

Montour American

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

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MAIL ORDER

OCTOPUS AT WORK

Hints and echoes of the vastness of the mail order business of the country are frequently heard, but definite figures have nearly always been lacking. For the first time in some years figures have been disclosed concerning the mailings of the largest Chicago mail order house. This concern, which is by no means the only mail order concern in Chicago, began to mail its spring catalogues on March 15, and that mail was as much greater than the mailing of any ordinary concern as a skyscraper is bigger than a log hut.

Six million catalogues weighing two ounces each were shipped. The total weight was 450 tons. It required mail sacks alone to the extent of sixty-five tons to hold them. If they had been forwarded in one lot, thirty full length cars would have been required. However, four-fifths of the sacks required no handling except to put them off the train at their proper place. This mailing broke not only all Chicago post office records, and they are something to break, but broke also most other postoffice records in the country, it is claimed. Recently the same firm mailed in one lot 3,800,000 catalogues, or 385 tons.

This mailing is that of one Chicago mail order house. It does not include the enormous mailings of the other mail order concerns, which in the aggregate are much greater than those of the largest concern's figures. A prominent advertising man recently estimated from pretty accurate knowledge that each year \$110,000,000 worth of merchandise was bought from Chicago concerns by mail. On a very conservative estimate of the number of people who buy this merchandise the figures reach 2,300,000 families.

On good authority it is stated that every family in Iowa has a mail order house catalogue. The amount of business done by mail order houses can be gauged by the fact that the greatest of mail order houses alone does about \$8,000,000 worth of business per month. Their catalogue is 1,400 or 1,500 pages in size, and each one of the millions of catalogues mailed costs mailed costs about 25 cents in stamps to send out. Nearly 8,000 people are employed on a twenty-acre plant filling orders, and seventy-five special catalogues and fifteen sample books are got out each season.

It Was a Boy!

There was no booth in the corner drug store. The young man at the telephone, therefore, could be heard by all the customers ranged about the soda water fountain. His face beamed as he talked.

"Everything is all right," he was saying.

"Ma'am?"

"Yes'm. Eleven pounds. Beautiful boy. Like me, they say."

"Ma'am?"

"Yes'm. Resting quietly. Would have sent for you, but thought it best not to. Didn't want to worry you."

"Ma'am?"

"Yes'm. I'll attend to all that."

"Ma'am?"

"Yes'm. I'll tell her you're coming down right away. Beautiful boy."

"Ma'am?"

"Yes'm. Eleven pounds and looks just like me."

He rang off and walked proudly out of the drug store apparently oblivious of the smiling countenances of his interested listeners ranged around the soda fountain.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Meant Her Invitation.

Mrs. Simmons, who had been spending the day with Mrs. Mayes, was preparing to go home. Susie, who had been very troublesome all day, begged her earnestly to stay to supper.

"Why, dearie," said Mrs. Simmons, "I did not know you were so fond of me."

"It isn't that, Mitheth Thimmonth," said Susie honestly. "Mother thar th'inkin' goin' to give me a good, thoud th'witin' at th' thoon ath you go home."—Delinestor.

The Law of Gravitation.

In 1609—seventy-seven years before the publication of Newton's "Principia"—Shakespeare in the play of "Troilus and Cressida," act 4, scene 2, makes one of his characters say: "Do to this body what extremity you can. But the strong base and building of my love is as the very center of the earth. Drawing all things to it."

"This would seem to look very like the announcement of the law of gravitation, and yet nothing can possibly be truer than the fact that the great poet did not in any substantial sense anticipate the philosopher. Between Shakespeare's fancy and the scientific triumph of Newton there is an infinite difference."—New York American.

Too Literal.

"Well, yes," said old Uncle Lazzarberry, who was intimately acquainted with most of the happenances of the village, "Almira Stang has broken off her engagement with Charles Henry Trotwell. They'd be goin' together for about eight years, durin' which time she had been inculcatin' into him, as you might call it, the beauties of economy. But when she discovered just lately that he had learnt his lesson so well that he had saved up 217 pairs of socks for her to darn immediately after the wedding she perceived to conclude that he had taken her advice a little too literally and broke off the match."—Puck.

STREET REPAIRS

UNDER WAY

The borough council has authorized a system of street repairs, more extensive in its scope than has been undertaken in Danville in many years, including practically every street recently not improved with the exception of East Market and East Front streets, for which paving is contemplated.

Forty two car loads of crushed limestone have been ordered from the Silver Springs Quarry company. Two car loads of material arrived Saturday morning and work on the repairs have already begun.

The forty car loads of crushed limestone ordered and not yet shipped would constitute a good sized train if brought to Danville all at one time, but it will be shipped only at intervals of greater or less length, just as it can be taken care of on the streets, where it will be delivered directly from the car.

P. J. Keefe, who as street commissioner, has charge of the work, Saturday stated that as many hands would be employed on the streets as could be put to advantage and that the repairs would be pushed to completion without any loss of time.

The repairs Saturday morning began on Ferry street at the D. L. & W. railroad crossing. The section between that point and East Mahoning street will be completed first. Simultaneously a crew will be put on Church street repairing that thoroughfare between the D. L. & W. crossing and East Mahoning street. Fortunately on these streets as on many other thoroughfares of town no excavation will be required to make a good job of the macadam, owing to the fact that the road bed was originally constructed of cinder and that a solid foundation exists.

When Ferry and Church streets are completed the other streets will be taken up in their order that were authorized by council Friday night, namely, Mahoning street, Factory street, Ash, Vine and Chambers street, Railroad street between Front street and the canal and the alley leading from Bloom street to Spring street.

When the above improvements are completed the streets of town, with the exception of East Market and East Front streets, will be in very good condition. Whether the paving of the two last named streets, so long an unrealized dream, will become possible during the next six months it is probably a little too early to predict.

"You can talk about your Clarksons, your Rusies, your Radbourns and your Mathewsons," says Manager Clarke Griffith of the Cincinnati Nationals, "but when it comes down to real figures, the greatest pitcher that ever lived is Cy Young, who was turned over to Cleveland recently by the Boston club."

"Just think of it, that old boy will be forty-two years of age on March 29, has been pitching in fast company for nineteen years, and is just as clever in fooling batsmen now as ever he was."

STRANGE STORY RELATING TO HISTORY OF MONTOUR CO. FAMILY

A strange story relating to the history of an old and prominent family of Montour county has found its way east from Kalamazoo, Michigan. It recalls the sudden disappearance of Jacob Rishel from his home near Kalamazoo, who moved west from Montour county in the early 60's and cleared up at least to some degree the mystery in which his disappearance for thirty years was enshrouded.

Jacob Rishel, the subject of this story, was a son of Solomon Rishel and was born in Mahoning township on the farm just east of Danville now owned by Dr. Panes. He grew to manhood on the homestead farm and prepared to settle down to the life of a farmer when he was suddenly seized with the desire to move to Michigan.

All this was many years ago. When he moved west he was already married, the maiden name of his wife being Mary Heimbach, whose home was on the farm in Cooper township now owned by Prothonotary Thomas G. Vincent. There was one child in the family.

Jacob Rishel had five brothers, who remained behind in Montour county: Washington, Ephraim, David, Peter and William Rishel. He had also two sisters, Mrs. Jacob Hartzell, who remained in this section, and Mrs. Jonas Mowrey, who removed to Three Rivers, Michigan. At the present all are dead with the exception of Mrs. Mowrey.

Jacob Rishel bought land in Brady township, near Vicksburg, Michigan. His family increased and he prospered. Eleven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Rishel; the family was accounted among the well-to-do people of the community.

In 1877 Mrs. Rishel died. The care of the farm house was left to the daughters—of whom there were eight—and the care of the farm to the three sons, while the father worked at the Vicksburg grist mill as a carpenter.

During the winter of 1879 the relatives and friends of Jacob Rishel in Montour county were pained to learn that on the 15th of January of that year he had suddenly dropped out of sight. His disappearance was most unaccountable.

The State of Michigan was aroused over the disappearance and every effort was put forth to locate the man, but without avail. Finally the conviction became general that the man was dead. Some thought that he had fallen a victim to foul play, while others adhered to the belief that, alone he had undertaken to walk across the ice when he suddenly broke through and was swallowed up.

The years went by. Breaks in the little group by death or marriage came one by one, and soon the family was scattered broadcast. No one entertained the least doubt but that he was dead and estates in Montour county were closed without his being called upon to be present.

While suffering from these ailments on several occasions the girl fell into a trance becoming clairvoyant. On awaking on each occasion she told of the strange visions she had beheld, often describing accurately things that she was supposed to have no knowledge of, so that finally the family could not doubt but that while in a trance she had the power of discerning things not present to the senses.

Finally, after Jacob Rishel had been missing twenty four years, and all hope of ever seeing him alive had been abandoned, Mary Kidder on awaking from one of her trances amazed her parents by telling them that she had seen her grandfather and that he was alive. She had been carried, she said, to a hamlet in the mountains of California and there had seen her grandfather, Jacob Rishel. He was standing among piles of boxes and was ready to move from that region. The girl had never seen the grandfather in the flesh and had only heard of him in a casual way.

After this strange revelation hope was rekindled in the bosoms of the Kidder family; all others, however, remained firm in the conviction that the man was dead.

There were still many years of waiting; then less than three weeks ago, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, came the positive information that Jacob Rishel was alive. A letter from the missing man, now 83 years of age, addressed to Brady township fell into the hands of Jacob Rishel, one of the sons who had continued to reside near Vicksburg. The old man stated that he was fast losing his eyesight and that he longed to return to his old home. He was living at Delta, Cal. He had removed from California about the time that he was seen by Mary Kidder in a vision, surrounded by a pile of boxes ready to move.

As soon as Jacob Rishel received the letter from his father he left for Delta, Cal. It was now believed that the great mystery would be cleared up—that the cause of Jacob Rishel's disappearance would be made known and that light would be thrown on his subsequent career. But alas, no sooner had the son stepped from the train at Delta than he was informed by a resident that the elder Rishel was dead—that he had died only fifteen minutes before the train's arrival.

The day before he was assisting to remove some furniture preparatory to returning to Vicksburg with his son when he slipped on the stairs and fell heavily to the floor. The shock proved fatal. Thus the mystery will never be cleared.

The son found that the father was living in good circumstances. His former thrift had followed him and he had a nice bank account. He had changed but little in appearance and the son, who was young when the father left home, easily recognized him from photographs. The body was shipped to Michigan and the funeral was held from the old home at Vicksburg on Sunday, March 28th.

Former County Commissioner Geo. M. Leighton, whose wife is a first cousin of the man whose strangely disappeared, yesterday stated that he was an intimate friend and associate of Jacob Rishel, before the latter removed to Michigan and that in the year of his departure the two were working together all winter.

"Look at a paralytic if you think wrinkles incurable," said a beauty doctor. "On the side he is paralyzed all his wrinkles disappear. Though he be sixty or seventy, his profile on that side is the profile of a youth. So the paralytic shows us how to cure our wrinkles—namely, by keeping our facial muscles still. If we keep our faces in perfect repose, never laughing when the comedian sings his best song, never weeping when wife or sweetheart ever, the skin wouldn't wrinkle if it were not exposed. The skin of the body is much disturbed by action of the muscles underneath—as at the knee, for instance—yet this unexpressed skin never wrinkles. Not being exposed to the bad influence of sun and wind, it has not lost the oil and the elasticity of childhood. And that's where I come in with my creams and unguents and massages."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

FEATS OF STRENGTH.

A Blacksmith Who Fairly Outdid Augustus the Strong.

Not all the world's strong men have been performers on the public stage. Indeed, instances might be multiplied in which the feats of professionals have been equaled or excelled.

Charles Louvier, a carpenter of Paris, found it child's play to roll a tin basin between his fingers into a cylinder. On one occasion he carried off a soldier on guard who had gone to sleep in the sentry box and deposited both the box and the soldier on a low churchyard wall near by.

Another man who sometimes found his great strength a source of amusement was a Danish locksmith, Knut Knudsen. While standing in a window on the ground floor he lifted with one hand half a bullock from the shoulder of a butcher who was tolling past with his load.

Augustus the Strong, the elector of Saxony, once entered a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod. To show his suit how strong he was he picked up several horseshoes and broke one after the other, asking the blacksmith as he did so if he had no better. When it came to paying the bill the elector threw a silver piece on the anvil. It was a very thick coin. The blacksmith took it up and broke it in half, saying: "Pardon me, but I have given you a good horseshoe, and I expect a good coin in return." Another piece was offered him. He broke that and five or six others. Then he humiliated the elector and his retinue, saying: "The others were probably made of bad metal, but this gold piece is good. I hope."

An Italian, Luigi Bertini of Milan, performed a similar feat. Besides horseshoes, he broke nails a finger thick.

The Duke of Gramont, the minister of Napoleon III, frequently astonished the women at court by bending a twenty franc piece in his hand.—New York Tribune.

Queer Life in Johannesburg. Here is an amusing description of queer life in a Johannesburg residential block: "Nearly every one has one room, and into this you cram nearly all your worldly possessions and learn all kinds of vanishing tricks and juggling feats, such as having a combination bed and piano, using your washing stand for your writing table and converting your hip bath by day with rugs and cushions into an armchair. In this abode of bliss you receive your friends, male and female, and, if the gentleman, sitting himself rashly on the bed-sofa, vanishes into the piano or the lady throws herself wearily into the hip bath armchair and it falls off the packing case with her inside. No one will turn a hair. You will invite them to lunch or tea or dinner which ever is approaching, and the gentleman will offer to go and buy chops or kippers and fetch the milk and when he returns will help you cook, and you'll sit together and eat it on the washing stand, which also does duty as a dinner table on such occasions."—London Standard.

The Chief Justice. "There are very few people who know the proper designation of the man who presides over the supreme court," said the secretary of the senate.

"Generally he is referred to as the chief justice of the United States supreme court. In fact, he is the chief justice. That's his official title. Most of our presidents in nominating men for this office have fallen into the error of giving him the long title. When George Washington nominated Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut for this post he described it as chief justice of the supreme court of the United States. Andrew Jackson made the same error in nominating Richard B. Taney. So did Abraham Lincoln when he appointed Salmon P. Chase. Grover Cleveland was the first president to give the correct designation. When he appointed Melville W. Fuller he nominated him to be chief justice, and nothing else. Future nominations will be framed in this fashion."—Catholic News.

Sowing For Them. As a countryman was sowing his ground two smart fellows were riding that way, and one of them called to him with an insolent air. "Well, honest fellow," said he, "thy year business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor," to which the countryman replied, "Thy very like you may, for I am sowing them here."—Catholic News.

Auditor's Notice. In the Orphans' Court of Montour County. In the Estate of William Taylor, late of Liberty township, Montour County, dec'd.

The undersigned, appointed auditor of the Orphans' Court of Montour County; in the matter of the First and Final Account of Henry Vincent, Administrator of the Estate of William Taylor, late of Liberty township, County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania; deceased; to make distribution of the balance in the hands of said Accountant, to and among the parties legally entitled thereto; will meet all parties for the purpose of his appointment, at his office on Mill Street, in the Borough of Danville, on Wednesday, May 6th, 1909, at 10 o'clock, A. M.; when and where all persons having any claim upon said fund must present the same or be forever barred from coming in upon the same.

Notice. APPLICATION FOR DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION. All persons interested will take notice that application has been made to the Court of Common Pleas of Montour County by John H. Gosier Company, a corporation duly chartered under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania; setting forth that, at a meeting of the stockholders duly convened, it was unanimously resolved to petition the said Court for a dissolution of the corporation; and praying the Court for a decree to dissolve the corporation.

WHEREUPON March 20, 1909, the Court directed Notice to be given, notifying all concerned that, unless cause be shown, a decree will be made in accordance with the prayer of the Petition on April 14, 1909, at 10:00 o'clock A. M. All persons interested will govern themselves accordingly. THOMAS G. VINCENT, Prothonotary. Danville, Pa., March 20, 1909.

CELEBRATING THE PASSOVER

One of the most unique of all Jewish holidays began Monday evening to continue for a period of eight days. Pesach is the Hebrew name, and Passover is the English translation. Nissan 15, is the 6th, which is really the first day of this holiday, but according to Jewish law, all holidays begin at sunset the day before.

Passover is the Jewish Fourth of July, the first festival of liberty, the commemoration of the original declaration of independence antedating the American declaration by thousands of years. The Jews were slaves in Egypt and in the midst of their greatest persecutions by their taskmasters of Egypt, arose Moses, the prototype of Washington, and struck a blow for liberty which converted a nation of bondmen into a nation of freemen, and laid the foundation for what was then the most powerful nation on earth. The old testament relates the story of the events which led up to the liberation of Israel. It tells of the death of all the first-born males among the Egyptians, of the swift trip of the angel of death, with his gleaming sword, killing all the firstborn among the Egyptians, and "passing over" the homes inhabited by the Israelites, which gave the holiday the name of Passover. Then followed the hasty departure out of the land of Egypt and the crossing of the Red Sea.

One of the interesting features of the observance of this holiday is that a day of fasting precedes the Passover holiday. The firstborn boy of every family only is compelled to fast on that day, because the angel of death, during those stirring times in the land of Egypt, spared the first born among the Israelites, and took from earth the first born among the oppressors.

Another interesting feature of the Passover is the celebration of the Seder, the first two nights of the holiday, which this year were observed Monday and Tuesday even. The family comprising each Jewish household is seated about the table, and each must, according to rabbinical law, drink, or sip, from a certain number of glasses or cups of wine. One large glass, the largest and best in the household, is filled to the brim with Passover wine, and in the center of the table awaits the coming of Elijah, the prophet, who according to Hebrew tradition, never died, but ascended to heaven in a chariot of fire. This prophet is supposed to visit every Jewish household during Seder night.

The matzo, or unleavened bread, is eaten in commemoration of the exodus from Egypt, when the Israelites, in their haste to leave the land of oppression, had no time to use leaven for the bread. Orthodox Jews discard all dishes and other kitchen utensils that are used during the year, and use a special set complete in every detail, for those eight days only. Certain food products may not be eaten at all during Passover, and other things must be specially prepared, and bear the seal that it is not "chometz," or unfit for Pesach use.

They Had Will Power. I was sitting one morning in a quiet corner at Monte Carlo when two elderly men sat down beside me. One was evidently a Scotchman, and the other, I gathered, was from Yorkshire. The former remarked, "I have just managed it." This, I discovered, meant a win of 20 francs. Their daily routine was to appear at the same roulette table at an early hour and play the lowest stake of 5 francs on even chances—that is, on black or red or on the odd or even numbers. They would lose and win and win and lose, but they remained calm and self contained and persevered until they had each 20 francs to the good. I observed them daily. Some mornings they scooped in the amount in twenty minutes, and at other times it was a tough struggle until luncheon time before they managed it. I never saw them fail once, and I learned that they had pursued the same plan for four months. One thing was clear—nothing could tempt them to go beyond the modest stake, and they had the will to stop when they won the stipulated amount. It was really one of the best illustrations of will power I have ever seen, for few, indeed, who enter the portals of the casino are able to resist the compelling atmosphere of the tables to play on if losing and to plunge if winning.—Chambers' Journal.

The Origin of the Periwig. The periwig, which played so important a part in the toilet of a man of fashion during part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, owed its origin to Louis XIV, of France. When a little boy (he succeeded to the throne at five years of age) he possessed a profusion of remarkably beautiful waving hair which fell in clustering curls over his shoulders. The courtiers imitated the boy king by having heads of false hair to imitate his natural locks, and when Louis grew up he adopted the periwig himself.

During the reign of William and Mary periwigs were worn in exaggerated dimensions, and the beaux used to comb their wigs in public with special combs of ivory and tortoise shell, which became at last quite indispensable to these fine gentlemen.

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 Winter Diehl to Ralph Beaver Diehl.

Said rule returnable April 12, 1909, at 10 o'clock, A. M. THOS. G. VINCENT, Proth. Ralph Kiser, Att'y. AS

A Wheat Hospital.

"This wheat has been through the hospital," said a miller. "I can tell by the fine polish on the grains. Wheat that has been through the hospital for smut disease comes out better than well wheat."

The wheat grains, in truth, shone so that one could almost see one's face in them. "You can see your face in them, can't you?" said the miller. "And no wonder. They've been through drastic treatment—drastic. Smut is a nasty disease, a kind of mold, that changes the starch and gluten in wheat to a black powder. When you see flour full of black specks it is a sign that some of the wheat was smutted. The cure is first to wash the wheat thoroughly. Then you dry it. Then you scour it. Then you dry it again. Finally you brush it. Wheat hospitals—they are found in most grain elevators nowadays—have big machines for washing, drying, scouring and brushing the grain, and wheat on its very last legs comes out of those infirmaries as spruce and blooming as a football girl."—Buffalo Express.

An Astrologer's Letter. An astrologer's letter to President Van Buren forecasting the results of his election in 1840 is in the library of congress and perhaps gives a crude idea of some of the fallacies of our grandfathers. The following are some extracts: "In this horoscope the ascendant directed to the semiquare of Mars would be in operation about the middle of the fourth year, October, 1785, and might cause sickness, flux or hurt by wounds," etc. "I have opened the horoscope for General Harrison, which accords with the chief events of his past life and which if right he will not fill the office of president during the next term even if elected. And the danger I apprehend to yourself is not from your public opponents, but from those on whom you repose confidence." Those who are superstitious may be inclined to credit this star gazer with some measure of wisdom, for Harrison, although elected, died a month after his inauguration.—New York Post.

Why Our Railroads Are Narrow Gauge. Why are all railroads built on the standard gauge of four feet eight and one-half inches? The makers of the first locomotives thought only of putting their machines upon the tramways already in existence, and from that followed a very interesting and curious result. These tram lines naturally had exactly the width prescribed by the strength of one horse. By mere inertia the horse cart gauge established itself in the world, and everywhere the train is dwarfed to a scale that limits alike its comfort, power and speed. Because there is so much capital engaged and because of the dead power of custom it is doubtful if there will ever be any change in this gauge. Still, it might be worse. If the biggest horses had been Shetland ponies our railway carriages now would only be wide enough to hold two persons side by side and would have a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour. There is hardly a reason aside from this antiquated horse why the railway coach should not be nine or ten feet wide—that is, the width of the smallest room in which people can live in comfort and furnished with all the equipment of comfortable chambers.—Atlantic.

Prediction About Taft. Don't look for any more strenuous from the White House. Fat men are not inclined to great exertion. There will be no more setting patterns of horseback riding for government officials.—Hastings (Mich) Journal.

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