

FICTION and FRICTION

By Margaret Muzzev

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The most popular novel and "biggest seller" of the year was "Aunt Mary Moffat," written by an unknown author...

"John Hastings, what is the matter? Are you not satisfied with being the most admired and discussed man of the hour?"

"Why should I rejoice in success when the only reason I tried for it is gone?" John groaned.

"What do you mean?" "I was engaged to Ethel Ransom, you remember, and only waiting for money to support her."

"Some people consider that an insignificant detail."

"Unfortunately Ethel's father did not, but now my fortune is assured and she refuses to marry me altogether."

"May I ask why?" "She declares that I have drawn the character of Aunt Mary Moffat from her grandmother and held her up to ridicule before everybody."

"She is crazy?" Brandon exclaimed. "There are plenty of others, pointing to a pile of letters. 'All those are from people who recognize themselves or one of their relatives among the characters of my book. Listen to this:'"

"Dear Mr. Hastings—I was so pleased to find you made me the heroine of your book. I told the editor of our village paper and he put a piece in the Huckleberry Junction Post about it. Please send me your autograph."

"There are more heroines, a number of heroes, and you remember the man I called the 'patriarchal parson'—the books are full of grandfathers exactly like him, it appears as if for the Aunt Marys, their name is legion—there are at least three in every village in the states."

Brandon helped himself from the pile and read aloud: "Dear Mr. Hastings—Perceiving, as I cannot fail to do, the depiction of my late lamented aunt in the title character of your book, I suggest that it would be a thankful act for you to put a monument over her grave. Her folks can't afford it. It would be a good ad. for the book too."

Brandon laughed heartily. "What fun it would be to get these people together! Suppose we go to my house at Knowlbridge and give a party for them. Perhaps if Ethel sees the numerous other claimants she will give up her idea about grandmas."

John demurred, but was finally persuaded by Brandon, who assumed the entire responsibility, and sent the following letter to each of the originals: "Mr. John Hastings requests the honor of your presence October the sixteenth at our place to meet the ladies and gentlemen from whom characters in his 'Aunt Mary Moffat' were drawn."

"I have seen your capricious character and prevailed upon her to come to our party," said Brandon, a few days later. "She has hesitated, but she will be the unmistakable object of curiosity in her azure robes."

First among the author's guests to arrive on the auspicious 16th was an alleged "patriarchal parson," personally conducted by a nephew named Samuel Baugs. The heroine was represented by a married woman (whose husband came also, a young widow and a sentimental maiden. Two clerks, a bank cashier and a commercial traveler appeared for the hero, and four Aunt Marys in various stages of senility came attended by enterprising relatives.

"I wish we had never invited them," said John nervously. "We will have a row as sure as sparks fly upward."

"Leave it to your uncle," said Brandon. "I wouldn't miss it for a golden coronet."

"Suppose they had one another out before supper."

"They can't break loose and wax confidential between now and 7 o'clock."

Brandon announced the guests as they entered the drawing room. Sam Baugs came last, his face radiant with smiles and soap; placing one hand on his spine, the other on his heart, he made a real dancing school bow and said: "This is the proudest moment of my life."

John thanked him and Brandon said he was lucky to keep his heart where he could lay his hand on it so readily.

Ethel arrived and insisted on going with the housekeeper to the butler's pantry, where she stayed, looking through the door.

Brandon, opposite John at table, founded the conversation to be general, sending it off the books to the desert appeared, then John rose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have been fortunate enough to bring together a number of people represented in my book. We have the hero, Thomas Presley; the heroine, Jennie Jenkins; the patriarchal parson, and Aunt Mary Moffat herself. Will those I have named rise while I drink their good health?"

"Here is to Aunt Mary Moffat and all her friends, relatives and acquaintances," said John, and glasses were drained amid great applause.

Then, in order to identify each character, he suggested that all should be seated except the hero and heroine, and four Thomas Presleys and three Jennie Jenkinses were left staring, first in perplexity, then in rage, at one another.

"There must be a misunderstanding," said John. "Surely there can be but one hero or heroine of a single book."

The three women talked at once, the heroines muttered bitterly, the personal conductors exchanged hasty confidences; John cast a glance toward the door, but Brandon laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"My friends," he said, "it is plain that Mr. Hastings has drawn composite characters, taking from each the quality for which you are best known; is one clown in a three ringed circus less a clown because there are two others?"

Nothing could have been more injuriously offensive, and snuffing irritation threatened to burst forth. The widow stood by John to treat him

Malcolm's Rescue

By Gordon Talbot

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Brandon tried again. "We have all seen 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'The Three Musketeers,' a pair of Topsy-turps and a brace of Evans and none of the differeth from another in glory."

Here the butler announced that the doctor was wanted across the street. "For heaven's sake, don't go!" whispered John.

"Talk to them yourself; make 'em laugh."

"Before John could utter a word Sam Baugs rose in wrath. "This is a nice job you have put up on us. If these ain't the real folks in the book how do we know you are the real author?"

Approaching footsteps turned attention toward the door, through which marched a lively gentleman, who saluted and addressed the company.

"I am rejoiced, delighted, enchanted to see you all," he bewailed, "the creatures of my imagination—the characters of my book. I—the famous—the clever—the formidable—the greatest of authors, greet you."

"I knew it," Sam exclaimed. "Then you really wrote 'Aunt Mary Moffat,' and he is an impostor!" pointing to John.

"To perdition with him in five minutes. Certainly I did—I wrote all the books in all the libraries—I made the world, and the people are my children."

"It's gone," said the maiden. "It's gone," said the widow.

"It's gone," said Brandon, entering, followed by a man who, stepping behind the elated gentleman, took him by the elbows and walked him out of the house.

"That is a parrot patient of mine, who overheard me speak of this party to his daughter today, and stole away from his attendant to come."

"I don't believe it is a bit crazier than you are with your composite clowns, your three ringed Topsy-turps and your piratical patients," said Sam.

"There is no time to explain—I have terrible news," said Brandon. "One of the servants has developed malignant smallpox, and you must all leave the house as soon as possible to avoid infection. There is a train to New York in half an hour."

"So I had better bolt for the door, followed by all but the widow, who refused to leave John.

"You needn't wait—I will attend to him," said Ethel, confronting her and denly.

"Who are you?" demanded the astonished widow.

"I am the girl who is to marry Mr. Hastings. I am in the absence of my father."

"Are you sure you are the original girl or only one of several?" asked the widow sarcastically. "But perhaps you are a composite."

Without saying goodbye, she marched majestically out of the room.

"Heaven forgive that he about the smallpox," said Brandon, looking at his brow. "Nothing less would have saved the roof over our heads."

Breaking the Chain. In 1881 a bill was introduced in the Massachusetts senate which provided for a bounty of \$5 for the killing of a "lynx or wildcat," says the Boston Herald. When the bill was under discussion Senator Rice of Essex, who had a habit of asking the committee to explain some parts of bills they had reported, said he would like to ask the committee who reported the bill whether the term "lynx or wildcat" referred to two different species of animals or whether it was the same kind of animal called by different names. Senator Rockwell of Pittsfield, who never let an opportunity to say a good thing pass, arose and in the absence of the chairman of the committee who reported this bill I would say for the information of the honorable senator from Essex, who, having always lived in the eastern part of the state, is not probably aware that for years there has been a chain of wildcats roaming over the Berkshire hills, that the object of this bill is to take some of the links out of that chain.

FRAUDS IN OLD BOOKS. Ancient and Rare Volumes Doctored, Restored and Imitated. A well known collector acquired what he took to be a book published by Aldus in the year 1480. He paid \$1,000 for it and believed that it was an original Aldus, because the publisher's press mark, a dolphin coiled round an anchor, appeared upon it. When the book was shown to an expert it proved to be beyond a shadow of doubt a modern antique—that is to say, it was simply a copy of the original work printed by an ingenious book faker. So clever was the imitation that only an expert could tell it from the original and rare book. Scores of persons during recent years have bought fakes of rare works under the impression that they were getting the originals. Dickens' "Sunday Under Three Heads" has been faked many times and sold as original to collectors who no doubt treasure them as rarities. Genuine copies of this little book are worth a good sum, and some unscrupulous dealers, taking advantage of the circumstances, have had it reprinted and palm off the copies on unsuspecting bibliomaniacs for the genuine first edition.

Many men make a living by "doctoring" old and rare books by inserting in the art of book restoring and are quite able to make good any part of an imperfect copy. For instance, if a rare book has a leaf missing it is handed over to a restorer, who repairs the page with battered type, the paper upon which it is printed being afterward discolored with chemicals or tobacco water in order to give it the true antique hue.

The first folio Shakespeare is, of course, of great value, and it is safe to say that every possible deception has been practiced in fitting up copies of this work for sale. At one time the manufacture of first folio Shakespeares was quite a trade. A first folio having several leaves missing had leaves inserted from the second folio, while in one case the entire play of "Cymbeline" was reprinted and inserted in a first folio. The "faked" pages were so cleverly done that several experts were at first unable to detect them when turning over the pages of the work in question. Book restorers, as a rule, are most ingenious artists, and they can produce an imitation of a page of a rare book which will deceive hundreds of collectors. One particular restorer has "doctored" more than a thousand old books during the last two years, producing pages in facsimile and supplying copious and correct captions. There is not a thing that can be done to make a book of this kind from a copy of it.

asked curiously. "He didn't," he admitted. "It was all my fault. We were going along so nicely that I never noticed a squall blowing up behind Catlin. When it hit us I had my leg over the tiller, and before I could get it clear we were in the water."

"We were watching you from the point," she smiled. "Mr. Malcolm was so excited that for a moment I thought he was going to try to walk out to you."

"He certainly did work hard," admitted Tom. "There we were sitting high and dry on the keel and poor old Malcolm nearly hit back to get out there before we drowned."

"You shouldn't laugh at Mr. Malcolm," she reproved. "I suppose that I must have been so anxious that I communicated my excitement to him."

"I suppose you're anxious about Billy a lot of times," he said idly. "That boy had love to live in a boat and never come ashore."

"I don't worry about Billy," she declared. "He can swim like a fish."

"Then why," he began. "It is because I cannot swim that you were worried?" he demanded.

"It would break up the party," she explained, realizing what she had said. "But you do care?" he pleaded. "Say you do, dear."

"Perhaps I do," she admitted. "A whole lot," she persisted. Nancy hesitated. The incident had gone over to the mainland for supplies, and after beating their way against a head wind it should have been enough to satisfy the heart of any yachtman to have the wind right for a straight run home.

It was five miles to the mainland, an absurd distance to go for butter, but the Vescott party liked the privacy of the island, and had not the launch broken down the matter of supplies would have been unimportant. Billy had volunteered to sail over and get the butter, and Tom had invited himself to go because he was so utterly miserable with Malcolm dancing attendance on Nancy.

For three years he had been trying to get her to say yes to the all important question, but she had evaded the issue with the skill of a diplomat, and in despair he had sought to force matters through arousing her jealousy by flirting with Miss Malcolm.

Unfortunately Nancy had seen through the plan and retaliated by engaging in a desperate flirtation with Billy.

She had invited himself to go through arousing her jealousy by flirting with Miss Malcolm.

There is no rule of primogeniture and no power of bequeathing property by testament. All the children inherit equally. No Buddhist may make a will. Whatever a man or a woman dies, it goes to his or her nearest living relative. There is no preference of either sex. All children are equal in this matter. The oldest son shares alike with the youngest daughter.—Lahore Tribune.

A remarkable story of the sagacity and physical endurance of a carrier pigeon is told in Nansen's story of his arctic explorations. One day the pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiania. It was immediately opened, and the little messenger was covered with kisses and caresses by the explorer's wife. After an absence of thirty months from the cottage the pigeon had brought a note from the explorer over a thousand miles of frozen waste and another thousand of ocean, plain and forest.

Advantages of Kilts. The London Tailor and Cutter observes with its usual keen insight into human nature: "No one has yet suggested the utility of kilts. They never bag at the knees, nor do they ever require patching at that part, and their hygienic properties are proverbial."

Where He Saved. Two residents of a suburban neighborhood were talking of the merits of gin and tonics for their companions' ailing cost. "Well, I haven't figured it out carefully," said the man who used electric light, "but I know I save a lot of matches."

For a violin by Petrus Guarnerius, dated 1695, £200 was given at a recent sale in London; while one by Nicholas Lupot fetched £240.

His Best Bread. Baker—I know the best bread. Customer—who is complaining of the baker's inferior quality—I don't doubt it. Baker—Then what have you to complain about? Customer—That instead of keeping the best bread you should sell the best and keep the bad for yourself.

Social Danger. So long as we have at the bottom of our social fabric an army of vagabonds hand to mouth living and slimy dressed, half starved, dirty, foul mouthed, so long are we in imminent danger. And it is want of work which makes recruits for this army.—Mirror.

The Knock-out Blow. The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the rights of women. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were known by V to wroby and every other kind of other device that had to do with the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce's bringing home to the public a parallel fact, that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ of the male sex as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but we are utterly indifferent to our stomach, until disordered by the use of stimulants and knockouts. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad skin and impure blood, and is a scientific remedy of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" has a specific curative effect upon all mucous surfaces and on the mucous membrane, no matter where located or what stage it may have reached. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional remedy. Why the "Golden Medical Discovery" cures catarrhal diseases, as of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic organs will be plain to you if you will study a booklet being sent being sent instead. Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce at Boston.

How did Billy come to meet?" he asked curiously.

"Fretty"

By Nancy Hazlett

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Alfreda ran about the garden singing shrilly: "Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Johnny so long at the fair?" He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon.

"To tie up my bonny brown hair." "Fretty, I really wouldn't call him out of his name—you know it isn't Johnny," Cousin Langley said provokingly from the leafy depths of the grape arbor. "Besides, your hair isn't brown, not in the least. Instead, it's pure carrot color, also mightly pretty. If I were a painter person I might call it something else, but being what I am, a stickler for truth."

"Would you know the truth if you met it in the road?" Alfreda flung at him. "I don't believe so," she went on disdainfully, shaking her glowing waves at him.

She was bareheaded, and the sun struck out high lights from the Titian mass above her white forehead, then fell down to waken green gleams in her long lashed eyes. Slim as became sixteen, tallish, light on little arched feet, with a long neck uprearing her face, she was distinctly pretty, especially to eyes jaded with artifice and sick of fashion—more specifically, Langley Madden's eyes.

Langley was only a third cousin, but assumed that the tie of blood entitled him to take an attitude so critical it was more than brotherly in its candor.

He had come to Alderbrook farm for six blessed, idle weeks after the stress of a long fight and the triumph of a big legal victory. He had not been there in years, although the place belonged to him. Its present occupants, the Lanes, had lived in it to oblige him. Therefore he had had but a faint memory of Alfreda as a solemn young person who had disclaimed to be friends with him, choosing rather to make companions of the dogs, the kittens and her pony, Sapp.

He recalled that she had barely tolerated Susette Barlow, who, in spite of being bigger, came sometimes to play with her. Susette had been a famous beauty in her day.

"No," I can guess it. Georgina won't have it. Therefore you want me to save your broken heart."

"Of course. But how did you guess it?" Langley asked, his heart thrilling at thought of her care to save another woman from slurring. He had meant to tell her what he knew for truth—that while Georgina would have accepted him for his position and potentialities, she had given him comradeship throughout their joint career, she being by no means engaged, she being of the equable temperament that spends its wildest devotion upon itself. Moreover, there was Vernon. All along he had suspected some kindness, even more, between the pair. They might have each other and welcome.

"What teacher, slim, ray haired Fretty, was the one wife in the world for him. Impulsively he caught her to him and said between kisses: "I see it all now. You're a witch. You saw how I needed comforting and proposed to me right off the reel. Henceforth I shall live to keep you from being sorry for me."

"And I'll make you sorry for it as long as you live if ever you dare say that again," Fretty interrupted.

Again Langley laughed. He could afford to. Fretty, in spite of her brave words, was nestling to him like a happy child.

What Teacher Said. Last Sunday Benny made his debut as a Sunday school scholar. When he came home his relatives and friends were anxious to hear a report of his experiences.

"Well, Benny," said his mother, "did you say the text?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And you remember the story of the lesson?" "Yes, ma'am. I said it all off by heart."

"And did you put your penny in the basket?" "Yes, ma'am."

Benny's mother grabbed him up and hugged him ecstatically.

"You, my little precious!" she said. "You, my teacher must have been proud of you. I know she just loved to see you say something to you, didn't she?" "Yes, ma'am."

"I knew it," said the fond parent. "Come, Benny, darling, tell mother what the teacher said to mother's little man."

"She said," was the startling reply; "for me to bring 2 cents next Sunday."—New York Post.

Noah's Advantage. Mrs. Noah was complaining that her clothes looked as if they had come out of the ark.

"On the contrary," returned her spouse, "they have just come across the water."

Water? he congratulated himself on the cheapness of imported goods.—New York Sun.

As the Boy Saw It. An Englishman told the story of a boy who saw an exceedingly bowlegged man standing in front of a hot fire. Fretty, you could restrain himself no longer and said, "Hey, mister, you'd better get away from there; you're warping!"

Wonderful Monastery. At Solovetski, in the Russian government of Archangel, is the most remarkable monastery in the world. The monastery is enclosed on a wall of granite bowlders which measures nearly a mile in circumference. The monastery itself is very strongly fortified, being supported by round and square towers about thirty feet in height, with walls twenty feet in thickness. The monastery consists in reality of six churches, which are completely filled with statues of all kinds and precious stones. Upon the walls and the towers surrounding these churches are mounted huge guns which in the time of the Crimean war were directed against the British White sea squadron.

Nasal CATARRH. In all its stages. Ely's Cream Balm. Cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly. Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is sold in three sizes: Large Size, 50 cents; Medium Size, 30 cents; Small Size, 15 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 26 Warren Street, New York.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Cures Grip in Two Days. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. E. M. S. on every box, 25c. This signature, E. M. S.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

BEATEN BY A HAIR.

Hannibal Hamlin's First Try For the United States Senate.

When Hannibal Hamlin was speaker of the Maine house of representatives, away back in the forties of the last century, there was in that body a certain gentleman of faultless attire, pleasing manners, good address and some reputation, but he had one foible. His hair was very thin, and he was highly sensitive in regard to it.

To hide his approaching baldness he had a habit of carefully stroking with lambswool or other preparation each particular hair in its place. One day while in the chair as speaker Mr. Hamlin, in the innocence of a good and joke loving nature, sent for this gentleman and, looking fixedly at his smooth and polished pate, said with a chuckle:

"Blank, old fellow, I just wanted to tell you that you've got one of the hairs of your head crossed over the other."

"You insult me, sir! You insult me!" replied the member, with unexpected and altogether unnecessary indignation, and then, refusing to listen either to reason or explanation, he left the speaker's desk and returned to his seat.

When Mr. Hamlin became a candidate for the United States senate this gentleman was a member of the upper house of the Maine legislature. Although a member of the same party and only one more vote was needed to secure Mr. Hamlin's election, he positively refused to vote for the man by whom he believed he had been insulted.

He was defeated for a seat in the senate—a hair, but when the next vacancy occurred he was elected—"Lives of Twelve Illustrious Men."

Oranges. This is the West Indian way of preparing oranges for the table: Peel the oranges, taking off the smooth white skin as far as possible, then slice them off all round as you would an apple, regardless of the sections. This leaves the seed, tough, stringy central part and most of the inner skin together and is a much less tedious process than removing the skin by sections. Use a very sharp knife, so as to make clean cuts and not crush the fruit.

Cold Calculation. "You should do something to claim the gratitude of posterity."

"What for?" asked Senator Sorghum. "I don't know that posterity will have anything I especially desire, and if it should have there is no way for it to deliver the goods."—Washington Star.

Makes Him White. "Jimmy's got a great scheme to get out of school on nice days."

"How does he work it?" "He goes out and washes his face, and the teacher thinks he's ill and sends him home."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Kind Hearted. Hewitt—Why did you marry? Jewitt—Just to give a friend of mine, a clerkman a job.—New York Press.

How's This. We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Ely's Cream Balm.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations entered into by him.

West & Triax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. It cures Catarrh of the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Sent by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

MASTER'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

In Equity. By virtue of an Order of the Court of Common Pleas of Montour County granted to him for such purpose, the undersigned will expose to public sale upon the premises situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, on Saturday, Dec. 29th, 1906

at two o'clock in the afternoon of the said day, the following described real estate, to wit:

All those two certain town lots of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: THE FIRST THEREOF.—Fronting thirty and five tenths feet on Water street on the South, two hundred and thirty two feet on alley on the East, twenty seven and nine tenths feet on alley on the North and two hundred and forty feet on lot of land hereinafter described on the West, being Lot Number two in plan of lots laid out by A. G. Voris.

THE SECOND THEREOF.—Fronting on Water street on the South, Lot Number four of Lewis Eberly on the West, an alley on the North and lot Number two hereinafter described on the East, containing in front thirty and five tenths feet on Water street, two hundred and forty-eight feet on Lot Number four of Lewis Eberly, twenty seven and nine tenths feet on alley and two hundred and forty eight feet on Lot Number two above described, being Lot Number three in plan of lots laid out by A. G. Voris, and whereupon are erected a

Two-Story Brick Dwelling House, and other out buildings, with the appurtenances. To be sold at the suit of Paul M. Smith vs. Daniel Smith et al.

TERMS OF SALE:—Twenty five per cent of the purchase money shall be paid in cash upon the striking down of the property, and the balance thereof shall be paid on the confirmation of the said. Deed to be delivered to the purchaser or purchasers thereof upon confirmation absolute of the sale and the payment of the balance of the purchase money, and the cost of writing deed shall be paid by such purchaser or purchasers.

WILLIAM L. SIDLER, Master. MICHAEL BRECKHILL, Auctioneer.

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE! In Equity. By virtue of an Order of the Court of Common Pleas of Montour County granted to him for such purpose, the undersigned will expose to public sale upon the premises situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, on Saturday, Dec. 29th, 1906

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WILLIAM L. SIDLER, Master. MICHAEL BRECKHILL, Auctioneer.

Orphan's Court Sale OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

ESTATE OF MARY LOCKHOOF, DECEASED.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Montour County granted to him for such purpose, the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of the said decedent will expose to public sale (freed and discharged from all liens and encumbrances whatsoever) upon the premises situate in the Township of Derry, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, on

FRIDAY, DEC. 28th, 1906

at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, the following described real estate of the said decedent, to wit:

All of that certain message or tenement and tract of land situate in the Township of D