



FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

Danville, Pa., June 20 1901

COMMUNICATIONS.

All communications sent to the AMERICAN for publication must be signed by the writer, and communications not so signed will be rejected.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce my name as a candidate for re-nomination for the office of Prothonotary and Clerk of the Courts of Montour County, subject to the action of the Republican Convention.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

To the Republican electors of Pennsylvania I am directed by the Republican State Committee to announce that the Republicans of Pennsylvania, by their duly chosen representatives, will meet in convention at the Opera House, in the city of Harrisburg, on Wednesday, August 21, at 10.30 a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices:

One person for the office of Justice of the Supreme Court.

One person for the office of State Treasurer.

In accordance with the rules governing the organization, the representation in the State Convention will be based on the vote polled at the late presidential election. Under the rules each legislative district is entitled to one delegate for every two thousand votes cast for the presidential electors in 1900, and an additional delegate for each fraction of two thousand votes polled in excess of one thousand.

By order of the Republican State Committee.

FRANK REEDER, Chairman.

W. R. ANDREWS, C. E. VOORHEES, Secretaries.

PERSONALITIES.

King Victor Emmanuel III has ordered an automobile for his own use.

Governor Barnes of Oklahoma, who has just retired from office, has accepted the presidency of a new bank at that territory.

The car has presented M. Delacasse with a gold snuff box ornamented with diamonds. The gift is said to be worth more than 100,000 rubles.

U. S. Grant, Jr., is the latest convert to the orange growing fad. He has recently purchased the largest orange grove in San Diego county, Cal.

Benjamin Carlton Hoyt, who died the other day in St. Joseph, Mich., was the founder of that city and the only surviving Michigan pensioner of the Black Hawk war.

Baron DeForest, the adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch, was married the other day in Paris to Mme. Menier, famous for her beauty, widow of Albert Menier, once well known on the European turf.

George Maedermott, an English comedian who died a few days ago, is credited with introducing the now popular word "jingo" by means of a song which he sang in 1877 when the British fleet went through the Bosphorus.

Love never grows old in Virginia. Near Powhatan the other day a marriage license was issued to Scipio Swann and Many Langborn, colored. The bridegroom is 95 years of age, and the bride is 80. Scipio expects a happy new century.

M. Pierre de Notthac, conservator of the Versailles museums, has just discovered an authentic portrait of Petrarch in the National library of the Rue de Richelieu, is famous throughout Europe as an authority on Italian literature.

George Jacob Holyoake, the English socialist, has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. It is more than 60 years since he began his career as a public lecturer, and his entire life has been passed in working in the field of social and political reform.

Baron Kentaro Kaneko, Japan's new minister of justice, is one of the best English scholars in Japan, speaking the language with fluency and writing it with almost the same idiomatic precision as a native. He is a graduate of Harvard and acquired his legal training in Japan. He is 47 years old.

Notwithstanding the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' 87 years, she has several senators among the British peers. First comes the Earl of Perth and Melfort, who is 94. Next is Lord Gwydder, who is 91, and then the Earl of Devon, one of the few parsons in the house of lords who do not sit on the Episcopal benches, who is 90, and then Lord Field.

THE TURF RECORD.

Fred Dietz intends to race Beattie Bonehill, 2:05 1/2 pacings, this year.

Veteran Budt Double will drive the fast California colt, The Roman, this season.

Sagwa, 2:13 1/2, has, according to reports from Baltimore, been shifted to the pace.

Ben Renick has purchased a green trotter, by Re-electron, which he worked a mile in 2:13 1/2.

Dr. Robinson, 2:17 1/2, pulled a wagon in 2:28, last half in 1:13, over the Toledo half mile track the other day.

The brother of Borama, 2:08, recently foaled in Kentucky is marked the same as his distinguished fraternal relative.

Walter Hime of Philadelphia promises to make some of the fast pacers show a lot of speed to beat Roscoe in the road races this year.

The last of the get of Manbrino King, a brown filly foaled in July, 1899, is owned by John Bradburn, superintendent of Village farm.

Charles Chipman of Philadelphia is making a splendid showing on the New York speedway with his crack road team, Sam T. and Jack Miller.

L. F. Keen, Marion, Ind., has bought from J. A. Works, Vevey, Ind., a young mare by Wistar, 2:17 1/2, that has shown a fast mile with little work.

A SOUVENIR OF WAR TIMES

The "Knapsack" a Product of the Soldiers' Talent at Camp Edward.

Frank Riffel of Riverside has a very interesting souvenir of war times in the form of a small newspaper called the "Knapsack" printed at Camp Edward, 1862, which he has kindly permitted us to peruse.

The publication, which type graphically is creditable enough in appearance, is the product of the soldiers' hands, extensively and circulated extensively through Colonel J. M. McCarter's regiment and General J. J. Peck's brigade. These two paragraphs quoted show what methods made the publication of the "Knapsack" possible:

"We are again indebted to the 'Types' of the Penna. Thirtieth for favors conferred upon us."

"Lieut. Rogers of Co. C, weekly favors us with his services as a compositor. They are greatly appreciated and we invite him to 'do some more.'"

The "Knapsack" was ably edited, containing in a condensed form a lot of regimental news and other matters which must have aided materially in relieving the monotony of camp life.

ONE CERTAINTY

Some Danville People Fully Realize it Now When the back aches from kidney ills.

When urinary troubles annoy you. There's a certain way to find relief. A sure way to cure.

Doan's Kidney Pills will do it. Danville people endorse this claim.

Mr. Josiah Williams of 30 Ash St., Danville, Va., writes: "I did not have to use a whole box of Doan's Kidney Pills before they cured my back of depressing aching and removed the lameness which had made every movement painful. The lameness centered right over my kidneys and stooping or lifting sent a sharp twinge through me. When on my feet a dull gnawing pain took the life out of me. I gave some to Mr. C. H. Stoes of 217 East Mahoning street, as I had no further use for them and he was as well pleased as I with the results obtained."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cts. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

JUDGE WALTER'S ACCIDENT

Judge Walter, of Northumberland county is able to be about again after a serious accident which befell him at South Danville, Monday. He was at the station awaiting the arrival of the 4:55 train west when he stepped upon a small freight truck which slipped from under him and precipitated him to the platform.

He struck his head very forcibly and was rendered unconscious. He was taken to his home at Mt. Carmel, where he received medical treatment. He was badly bruised about the head and spine and still suffers considerable pain.

A man talks about owning his business. But, as a matter of fact his business owns him. His whole life is regulated by the demands of his business.

The time at which he rises, his breakfast hour, the time given to meals, are all determined by business obligations. He rushes through lunch, because he can't spare the time from business" to eat leisurely. He won't take a rest because he is needed at the store or office.

He has a friend in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the stomach, increases the action of the blood-making glands, increasing the vitality and physical vigor. It makes men strong and prevents those business break downs which so often terminate fatally.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen drove to Buckhorn last evening, where they were entertained at the home of Jacob and Mrs. Theodor.

The party was composed of Misses Olive and Jennie Foulk, Mame and Tillie Pritchard, Bertha Cromwell, Martha Russell, Nellie Milligan, Sylvia Cronsey, Mary Harris, Charles Leiner, Heber Lloyd, Frank Edmondson, Charles Hart, Hugh Bennett, Walter Breckbill, Harry Walker, Walter Marshall, Myron Bernheimer and Arthur Campbell of this city. Miss Margaret Crawford of Allen's Mill. The party was chaperoned by Misses Annie Pritchard, Lizzie Foulk and Hattie Russell.

Let me say I have used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims. Very truly, (Rev.) H. W. Hathaway, Elizabeth, N. J.

I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and of all appearances an cure of catarrh. The terrible headaches from which I long suffered were cured. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

A DAY IN BED.

Oh, what is so rare as a day in bed, A day of delight from morning till night, With plenty of good things to eat, And plenty of good things to drink, And if we want a wise, clear thinking head, And a body that's tough, of the right kind of bed, We must give it a day off in bed.

Imagine the yawning and stretching and all of the joys such loafing would bring; Imagine the bliss of a day spent like this, The bliss of a day when we're not busy, Just fancy the envy of all fellow men Who know you were bunked for the day? Why, the malice you'd spread by your day off in bed, Would more than atone for lost pay.

Oh, night is so rare as a day in bed, Not even a day in June, And then I've invented the plan, Who deserves a far better name! I beg you to try it, and see for yourself, (Though I haven't myself, it is true) For your trying it, I say, so rare as a day in bed, indeed, is but a two.

Joe Jones in New York Sun.

In the churchyard of Leign, near Bolton, will be found a tombstone bearing the following amazing sentence: "A virtuous woman is God to her husband." The explanation seems to be that space prevented "a crown" being cut in full, and the stonemason argued that a crown equals six.—Notes and Queries.

His Indignant Inquiry.

He (on his knees)—Darling, I love you with all my heart, with all my soul and with all the strength of my being. She—Are you in earnest, Clarence? He—Indignantly in earnest, Clarence, do you think I'm bagging my trousers this way for fun?—Puck.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

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

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

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for anything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found to remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble.

When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Blinghant, N. Y., who will send you a fifty cent and Home of Swamp-Root dollar size are sold by all good druggists.

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR, TURNS UP

How An Impetuous Individual Bailed The Wherewithal for a Drink.

An impetuous individual with a thirst yesterday was detected in a contemptible scheme to obtain the wherewithal to buy whiskey. He was very meek and he didn't ask much, only "two cents," the sum required to "mail a very important letter" which he wished to send away. When he approached a shoe maker he represented himself a member of that craft; in a tinsmith shop he was a tinsmith and so on. Hardly any one refused him the small sum he asked and he soon had enough to pay for five stamps, with money to spare.

Finally the fellow's breath and the slight jag which began to manifest itself indicated to what use the money being applied and his little scheme was balked. The police were looking for the impostor last evening, but it seems that he had left town for fresh pastures.

Catarrah Cannot be Cured.

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE PRESIDENT AT PLAY

You should have seen the president at play a few weeks ago. It was a very pretty sight. Little Leonaora P., a child of 5 or 6, came one day to the White House to see Mrs. McKinley.

Leonaora arrived all starched and frilled and with her best and primmest face. She was looking at the president and began licking my fingers. When I asked her why she did that she said she was hungry and I had to give her something to eat.

"Once or twice one of the dogs gave a low growl, and I had to lay low, but when I finally got the sash up enough to shove in my hands it was all over. The minute they smelled them up they got and came over to the window and began licking my fingers. When I asked her why she did that she said she was hungry and I had to give her something to eat."

"Why, Leonaora," said Mrs. McKinley, much amused, "mamma's an old woman. And you sit down yourself!" "Oh, yes," returned the child gravely. "But, then, I'm people."

This reply nearly bowled the president over, and he and Mrs. McKinley smiled broadly. Then Mrs. McKinley took up her watch, which contains the portrait of the president. She held it out and said coaxingly: "Leonaora, you cannot tell me of whom this is a picture."

Leonaora drew near and scanned the open watch. A bright look swept over her face.

"Oh, yes! I know who it is!" "Well, who is it, Leonaora?" "It's Dewey."

This was altogether too much for the president. He went off into a fit of laughter, long and loud.—"The Congressman's Wife" in Saturday Evening Post.

For Mosquito Bites, Naphthalene.

The United States consul general at Frankfurt, Mr. Guenther, writes to the state department that Dr. Voges, director of the national board of health of Argentina, has discovered an alleged "sure cure" for mosquito bites. It is none other than the familiar "naphthalene."

It neutralizes the poison, he says, even when the spots, which are greatly inflamed, and if fresh bites are rubbed with it no swelling follows.

Dr. Voges is a trained man of science and is therefore not likely to make an exaggerated statement. It may be that naphthalene will do all that he claims for it when used on the bite of the Argentine mosquito, but would avoid nothing against the Jersey or even the common American variety. But the remedy is well worth a trial, as mosquito bites only too often transform the beauty and repose of seaside country vacation into an itching fever of wretchedness.—New York World.

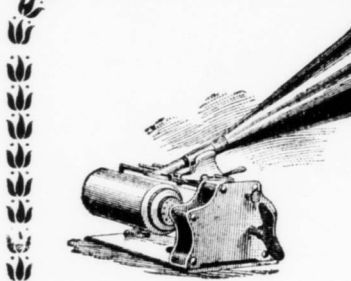
The Doubt About "Electrocutation."

New York adopted electrical execution in the dark, as it were, without adequate knowledge of the subject. Several years have passed since, and electricity has made wonderful progress in every direction. But the claim that the electric shocks inflict a merciful death has not been confirmed. There is no reason why any state should follow New York's example if humanity be the purpose in view and the motive.—Chicago Post.

Sensible Germans.

The Germans are not too proud to learn from other nations. They are now buying American locomotives with a view to ascertaining in what respect they differ from their own make. The administration of the Royal Bavarian railway has ordered four engines from the United States, and the German manufacturers are agitated on this account.—London Engineer.

Graphophones, Records AND SUPPLIES AT HALF PRICE



to close out our line of Graphophones we cut the price in two. Look at these prices:

Grand Graphophone and Horn \$60.00, now \$30.00. Coin Slot " " 20.00, " 10.00. Cabinet " " 11.00, " 5.50. Brass Horns " " 5.00, " 2.50. Records \$5.00 doz " 2.50.

All other parts to talking machines which we have in stock at Half Price while they last.

HENRY REMPEL

WATCHDOG'S WEAK POINT.

A Burglar Tells His Secret For Soothing The Most Savage Brutes.

James Seymour, an old burglar who has spent most of his life in the state prisons of New York and New Jersey for house breaking, has just begun another ten years' term for jobs committed in Mount Vernon, Pelham and other suburban towns. Chief Foley found 14 houses which Seymour attempted to enter, and Seymour was convicted of getting into two of them and carrying away a lot of silverware and clothing.

In both houses large watchdogs were kept on guard, and Chief Foley and the owners were at a loss to understand how the burglar could have pried open the windows without causing them to bark and arouse the householders. Curiosity finally led the chief to question Seymour, and the old burglar gave him the recipe just before he left for Sing Sing prison.

"Getting past dogs is dead easy if you know how to go about it," said the burglar. "Old crooks understand the trick so well that it's not often a dog bothers them. He may give a few growls if he's in the house, but there's a way to quiet him quick. Some people are foolish enough to think that burglars carry steak, chops, dog bread or something of the kind about in their pockets to feed the critters with or that they chloroform them, but this is a mistake."

"I used to hunt up a cat standing in front of a runshop. Then I made for the house and began carefully to pry open the window to the dining room."

"It was moonlight, and I could see all of them silver shining on the sidewalk. I took a stick and began to knock risky fly to try to get it with them four ugly brutes stretched out a-guarding it. But things were slow with me, and I was determined not to let the chance go by, so I saved the catch and then raised the sash easy so as not to make a noise."

"Once or twice one of the dogs gave a low growl, and I had to lay low, but when I finally got the sash up enough to shove in my hands it was all over. The minute they smelled them up they got and came over to the window and began licking my fingers. When I asked her why she did that she said she was hungry and I had to give her something to eat."

"But what is there about the fellok of it, that attracts the dogs?" asked Chief Foley.

"I never heard anybody explain it. The receipt was given to me by an old man in Trenton prison that used to steal dogs, and I've been using it ever since when occasion requires. It works so fine that I believe I could take the watchdogs away with me after I rob the houses if I wanted to be bothered with the brutes."—New York Sun.

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TO GET GOOD ROADS.

NARROW ROADS AND WIDE TIRES SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

Military Highways of the Old Romans Were Made Narrow—Wear Better and Cheaper to Build—Wide Roads More Susceptible to Ruts.

L. Lodian, writing in The Motor Age on "The Roads of the World," declared that he has reached the conclusion that broad tires and narrow roads are the key to the good roads problem. "It stands to reason," he says, "that if a road is narrow it is self wearing even. It is far more economical to build, quicker to construct and easier to maintain when it needs looking after. We see proofs of this in our own country districts—narrow roads that are almost hard as adamant, while the wide roads are often much furrows."

Continuing, Mr. Lodian writes: "Automobiles may be seen running over roads in Italy which were constructed more than 2,000 years ago—the self same roads, hundreds of miles long, over which the Roman legions tramped flustered with victory, over which St. Paul walked and over which the French troops so repeatedly marched in the early part of the century just passed. And through all those ages of centuries the roads have scarce felt the touch of repair. In fact, most of them have never been repaired during 2,000 years of existence simply because they have never needed repair."

"When the Romans built their splendid military roads, they built them on a sort of 'self-repairing' principle—that is, they built them narrow enough to compel traffic to wear them down evenly; for the—what seems to us moderns—narrowness of the old Roman roads has been the key to their durability. The real object of this narrowness, I have never yet seen stated in any exposition on road engineering other than the idea being advanced of economy and rapidity of construction. But I learned the real motive during travels in Italy in 1891."

"We all know that a wide road is only too liable to be worn into ruts. The wider it is the more ruts it will degrade into unless sharply looked after. I have seen some natural made roads in Siberia a quarter of a mile wide, but they were not made by man. On the other hand, during travels in the Mexican republic I have seen narrow—say 12 feet—natural made roads running through a marshy country almost as hard and compact and smooth as some of the asphalted streets of New York, Paris or Berlin, and the roads were made by which I refer had on either side of them the quick mud country. In popular language this country is termed 'quick-sand,' but, like a good many other things popular, this is erroneous. The earth is literally a quick mud, a tennish clay, in which sticks placed to which I refer had on either side of them the quick mud country. In popular language this country is termed 'quick-sand,' but, like a good many other things popular, this is erroneous. 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