

COMMITTEES WILL REPORT

A meeting of the general committee appointed to make arrangements for the Fourth of July celebration will be held in council chamber at 8 o'clock tonight.

There seems to be no question whatever as to the success of the celebration. The solicitors have been at work for several days and sufficient funds are in sight.

The money will chiefly be expended for fireworks, the aim being to have the most imposing display of the latter that was ever witnessed in Danville. Not a few persons, who usually expend considerable sums on the Fourth for the entertainment of their families, this year will depend upon the public display and have contributed what they generally expend for fireworks to the general fund, which will be applied to the purchase of large and imposing pieces. If this example be followed generally the pyrotechnic display will truly be worth while, and at the same time will be promoted a safe and sane observance of the Fourth, as the discharge of the fire works will be in experienced hands and danger of accidents thereby will be reduced to a minimum.

The chief burgess as chairman of the general committee desires a full attendance tonight, as the interval between the present and the celebration is very short.

The committees are as follows:

Automobiles—W. G. Pursel, W. G. Brown and C. P. Murray.

Music—Dr. G. A. Stock, Irvin Vannan and D. N. Diefenbacher.

Fireworks—John Jacobs, M. H. Schram and W. V. Oglesby.

Soliciting—J. C. Mincomeyer, John G. Voris and R. B. Pursel.

Speakers—T. J. Price and F. M. Gotwalds.

A Mistaken Sign of Generosity.

The young son of a Germantown man who lives up to every cent of his income heard a compliment for his father the other day and passed it on, thinking to please the parental heart and win future favors perhaps from the parental purse.

"Heard something nice about you, dad," he announced over the dinner table.

"Ah, that's pleasant!" murmured father modestly.

"Heard you was awful good to mother," went on the boy.

"I hope I treat your mother as a man should treat the person he cares most for," responded father evenly.

"Heard you were so generous to her that every one in town knew about it. Heard a man say every one was talking about it too. He said everything you had was in your wife's name."

The father's countenance underwent a sudden change. He sputtered for a moment painfully. Then he spoke.

"You go to bed!" said papa.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Secret For Secret.

In the days of Louis XIV, even warriors bandied epigrams with one another.

The maréchal de Grammont had taken a fortress by siege.

"I will tell you a secret," said his military governor after surrendering.

"The reason of my capitulation was that I had no more powder."

"And, secret for secret," returned the maréchal suavely, "the reason of my accepting it on such easy terms was that I had no more balls."

Not So Absurd.

"How absurd!"

"What's absurd?"

"Five years are supposed to have elapsed since the last act, and that man is wearing the same overcoat."

"Notin' absurd about that. He's takin' the part of a married man, isn't he?"

Spiteful.

Patience—Did you enjoy my last song? Patrice—I might have if I had known it was your last.—Yonkers Statesman.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

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PERSONALS

Mrs. Amos Wohlforth and daughter Esther, of Riverside, and Mrs. Harry Bordine and daughters, Luella and Dorothy, of Binghamton, New York, attended the State Normal school commencement at Bloomsburg this week.

Mrs. Mary Ducey, of Philadelphia, is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mellin, Honeymoon street.

Mrs. Michael McMenamin returned to her home in Mt. Carmel yesterday after a visit with her son, P. F. McMenamin, East Market street.

William Ashton, of Wilkes-Barre, left yesterday for Shamokin, after a visit with his father, Alexander Ashton, Cooper street.

Dr. C. Shultz, Bloom street, left yesterday for Mt. Gretna where he will join his family for a visit of several days.

Dr. Ella B. Everett returned to Philadelphia yesterday after a visit with her mother, Mrs. E. G. Everett, Front street. She was accompanied by her mother, who will spend some time in the city.

Miss Nora Smith and Miss May Hummer, of the south side, left yesterday for Sunbury, where they will attend the Epworth League convention now in session, as delegates from St. Peter's church, Riverside.

Mrs. John Shaler, Chambers street, was a Sunbury visitor yesterday.

New Book by Samuel Gompers. Samuel Gompers' new book, "Labor in Europe and Australia," has touches of humor as well as the keen observations which come from expert knowledge. For instance, it is said that in England it requires "three requests of a waiter to get a glass of water and in Germany five orders and a fight." At the same time Mr. Gompers goes deeply into questions involving the state of labor in England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, always making comparisons with American conditions. The great practical advantages to labor in America, he believes, arise from a better school system, freedom from military burdens and a more liberal land policy.

Judge Puts Sailor in Pawn.

When John Reiss, a sailor, was fined \$5 for being drunk at Bayonne, N. J., he said he didn't have a cent. "I'll let you hock yourself for it," said Reiss in regard to his pawn. "When your ship comes in again come around and pay me the \$5 and redeem yourself." Reiss said, "Aye, aye, cap'n."

New Pygmy Tribe Found.

A British expedition exploring the great Snow mountains of Dutch New Guinea discovered a tribe of pygmies averaging fifty-one inches in height dwelling at an elevation of about 2,000 feet. It is believed they belong to the Negro race.

FRENCH TRADESMEN.

Bows and Smiles and Flattery All Used in Business.

"Bon jour, madame!" This is a cordial note and accompanied by a ready smile is the welcome of your French tradesman or tradeswoman. With lowly bows and widespread smiles he shows himself delighted to serve you. If you look over everything in the shop and buy only the wing of a chicken, yet he will just as smilingly bow you out and hope to see you again.

Once I entered my milkman's speckless shop and was met by Monsieur Jean himself. "Oh, Monsieur Jean," I smiled, "I am so sorry! Your milk is so delicious, but I find that I cannot use all of 4 cents' worth a day." Monsieur Jean was all sympathy, understanding at once, and answered, "But, madame, let me send you half that quantity, 2 cents' worth—1 cent's worth—what you will." And with a shrug and a smile, as if to say, "What is 2 cents' worth of milk compared with the honor of your patronage?" he put my fears to rest.

This subtle flattery of the tradesman is really good business. One is only human, and it is so pleasant to be a person of consequence! I resolved on the spot to buy all my butter and cheese from Monsieur Jean, as well as the milk.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

A Dog and a Song.

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was visited by a celebrated oratorio singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated, listening to a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is Robin Adair." The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment during the lady's visit he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

Superior Wisdom.

"Why do you consider women superior to men in intelligence?"

"A bald headed man buys hair restorer by the quart, doesn't he?"

"Er—yes."

"Well, a woman doesn't waste time on a hair restorer. She buys hair!"—Houston Post.

Strictly Accurate.

Lawyer—So you say the defendant pushed you against your will? Witness—No, sir; I said he pushed me against the door.—Baltimore American.

FINDS BREWER HELD LICENSE

Judge Evans has forced the question of the brewery control of retail licensed places in Columbia county to the front. The matter was brought to the attention of the court at Bloomsburg this week when the case of the transfer of a restaurant license from J. F. Shoemaker, of Berwick, to Wallace W. Shober, also of Berwick, was up. When Judge Evans casually inquired whether there was any agreement between Shoemaker and Shober, and whether the petitioner cared to divulge the amount of the purchase price, the latter pulled from his pocket an agreement between the Mutual Realty Company, the holding concern for the Columbia Brewing Company, and Shober. Shoemaker did not figure in the agreement at all.

Judge Evans, when he read the agreement, declared that there must be an explanation made by M. Mellet, the brewery president, and his concern, and that this statement must be made in open court. "The Columbia Brewing Company can't get a license from this court," declared Judge Evans, "and this place is liable to lose its license."

According to the agreement, Shober was to pay the realty company \$7,556.50 for the business without the real estate.

This is not the first time that the question of brewery control of county licenses has been aired in court. Fred T. Ikeler made the charge several years ago in license court that a large number of licenses in the county were in reality held by breweries, and the unmasking of the true situation is being awaited with interest throughout the entire county.

Suspicious Routine.

Good Man—Ah, my poor fellow, I feel sorry for you! Why don't you work? When I was young, for ten years I was never in bed after 5—an hour's work before breakfast, then five hours' work, then dinner, then four hours' more work, then supper, then bed, then up again at 5 the next morning.

Loafer—I say, gu'nor, where did yo serve yer time, San Quentin or Folsom?—San Francisco Star.

Not More Talk.

"I cannot live but a week longer without you."

"Foolish talk, duke. How can you fix on a specific length of time?"

"Ze landlord fix on it, miss, not I!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easily Convinced.

Would Be Contributor at editor's desk—Here's a joke, Mr. Editor, that I'll guarantee was never in print before. Editor (after reading it)—Don't doubt your word in the least, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

The Outlet.

Physiology Teacher—Clarence, you may explain how we hear things. Clarence—Pa tells 'em to me as a secret, and ma gives 'em away at the bridge club.—Cleveland Leader.

His Question.

Edgar, aged six, was recently sent to school for the first time, and upon his return home he asked, "Papa, who taught Adam the alphabet?"

Diamond Jubilee For Marietta College.

Elaborate preparations are being made by the authorities of Marietta college, at Marietta, O., for the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the granting of a charter to the institution. The celebration will occur June 22 to 23, ending with the regular commencement exercises. Since the roots of the college run deep into the early history of Ohio, the founding of the Muskingum academy by the pioneers of Marietta in 1797 also will be celebrated. Wednesday, June 15, will be the crowning day of the celebration, when President Taft will make an address and Rev. Frank W. Gansausius of Chicago will speak on "The Heroism of Scholarship." President Alfred T. Perry will give a historical survey of the college. The city of Marietta is planning a "homecoming" celebration for the week, which will add much to the interest of the celebration.

Opening of Mexican-American Bridge.

It was announced at San Antonio, Tex., recently that the new international bridge between Brownsville, Tex., and Matamoros, Mexico, will be formally opened July 21 and 22. President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, President Diaz, Governor Campbell of Texas and the governor of Tamaulipas, Mexico, have been invited to attend.

Collecting an Old Debt.

The other day the manager of a furniture house in town asked one of his star salesmen to collect a bill of long standing, for which the regular collector had been unable to get cash. The manager told his man to threaten a lawsuit if necessary. The salesman said he would collect it without that and went to the delinquent's office. He put the bill in the hand of his derby hat, and with the hat held nonchalantly in his left hand he strolled into the inner shrine. The man at the desk looked at him inquiringly and then glanced down at the conspicuous bill.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Pardon me," said the salesman in his best manner, "but could you tell me is Mr. Jones dead?"

"Why, no! I'm Mr. Jones."

"Thank you. That's all I wanted to know," said the salesman and walked abruptly from the room.

Next day a check came for the amount.—New York Sun.

His Big Hit.

"Jones made an awful big hit at the banquet the other night."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he was called on for a speech and refused."—Detroit Free Press

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AEROPLANE RACES AVIATION WEEK AT ATLANTIC CITY

It is not a far cry back to "Darius Green and his flyin' machine" when aerial navigation was considered impossible.

Today Atlantic City is preparing for a great Aviation Meet from July 2 to 11, when three of the greatest flyers of the modern world will demonstrate their mastery of the air.

Glenn H. Curtiss, the holder of the world's record for speed, will fly daily from 4 to 11.

Walter E. Brookings, who holds the record for high flying, will give exhibitions July 7 to 11 in a Wright aeroplane.

This is the first contest between the Wright and Curtiss machines.

It is also expected that Charles K. Hamilton, the great long distance aviator, will be present and race from July 7 to 11.

There will be prize events each day, including a fifty-mile flight over a five mile circular course, and prize high flying, July 7 to 11, directly over the beach front and ocean.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is the direct route to Atlantic City, and excursion tickets are on sale from all points. Connections are made in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, with trains over the Delaware River Bridge, all-rail route.

Yet He Meant Well.

Just as the train was leaving the Fifty-eighth street elevated station a man who had got off there hurried along the platform and spoke to a passenger sitting by an open window in the smoking car.

"Quick!" he cried. "Please hand me that package. I left it on the seat when I got out just now."

"Sure," said the passenger, picking up the bundle and tossing it out of the window.

"Thanks!"

"Hey, there! What are you doing that for?" demanded the wrathful, red faced man sitting next to him.

"Why, he—"

"You don't dyed idiot, that package belonged to me! It was \$15 worth of laces and ribbons I was taking home to my wife!"

Over the scene that followed let us draw a veil.—Chicago Tribune.

"All Things Come."

The magnate looked up impatiently from his work.

"Well, my good man," he snapped at the diffident rural person who stood twirling his rusty hat, "what can I do for you?"

"I guess ye don't remember me, Hank," faltered the caller. "But you an' me use ter go swimmin' together in th' 'bank, an' I got a job in th' grocery store."

"This is all very interesting, and I seem to remember your face. But come to the point—my time is valuable."

"Yes, Hank. You got a better offer and left the old village. I stayed plugging along in th' grocery store."

"Well, well?"

"Well, Hank, when you left you owed \$73.62 on a grocery bill. Here's where you pay up!"—Cleveland Leader

Burns as a Tax Collector.

In the olden days candles were taxed articles, and it was the duty of Robert Burns as an excise officer to see that the tax was not evaded. He generally looked the other way, however, as when passing through the kitchen one night at William Lorimer's of Kewhall, where the goodwife was busy making candles, he merely remarked, "Faith, manna, ye're brang the night," and passed into the parlor.—St. James' Gazette.

Another Simile.

"What did the sun look like to you when you were in the arctic regions?"

"Well," answered the explorer thoughtfully, "it resembled an elusive gold dollar much magnified."—Washington Star.

Cash and Credit.

"Father, what is meant by bank ruptcy?"

"Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your coat."—Fitzgerald

It Depends.

Teacher—Johnny, which is right—"a man lies easy" or "a man lies easily?"

Pupil—Who's the man?—Cleveland Leader.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS

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DIED AS RESULT OF INJURIES

P. H. McCaffrey, who sustained a fall at the Reading Iron works, this city, on March 27th last, died as the result of his injury at his home, Cherry street, at 11:10 o'clock Tuesday night. For three months the deceased lay helpless with a broken back, his suffering meanwhile being most intense.

Mr. McCaffrey was employed as waterman at the big mill. The accident occurred on the evening of Easter Sunday while he was in the performance of his duty. He was in the act of passing from the top of one walled-in boiler to another, sixteen feet above the ground, when the inch board that supported his weight tilted and caused him to fall headfirst to the ground. Mr. McCaffrey was rendered insensible by the fall and did not regain consciousness until after he had been carried outside the mill. In explaining later how the accident occurred he recalled that just as he stepped upon the board, which tilted, he heard a tick fall, which presumably had worked loose under one end of the board.

The injured man was taken to his home on Cherry street, whence later he was removed to the State hospital at Scranton, where it was ascertained beyond a doubt that his back was broken and that his case was incurable. After being a week or ten days at the hospital the deceased was brought back to his home in Danville where his condition gradually became worse until death ensued.

P. H. McCaffrey was aged 54 years, 4 months and 19 days. He was born in Parish Killishander, County Cavin, Ireland. He came to America when nine years of age. He was a man of excellent habits; he was industrious and reliable, a kind and devoted husband and father.

The deceased is survived by his widow, two sons, Frank J., of Scranton, and Hugh A., of Danville; also by his father and step mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCaffrey, of Danville, and one brother, Hugh McCaffrey of Exchange.

The funeral will take place at 9 o'clock Saturday morning from St. Joseph's Catholic church, of which the deceased was a life-long member. Interment will be made in St. Joseph's cemetery. The funeral will proceed to the burial ground by trolley.

Diamonds Under Water.

An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a very simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation stone is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is distinctly visible. When possible, place a genuine stone beside the possible imitation under water, and the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eyes.

Consistent Theory.

"Don't you believe the husband is the head of the house and should have the final say?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then why don't you come out in the open and say so?"

"Because my wife won't let me."—Exchange.

Well Trained.

Mrs. Boggs—Mr. Meekman is a splendid example of what a man ought to be. Mr. Boggs—Not at all. He's a splendid example of what a wife, two sisters, a grownup daughter and a mother-in-law think a man ought to be.

Reckless.

"Aw, come on!" the little boy yelled to remark. "Be a sport. I'll bet yer any amount of money up to 5 cents."—Harper's.

Pays Him to Stay Home.

A west side matron proudly exhibited the lock of her front door to the afternoon caller. It was an intricate looking affair, resembling a gum machine more than it did a door latch. "You turn this," explained the woman, pointing to a tiny knob inside the door, "and you have fixed the bolt so it can't be shot back with the key. To release the tumblers you've got to drop a coin in the slot outside. The only piece of money that will fit is a five dollar gold piece. The idea is my own. A locksmith downtown worked out the mechanical part of it for me. Every night at 10:30 I adjust the coin attachment. If my husband is out after that hour it costs him \$5 to get in. He stays home evenings, as a rule."—New York Sun.

Money No Object.

"I don't care anything about it myself, for I'm no judge of such things," said Mr. Casswell, "but my wife wants me to buy a rare old violin, and she says they come high. Got any?"

"We certainly have," responded the dealer. "Here's one in this showcase, genuine Stradivarius, that you can have for \$3,000."

"She says she thought they came higher than that. Haven't you some that are a little—er—straddyvariouser than this one?"—Chicago Tribune.

Bar Sinister in Deer Herd.

In the red deer inclosure in Central park, New York, there recently arrived a fawn almost pure white. The father is a stately red deer with immense antlers. The mother is a red deer which was born in Central park about six years ago.

Poisons Patients to Order.

Dr. Patchenko, under arrest at St. Petersburg in a murder case, is said by the police to have confessed that he used cholera bacilli. He said he had poisoned a number of wealthy persons whose heirs were willing to pay to get rid of them.

NEWS ITEMS FROM 'ROUND THE STATE

Old Forge, Lackawanna county, thinks that some of its public officials have been helping themselves to public money and arrests are being made. Some important borough office-holders are implicated.

Parents of Reading high school pupils whose diplomas are being withheld on account of alleged crookedness in examinations are making strenuous threats of legal action to have their children given the sheepskins.

George Godhart, who pleaded guilty at Pottsville of manslaughter, was given three years. He killed his brother-in-law, George Yost, by striking him over the head with a poker.

Because he was refused an advance of fifteen cents a day in his wages, Pasuala Gampa, an Italian employed by a contracting firm at Pittsburg, it is said, drew a revolver and forced fifty fellow employes to lay down their tools. Then he persuaded them to go on strike. The men were refused their demands and were told to go to the office for their money. Here the leader was arrested.

The first steam shovel on the extension of the Western Maryland railroad to connect with the Pittsburg and Lake Erie at Connellsville, began to make dirt fly on a hill near Connellsville Monday. This line, which will connect Cumberland and Connellsville, will be another trunk line east and west. Eighty per cent of the right of way from Connellsville to Garrett has been cleared of underbrush and another month will make a decided change in the looks of the Youghiogheny valley. Present indications are that the road will follow the line of the Youghiogheny river into Connellsville. Men are being put to work daily.

The Festive Codfish.

A correspondent of the New York Post says that the codfish frequents "the tablelands of the sea." The codfish no doubt does this to secure as nearly as possible a dry, bracing atmosphere. This pure air of the submarine tablelands gives to the codfish that breadth of chest and depth of lungs that we have so often noticed. The glad, free smile of the codfish is largely attributed to the exhilaration of this oceanic atmosphere. The correspondent further says that the "codfish subsists largely on the sea cherry."