

PERSONALS

Mrs. N. O. Reichard, West Hemlock township, left yesterday for a visit with relatives in Blairsville, Indiana county.

Mrs. Seth Freeze and Mrs. Jacob Elliott left yesterday for a visit with the latter's brother, Arthur Winters, Sanbury.

Mrs. W. C. Pursel and children, Donald and Albert, returned to Burnham yesterday after a visit with Mrs. Pursel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Gass, Bloom road.

Miss Viola Smith, of South Danville, is spending several days in Roaring Creek as the guest of Miss Elizabeth Elmes.

Mrs. M. B. Austin returned to Wilkes-Barre last evening after attending the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Vannan at South Lanville yesterday.

Mrs. C. M. Johnson, Grand street, left last evening for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Lewis, Catawissa.

Miss Mae Shultz and Miss Elsie Shultz, of Roaring Creek, spent yesterday with their sister, Mrs. Samuel Krum, Bloom road.

Mrs. R. L. Schroyer, of Selinsgrove, arrived last evening for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. S. A. McCoy, Church street.

Allen Gresh, Washingtonville, left last evening for a visit with friends in Wilkes-Barre.

Three Great Books.

Pride goes before a fall, according to the proverb, but it often happens that the fall does not take place as expected by the cynical observer. Mrs. Benedict, for example, was very proud of her daughter's attainments at school. Mrs. Benedict herself had had little schooling, but attempted to make up for it by retelling Margaret's triumphs to her friends.

One day the minister's wife was calling. "Yes, ma'am," Mrs. Benedict said in reply to a question; "Margaret is way up in all her classes, I can tell you. They've been reading Shakespeare's plays lately, and Maggie's buying that little edition one by one so she can have it at home. She keeps them up in her room."

"Let me see; she's read 'Hamlet' and there was two more—oh, yes, one of 'em was 'Romeo' and the other 'Juliet.'"

"I enjoy hearing her do them out loud, Mrs. Bradley."—"Youth's Companion."

Boring the Bore.

"What do you do to get rid of bores?" "Just as soon as they come into my office I start in telling them of the latest cure thing my baby said."—"Detroit Free Press."

But He Did.

Her Mother—I saw him kiss you! I am terribly shocked. I did not for a moment imagine he would dare take such a liberty. Himself—Nor did I, ma. In fact, I bet him a pair of gloves he daren't!

Parks of Australian Cities.

Australians, with a fine climate, believe in enjoying themselves, and there are plenty of facilities. Thus in Sydney there are parks and squares and public gardens with a total area of 4,335 acres. Sixteen miles from the city—a shilling excursion train fare—is the picturesque national park, containing 26,510 acres preserved in their natural state. A similar reserve called Kurragal Chase, comprising 35,290 acres of land, chiefly of densely wooded hills stretching for many miles around numerous tidal arms of Broken bay, is also held for the enjoyment of the public. Melbourne has no fewer than 5,000 acres of recreation grounds in or near the city. Adelaide is surrounded by a belt of park lands and has about 2,300 acres set apart for the public benefit. Nor are Perth and Hobart and Brisbane and some of the fine inland towns less well provided for.—Westminster Gazette.

Poser for the Husband.

Returning home from Atlantic City, a Frankford man drew a photograph carefully from his pocket and showed it to his wife. Said he, "There's a man who's in love with you!" It was not a good picture, one of those cheap plugging photographs. The husband had not been in a condition to be well "taken," and there was little likeness. His wife looked at the picture for several minutes, very much puzzled. Finally she spoke up: "Why, it's Jim! Where did you see him? And where did you get that? And what did he tell you?"—Philadelphia Times.

Miss Migzles Was Willing.

Mr. Breezy of Boston (tenderly)—Miss Migzles, will you—er—meet me in the gloaming? Miss Migzles of Milwaukee (tenderly)—Any old place you say, Mr. Breezy. Where is it and how do you get there?—Chicago News.

Flying the Kite.

Crawford—My wife has a habit of spending money before she gets it. Crabshaw—Mine is worse. She spends it before I get it myself.—Judge.

Vulgarity in manners defiles fine garments more than mud.—Plautus.

HORN-TAIL SNAKE TALK

There are still inquiries concerning that offer of fifty dollars for a specimen of a horned-tail snake, which was made by Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg. In the Professor's mail the other day there was a letter from South Eaton, Wyoming county, Pennsylvania, containing the following information:

"We have in our possession a snake we call a horned-tail snake, which has the appearance of being very poisonous. It has no teeth, the only means of defense that we can see about it being a horn-like bone at the end of the tail about an inch long."

Following is Professor Surface's reply:

"I have received your letter stating that you have in your possession a Horned-Tail Snake, or at least a snake that has a horn-like bone on the end of its tail, about an inch long. It is true that I offered fifty dollars reward for a Horned-Tail Snake, if such proved to be anything else than some of the known species of serpents, such as the Blowing Viper or the Milk Snake, or some other already known kind. This was to prove or settle the controversy of the existence of a Horned-Tail Snake. Such belief was common throughout the country, but not properly established."

"If you are willing to send me your specimen by express, I will pay the expressage on it, and if it does not prove to be some ordinary serpent such as we already know, and should prove to be such a thing as could be called a Horned-Tail Snake, I shall pay you a reward for it."

"I hope this makes clear the facts of the reward which has been offered and which has not yet been taken up by any genuine specimen submitted."

An East Indian Crime.

The accidental reader who shrugs his shoulders deprecatingly over the evils of Indian caste has little conception of what suffering the custom involves. Its tragedies extend even to the humble, common place matters of everyday life. A little incident witnessed by Prince Rajidhar Karageorgevitch and chronicled in his "Enchanted India" needs no comment.

Stones and flying sticks were thrown at a little parish girl whose shadow as she passed defiled the food of a Brahmin. He merely threw away the rice, which the dogs soon finished. But the bystanders who witnessed the girl's insolence in going so near a holy man—she, so base and unworthy—grew at the unhappy creature, who ran away screaming and dropping the load of wood she was carrying on her back.

NEWS ITEMS FROM 'ROUND THE STATE

Greensburg's new station on the Panhandle railroad was opened on Monday. J. R. Johnson, of Washington, is the ticket agent. The building is of brick and cost \$50,000.

A man dropped some water into a pot of molten lead near Shenandoah and some of the exploding metal flew over Howard Bock's face, hardening around his eyes and probably permanently injuring his sight.

Philadelphia newsboys have organized themselves for the purpose of establishing a centrally located home. After it is built they hope to secure aid from philanthropic citizens. Ex-newsies are aiding them in their efforts.

Antonio Rock, accused of abusing 12-year-old Margaret Thompson, with whom he was arrested in Wheeling, was convicted at Butler in spite of the fact that the girl, her mother and others testified absolving him from guilt.

William Kerr, aged 93, one of the oldest twins in the United States, died at Worthington from injuries received from a fall near his home. His brother, Nevin Kerr, who nursed him through his illness, is not expected to recover from the shock of his twin's death. Nevin is a widower and his brother was a bachelor. They lived together keeping house by themselves.

Jersey Shore is to have a new industry. The American Engine and Motor company, capitalized at \$1,000,000 to exploit the patents of A. E. Suter on a rotary engine, which is said to save from 10 to 25 per cent. of the fuel, and on a number of motors, will start operations in a few days in a building near the New York Central station. A new plant to cost \$150,000 is under consideration.

The Patient Man. Mr. Henreck had hesitated a long while about doing this bold thing, but he felt that now was the time or never. "Dear," he said, in a very timid voice, "I wish you wouldn't call me 'Leo' any more."

"Why not?" demanded his wife exultantly. "Leo is your given name." "I know, my dear, but it makes my friends laugh when you call me that. I was thinking you might call me 'Job,' just for a pet name."—Catholic Standard and Times.

TRAIN JUMPED INTO CREEK

CHARLOTTE, N. C. Twelve persons are reported to have been killed and probably many more injured when passenger train No. 10 Southern railway, speeding southward at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, jumped from a trestle twenty feet high and landed in Reedy Creek, a few miles north of Greensboro, early this morning. The wreck was one of the most frightful that ever occurred in the history of southern railroading. Without the slightest warning several cars of the train plunged from the bridge to the bottom of the creek below. There was a crash, followed by the muffled moans of the surviving injured, as they fought for life amid the twisted and torn wreckage. The dead and injured were buried in three feet of water.

CONDUCTOR A HERO. George J. Gould, the New York millionaire, and his son, Jay, were passengers, but were uninjured according to messages received here. The hero of the day was Conductor George Cable, who was among those precipitated into the creek. Notwithstanding a broken leg he crawled two miles to the nearest telegraph station, where he gave the word resulting in the ordering of the relief train. As soon as the surgeons and nurses and wrecking crew had rescued the injured passengers, the special train was started back with both dead and injured.

ENGINE RAMMED IN MUD. Among the dead are the engineer and fireman of the wrecked train. They were the first to go down and the passenger coaches piled down and upon them in a crash that left them no chance for their lives. The pilot of the engine stuck fast in the mud and the following coaches and sleeper had the effect of a driving hammer, pushing the big iron structure fully twenty feet under ground.

The Moon. The moon's mean distance from the earth is 237,000 miles. When it is at the perigee—nearest point—it is 225,500 miles and when at the apogee—farthest point—more than 251,000 miles from the earth. The actual diameter is estimated at 2,153 miles, or a little less than three-elevenths of the earth's diameter. The moon's volume is therefore about one forty-ninth that of the earth, and its mass is one eighty-eighth of the earth; consequently the force of gravity is so much less at its surface than it is at the earth's surface that a body weighing 1000 pounds here would weigh on the moon only 133 pounds.

One Who Knew. "Does any one in the class," asked the teacher, "know the origin of the corn laws?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the shaggy haired pupil. "They were written by John Bullion."—Chicago Tribune.

There is no killing the suspicion that death has once begotten.—Elliot.

Poe and Jules Verne. The influence of Edgar Allan Poe on Jules Verne is the subject of an article by Henri Potez in La Revue de Paris. While Poe's popularity in France has always been beyond dispute, M. Potez contends that it would have been infinitely greater had Poe's works been less marked by horrors. Jules Verne recognized that fact and hit upon the winning formula to please the French taste. Jules Verne, therefore, according to M. Potez's ideas, has Poe with a little dressing up. This dressing up implied the suppression or mitigation of the horrible, the retention of all that was mysterious and exotic and the addition of the ordinary stock ingredients employed by the elder Dumas, a large dose of adventure, heroics and good spirits.

QUEER MISSION

The life of Joe Gulick, of this city, is at present serving a term of nine months in the Northumberland jail for stealing chickens. Joe has been paroled from prison to try and untangle another chapter in his matrimonial career.

As will be remembered by News readers a woman by the name of Mrs. Terry drowned in the river at Berwick last week, and after developments following the woman's death caused Joe to believe that the woman was his long missing wife.

A number of years ago Joe married a woman at Northumberland, as he says, to spite another woman, and as a result they soon agreed to disagree and a separation followed. The woman left Northumberland and Joe lost all trace of her, not knowing where she had gone.

Several years later believing that she was dead he went to New York State where he wooed and won another woman and quickly married her. Some time afterward this new wife died and Joe then got into trouble here by stealing chickens and served a term in the Montour county jail. Soon after his release here he was caught lifting fowls in Riverside and was put away for a term at Sanbury.

Following the drowning of the woman at Berwick last week, Joe made the statement that he had good reasons to believe that she was his missing wife and that he intended to make an investigation. On Monday he went to Judge Savidge, accompanied by an attorney, and said the woman was his wife and as neither one of them had ever secured a divorce she could not legally marry another man. He also said that he had learned that the woman owned some property and he requested to be excused from jail for several days to inquire into her estate.

The request was granted and yesterday morning Joe and his attorney left for Berwick.

The Bucket Shop. "Bucket shops"—a name now used to denote small "outside" stockbrokers or financiers not in membership with the Stock Exchange—were so called because when they first started in Chicago the only commodity dealt in was wheat. The legitimate dealers would not handle an order for less than 5000 bushels, and then a lot of places sprung up where men of limited capital could speculate with very small sums, and these men were spoken of contemptuously as buying and selling wheat by the bucketful; hence shops where a small business was conducted in grain on a margin came to be known as bucket shops. The term was finally extended to cover all brokerage offices where small lots of either grain or stock were bought and sold, and it was applied particularly to those places where both seller and buyer did not more than "gamble" on the rise and fall of stocks.

How Welshwomen Carry Their Babies. The quaint old Welsh way in which Swansea women carry their babies attracts every one's notice when visiting that town for the first time. A big shawl over the right shoulder is drawn down to the left hip, where the two ends of the shawl are met and held together, forming a sort of pouch or pocket, in which the baby snugly and safely, its weight is supported by the hip and distributed by the shawl over the whole upper part of the body that there is no strain at all nor any tipping of the arms. This probably accounts for the upright carriage of the Welsh mother. Moreover, the method is comfortable for the child and so safe that in Swansea small boys swathed in their mothers' shawls are seen carrying the family's latest baby.—London Chronicle.

Matrimony Made Easy. "Can a fellow marry comfortably on a salary of \$500 a year?" asked the young man. "Sure he can," replied the sage of Sagoville—"that is, provided he has saved his last year's salary and can get his employer to pay the next year's in advance."—Chicago News.

Not Games of Chance. The Vicar—Is it true, Samuel, that your father allows games of chance to be played at your house? The Boy—There ain't no chance about it, zur—they all cheat!—London Opinion.

Obedyed Him. Mr. Newlived—So you've been buying more useless trinkets! We have absolutely no use for those curtains. Have I not told you to stop buying things just because they were cheap? Mrs. Newlived—Yes, my dear, and I've obeyed you. Those curtains were not at all cheap.

Charter Notice. Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the governor of Pennsylvania, on the 7th day of January, 1910, by John A. Leinbach, Harry C. Wagner and William H. Sypher, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "The Turbot Telephone Company," the character and object of which is the construction, maintaining and leasing lines of telephone, for the private use of individuals, firms, corporations, municipal and otherwise, and for general business in the Counties of Northumberland and Montour, in the State of Pennsylvania, and for this purpose, to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

WM. H. HACKENBEGGER, Solicitor. December 11th, 1909. D15, 20, 27, 33.

WAS BROKEN

repairs on the water main, which necessitated a shut-down at the pumping station Tuesday night, were not completed yesterday morning, although it was found possible to operate the system during the day. Last night it was necessary to stop the pumps again, for the purpose of completing the repairs.

PIPE WAS BROKEN. The leak was caused by a broken pipe forming a part of the main near the intersection of Front and Ferry streets. A "sleeve" was adjusted, the operation occupying practically all night.

When the pumps were started, about 4 o'clock yesterday morning, the leak still existed, although the waste of water was materially reduced. The break unfortunately situated so near the pumping station that it is impracticable to withdraw the water from that section without leaving the whole town dry. Such a measure, of course, during week days is not to be contemplated unless actually unavoidable. It was, therefore, decided yesterday morning to complete the repairs last night and to improve the time intervening by procuring a better fitting "sleeve." On shutting down Superintendent P. J. Keefer stated that he did not think it would require more than a few hours last night to complete the repairs.

CAUSE A MYSTERY. Persons who may justly claim expert knowledge are at a loss to understand why the main should break under present conditions. It is an unusual thing for the lead to be forced out at the joints, thus causing a leak; but an actual fracture in the pipe should occur only at long intervals and then only when frost or some other agency disturbs the position of the pipe.

A similar break occurred in the main at the big mill on Saturday. Should similar fractures in the water main follow within a short time it will be sufficient to cause some apprehension lost the whole system of mains laid when the water works were installed, nearly forty years ago, has existed its allotted time and is on the eve of going to the bad.

None seem to have any definite idea as to the "life" of pipe laid underground. All agree that it depends largely upon the nature of the earth in which the pipe is laid. Clay, it appears, has a tendency to preserve the pipe, while cinder, owing to the presence of sulphur, is injurious to it.

The End of the Ride. Coming out of one of the large department stores two well dressed women saw a group of street urchins gazing at their automobile, and one little girl was heard to say, "Wish I could have a ride in it." The women smiled, and then the child was asked if she would really like a ride and was helped into the machine after assuring the women that she would not be missed at home. Her companions set up a cheer as the machine started, and some of them were still on the spot when it returned half an hour later, bringing back the little girl. The women congratulated themselves on having given the little one an extraordinary treat, but were disabused when she told them that her father was a chauffeur and that she liked his machine "a great deal better."—New York Tribune.

The Dean's Retort. One Sunday morning at Canaan church Dean Hole noticed a tipsy man in the congregation. He bore his presence until it was no longer possible and then came to a halt with the question, "Are you fit to remain in God's house?" The man got up unsteadily and was helped to the door.

"James," said Hole after the service was over, "what did you do with him?" The useful parishioner replied, "I put him on a tombstone, sir."

The Indignant Vicar's Retort was, "Couldn't you have put him under it?"—London Mail.

Instructed the Queen. Queen Victoria of England was once pulled up short by an old Scotchman. Her majesty had started on one afternoon to sit on a hillside and watch some of her relatives fishing in the river below her, when she found that she had no tumbler in her pocket, so could not work, as she had intended, at the sewing she was carrying. Turning out of her way to Mrs. Symonds's shop, she bought the smallest tumbler there, which was, however, many sizes too big for her. There was an old Scotch dame at the counter impatiently waiting to make her own purchases. Not recognizing the queen, she broke into the conversation with a "Hoos, but it's a rare fursie gaddie you're making! Blow into it wool an' it'll stick!" That phrase, the latter part of the sentence, amused her majesty immensely and became quite a proverb in the royal family.

Getting On. Father—And how are you getting on at school, Johnny? Johnny—Oh, I have learned to say "Thank you" and "If you please" in French. Father—That's more than you ever learned in English.

Not Quite a Sponge. Percy—Shirts is a sponge—a perfect sponge. Oh, no! When a sponge absorbs anything, by squeezing it you can get it again!—Detroit Free Press.

Self is the first object of charity.—Latin Proverb.

Rivals. Knicker—You have a boy in college and a girl cultivating her voice? Bocker—Yes, and I don't know which has the better yell.—Brooklyn Life.

REV. W. M. GEIGER IS HONORED

The Rev. W. M. Geiger was elected pastor of the Trinity Lutheran church, this city, at a congregational meeting held on Monday night. In all probability official sanction will be given to the election by the church council and a call will be extended.

The Rev. Mr. Geiger came to Danville on October 1st as pastor of the Lutheran charge comprising St. John's church, this city, and the churches of Grovania and Ridgville. In point of ability he has made a most excellent impression, his sermons being sound in doctrine and suited to the needs of the people, while socially he has become very popular. The action of the Trinity Lutheran church in electing him comes as an early and striking recognition of the merits of the young pastor.

The Trinity Lutheran church has been without a pastor since the resignation of the Rev. L. D. Ulrich last summer. In the interim the pulpit has been filled by visiting clergymen, among whom were several candidates.

What Yeomen Were. Yeomen were formerly considered to be their title on a level with esquires, and they were called yeomen because, in addition to the weapons proper for close engagements, they fought in the wars with arrows and a bow which was made of yew; hence the word. After the conquest the name of yeoman, in reference to the original office in war, was changed to that of archer. The term, however, was continued with additions—the yeoman of the crown, of the chamber, yeoman usher, etc.—and we find that considerable grants were bestowed on some of them. In the legal view a yeoman is defined to be one that has fee land of the value of 40 shillings a year and is thereby qualified to serve on juries, to vote for knights of the shire and to do any other act which the law may require. The yeomen always took a leading part in whatever concerned the regulations or interests of the kingdom, and their renown as warriors is fully established by their numerous heroic achievements.—London Globe.

His Idea of Economy. "It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife, "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time."

"Well, confound it, what do you suppose I want you to economize for, anyway?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Up and Down. Mistress—Here's the man for that clock to be repaired. Get it for him, Nork. And, shure, where is it? Mistress—Upstairs, of course. Nork—Faith, an' I thought it had run down!—New York Press.

She Was Willing. Man—Well, it's just this way. If I buy you a new coat I'll have to wear my old one another season. Wife—You sweet, generous thing, you!

Effective. A Chicago judge recently retained a person who was sitting in the court room with his feet placed upon the table by sending him, through a bailiff, a piece of paper on which he had written the following query: "What shoe boots do you wear?" The feet were at once withdrawn.

A Reliable Remedy CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and cures away a Gout in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Drug-gists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cents. Ely Brothers, 53 Warren Street, New York.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TOURS. ALL THE DELIGHTS OF TRAVEL. Old Mexico, Mardi Gras and Grand Canyon FEBRUARY 3. New Orleans FEBRUARY 4. Florida FEBRUARY 8, 22, MARCH 8. Pinehurst FEBRUARY 11. FOR FULL INFORMATION AND RATES, ADDRESS J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager, G. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT THE Christmas Shopping Carnival WHICH IS NOW IN FULL BLAST AT WILKES-BARRE. The Street Illumination is the Most Magnificent and Brilliant Ever Seen in Pennsylvania. Thousands of People Congregate Along the River Front Every Day to See Prof. Richards in His Sensational "Slide for Life" The Most Thrilling Spectacle Ever Witnessed. Last Performance at 11 o'clock Monday, Dec. 13th. THE BANZA JAPANESE TROUPE Give Their Marvellous Performance on Public Square, December 14-15-16 and 17th, Commencing each day at 11 a. m. ON THE NIGHT OF Thursday, December 16th, the GREAT AUTOMOBILE PARADE WITH 300 HANDSOMELY DECORATED MACHINES IN LINE. On December 20-21 and 22 Prof. Keiser and his 12 Wonderful Fox Terriers WILL HOLD FORTH ON PUBLIC SQUARE, ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD. THE STORES OF WILKES-BARRE Are all Handsomely Decorated and Brilliantly Illuminated for the Carnival and All Are Offering Special Bargains for the First Two Weeks On Monday Night, December 13, Pole Discoverer Peary Will Lecture. In Wilkes-Barre's Beautiful THEATRES There is Something Doing Every Afternoon and Night. The Handsome \$2,000,000 COURT HOUSE Open to Visitors at Night during the Carnival. Carnival Committee: Robert F. Shafer, chairman; R. Nelson Bennett, secretary; F. M. Kirby, T. A. Wright, J. H. Perkins, Louis Franks, Thomas Cassidy, Harry Hirshowitz, Charles K. Gloman.

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