoe and Albert Kaye, Executive Committee; A. G. Little, R. P. McCarty and M. R. Black, Auditors; A. G. Little, J. G. Cott and A. T. Mulinx, Delegates to State College; Watson Fawcett, member of State Board of Agriculture for a term of three years. The date for the County Fair was fixed for Oct. 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1911.

Birthday Party.

The following friends of Mrs. J. Fries met at her home on Friday evening, Feb. 10, it being the occasion of her 33d birthday: Mesdames F. A. Taylor, W. H. Rogers, James Moran, W. B. Ritter, Andrew VanHorn, A. H. Buschhausen, Simon Fries, Carl Wrede, Leo Fries, Clarence Frey, Emma Wrede, Misses Francis and Mable Moran, Lizzie McNeilan, Tessie Fries, Adda Ritter, Mmie Fries, Sabina VanHorn, Anna Heavn, Julia Walsh, Mamie Collins, Messrs. W. B. Ritter, W. H. Rogers, Jacob Fries and Master Paul Fries. The evening was very pleasantly spent.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia



"The local newspaper goes into the home bristling with intelligence."



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