

Montour American

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.
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ACQUAINTED WITH CANNON

Emerson Keim, son of John Keim of the south side, who has just returned from Honduras, Central America, where he is engaged in gold mining, states that he was well acquainted with Cannon, the young man from Harrisburg, who was shot by order of President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, whose arbitrary acts for awhile threatened to embroil that country in war with the United States.

Mr. Keim says Cannon was a fine fellow, very fond of adventure, and had succeeded in amassing considerable property in Nicaragua. Among his possessions was a gold mine, for which only a few months ago he refused \$200,000. He was an intellectual fellow of refined tastes; he was fond of frequenting the parks in the evenings and it was there that Mr. Keim first met him.

Although Mr. Keim experimentally knows little of Nicaragua, yet he is more or less familiar with conditions there, as they closely resemble those in Honduras, where he is located. In the latter country everything is peaceful, there being no hint of any dissatisfaction among the classes that generally breed insurrections.

The inhabitants are principally of the Indian or aboriginal type and large numbers who live among the mountains still conform to aboriginal modes of life. They are kind in disposition, peace loving and generous. Another class is composed of the descendants of the early Spanish settlers, who, along with Americans that have drifted into the country, transact about all the business that is done. Still another class is composed of a mixture of Spanish and Indian, which is treacherous to a degree and which is responsible for the numerous revolutions that occur.

Mr. Keim spent some time prospecting in Honduras. At the present he represents an English mining company that has taken over a large gold mine there. He expects to return to that country in a couple of weeks.

He says that there are excellent business opportunities in Honduras. Banana growing is a profitable industry. Three thousand dollars will purchase a banana plantation, which will yield an annual profit of several thousand dollars. The day of prospecting, he says, is over in Honduras. The best source at present is to get possession of some mine, whether in operation or not, which is known to yield ore. On the whole silver is probably more abundant than gold. Many of the mines are abandoned.

Teguicigalpa is an old and quaint town on the western coast. A ride up Urua river in one of the light steamers that ply upon it is described as most interesting. It is possible to navigate the stream for some eighty miles. The shores of the tributaries are lined with gold washings. Alligators are found in all the rivers and lagoons.

Marriage in Picardy.
A Picardy custom, founded on a broad basis of common sense as well as the idea of complete partnership, is that which puts a new bride through a kind of examination in the trade of her husband. It may, of course, have become something of a burlesque, and the bride may purposely show less dexterity than she used. Still, the consideration of the wife as a helpmate is very clearly shown in the performance. If the young wife's husband be a farmer, she will be asked to harness a horse and cart and to harrow a small piece of land. If her choice has fallen on an ironworker, she must hammer a piece of iron; if on a miller, she must measure out wheat from a basket at the church door; if on a smith, she is supposed to be able to strike the anvil; if on a sailor, she has to clean and mend some netting, and so on with the other occupations. Evidently the keeping of an idle wife is not understood in Picardy.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

His Failing. His retort—"You are besite yourself," he retorted laughing.

She gave a shrill, unpleasant laugh.—"Sing double again, eh?" she cried.—New York Press.

Foresight is very wise, but foresorrow is very foolish, and castles are at any rate better than dungeons in the air.—Sir John Lubbock.

Truth in Jest.
According to historical tradition, the conquest of Finland was foretold in jest that soon became earnest by its conqueror, Peter the Great, to his sister, Catherine.

Balakireff had vexed the czar by too impudent a joke and had been summarily banished with the menacing injunction never to appear on Russian soil again. He disappeared discreetly, but one day not long after, saw his unmistakable figure and quizzical countenance joggling comfortably by, perched in a country cart. Impulsively he ran down to him and demanded to know why he had disobeyed.

"I haven't disobeyed you," was the answer. "I am not on Russian soil now."

"Not on Russian soil?"

"No. This cart load of earth that I'm sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it in Finland only the other day."

Peter laughed, but he said, "If Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian soil before long!" And he made good his words.

THE COLDEST WEATHER

The rain Tuesday in this immediate vicinity, at least, did not relieve the drought to any appreciable extent.

The rain sank into the thirsty earth as fast as it fell and while it thus oozed the wheat it did not replenish the streams.

The rain was followed with a drop in temperature which threatens to freeze the small streams, cutting off the only available water supply, thus in some sections bringing about the very conditions that have been so much dreaded. It would have required a much heavier and more prolonged rain to swell the streams and store up in the earth a reservoir of water sufficient to insure an un failing supply during the winter.

Mercury stood at 30 degrees yesterday morning. It grew colder during the day. At 4 p. m. the thermometer registered 24 degrees. Mercury fell considerably lower during the night. The ground was frozen hard yesterday and ice was making its appearance. It was the first taste of real winter.

Blind Man a Murderer.
Supreme Court Justice McInture of Paterson, N. J., sentenced William Fasson, a negro, to thirty years in the state prison for killing Charles Hummel, a white man, and ten years for killing Bob Ferguson, a colored man, the terms to run separately.

The court had accepted in each case a plea of non vult to murder in the second degree, and the penalty for killing the white man is the limit under the law for second degree murder. Fasson is known as "the devil." Although blind, he had been for a long time a terror among the negroes. The night of the double murder he entered a saloon on Paterson street, asked for a drink and when it was refused pulled out two pistols and began firing at random. Hummel was killed instantly and Ferguson, who accompanied Fasson, fell with a fatal wound.

The Value of His Time.
Young physicians in the smaller towns have an idea that appearing very busy will help them greatly in starting a practice. The following was told by an ex-ecutor, Dr. Godfrey Hunter of Kentucky. Dr. Hunter had a call the afternoon following the hanging out of his "shingle" and started through town in his buggy at terrific speed. A policeman stopped the enterprising physician.

"Doctor," he said, "it is against the city ordinance to drive at the speed you are going. You must accompany me to the judge and pay your fine."

"What is the fine?" inquired the doctor.

"Five dollars."

The doctor's hand flew to his pocket. "Here's \$10. I have to come back just as fast as I am going."—Success Magazine.

Up, Up, Up.
[The tendency is upward.—Financial Report.]

UP goes milk, and UP goes silk.
UP goes all that's fit for wearing.
UP goes lamb and beef and ham.
UP go words that sound like swearing.
UP goes coal, and on my soul,
UP go thoughts as cruel as Nero.
UP go lanes, breast, sugar, sand.
DOWN goes cash in hand to zero.
—New York Herald.

A Smokeless Navy.
[Rear Admiral Schroeder would stop the smoking of cigarettes by enlisted men.]

No more the young apprentice may consume within his bunk
The weed that smells like burning hay.
No more the public thrust
For strict paternalism's chief
Scents danger in the breeze
That brings the smell of cabbage leaf
Cross seventy-seven seas.

But, mark you, not a word they say
To put the ban of law
Upon the pipe of blackened clay
Or the exuding claw.
Jack, is another scandal now
In the public thrust
Would rulers of the sea endow
The pipe tobacco trust?

No; the reform that seems so rude
From progress has been born.
Old ways, old sailors, both were crude
Goody to things overborn.
No powder pail now marks our frays
The moral fits tobacco,
For in these smokeless powder days
We want the smokeless jawer.
—John O'Keefe in New York World.

Wounded Dignity.
Undersized young husband calls at the registrar's to give in the name of his firstborn.
Registrar—What is it you want?
Husband—To report the birth of a son.
Registrar—Go back, my little man, and tell your father he'll have to come himself.—Liverpool Mercury.

An Ingenious Interview.
An officer once asked Frederick the Great for an interview, which was granted on condition that he only said two words. He presented a petition. "Sir," he said, "sign!" Frederick, highly amused, surrendered.

Keep Out of Debt.
My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, "Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven, but don't borrow. Don't buy things you can't pay for!"—John Ruskin.

Tippec.
"Doesn't this boat tip a great deal?" asked a timid young woman of the steward.

"The vessel, ma'am," said the steward, "is trying to set a good example to the passengers."

An Attraction.
Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transcript to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church? Mrs. Perry—Well, she wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.

How She Did It.
"So she refused you?"
"That the impression I received."
"Didn't she actually say no?"
"No, she didn't. All she said was 'Ha, ha, ha!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sleepy Sermons.
"Some men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber."

Wade not in unknown waters.—German Proverb.

MADE GOOD WIFE'S DEFLCATION

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Dec. 8.

The whereabouts of Mrs. Mabel Campbell, the defaulting postmistress of the village of Cammal, Lycoming county, whose accounts were found to be \$1100 short and who was believed to have perished in the mountains while hiding to escape arrest, were disclosed yesterday by her husband, Truman Campbell, who has sold his belongings to square his wife's accounts. He has had two letters from her, both being postmarked Elmira, N. Y., and last night Mr. Campbell, who is 63 years old, wrote to her to come back. The old man now tells the whole story.

After waking her mother and two brothers, who were burned, Myrtle Johnson, aged 5, was burned to death at Rodgers' Mills, near Conneville, when their home was on fire.

Because he is alleged to have testified in two different ways in damage suits against the Lehigh Valley Coal company, Judge Bramm held Anthony Soden, of Mahanoy City, on the charge of perjury.

Israel Vichin, aged 5, of Philadelphia, is a prodigy piano player. His ability is of the most sensational character, he being able to play such selections as "Faust," "Carmen," "Rigoletto," etc. He began playing when he was but 3½ years old.

Merle Albert admitted in court at Butler that he had robbed a half dozen boarding houses in order to get money to marry the girl he loved and threw himself on the mercy of the court. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He returned much of the staff he had taken. His wife was in court and declared that she would stand true to him.

In order to prove that eggs he sold to Mrs. Mary Olmsky were not bad, as she was trying to show before a Wilkes-Barre alderman, Dominik Sarvo was ordered to eat the remaining twelve of the eighteen eggs left. His brother-in-law offered to help and the two men ate the eggs with evident relish. The alderman then dismissed the man saying that if the eggs were fresh the fellow is innocent and if they were bad the eating of them would cause trouble enough.

Arthur Heisey who acted as assistant postmaster at Rheems, near Lancaster, was arrested for intercepting the delivery of official mail. His grand father is the postmaster and the fellow is alleged to have heard that the old man was to lose his position and Ferris M. Kraybill was to be appointed in his place. Kraybill's letters, informing him of his appointment, are said to have been kept from him and Heisey has confessed to the crimes, according to dispatches.

DUTCH SPORTS.

Holland the Land of Sleighing, Sledging and Skating.

Probably no other boys and girls had better times than the Dutch boys and girls in old and new Netherlands. Holland, says W. E. Griffis in his book, "The Story of New Netherland," is the land of skates and sleighs. Children and young people hardly learn to skate; they begu it naturally and keep it up all their lives. Whether for fun or in parties or to go to the market, for church, to weddings or funerals, they move by rapid transit on steel. A pair of skates is a passport to comradeship.

Every habit and each trick known on Holland canals or ponds was reproduced on the Mohawk and Hudson. There was the iceboat or sailboat on runners, sometimes reduced for swift-ness to a long plank with crosspieces for seats and with skates iron. Equipped with mast, canvas and some courage, it seemed to race with the wind itself.

As for coasting, wherever flat Holland could show a hill or slope of Friesland furnished a top or artificial mound there were the boys and girls at fun. On the icy lard or lass sat a hand sleigh, while husband or swain pushed as he skated.

All this shows the reason why Newburg-on-the-Hudson and Albany and the hills of Dorp are so famous for coasting and the North river for ice yachts and why from the first generation of settlers the Dutch-American towns were noted for sledding, sleighing and skating.

The Fascination of Corn Cutting.
Corn cutting always has a fascination for me. I like to see the farmer grip the tall stalks with a stout hand and, deftly holding them, clip them with a quick stroke of a knife. Around the bundle when it is gathered he twists a slimmer stalk and tucks the ends tightly under. It is a tidy art, for a twist may lock just the inch that holds the bundle. The farmer's work defness of hands, and so it is a good school, for it makes the brains and the hands work together. The boy who follows with a fork should be able to lift the bundle and build a stook that will resist the wind. When the huskers come every ear should have been kept well up from the ground and the stalks so well ventilated that there is no smell of milder.—E. P. Powell in Outing Magazine.

Famous Cedars.
The famous cedars of Lebanon also grow in India and Algeria, but their home is the Lebanons of northern Syria. In ancient times the sides of the white cliffs were covered with them, but now they are found in only one small hollow on the northwestern slope. These are securely fenced in, but in spite of the great care of the gardener the 200 that now survive will soon die, and the species will become extinct.

NEWS ITEMS FROM 'ROUND THE STATE

Because he is under 14 years of age, Leon Luckowski, who robbed ten Shamokin homes and stores, was sentenced at Sunbury to only eighteen months in jail.

Jonas Cassel, of Colledgeville, after selling the year's products of his farm at public sale, suddenly left with the \$600 realized and cannot be traced. He leaves a wife and family.

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CAPT. HERRINGTON A DELEGATE

Captain F. M. Herrington of this city has been chosen as one of the delegates of the Twelfth regiment to the annual meeting of the National Guard association of Pennsylvania, which will be held in Philadelphia on Friday and Saturday of this week. The compliment paid to Company P will be appreciated when it is explained that of the ten delegates chosen to represent the Twelfth regiment, only four are captains, one of these being in command of the local company.

Brigadier General C. B. Dougherty of Wilkes-Barre is president of the executive committee of the National Guard association. The annual meeting will be held at Hotel Walton, the first session beginning promptly at 9 a. m. Friday, December 10th.

The presence of Governor and Commander-in-Chief Hon. Edwin S. Stuart and of the Hon. John E. Reynolds, Mayor of Philadelphia, is expected during the session. There will be addresses by Lieut. Col. E. M. Weaver, General Staff, U. S. A.; Major Carl Reichman, 24th Inf., U. S. A.; Capt. Francis J. Keester, U. S. A.; Captain Charles D. Rhodes, 6th Cavalry, U. S. A.

Among other papers one will be read by Col. Asher Miner, 9th Inf., N. G. P., opening a discussion on the subject of "The Restriction of Enlistments in the National Guard to a Period of Not Less Than Three Months Prior to Going to Camp;" there will also be a paper by Lieut. Col. Cornwell on "Enlistments in the Army and National Guard, How Shall the Nation Recruit Its Army for Defense?"

Through the courtesy of the officers of the Philadelphia command a buffet luncheon will be tendered the delegates at Hotel Walton at noon and a theatre party in the evening of Friday December 10th.

The entire list of delegates chosen to represent the Twelfth regiment is as follows: Colonel Clement, Major Straub, Major Updegraff, Major Follmer, Major Drummeller, Captain Herrington, Company F; Captain Morrow, Company A; Captain Hester, Company C; Captain White, Company G; Captain Taggart, adjutant of the regiment.

The delegates will leave Sunbury Thursday evening.

HAUNTED ALASKAN ISLAND.

Ghosts of Russian Exiles Who Died of Starvation or Torture.

To the south and west of Kodiak, distant about 100 miles and forming one of the Semidi group, is the island of Chirikof, the haunted island of Alaska.

Embroiled for a great portion of the time with almost impenetrable fog, this lonely isle is an object of terror to the natives, who claim it is haunted by the ghosts of Russian exiles.

The natives will not set foot on the island, saying it means certain death to invade the sunny continent, and there are few men in the far north who have the tenacity to test the truth of the many and varied tales told of this forbidding and barren island.

Shipmasters and sailors passing the place assert that the agonizing cries of Russian exiles sent there to starve or die by torture are sometimes heard on quiet nights, while the clink of chains and the sound of blows are testified to be an alibi by a white man who once attempted to remain there for a week and who nearly lost his reason.—Tanner's Tribune.

Oddly Named.
A Mr. Hudson, who had made a large fortune as a dentist, had built a very expensive country house near Dublin, but of such an extraordinary construction as to bid defiance to the criticism of the architect.

One day after dinner at Curran's this singular mansion became a subject of merriment for his guests. The question for their satirical inquiry was, "What was its other of architecture?" One contended it was Saxton, another that it was oriental, when their host thus interposed:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, you are all wrong. It is Tusk-on. From the irregularities of the mansion and from its proprietor being a dentist the Irish call it Snuggletooth Hall."—London Am-swers.

Not Worth a Rush.
"Not worth a rush" is as a popular saying, the predecessor of the now more common simile "not worth a straw." In pre-ercent days it was the custom to strew the floors of dwelling houses. When guests of rank were entertained fresh rushes were spread for them, but folk of lower degree had to be content with rushes that had already been used, while still humbler persons had none, as not even being "worth a rush."—London Standard.

Identified Her.
A story of lovely woman's ability to rise superior to those petty details which so often hamper, limit and nullify the operations of any mere man is told of a Harrison woman who tried to have a check cashed at a bank where she was not known, says the Newark Call. The usual remarks were made by the cashier concerning the need of identification, to which the woman immediately replied: "Oh, well, that's easy. I can always be identified by this mole on my cheek."

Two Kinds.
The spectators in a county court room were waxing very demonstrative over the testimony of one of the witnesses. The judge sternly admonished them to keep quiet, but to no effect. The offense was soon repeated.

"Clear the courtroom!" called out the judge to the bailiff.

The latter stepped forth pompously and, striking a forensic attitude, said "Ther! backguards that ain't lawyers will have to get out. Them that is lawyers can stay!"—Lippincott's.

Who troubles others has no rest himself.—Italian Proverb.

THE MURDER CASE

Yesterday's sessions of the Northumberland county court at Sunbury, where Joe Moskalski is on trial for the killing of Wally Tomachevski, were mostly devoted to the presentation of the prosecution's case, and a very strong web of evidence was woven about the prisoner.

A number of witnesses were called by the prosecution and the movements of Moskalski were traced during the day of September 30th, the day on which the shooting occurred. The most damaging testimony was offered by Joe Leviski, Wally's butty who was with him when he was shot. They were walking along a road together, when they saw Moskalski sitting under some bushes, and he said to them, "wat I yourself." They were scared and ran, the witness in the lead. He heard a shot, but did not stop running until he reached a friend's house. Wally was not with him then. Later the man was found mortally wounded in the back, and a full pay envelope which had been in his possession was gone.

The prosecution rested yesterday afternoon and the defense was taken up. The case will go to the jury likely some time today.

DIPLOMACY.

A Vague Threat That Meant Nothing, but Brought Quick Results.
The late Lord Salisbury some years ago sent a foreign office emissary to make some demands of a South American republic. Before setting out on his mission the emissary, to whom his lordship had explained the exact nature of the demands, desired to be informed as to the course to take if after he had said everything, there was a refusal.

"Oh," answered Lord Salisbury, "this is not a matter in which we have the least thought of fighting; if the president refuses, why, you will simply have to come home again."

The emissary went and had his say to the president of the republic, who blankly refused to give in, and the diplomat retired to think things over. A few hours later he wrote to the president:

"I regret that your excellency does not see your way to recognize the justice of the claims which I have had the honor to present. I have now to say, on behalf of her Britannic majesty's government, that unless your excellency yields on all points which I have named it will be my painful duty to act on the second half of my instructions."

Under this vague and significant threat the president yielded at once.—London Telegraph.

The Noise Habit.

A personal experience first showed the writer the possibility of a state of affairs where the habit of noise could become as fixed as the habit of a drug. Waking one night in the quiet of a country house far from other habitations, I suddenly heard the starting of the hot air engine which pumped the water—clug, chug, chug, chug. I lay listening to its monotonous vibrations and wondering at the unusual hour for pumping until I fell asleep. The next night the sound was repeated. On mentioning the matter to my host he confessed that he could not sleep in the quiet of the country; that the sudden change from the roar of a great city to the silence of the woods was so great as to cause him real suffering. As his only way to rest he would leave the house in the middle of the night, start up the pump and, lying down in a nearby hammock, find sleep brought him by the lullaby of the hot air engine. That man recognized that he had the noise habit and finally conquered it.—Hollis Godfrey in Atlantic.

PREPARING A PETITION

The act of 1909 making all road tax a cash tax is variously received in the rural communities.

In several townships of Montour the cash tax is popular. Mahoning and Valley townships departed from the work tax system several years ago and find the cash tax practicable and profitable in many respects.

In other townships the cash tax was defeated when it came to an issue and the act of 1909 is on that account unpopular. Men who for a generation have been accustomed to working out their road tax—putting in a day now and then when there is a letup in farm work—do not take kindly to any innovation which compels them to go down into their pockets for the cash.

The act of 1909 is, exactly the opposite of the former act, which provided that the road tax could be changed to a money tax by a vote. The present act requires a vote to change the tax back to a work tax. The court upon petition of fifty-two or more taxpayers of the township orders an election for the purpose of deciding the question.

It is no secret that at least one township of Montour county contemplates presenting a petition to court at the next term asking that an election be ordered to enable it, if possible, to go back to the work tax.

The majority of the townships will probably accept the provisions of the new act, paying a cash tax. In some of the townships the work tax has been growing into disfavor for some years past. On the face of it, it is declared, the principle looks all right but it does not work out that way.

A prominent farmer of Derry township states that so far as his observations have extended the work tax is a positive detriment. He does not deny that there are conscientious men who give the township a good day's work for the money, but he is quite sure that such men are too often in a minority. From time immemorial, he says, it has been quite customary to "go it easy" while working on the roads, so that it has become quite notorious that for the number of men and teams employed on any single day the showing on the road is poor both as to the amount and the quality of the work done. Speaking for himself, he says, he has been watching the experiments in those townships where a cash tax is paid and he is convinced that under that system good roads can be maintained at a minimum of cost.

Queer Sort of Borrow.
He was displaying with much pride a silver dollar "pocket piece."
"One of my best friends," he said, "patting it fondly, 'Have had it ten years, and during that time have been dead broke half a hundred times and in actual need of food and a bed quite often.'"

"What?" a listener exclaimed, "keep a dollar from sentiment and go hungry and sleepless?"

"I didn't say so," the other replied.

"I never went that far. You see, when I'm so hard pressed I use the coin as collateral. I borrow another dollar and give this one as security—to be held till called for. Queer sort of borrow, isn't it? But the coin's too good a friend to desert."—New York Globe.

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