

THE POOR WHIFFLET.

And the Low Down Trick by Which it is Subdued.

Seating himself at a restaurant table, a Chicago man said:

"Waiter, what kind of fish have you?"

"Oh," said the waiter, "all kinds—whitefish, bluefish, graylings, sea bass, weakfish, perch—"

"Fishaw," yawned the customer. "Cut that out. I'm tired of those common fishes. Ain't you got some new kind of fish—some kind I never ate before?"

"Well," said the waiter, "the whifflet is very fine this morning."

"What in thunder is a whifflet?"

"Why, doesn't a fish sharp like you know what a whifflet is? Common enough here. You see, the whifflet lives only in circular lakes. You go out and find a circular lake and hire a boat. Then you row out all alone to the middle of the lake, about a mile or so, and anchor. Then you take an augur and bore a hole in the water and bait it by putting a piece of cheese on the edge of the hole. The whifflet comes up to get the cheese, eats it, and it makes him swell up so that he can't back down the hole."

"Well," said the customer, breathless, "what then?"

"Why," replied the waiter as he filled a glass of water, "you lean over the side of the boat and laugh the whifflet to death. Want a few?"—Cleveland Leader.

**Knew Them at Once.**

The vicar appointed to a living in an old English village was anxious to restore his church. On either side of the porch were grotesque, not to say hideous, faces that had become almost hidden.

"The vicar had these ancient faces worked up until their features were made distinct. Then he took a very old lady of the parish to see them and jokingly asked if she could tell him who they were. "Why, bless my heart, sir," said she, peering at the old ornaments, "it's you and your good lady!"

**Every Morning.**

Paul, at the age of four, was asked one morning by his papa, "What is the name of the first meal of the day?"

"Oatmeal," responded little Paul promptly.—Exchange.

**An Enigma.**

Tommy—Say, papa, I wish you would tell me something. Papa—Well, what is it? Tommy—When you were a little boy, who was my papa?—Chicago News.

**Notice.**

That on and after this date the several Courts of Montour County will be held as follows:

The Second Monday in January, in each and every year.

The Second Monday in March, in each and every year.

The First Monday in June, in each and every year.

The Third Monday in October, in each and every year.

The Third Monday in December, 1908, the present term time for the Fourth Term of Court, to be a return day for all writs issued and made returnable thereto; said Third Monday not to be a return day after this year.

CHARLES C. EVANS, P. J. Attest,

THOS. G. VINCENT, Clerk. December 7th, 1908.

**Notice.**

Notice is hereby given that the following counts have been filed in the Prothonotary's Office in and for the County of Montour and that the same will be presented to the Court of said County for confirmation Ni. Si. on Monday, the 11th day of January A. D. 1909, at the meeting of the Court in the afternoon.

Account of Fidelity Trust Company, Substituted Trustee under the Will of Charles C. Baldy, deceased.

First and Final Account of P. F. Brennan, Guardian of Elizabeth Markley, a person of weak mind and unable to take care of her property.

THOS. G. VINCENT, Prothonotary. Prothonotary's Office, Danville, Pa. Dec. 15th, A. D. 1908.

D17, 24, 31, J7.

**REGISTRAR'S NOTICES.**

TO ALL CREDITORS, LEGATEES AND OTHER PERSONS INTERESTED: Notice is hereby given that the following named persons did on the date affixed to their names, file the accounts of their administration to the estate of those persons, deceased, and Guardian Accounts, whose names are hereinafter mentioned in the office of the Registrar for the Probate of Wills and granting of Letters of Administration, in and for the Borough of Danville, and the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court of said county, for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 11th day of January A. D. 1909, at the meeting of the Court in the afternoon.

1908.

Dec. 7.—First and Final account of Anna M. Kaufman, Executrix of Margaret Kramm, late of Limestoneville, Montour County, deceased.

Dec. 9.—First Account of Emanuel Sidler and Dennis Bright, Executors of Rebecca B. Sidler, late of the Borough of Danville, Montour County, deceased.

Dec. 12.—First and Final Account of Jonathan Swisford, Administrator of Mary K. Kravus, late of the Borough of Danville, Montour County, deceased.

Dec. 12.—First and Final Account of William H. James, Administrator of Catherine Lee, late of the Borough of Danville, Montour County, deceased.

Dec. 12.—First and Final Account of John F. Krum Administrator of Isiah W. Krum, late of Cooper Township, Montour County, deceased.

WM. L. SIDLER, Registrar. Danville, Pa., Dec. 12th, 1908.

Followed Suit.

On the day of the admission of M. Rostand to the French academy the author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aliglor" gave a breakfast to a few of his friends, the guest of honor being Mme. Bernhardt. The actress was dressed in a handsome gown, which had been made expressly for the occasion. At the end of the breakfast she arose and in an impressive manner took a glass, held it high and said, "I drink to the greatest of French dramatists, M. Rostand, and I drink after the Greek manner!" She then poured the contents of her glass over her head and gown.

Two of Rostand's small sons were sitting at a side table wearing new velvet suits, also made for the occasion. In the silence which followed Bernhardt's dramatic tribute the elder of the boys arose and, imitating her manner, said, "I drink to the greatest of poets, my papa, and I also drink in the Greek fashion!" and straightway deluged himself and his small brother with the contents of his glass.

**A Scene Not in a Play.**

An extraordinary scene took place in the Princess' theater, London, on the night of the first production of Charles Reade's great play, "Never Too Late to Mend," Oct. 4, 1865. During the prison scene a large quantity of water was thrown over Miss Moore, who took the part of Josephs, the character due to death by the warders. One of the critics, Mr. Tomlin of the Morning Advertiser, rose from his seat and publicly protested against the unnecessary cruelty. This aroused almost a riot among the audience, and the action of the play was stopped for some considerable time. Fuel was added to the fire by George Vining, the lessee of the theater, who was playing the part of Tom Robinson and who made a most imprudent speech, in which he practically insulted every critic present, with the result that the theater was left severely alone by the press for many months. The play, however, turned out to be a popular success and had, for those days, the phenomenal run of 140 performances.

**Reading in Bed.**

"Boys and girls under eighteen should be strictly forbidden to read in bed," says the Lancet, on the authority of Dr. Hugo Felchenfeld of Berlin, who declares that in the case of young persons whose eyes are not fully developed the practice is likely to induce myopia. While young people run the greatest risk, the Lancet thinks that reading in bed is undesirable for persons of any age and states that "in the case of aged, anxious, worried and bedridden people, to whom it would seem cruelty to deny what may perhaps be almost their only luxury, for fear of inducing some slight error of refraction, care should be taken that the light is sufficiently brilliant, the eyes being shaded from it, and that the patient lies on his back with head and shoulders raised."

**Stupid Sheep.**

**They Are About the Most Senseless of All Animals.**

A Colorado ranchman declares that no animal that walks is as big a fool as a sheep.

"We have to watch them every minute, and if vigilance is relaxed for an instant the entire flock is likely to practically commit suicide. In handling most animals some degree of self help or intelligence can be relied on to aid the owner in saving their lives, but sheep seem to set deliberately to work to kill themselves.

"If caught in a storm on the plains they will drift before the wind and die of cold and exposure rather than move a hundred yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. To drive sheep against the wind is absolutely impossible. I once lost over 1,000 head because I could not drive them to a corral not 200 feet away."

"In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up they all move 'down wind' until stopped by the fence. Then commences the proceeding so much dreaded by sheepmen known as 'piling.' The sheep will climb over each other's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course all those at the bottom are smothered. Not one has sense enough to seek shelter under the lee of the fence, as a horse or dog would do.

"Again, if a sheep gets into a quicksand its fate teaches nothing to those that come immediately after, but the whole flock will follow its leader to destruction. No more exasperatingly stupid animal than a sheep walks."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A CHINESE STORY.**

**The Noted Liar Who Had a Fairly Competent Spouse.**

A noted liar once told a friend that he had at home three precious things—a bullock which could run 500 miles a day, a fowl which crowed at the beginning of each watch, day and night, and a dog that could read books. The friend intimated that he would lose no time in seeing these marvels with his own eyes. The man did not expect this, as his house was somewhat distant, so he went home and told his wife that he had got caught at last and that tomorrow the man would arrive and he would be disgraced.

"Never mind," said the spouse. "Leave that to me. It will be all right, only you must keep out of sight."

Next morning the visitor arrived and, being met by the mistress, asked where her husband was.

"He has gone to Pekin," she replied. "When will he be back?"

"In eight or nine days."

"Why, how can he be so quick?"

"He has gone off on our fast bullock and so can do it easily."

"I hear you have also a wonderful fowl," said the visitor. "And, behold, as he was speaking a small cock crew."

"That's it," said the wife. "He crows at the beginning of each watch and also when a visitor arrives."

"I would also like to see the learned dog," he said.

"Ah," said she, "I am sorry; but you see, we are very poor, and so he keeps a school in the city."—Scrap Book.

**Suspicious.**

Widow (at wash-tub)—Are you positive you love me?

Suitor—Of course I am.

Widow—What's the matter? You haven't lost your job, have you?—Pittsburg Press.

**Virtue of Hospitality.**

Hospitality solves and annuls even the mysterious antagonisms that exist between races. This glorious and beautiful and sacred rite makes all men brothers.—Chicago Saturday Journal.

TSZE HSU'S "TRAVEL PALACE."

American Minister Describes Incident in Chinese Empress Dowager's Life.

There is probably only one man in the United States who has ever lived in a palace. Tsze Hsu, the late remarkable Chinese empress dowager. This is the Rev. Walter S. Elliott, who recently returned from north China, where he had charge of the American Bible society's work in a region as large as all of this country east of the Mississippi. The palace which he bought and lived in afterward was a "travel palace," says the New York Tribune. When an imperial personage makes a tour in China envoys go ahead and prepare a palace for him at each stopping place. Sometimes these palaces are occupied only one night. Then they are sealed up and left to decay, for no Chinaman may ever live in one of them afterward. Usually they are built new for the occasion, but in this case, being in haste, the imperial escort took possession of the home of a rich man. It was already a very good house, and it was renovated and refurbished at an expense of several thousand dollars.

After the empress had come and gone the poor rich man was left with an expensive house upon his hands in which neither he nor any other Chinaman could ever live. So he was glad to sell it to Mr. Elliott for a mission school for 1,000 strings of cash. As a string of cash is worth 27 cents, the missionaries got an imperial palace for the modest sum of \$513.

It is interesting to know the sort of bed upon which poor Tsze Hsu rested her weary bones. It was a brick platform built new for the empress. Under it a small cavity was left, opening through the house wall into the outer air, and in this hole somebody outdoors kept a fire of cornstalks burning all night to keep her imperial highness warm. Even for an empress' habitation no stove or bathtub was put into the house.

**Vicissitudes of a Picture.**

The vicissitudes of Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "Last Supper," reminded a correspondent of the strange experiences of Holbein's "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which may be seen any day at Hampton Court palace.

After the downfall of Charles I., Cromwell in order to raise funds proposed the sale of certain pictures, this among the number. The bargain was already made, but when the word was to be purchased to inspect Holbein's masterpiece he discovered that the head of Henry VIII. had been cut from the canvas. He naturally withdrew his offer, and the picture was preserved to the nation. On the restoration a nobleman confessed to having committed the theft for love of art and his country, and he returned the missing head, which now occupies its original position in the canvas. The circle made by the knife is still plainly visible.—London Chronicle.

**Cold Storage Rats.**

The attendant came out of the cold storage room with an awed look.

"Rats are wonderful," he said. "We thought modern plumbing would abolish them, but they live in the clean light and dryness of the best modern plumbing more comfortably than they did in the damp and fith and darkness of the past. We thought the modern ship would abolish them, but the Lusitania has as many rats as had the Columbus caravels. And here!"

He made an awed gesture.

"And here I find rats in our cold storage rooms at temperatures that freeze the breath and cause it to fall in the form of snow. To and fro they prowl. Their coats are thick and warm like fur, and, with frost on their whiskers, they feed heartily on meat and game frozen to rocklike hardness."—Exchange.

**Fire Terms in Japan.**

Fires in Japan are so common that this destructive agency has established itself as a national institution, and a whole vocabulary has grown up to express every shade of meaning in matters fiery. The Japanese language has special terms for an incendiary fire, an accidental fire, fires starting from one's own house, a fire caught from next door, a fire which one shares with an end, a fire which is burning to an end, the flame of a fire, anything—for instance, a braider, from which a fire may arise, the side from which to attack a fire in order to extinguish it; a visit of condolence after a fire.

**More Wheat to Come.**

A Chinese doctor, as a punishment for causing his patient's death, had to pay ten loads of wheat. While carrying the grain he was met by a man who asked him to come and treat a sick member of his family. "All right," said the doctor, "I will be there shortly, but in the meantime you may be getting your barn cleaned out."—Scrap Book.

**Nothing.**

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs."

"I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"—Washington Herald.

**The Soft Answer.**

He—Artists say that five feet four is the divine height for women. His Darling (crossly)—You know, I am five feet nine. He (quickly)—You are more than divine, my dear.

**Laws catch flies and let hornets go free.—Anacharsis.**

**His Logic.**

The Angry Mother—You've got an awful nerve to ask me to give you back your ball when you nearly killed one of my children with it. The Boy—Well, ma'am, you've got ten children, and we've got only one ball.—Chicago Tribune.

**Manufacturing Chords.**

"How is your daughter getting on?"

"Splendidly. She's busy just now at Beethoven's works."

"What is it—one of those pottery places?"—Boston Transcript.

**An Incident of Travel.**

In Nuremberg, having occasion to ask my way, I said in my best Meisterschaft to a gentleman passing:

"Koennen sie mir vielleicht sagen wie man nach das Deutschen museum geht?"

Imagine my mortification when he replied: "I am going that way. I will show you."

We walked on, and, learning that I was an American and had traveled in England, he said:

"I am professor of English here. That is why I speak English so well. But I didn't be in England already once yet."—Lippincott's.

PRESIDENT'S VALEDICTORY.

Answers Question "What Shall We Do For Our Ex-Presidents?"

President Roosevelt in his office at the White House recently gave what may be considered his valedictory, with permission to a correspondent to use it. The president said: "When the people of the country are asking the question, 'What shall we do for our ex-presidents?' tell them that they need do nothing for this ex-president. He is going out to work and to do for himself.

"I have had a first class time as president of the United States, and I have enjoyed every minute of the time I have been in the White House. When I have finished the last stroke I am going out contented and to work."

This statement came from the president after the close of a talk with one of his friends, with whom he had been discussing his approaching African trip.

**PLEA FOR PARDON.**

Butcher Who Mixed Tallow With Lard Confesses Sins In Newspapers.

Frank Spera, a former resident of Akron, Ind., has caused to be inserted in various newspapers in Warsaw, Ind., and vicinity the following announcement:

"I want to make restitution and beg pardon of the people through the newspapers. When I was in the butcher business in Akron I mixed tallow with lard and sold it to my customers. I ask all these people in Jesus' name to forgive me of the offense, and if there are any who are not satisfied with just forgiving me if they will send me a statement of the amount they think they were wronged honestly, between God and man, I will make all wrongs right."

**Plan to Honor Noted Soldiers.**

A joint monument of heroic size, to be placed on the "Bloody Angle" battleground in Spottsylvania county, Va., to commemorate the military fame and glory of General Robert E. Lee and General Cyprius S. Grant, which shall be erected with funds raised in the north and south, has been suggested by patriotic citizens of Richmond.

**Fund For Dr. Eliot of Harvard.**

Several prominent alumni of Harvard university are raising a fund to be known as the Charles William Eliot fund, the income of which they plan to pay to President and Mrs. Eliot during their lives. After their death it is to be used in such a manner as they may designate.

**Stella's Dignity.**

"Glenn paid me a dandy compliment last night, mother—one that will please you, too," said Stella Harding.

"He was talking about the girls in this block and how disgusted the boys were getting with them. He said the trouble with the girls round here was that they had positively no personal dignity, and he never seemed to take into account that I lived in the block myself. But he made up afterward for forgetting. He said not much, he guessed, he didn't mean me; that I was noted for my dignity with all the fellows, and he'd often heard them speak of it. What do you say to that?"

Mrs. Harding was listening with motherly satisfaction. "How did it happen to occur to him that you might be applying it to yourself?" she asked.

"I put it to him straight. I just waited until he stopped for breath, and then I said, 'Well, jiminy, Glenn, is this a slam?'"

"Stella, what a speech! There's no dignity about that!"

"Oh, look, mamma!" was the laughing response, made without the slightest intention of disrespect. "That's just the way we all talk. Things like that don't count on dignity one way or the other—not in our bunch. It's how you act, don't you know?"—Youth's Companion.

**Dancing Expected in White House.**

There are not many accomplishments which the wife of President Eliot possesses that are not being discussed and made much of in Washington. Those who know her best are commenting on Mrs. Taft's fondness for dancing and are hoping she will revive the terpsichorean era in the White House. Why the American chief executive should think it beneath his dignity to dance is what society cannot understand. The kaiser likes to dance and gives at least four dancing affairs a year. King Edward, almost seventy years old, does not disdain a whirl occasionally, and both he and the queen like to watch others dancing. Mrs. Taft has traveled extensively and knows the customs of foreign lands. It will add much to the picturesqueness of official life if dancing affairs are given.

**Mob Insurance a Novelty.**

A genuine novelty in the way of insurance was recently introduced in London, England, called "mob insurances." It is taken out by merchants against possible losses through rioting or looting by mobs. This does not mean that merchants fear the street gettes are about to burst all bounds and inaugurate a reign of terror. Protection is rather sought against the violence of the unemployed, who are unusually numerous in London this season and are likely to become more so as winter advances. The most active demand for this queer insurance is in the vicinity of the parliament buildings, which would naturally be the objective point of a mob incited to make a demonstration against the authorities.

**Kitchen Novelty.**

An aluminum alcohol lamp, with a cup for heating water or boiling an egg, the whole to be carried on a handle like a candlestick, is something new for kitchen or sickroom.

**The Holy City.**

Medina, the holy city, triumphed long ago over all the rivals in various parts of the world which bore the same name, which means simply "city." Notable among them were the old capital of Malta and Medina Sidonia in Spain. The Arabian city was originally known as Yathrib, but owes its later name, El-Medina (the city or the apostle of God), to the Koran. To a good Mohammedan there is only one city "with a M C."

**Thrifty.**

"Well, parson, is your flock lib'ral in their 'nevolences?'"

"Liberal? Well, I should say dey is not that. Why, when I asted them to sing 'Oe Hundred' dey done sung 'The Ninety and Nine!'"—Harper's.

**Sweet and Low.**

A young man named Sweet engaged to marry a young woman named Love. A few Sundays previous to the wedding the happy couple attended church together, and as they walked along the aisle the choir began singing the song "Sweet and Low," entirely unconscious of the musical pun that was being perpetrated.

**Sweet and Low.**

"Have they arrived?" asked the major gaily.

"They hev, sah," said the colonel, with dignity; "they hev, but those two pigdins, sah, hev the so'est feet I evah saw on a bird, sah."—Browning's Magazine.

**Clipping Their Wings.**

The costume of the Pu Yuan Pen-jen women in the Shan states is very striking, consisting of a cloth hood, an open jacket and a pair of short white trousers reaching barely to the knee. But the most important though the least noticeable part of their costume is their colored cloth gaiters. These the women are obliged to wear, as without them it is believed they would be able to fly away, leaving their husbands and sweethearts sorrowful.

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