

# Montour American

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

Danville, Pa., Mar. 11, 1909.

## FOUR GENERATIONS WERE PRESENT

A surprise party was held at the home of John W. McWilliams, White Hall, on Friday, in honor of his 57th birthday. The younger people enjoyed themselves with dancing, music being furnished by the White Hall orchestra. A fine supper was served. Mr. McWilliams' mother being present and his daughter's children, there were four generations present.

The guests were: Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Munro and daughter Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Hilner, Miss Maggie McBride, Mrs. Margaret E. Marshall, Mrs. Susan McWilliams, Mrs. Peter Rishel, Mrs. Katharine Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Fowler, Marion Fowler, Isabel Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Millicent Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Welliver, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Marshall, Lloyd Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Cox, Gilbert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Derr, Mrs. Mary Carey, Isiah Leigbow, Amos Leigbow, Miss Pearl Smith, John Hartman, Susie Hartman, Walter Seifert, Charles Corterman, John Temple, Raymond Hilner, Frederick Hilner, Mary Dildine, Florence Dildine, Mr. and Mrs. James Carey, Allen Biddle, Edward Hartman, Jacob Hilner, Mrs. Ella Brannen, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dewald, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Confer, Edward Johnston, John Hartman, Geo. Johnston, Frank Carey, Mrs. Hannah Shell, of Milton; Mrs. John Montgomery, of Pottsgrove; George Rishel, Miss Margaret Wolf, Roy Schooley, Mrs. Blanche Rishel, Mr. and Mrs. Mont Derr, Eleanor Derr, J. McKee Derr, Charles Derr, Mr. and Mrs. Purlsel, Grace Purlsel, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Albeck, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hilner, S. C. Harrauff, daughters Susie and Pauline, Bell Rogers, Mr. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Rufus Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Johnston, Mrs. Jacob Holden, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kremer and son Ralph, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dewald, Paul Dewald, George Dewald, Bruce Metherill, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Biddle, Charles Bowman and Laura Fenstermacher.

## PERSONALS

Mrs. W. B. Schuck, and daughter Clara, Mill street, spent yesterday with relatives in Sunbury.

N. B. Cohen, of Wilkes-Barre, is visiting relatives in Danville.

Miss Emeline Lyon returned yesterday after a visit with relatives in Berwick.

Miss Ida Gallagher, Bloom street, was a Bloomsburg visitor yesterday.

Misses Catherine English, Hattie Flannigan and Margaret McKenna will leave today for a week's visit with friends in Shenandoah.

George Soneborn, South Danville, returned last evening after a business trip to New York.

Mrs. Alexander Foster, Mrs. Reese Edmondson and Mrs. Charles Peifer will attend the funeral of Miss Mitham Savage, at Bloomsburg, today.

Mrs. James B. James and daughter, Miss Thelma James, will spend today with friends in Bloomsburg.

Mrs. J. Kumerer, Upper Malberry street, is visiting friends in Shamokin.

## Her Lockout.

"I must tell you the joke on me," said a business woman who "keeps back" in a cunning little apartment. "Last week I invited two friends for luncheon. As I have just an hour at noon I got everything ready before I left in the morning that could be prepared and set on the ice. I made a lovely salad, a dessert, prepared for toasted muffins and tea and set my table in all its glory, even buying some flowers for a centerpiece. My guests met me at the office and we went to the apartment. What do you think I had done? Left my keys inside and locked the door!"

"There was absolutely no way for us to get in. The janitor had a pass key, but he was away. All the windows on the fire escapes were locked, and no other key in the building fitted. There was nothing to do but take my guests to a restaurant. Then I found that I had not even brought my purse from the office, never dreaming that I should need it. I had to ask my guests for money to pay for the luncheon, and, as it happened, they only had a quarter each above their carfare. We went to the cheapest place we could find and had sandwiches and coffee. Wasn't that funny?"

## Thiers as a Promoter.

Among the anecdotes related by the Marquis Massa in his "Souvenirs et Impressions" is one about the first president of the French republic. It runs: "A short time after young Thiers had been elected as a legislator a number of our set arranged to give a performance of 'Roman chez la portiere' at the house of a mutual friend. On the evening of the performance our prompter deserted us, and without a moment's hesitation the new flogged deputy volunteered to take the place. And despite the protests of some of the party, who feared that his dignity might be everlastingly injured, he jumped into the box, where he remained ready to help us in time of need until the curtain descended on what proved to be a highly satisfactory performance."

## A Spanish War Criticism.

When the Spanish war came upon us Commodore Dewey was at Hongkong. The navy department had sent him no preliminary orders. He didn't know anything about the ultimate policy or what the ultimate plan of campaign would be. The navy department didn't itself know. Dewey should have moved two or three days sooner than he did, and two or three days sooner he would have been in Manila. Dewey's officials were only aroused to the necessity of giving Admiral Dewey an order by a cablegram from Dewey informing them that the British governor of Hongkong insisted that our fleet must leave there. We were so dazed by the immediate exigencies of war that the English government had to prod us in the ribs to wake us up. Then our Washington authorities issued an order and not till then. They told Dewey to proceed to the Philippine Islands and capture or destroy the Spanish fleet. In other words, they gave him the stereotyped war order in the phraseology of the signal code, which, literally translated, read: "Go ahead and do the best you can. We give it up."—Collier's.

## The Silver Thread.

A matron in Harlem was calling upon another matron in Harlem. Neither was young, but one looked more so.

"Really, my dear," said the one that looked more so, "you ought to have your hair treated. It's becoming quite gray in spots. See what a difference it has made with me. You would look much younger—really."

"But I don't care to look much younger if I must dye my hair to do so," was the reply. "I prefer to be natural. If the Lord sends me gray hair there's a good reason, and I'm satisfied."

"But think of your children, my dear. They're grown up now."

"What have they got to do with it?"

"Why, don't you see? The younger you look the younger it makes them appear. And your girls are way past twenty, you know."

The matron who was gray in spots was still looking dazed when her visitor departed.—New York Globe.

## Home Loving Montenegrins.

Nowhere is love of country more intense than among the Montenegrins, to whom exile is the greatest of punishments. When W. J. Stillman was there in the seventies all the free men were away fighting, and he observed that when a messenger was wanted the official took a man out of the prison and sent him off, with no fear that he would not return. One such messenger was sent to Cattaro, in Austrian territory, with a large sum of money for the bank, and he duly came back. Another asked a Russian at Cattaro to intercede with Prince Nicholas for his release from prison. "But you are not in prison," said the Russian. "Oh," said the man, "I have only come down for a load of skins for So-and-so, but I must go into prison again when I get back to Cetinje." One prisoner guard watched all the prisoners when they sunned themselves out of doors, and if he was called away a prisoner would take his rifle and act as sentry for the time.

## Abroad.

Abroad is a locality entirely surrounded by seasickness. In another view it is a bourne more or less mysterious, bounded on its farther side by custom houses where you have to declare everything you bring back with you except a foreign accent and one change of hose.

Abroad is where—

1. They put
2. Labels all over your luggage and it all over you.
3. You are almost always going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and the good Samaritan invariably wants a tip.

Abroad is the stage of history, but that is only because history made the too common mistake of not seeing America first.—Puck.

## Business.

New Son-in-law—Here's only 19.00 marks. You promised my wife a dowry of 20.000. Father-in-law—I always knock off 2 per cent for cash.—Philadelphia Blatter.

## Falls Him.

"Scott—I suppose you are saving up something for a rainy day. Mott—I try to, but my wife mistakes every bargain sale for a shower.—Boston Transcript.

## DOCTORS MISTAKES

are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-cautious doctor, a series of symptoms, by assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all daily symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but the doctor's wrong treatment, but probably worse. A woman medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed by the cause would cure the disease, and the symptoms, thereby dispelling all these distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects. In the treatment of the female system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs, especially feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," run-down, debilitated, anemic, milliners, dressmakers, waitresses, shop girls, housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuritis, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves nervous anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach and bowels. One to three are taken to take as candy.

# TABLET UNVEILED IN MEMORY OF REV. FATHER M. J. O'REILLY

Anniversary Mass at St. Joseph's—Bishop J. W. Shanahan, Presided at Divine Office—Rev. Father McCann Celebrated Solemn Requiem Mass

The celebration of the anniversary of their late pastor, Rev. Father M. J. O'Reilly, and the unveiling of a tablet to his memory, which took place yesterday, are events which will linger for many years in the hearts and the memory of the parishioners of St. Joseph's Catholic church.

The spacious auditorium of the church was filled, even the gallery, being crowded. The services were most impressive.

The divine office began at 9 a. m., the Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan, presiding. In addition to the bishop and the Very Rev. G. G. Benton, Vicar General, of Steelton, the following neighboring clergymen were present: Rev. Father Murphy, of Bloomsburg; Rev. Father Melchior, of Berwick; Rev. Father McKeary, of Milton; Rev. Father Huber of Hanover, Rev. Father Gallivan of Loust Gap; Rev. M. C. Donovan, of Philadelphia; Rev. Francis Sheehan of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Rev. A. M. Freizer and Rev. James G. Foin of Danville.

During the chanting of the benediction the memorial tablet was unveiled and blessed by the bishop. The tablet is fixed in the wall at the corner just at the left of the great altar beside the small altar. It contains the bust of the late Father M. J. O'Reilly in low relief, along with an inscription giving the dates of his birth and death and the letters, R. I. P., an abbreviation for the Latin: "Requiescat in Pace" (May He Rest in Peace).

The Rev. Father Edward O'Reilly, of Waverly, N. Y., brother of the late pastor of St. Joseph's church, the Rev. M. J. O'Reilly, who was to have celebrated the solemn requiem mass, was unable to be present by reason of illness. In his absence the Rev. Father McCann, present pastor of St. Joseph's, celebrated the solemn requiem mass.

At the conclusion of the mass the eulogy was pronounced by the Rev. Father M. C. Donovan, of Philadelphia, a former resident of Danville and a life-long friend of the Rev. Father O'Reilly's. The sermon was a noble tribute, founded on the 17th verse, 5th chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to Timothy: "Let the priests that rule well be esteemed worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine."

With deep feeling the speaker reverted to the death of Father O'Reilly which occurred one year ago, emphasizing the extent to which it was deplored, not only by the bishop, who regarded him as one of the ablest and most devoted priests in the diocese, but also by his fellow priests on whom he reflected so much credit and honor, and the parishioners of St. Joseph's, who always had in Father O'Reilly a sympathizing friend and counsellor to whom they could turn in times of trouble and sorrow for help and consolation. In the community where he stood exceptionally high as a model and foremost citizen his death was deplored, and his memory was honored.

It is well, the speaker said, to commemorate the life and services of such a man as Father O'Reilly, that those who come after may be reminded of his exalted character, his pure devotion and blameless life. Let the priests who do well be esteemed worthy of such honor, for while bishops and priests pass away their works and self-denial live. The Catholic church is ever solicitous for the honor of her priests, living and dead.

Jesus Christ exercised his ministry for only three years and in a narrow boundary, but his gospel was to be preached to the whole world, in all ages. To accomplish this he established his church and selected his apostles. "As the Father sent me so I send you" "Go and teach all nations."

Through the Christian priesthood the teachings of Christ have been perpetuated to our day and thus they will be carried forward in the future. The Catholic priest, the speaker continued, through the doctrine he preaches is the salt of the earth and the light of the world. The truth he teaches has come down through twenty centuries of time from the savior of the world. If all would listen to the teachings of the priests of the Catholic church we would have a better world. There would be no suicides, divorces, murders and the other forms of crime that are so common today. The Catholic priest feeds the flocks of Christ with the bread of life. He stands at the bedside of the dying, consoles the mourner and reconciles the departing soul.

The speaker dwelt with great emphasis on the high dignity and the awful responsibility of the priestly calling. Father O'Reilly, he said, bore these with honor and humility to his dying day. For twenty-nine years he was brought into close contact with the world, but he was never sullied by it. He handed down his priestly vestments as untarnished as they were on the day when he received them from the bishop.

The speaker followed the career of Father O'Reilly as he was transferred from one post to another until he was sent to Danville. Here he labored nearly twenty years. As to the wisdom of Bishop McGovern's appointment the people of St. Joseph's church bear ample testimony. During the twenty years nothing was taught from the

altar here but lessons of highest wisdom. He preached as eloquently by his actions and examples as by his words. He never asked a sacrifice of his people when he did not make one himself greater than they. The financial affairs of the parish at his death bore testimony to wise and efficient administration.

Father Donovan alluded to the establishment of the new cemetery, the building of the present rectory and other things accomplished by Father O'Reilly, but he declared that his crowning work in this parish was the establishment of the parochial school. No parish, the speaker said, is complete without a parochial school. Catholics so highly prize the gift of a school that they make sacrifices beyond all others. They pay the school tax and without any assistance maintain their parochial school.

Father O'Reilly did not accomplish his work without trials and difficulties and herein, the speaker said, lies a lesson to other priests. Father O'Reilly through faith in God removed all difficulties. His trials and his sacrifices were many and they are the brightest stars in his crown today.

In conclusion Father Donovan eloquently remarked: "The highest honor that we can pay to the memory of Father O'Reilly is to show forth in Catholic life the purity, the devotion, the ready obedience and the loyal support to God, which he inculcated by his teaching and example."

## A Mogul Repartee.

A certain commissioner was given to treating the Indians with a scorn they did not deserve. One day as he sat with a great chief in his tepee, smoking the pipe of peace, the chief entertained him with many quaint legends.

One of these dealt with a plague of locusts, and the grim orator described in flowery language how they had swarmed over the land, eating every herb and green leaf and blotting out the light of day for very number. Then he concluded by remarking that it was not until the medicine man made an offering of a silver locust to the Great Spirit that the creatures disappeared, and this they did swiftly and suddenly.

Lonely the commissioner laughed the superstitious Indian to scorn.

"Do you mean to say you're such fools as to believe that rubbish?" he asked.

"Not much," replied the chief gravely. "We would have offered the Great Spirit a silver paleface long ago!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Heroic Husbands.

Some women were discussing over their afternoon tea the statement that a man is no more a hero to his wife than to his valet. There seemed to be no opposition to the idea that a man's servant did not appreciate him, but all stoutly maintained that their husbands were heroic in one way or another.

"My husband is very heroic," said Mrs. Black. "For instance, he will give up his visit to the club to play jacks with my old mother, and he is his mother-in-law, you know."

"I think I can beat that," remarked Mrs. Gray. "When my milliner's quarterly bill comes in my husband always writes a check and never thinks of looking at the items."

"I can give you a better example than either of those!" exclaimed Mrs. White. "When the morning paper comes at breakfast time my husband always offers me the first reading of it."

An informal vote awarded the last speaker's husband the medal for heroism.—Youth's Companion.

## Opie Read in the Upper Berth.

Opie Read in his "Arkansas Traveler" tells this: A fat man had crawled into the berth above him and was heard talking to himself. "I don't mind getting up here," he said, "but I am always afraid for the fellow beneath me. Night before last the upper berth fell with me and broke the hip and shoulder of the man below. But it's not my fault; I do the best I can to get a lower. Poor chap, I guess he's asleep and will never know what hit him."

"Hold on," I cried. "I'll be hanged if I want to lie under a dead fat!"

"I beg your pardon. Did you say something?"

"You are right. I said something. I'm not going to run the risk of staying here. You take this berth and let me get up there."

"Oh, don't let me dispossess you. Stay right where you are; it may not last—sometimes doesn't!" Here, let me get up there."

"Well, if you insist I—"

"Insist! I should think I do!"

I climbed the ladder and tossed pretty much all night. It was the porter who broke the news to me the next day of how I had been the victim of that fat man's guile.

## A Regimental Custom.

A peculiar custom obtains in the Twelfth lancers—the playing of the Vesper hymn, the Spanish chant and the Russian national hymn every night of the year after the "last post" has sounded. It is said that the playing of the Vesper hymn originated in one of the officers' wives presenting the regiment with a new set of instruments on condition that the hymn was played every night after the "last post." The playing of the Spanish chant is declared to be a penance for sacking of a convent during the peninsular war. No reason is assigned for the playing of the Russian national anthem.—London Tit-Bits.

## What is it, a Lobster?

The methods of public school instruction as applied in one city at least do not always meet the approbation of the parents of the pupils as evidenced when a German man whose bristly blond hair was standing perfectly erect with anger strode into a Baltimore school one day and, approaching the principal, demanded: "Vot is it, a lobster?"

The principal explained in his sweetest tone that a lobster was a species of shellfish.

"How many legs has it—der lobster?"

The number of legs was promptly stated.

"Look here," exclaimed the irritated Teuton, "I work for me in a big hurry, and if your teacher be cannot find better things to ask my boy Herman how many legs has it, a lobster, and make him come home to bodder his fadder mit questions, 'What is it, a lobster?' it is pad business!"—Lippincott's.

## Saved His Rupees.

During a great flood at Haidarabad a native banker, overtaken by the sudden rush of water, made his way on to a mound, where he was quickly isolated. The water rose, and the banker's legs were covered to his knees, "Fifty rupees (about \$7.50), 50 rupees," he shouted, "to any one who will save me!" When the water reached his shoulder he was shouting, "One thousand rupees!" When enveloped to his neck, with death staring him in the face, he yelled: "Help, help! All that I have will I give to any one to save me!" Shortly after the water began to recede. When once more he was covered only to his knees an offer of rescue came. But the banker, plucking up his courage, cried: "Keep off! Keep off! I will not give a rupee!" and succeeded in making his escape free of charge.—St. James' Gazette.

## Origin of "Bonfire."

Stow, referring to the "bonfires" which the citizens of London were wont to make in the streets on "the vigils of festival days and on the same festal days in the evenings after the sunne setting every man bestowing wood or labour towards them" and which were an occasion of feasting and merriment, says that "these were called bonfires as well of good amitie amongst neighbours, that, being before at controuersie, were there by the labours of others, reconciled, and made of bitter enemies, loving friends, as also for the vertue that a great fire hath to purge the infection of the ayre."—London Globe.

## The Yorkshireman.

There is a characteristic glimpse of Yorkshire "downrightness" in the published reminiscences of an English clergyman:

"At my institution to Upham a retired colonial bishop, about to take an English benefice, said: 'Well, you and I have worked both in north and south. In what points do you consider that they differ?' 'Oh, my lord, I answered, 'I can soon tell you that. If a Yorkshireman thinks you a fool he comes and tells you so to your face. Down here they go and tell somebody else.' 'You have exactly hit it,' said the bishop. 'The difference could not be better described.'"

Yorkshire regard for the pocket the aforesaid clergyman illustrates in this anecdote:

A groom being asked how long he lived in the south replied, "Twenty years." "What! Have you, a Yorkshireman, lived twenty years down here and not made your fortune?" "Eh," answered the man, "but measther were Yorkshire too."

## Nothing Funny About It.

Scene—A druggist's shop in a small Scotch village, which, as usual with druggists' shops similarly situated, is the general emporium for all sorts of merchandise. Cycling tourist enters and purchases a cigar, after lighting which he attempts to draw the proprietor into conversation, but the latter seems reticent.

The tourist, after passing some remarks on the weather, asked, "Don't you feel trade dull at times in this little village, chemist?"

"Oh, well," replied the druggist, "I canna complain. But, excuse me, mister, I dinna allow smokin' in my shop."

"Indeed!" said the tourist. "That is strange. You sell tobacco and cigars and still don't permit smoking in your shop. It is really rather funny."

"Oh, man," was the reply, "there's naething funny about it. I sell arsenic, but I dinna allow ye to commit suicide in my shop."

## The Law of Gravity.

"Silence in the court!" thundered the judge, and the laughter died away.

"Mr. Bailiff," continued the instructions from the bench, "eject the next man who defies the law of gravity!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Bitter Pill.

Milly—And does your brother take married life? Tilly—He takes it according to directions. His mother-in-law lives with him.—Illustrated Bits.

## No Insult.

"I ain't insultin' of yer. I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar, an' yer are one!"—London Punch.

## Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup

Relieves Colds by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels. Relieves coughs by clearing the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

"As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

### Children Like It

For BARKER—WALKER—GIBSON'S  
The City of New York—New York and London  
For Sale by Pauls & Co.

## A Mogul Hero.

Here is a little vignette of Babar, the first of the great moguls. At eleven he succeeded to his kingdom of Ferghana. His father was accidentally killed, and "I," says the boy, "immediately mounted on great horse and, taking such followers as were at hand, set out to secure my throne." He succeeded in holding it, nearly lost it by trusting a traitor who was "the best player at leapfrog he had ever seen" and actually lost it by grasping at the possession of Samarkand. Then came two years of wandering. Then he got Ferghana again and lost it a second time by trying to make his Mongol soldiers restore their loot to the peasantry. And all this before he was seventeen! Thirty-two years later he died of the last scene being the most striking of all—His darling son Humayun was desperately ill. Only some great sacrifice could save him, said the doctor. He entered the chamber, walked round the bed three times, saying, "On me be thy suffering," and a few days afterward died.—London Spectator.

The Dogskin Wouldn't Go Round. Hungry swarms with barristers. It is the greatest ambition of the Hungarian peasant to make one of his sons an advocate.

The son of a small farmer in the neighborhood of Budapest was sent by his father to the law school of that town, but after from lack of parts or the necessary application he was plucked in the qualifying examination.

Not daring to return to the paternal abode empty handed after all the money that had been spent on his education, he conceived and executed the plan of forging a legal diploma. The father was not, however, so ignorant as not to be aware that such diplomas are always written on parchment—kutya-ber (dogskin)—in Hungary.

"Why is your certificate not made out on kutya-ber?" asked the old man.

"The fact is, father," coolly replied the youth, "there are more barristers than dogs in Hungary, and so there is not enough kutya-ber to make diplomas for us all."—London Answers.

Gam's Dry Humor. When the gallant Welsh captain David Gam was sent forward by Henry V. to reconnoiter the French army before the battle of Agincourt he found that the enemy outnumbered the English by about five to one. His report to the king is historic:

"There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners and enough to run away."

This quaint forecast of the result of the battle at once spread through the camp, and doubtless every yeoman archer of the valiant company felt a twitch taller. We know that it was almost literally justified by the event. "Poor Gam's dry humor" was equalled by his courage. He was killed while in the act of saving the life of his prince.—London Standard.

## One of the Lucky Ones.

A lady of title, an ardent motorist, is very unfortunate in the matter of spills. The other day, by no means for the first time, an engineer came to do various repairs to the motor.

The little girl of the house watched and then remarked:

"I think mamma's very unlucky with her motor, don't you?"

"Unlucky, did ye say?" replied the mechanic. "Why, no; not particularly unlucky. Her ladyship's alive, ain't she?"

"Yes, of course she is," said the girl. "Well," was the rejoinder, with an expressive shake of the head, "lots of our customers ain't."

## His Plausible Excuse.

Magistrate—This affair looks to me more like a common dog fight than a case of assault and battery. You claim that this man assaulted you and that you did not even try to defend yourself, yet he bears the marks of your teeth in three places. How do you account for that?

Plaintiff—Well, it was just like this. He hurt me so when he was a pounder of me that I had to have sumthin' ter bite on, or I couldn't 'a stood it.—Los Angeles Times.

## East Indian Proverbs.

An old English proverb: "Cut your coat according to your cloth." The following is a similar proverb in India: "Look at your bed before stretching your legs on it." "Don't ask for sauce in a free boarding house," is another Indian proverb which is something like the English proverb, "Beggars must not be choosers."

## A Person of Note.

Colonel White—Your son is quite a singer, isn't he, Busenbark? Brother Busenbark—Yassah! Yassah! 'Bleeged to yo' for axin'. Dat boy, sab, an' suttingly do most malodorous cullud pussion in dis whole town.—Puck.

## Sleepless.

Blobbs—Why don't you consult a doctor about your insomnia? Slobbs—What! And run up more bills? Why, it's because of what I owe him now that I can't sleep.

## Wanted Full Credit.

"Now, my little man, you are accused of striking another boy and knocking out one of his teeth."

"Scuse me, judge, two of his teeth."—Life.

## When He Enjoys Home.

"Does your husband enjoy his home?"

"Yes—whenever I want him to take me to the theater."—Cleveland Leader.

## Venezuela received its name from the early Spanish residents, who saw in it a resemblance to Venice.

## Notice

To Whom It May Concern—Notice is hereby given that the Court of C. P. of Montour Co., on the 11th day of Jan., 1909, granted a rule to show cause why the said Court should not enter a decree changing the name of Ralph Walter Diehl to Ralph Beaver Diehl.

Said rule returned April 12, 1909, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

THOS. G. VINCENT, Proth. Ralph Kinner, Att. 48

# LOCAL OPTION GETS DEFEAT

HARRISBURG, March 10. The Fair local option bill was defeated on second reading last evening by the house of representatives, 66 to 137, a majority against the measure of seventy-one. Last night's defeat came at the conclusion of a three-hour debate, which would have lasted considerably longer had not the members, tired and impatient, howled down the men who tried to talk after 10:30 o'clock; in this process of elimination the visitors, whose name was legion, assisted materially.

## WILL NOT RECONSIDER IT.

The defeat is decisive. R. Willis Fair, of Westmoreland, who fathered the bill after it had been drafted by the Anti-Saloon league, said after adjournment that no attempt will be made to reconsider the vote by which it was defeated. It is known, however, that the Anti-Saloon league will immediately form its lines of battle for the primaries and general election next year. The vote of sixty-six in favor of the bill last night was thirty votes less than were cast in 1907 to place the Craven bill on the calendar, when only eight yeas were needed. The difference is accounted for largely by the fact that many members of the house of 1907 are not members of the