

JURY CHOSEN FOR JANUARY TERM

Following is the list of jurors selected for the next term of court, which will convene on January 13th:

GRAND JURORS.

Danville, 1st ward—George W. Root, Alexander Grone, Irvin Vanman, James B. Watson, Joseph Y. Seelher.

2nd ward—Alexander Toffner, James Dailey, Thomas Swank.

3rd ward—Thomas J. Rogers, G. F. Bondman.

4th ward—John M. Mong, Alfred Yerrick, J. M. Kelso.

Derry Township—George W. Diehl, Liberty Township—William Robbins, B. F. Ware, Daniel Heim.

Mahoning Township—Woodward Morrison, Edward Rudy, Wendel Byers, Henry Weirman, James Morrison.

West Hemlock Township—Peter Sanel, Peter Shultz.

TRAVELING JURORS.

Anthony Township—Amos Johnson, Samuel Hilner, Joseph Holdren, Amos Albeck, David Cox.

Cooper Township—John Mauser, George Heimback.

Danville, 1st ward—John H. Hunt, C. C. Meyer, Thomas S. Woods.

2nd ward—John Herrick.

3rd ward—Thomas Roney, Samuel McCoy, Jacob Herman, Samuel F. Ricketts.

4th ward—Alexander Mann, Paul Knuch, Hugh McCaffery.

Derry Township—Charles E. Shires, Sr., Owen Reber.

Limestone Township—George Walter, George Vanordstrand, William Bogart, George F. Butterman.

Liberty Township—Urban Rhodes, C. H. Ant.

Mahoning Township—George Hechtendorf, W. T. Madden, Conrad Rishel, William T. Dyer.

Mayberry Township—Clark Kase, Valley Township—E. E. Renn.

West Hemlock Township—Thomas Bradley, John Hawkins, Joseph Winterstein.

Washingtonville—William Messersmith.

Indicted for Fraud.

Sears, Roebuck and Co, the Chicago mail order house, must stand trial in the federal court at Des Moines, says the Leader of that city, on charges of using the United States mails to defraud. An indictment containing three counts was returned against the firm by the federal grand jury. The penalty upon conviction will be a fine of \$500 on each count.

The indictment is based on three cases in which it is alleged the company misrepresented articles listed for sale in its catalogues, which were sent out through the mails. Besides the catalogues, it is claimed, that the concern used letters, circulars, pamphlets, order blanks and letter heads to deceive and defraud its customers.

The first count charges that on June 13 the company devised a scheme to obtain money by false pretenses from Dr. C. F. Spring, 231 Utica building, Des Moines. On that date a letter was mailed to him in which the following statements were made: "All our paints contain white lead made in our great paint factory under the supervision of the finest paint experts. They have given universal satisfaction, and we are able to place over them our most liberal guarantee, which you are doubtless familiar with."

As a matter of fact, so the indictment sets out, Sears, Roebuck & Co. did not manufacture paint in its own factory. Its paint was not of the highest grade and was not equal to any ready mixed paint on the market, regardless of price, as advertised in its catalogue. Furthermore, the paint did not contain white lead, so the indictment charges.

R. H. Miles, rural route No. 1, Des Moines, is the victim in the other two counts of the indictment. On May 25 Mr. Miles ordered a ring advertised in the Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalogue to contain four pearls and four sapphires. The ring that he received did not contain either pearls or sapphires and was materially inferior in quality to the one described in the catalogue. On May 6 Mr. Miles ordered another ring advertised to contain twelve pearls and two rubies. The ring he received contained neither pearls or rubies. Both the catalogues and the rings were sent through the mails, making the alleged misrepresentation a violation of the federal statutes regarding the use of the mails.

It says to buy of the home merchant. The young woman who marries a man of whom she knows nothing may be happy, but she is running a great risk.

Kodol For Indigestion Our Guarantee Coupon

Digests What You Eat And Makes the Stomach Sweet

The aged find pleasant occupation in memories of the past.

THE MAGIC OF MUSIC

Power of the Melody of the Voice Over Man and Beast.

SINGERS WHO SAVED LIVES.

The Way Lablache, the Basso, Conquered a Bear and a Burglar—Grisi's Control of a Madman With a Razor. A Musical Wife's Presence of Mind.

That music really has charms to soothe the savage beast is proved by the many times that the power of song has been the means of saving life. On one occasion when Luigi Lablache, the great opera singer, was strolling through a French fair he was surprised by a sudden stampede of the sightseers, who rushed by him in a great panic, crying that one of the great bears had escaped from the menagerie. So surprised that he scarcely realized his danger, the singer stood his ground and almost immediately found himself face to face with the maddened beast, which halted for a moment before making its final rush. In that moment Lablache began to sing one of his favorite airs in a voice so deep and terrifying that the bear slunk away, thoroughly cowed.

It was this same singer who, when confined to his bed by a broken leg, was surprised by his landlady, who burst into his room, crying that a robber was in the house and was about to kill her husband unless she revealed the hiding place of her money and plate. Lablache, unable because of his injury to give other assistance, began to sing an aria in such thunderous tones as to terrify the robber, who fled.

Mme. Grisi was once traveling from the south of France to Paris in company with several companions of her own sex, when their privacy was intruded upon by a man who entered their apartment at a wayside station. Before long he began to act so oddly as to make the women apprehensive and at last terrified them by drawing a razor, which he began to flourish, at the same time demanding that he be permitted to sever their heads. The women realized that they had a madman in the carriage with them and also that they were without protection until the next stop of the train. In consequence they became hysterical—all save Grisi, who with great coolness suddenly began to sing in a soft voice that gradually assumed volume as she gained the attention of the man, whose threatening attitude gave way to rapt attention as the song advanced. Song after song did Grisi sing, and not another movement did the man make until the next station was reached, when the alarm was given and he was taken into custody. It transpired afterward that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum.

Jennie Lind once saved not only her own, but hundreds of other lives by her gift of song. A fire broke out back of the stage in a small theater in her native land where she was singing. The audience became alarmed, and there might have been a panic had not Jennie Lind stepped coolly out upon the stage and begun singing a favorite folk song. Reassured and entranced, the audience seated themselves, and the fire was soon extinguished.

Another well known opera star while traveling with some friends in Mexico was surprised by a company of half breed bandits, at whose approach the escort fled, leaving their charges to the mercy of the robbers. The attitude of the latter on finding that their captives had little money and valuables was menacing in the extreme, and the travelers all expected to be murdered that night. When the robbers were eating their supper the star began to sing, and her captors were so delighted that they demanded more. For a time he gratified them, but at last suggested that he should sing for the freedom of himself and his friends. To this the bandits, cheered by wine and song, agreed, and after having sung for an hour he and his companions were free.

Kneissel, the notorious Bavarian brigand, once planned to rob a house in the neighborhood of Munich and, if necessary to secure the money and plate he knew was in the house, murder the inmates, a young married woman and her two female servants. His approach was heard by the wife, who, instead of losing her head, sat down to her piano and began to sing. The brigand listened for awhile and was on the point of forcing an entrance into the room when the song ceased and a man's voice struck up a rollicking air, to be followed in a few moments by a third man's voice singing a familiar chorus. Kneissel paused. The husband evidently had returned unexpectedly and had brought with him a friend. He was not prepared to attack the house against two men, so he beat a hasty retreat, little thinking that the voice he had heard proceeded from the lips of the young wife, a fine singer, who was an adept at mimicry.

Some years ago a released convict went to the house of the Indiana judge who had sentenced him to prison with the intention of shooting him. As he crept nearer to the window beside which the judge was sitting and raised his revolver to fire the sweet voice of the judge's wife floated out on the summer air from the bedroom, where she was singing her baby to sleep, all unconscious of her husband's peril. The lullaby she sang was one that the convict's mother used to croon to him, and, throwing aside his revolver, he walked boldly into the house and confessed to the judge his intention. The judge befriended him, and he is today one of the most influential and respected citizens of a town in the far west—Aldie Farrer in Chicago Record-Herald.

When to Lift Your Hat. In answer to the question, "Please tell when and where are, or is, the correct time for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat," we reply: Without consulting authorities of etiquette, in fact giving it to you offhand, so to speak, we should say at the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, that should be lifted or removed as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow, when taking a bath, when eating, when going to bed, when taking up a collection, when having the hair trimmed, when being shampooed, when standing on the head.—Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.

RARE PRESENCE OF MIND

Her clothing taking fire while removing ashes from the stove and a pillar of flame Friday Miss Ellen Ryan of No. 606 Pine street, by remarkable presence of mind saved her life, although she was most shockingly burned.

A Theatrical Santa Claus.

The week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway full of eager shoppers, making tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away. Up and down the magic street and its companion arteries in the retail district a jostling crowd, pushing, fighting its way, sought to catch glimpses of the many treasures temptingly displayed in the shop windows. Great extremes of life bumped elbows. The girl from the east side, coming down from the slums to view the good things—things forbidden to her pocketbook—brushed her threadbare skirts against the fur lined gown of the daughter of the rich. The almond eyed Celestial from the Chinese district mingled the opium scent of his blouse with the delicate violet of the well dressed crowd. Children from Fifth avenue in their smart clothes edged away from squally dressed ur-hins with unwashed faces and uncombed hair.

There was happy contentment reflected on the faces of thousands, in contrast to the pinched, hungry, hopeless, feverish eyed faces of the other thousands so strangely mingled on the world's greatest thoroughfare. At the Hialto theater great preparations were in progress for the production of a new comic opera. Rehearsals had been going on from early morning until midnight, day in and day out. The back of the big stage was a veritable chaos. Unfinished scenery and mysterious looking "props" were being skillfully fashioned into counterfeit presentations of canals, for there was to be a grand march of the king's caravan across the desert. There was an elephant, too, as big as life, and osprey adapted to extinguishing fire and itself was soon in flames.

Throwing aside the flimsy fabric Michael dashed into a bedroom and grasped an all-woolen blanket, which he wrapped around the burning woman. Struggling hard to smother the flames he brought his sister down stairs. By this time John Pegg, driver for J. H. Goesser, who heard the calls for help, arrived on the scene. He at once lent a hand and with Michael Ryan succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

By this time the greater part of the clothing was burned off the unfortunate woman. Her dress and skirts were practically consumed and only her underclothing remained. Almost before the flames were extinguished Dr. Cameron Shultz in response to a hurry call arrived at the house and proceeded to apply the proper remedies. Miss Ryan was found to be shockingly burned. The worst injury was inflicted on her arms between the elbows, where the flesh was literally burned raw. She is also very seriously burned on the limbs, on her back and breast as well as under her chin and the lower part of the face.

A fortunate circumstance lies in the fact that she does not seem to have inhaled any of the fire. Dr. Shultz Friday evening stated that, while the burns are serious, he does not consider them necessarily fatal and he entertains no doubt but that the woman will recover.

Had Miss Ryan run into the yard she would no doubt have burned to death before efficient help arrived. By retracing her way into the house and calling her brother a blanket was procured with the least possible loss of time and the flames were smothered before injuries of a fatal nature were inflicted. The woman deserves great credit for the presence of mind displayed in her awful ordeal.

On Sunday evening Jack Green, a 15-year-old son of Mrs. John Green, of Washington, started out on a small errand. His mother kissed him goodbye and said he should not stay long, and she would wait supper for him. Five minutes later he was struck by a Panhandle freight train and killed. His body being horribly mangled.

A Bold Step. To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent, of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merit, and made them Remedies of Known Composition.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that he is not afraid to subject them to the closest scrutiny. Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient composing Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card by letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, no narcotics, mineral acids or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; so that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines are the same as those of the most valuable ingredients contained in the medicines of the most celebrated practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient composing Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card by letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, no narcotics, mineral acids or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; so that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines are the same as those of the most valuable ingredients contained in the medicines of the most celebrated practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient composing Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card by letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same.

A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

triches and weird objects, all piled in confusion with artificial plants and floral devices, glittering armor and all the thousands of odd things that were being prepared for the most dazzling comic opera of the year, "The Minstrel of the Sahara." The scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and, with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time. To add to this fear, Henry Granger, the artist on whom the projectors of the great spectacle had mainly depended, had succumbed to the strain of working for days and nights without sleep and scarcely stopping for anything to eat. He lay at his little east side home, tossing and raving in the delirium of typhoid fever. He had been absent from the "painter's bridge" for nearly a fortnight, and, although his loss was considered serious at first, some one else had filled his place, and now he was forgotten. Scenic artists, like actors, are improvident creatures, and if any of the warm hearted stage folk had had time to think of aught except the duties that weighed so heavily on each and every one, they might have thought that the sick man, out of work and helplessly ill, might be suffering for want of money. Granger was a favorite generally, and many a time had he gone down into his scant savings to help swell a contribution to some needy professional in distress. If anything ever reminded the company of Granger's absence it might have been that his little girl, an only one of seven, came no more with the artist's meals, as she used to when he painted away up there on the "bridge." She was a sweetly coy little thing, her great blue eyes set in a thoughtful and pale face, surrounded by golden curls.

And now it was Christmas eve, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Old Pete, the stage door tender, was startled from his reveries back in the shadow of his cage by the sweet voice of a child. She had a note from mamma to Mr. Hardcraft, the manager. "No, but she could wait. He might be back any moment. Tenderly the rough old fellow led the bonny one to a proscenium box and, lifting her into a big upholstered chair, which she far from filled, bade her wait. A busy rehearsal was in progress, which the child watched with no special curiosity, for the sight was a familiar one to her, until after a succession of nods she fell asleep.

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the mite as she rested there, one foot curled under, her pretty face softly pressed into the corner of the snugly padded chair. Her red tam had slipped off, and her hair was loosely massed in ringlets about her face and neck. In a few minutes the stage manager abruptly stopped the evolutions and singing to announce that an hour would be given for something to eat. So there followed a hurrying to nearby cafes and lunch places, and the big theater was left dark and silent, where only a few moments previous had resounded the voices of chorus, the shuffling and pattering of feet and the



THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

"I owe my salvation to three words you spoke," he wrote. "When all the world was against me you said, 'I trust you.'" If every boy or girl who has made mistakes and gone astray could have such a friend a great many of them would return to a normal life. The feeling that somebody believes in us, trusts us, no matter what others believe or say, touches the heart. Criminals are sometimes totally reformed through the consciousness that somebody still believes in them, no matter how low they may have fallen. Could we realize how much this trust and confidence would do for a man when everything else has failed we should be more generous of our confidence in our fellows.—Success Magazine.

"A poor tramp stopped at the door today," said Mrs. Subbuts, "and I gave him a good meal." "Well, well," sneered her husband, "why did you do that, softy?" "I just couldn't help it. He reminded me so of you. I asked him if he'd saw some wood for me, and he said he was too tired."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm

Special automobile service for our guests. Sight-seeing and touring cars. Rooms \$1.00 per day and up.

VICTIM OF FLOBERT RIFLE

Eddie Fedroff, a seven-year-old boy, was shot through the ankle Friday afternoon by a Flobert rifle in the hands of a mother boy by the name of James Fallon.

Notice in Divorce.

Anna C. Williams vs. John Monroe Williams. In the Court of Common Pleas of Montour County, No. 23 May Term, 1917. Divorce, v. m.

You are hereby notified and required to be and appear in the Court of Common Pleas of Montour County on the first day of the next term thereof (the same being Monday, January 13th, A. D., 1918), then and there to answer the complaint of Anna C. Williams the above-named Libellant in the above-stated case, and to show cause, if any you have, why you should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with the said Libellant according to the prayer of the petition or libel filed in the above-stated case.

D. C. WILLIAMS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Danville, Pa., Nov. 25th, 1917.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tabule

Doctors find A good prescription For Mankind.

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a supply for a year. All drug gists.

Windser Hotel

1217-1229 Filbert Street. "A Square From Everywhere."

Special automobile service for our guests. Sight-seeing and touring cars. Rooms \$1.00 per day and up.

The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in Philadelphia, Pa.

W. T. BRUBAKER, Manager.