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DILLAWAY'S CISTERN.

It Played a Telling Part in a Love Affair.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

"Then you're going to make Stella wait another year before she gets married?" asked Stella's mother anxiously.

Samuel Dillaway stroked his little gray beard with one sunburned hand and flourished a pipe with the other. "I look at it this way," he said dialectically. "The time has come for us to have a cistern on the roof of the extension, and Joe Mellen seems to think the time's proper for him and Stella to get married. Now they can wait another year or two until I can better afford to have a wedding. In the meantime, I've got to have that cistern. Some fine day we'll be running out of water, then what will you do?"

"Nonsense, Samuel," protested Mrs. Dillaway earnestly. "We've used the well for twenty-five years and it's never showed no signs of getting dry."

"I can't afford a wedding, Celia," said Samuel decisively.

"It won't cost you anything to speak of. Most of Stella's clothes are made and we'll have just a quiet little wedding with nobody here."

"That's just the kind," interrupted Mr. Dillaway jocosely. "If there's a wedding before I say so, there won't be nobody to it, and no Dillaway was married without style."

"Without fiddlesticks!" snapped Mrs. Dillaway. "Something's got to be done. I shan't have Stella's life spoiled just so you can experiment with a cistern. There's money and to spare for her to be married right now—this very week."

"They won't be married in my house," exploded Stella's father, dancing with excitement, "and I'll forbid the banes anywhere else."

"Stella, I'll be married to home here, and you'll give her away. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it!" said Mr. Dillaway's spouse, bustling back to her kitchen.

Stella, a tall, pale girl, with tired gray eyes and pretty, pathetic face, looked up wistfully as her mother entered the room.

"What did he say, mother?"

"Same old story, Stella. Don't you care. I've got an idea," Mrs. Dill-



WILL JOHNS

way rolled up the sleeves of her crispingham gown and fell to work among the baking dishes with vigor. "You get ready to be married next Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock, and I'll guarantee your pa'll give you away fast enough."

"You're the best mother!" cried Stella joyfully. "Now I'll run down and tell Joe."

On Wednesday afternoon of the following week, the very day set for Stella's marriage, Samuel Dillaway came flapping up the walk to the kitchen door very much like one of his own belligerent cockerels.

"Scot, Stella!" warned her mother. "Your pa's heard about the wedding. Well, I should have told him in a few minutes anyway. He's got to have it broke to him, but not till I get ready."

When Mr. Dillaway reached the kitchen door and flung it wide open he rushed straight into the arms of his excited wife.

"Samuel, what the hen's up in the cistern? I've heard the queerest sounds up there. Seems like something alive's in there. If there is it ought to be got out, for the wind's around to the east, and we're bound to have rain tomorrow."

Mr. Dillaway, attacked on his weakest point, looked up at the great round cistern perched friskishly on the kitchen roof, with long leaden pipes running from the main roof of the house into the covered top. It had been completed the day before, and Samuel was waiting impatiently for the first rains to fall and enter the cistern that he might prove that his idea for supplying water to kitchen and bathroom would work successfully to the utter confusion of the village water company, whose yearly water rates were much lower than the cost of Dillaway's cistern.

From within the cistern there came queer, scratching, metallic noises and strange shrill cries of distress.

Mr. Dillaway removed his hat, and coat and then climbed the ladder that led to the kitchen roof. Mrs. Dil-

away panted heavily up the back stairs and squeezed her ample form through a bedroom window and came out on the roof beside her husband.

"What you doing, Celia?" demanded Mr. Dillaway testily. "You'll fall and break your neck, that's what you'll do

ORIGIN OF LLOYD'S.

Humble Beginning of Europe's Great Maritime Agency.

Two centuries ago a man who had a cargo to send to the Mediterranean contrived to get rid of some of the risk by inducing a friend to take an interest with him. It was necessary to write out a statement of contract to which the guarantors subscribed. This was the first underwriting.

These two men happened to be frequenters of Lloyd's coffee house in London, which was a favorite place for the merchants of the town to gather to discuss business or to gossip.

Others immediately saw the advantage of the scheme which their colleagues had devised, and on the next voyage the risk was parceled out among a larger number of the patrons of the coffee house.

Out of this small beginning has grown the great European maritime agency which bears the name of the humble coffee house proprietor, and which not only writes risks on vessels, but rates them and publishes their arrivals at every port the world over, no matter how small or how remote.

"Annals of the American Academy."

Where Abraham Fished.

Mrs. Victoria de Busen in "The Soul of a Turk" relates a legend concerning Abraham which will be new to many readers. She learned of it while at Edessa, the traditional Ur of the Chaldees.

She was shown there a large oblong tank of water so filled with fishes resting just below the surface of the water that their fins and backs seemed almost wedged together so as to form "an almost solid layer of silvery life."

"The guardian of the mosque throws some meal into the water, and the fish jump high to catch it, a great living pyramid, of which those which jump the highest form the pinnacle. The tradition is that Abraham as a child fished in the tank; hence the fish were considered sacred. No single one has been caught or killed to this day. Indeed, death would overtake the man who transgressed this law."

A Joke on the King.

Sir Ernest Cassel was persona grata with King Edward VII. As a matter of fact there was a curious and striking resemblance between the back view of the late king and that of Sir Ernest. It was so pronounced that the great financier was known among his friends as "Windsor Castle."

There is a good story and a true one told in connection with this. It happened at a garden party at Windsor castle. A well known peer of the realm was strolling about when, as he thought, he spotted Sir Ernest sitting in a chair. Going toward him on tip-toe, he gave him a resounding smack on the shoulder.

"Hello, old Windsor Castle," he cried, "How are you?"

The occupant of the chair, startled, turned around. It was King Edward, who, unaware of Sir Ernest's nickname, was for a time exceedingly vexed at this undue liberty. However, when the circumstances were explained to him he enjoyed the joke hugely.—London M. A. P.

The Bull Snake.

The bull snake, a species of pine snake, inhabits the shady pine woods along the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Florida, but other species are found almost everywhere except in New England. The bull snake is quite harmless, but is a powerful constrictor.

It lays eggs and feeds upon birds, rodents and eggs. It swallows an egg whole, and after the egg has passed a few inches down the throat—where it forms a large swelling—the serpent lifts its head, elevates its back and exerts a downward pressure until the shell breaks. Owing to a curious constriction of its epiglottis its bliss is so loud and so well sustained as to resemble the sound of red-hot iron being plunged in water. The maximum length of these snakes is seven and a half feet. Their color is white, with the exception of the head and back, the former being spotted black and the latter brown.—Wide World Magazine.

Trademark Registry Popular.

About 5,200 trademarks are registered during the course of the year at the patent office.

PROGRESS ON THE RANGE.

(San Antonio music dealer reports that cowboy songs using phonographs to quiet the cattle on the range.)

It used to be we whined 'em. (A cowboy we never heard 'em A-chawin' in the moonlight "Sam Bass" or "Old Black Joe.")

Get machinery's wheels and rattle. (Some to suit these modern cattle, And they act puny and restless when the phonograph won't go.)

Start that new contraction 'em! (Or a stamper will be growin'—Put in a Sousa record or look out for far, far lows.)

On the cowboy's field of glory. (Lice's another sort of story. Slice Meba and Curuso took to slaying to the cows.)

So throw in a chunk from Fryer. (When the west has lost its fire; Set the stars from op'ry houses wavin' and rainin' hot.)

The hillbillys we sang 'em. (Didn't suit the brutes, gosh hang 'em! The demon of invention's put the cowboy off the job.)

—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

Spiteful.

At a local picture show a painter hung a notice under his highly prized landscape. "Do not touch with canes or umbrellas." Some one who was not an admirer of his works added to the notice, "Take an ax!"

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND. Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in RED and GOLD METALLIC BOXES, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist or of CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as best, safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE.

WILL REORGANIZE HIGHWAY DEPT.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15.

John K. Tener governor-elect, declared in an interview today that he intends to make important changes in the State highway department, and that he also favors a cross-State highway similar to the plan of Governor Stuart.

TO IMPROVE HIGHWAYS

Mr. Tener outlined what he hopes to accomplish during his administration in the way of improvements of State highways. His plans include a complete reorganization of the State highway bureau and the erection of a new department with an executive head and a deputy commissioner, who shall be an engineer with wide experience in the building of roads.

"My thought is," said Mr. Tener, "that we should construct a highway—not necessarily a boulevard—leading directly from Pittsburgh on the west to Philadelphia on the east that will be a main artery connecting the eastern and western ends of the State and the county seats along the route with laterals connecting with the county seats not along the line of the main highway. I also believe that in sections where the travel will be heavy roadways should be constructed of some permanent material where the principal cost will be the first cost."

CONTINUING STATEMENT

Continuing the governor-elect said: "I said during my campaign and I repeat now that I absolutely have no personal ambition to serve in office. It is my purpose to give to the State the best that is in me and my hope is that when I go out of office I will have met the reasonable expectation of the people of the State in this respect."

Mr. Tener was asked regarding the makeup of his cabinet, and was told that gossip had already filled several of the places. Mr. Tener said:

"I am not responsible for any guesses that may be made, but you can rest assured that as yet they are but guesses for I have not given the subject serious consideration. As to the attorney generalship, however, my appointment will be a man upon whose judgment I will feel I can thoroughly rely; a man whose loyalty to me will be second only to his loyalty to the State."

"There is one thing you can say and that is that I will deem my administration most fortunate and I would consider the people and the State most fortunate, if they could continue to demand the services of Dr. Samuel G. Dixon as the head of the State department of health."

MAN'S WILL POWER.

Bismarck's Comment on Schopenhauer and His Theory.

In an entertaining account of a dinner party at Prince Bismarck's Berlin residence which is given in the recollections of the Livonian Journalist Eckhardt the following, which was a part of the table talk, shows the host in a new light: The conversation had turned on Bismarck's early days at Frankfurt, and Eckhardt asked whether at the table d'hôte of the Hotel d'Angleterre his host had ever met Schopenhauer. "No," said Bismarck; "he had no use for me nor I for him. Moreover, I have never had time or desire to occupy myself with philosophy. While I was a student Schopenhauer was still unknown. I know absolutely nothing about his system."

Another guest, an admirer of Schopenhauer, then joined enthusiastically in the conversation and explained that the philosopher's great merit consisted in the discovery of the fact that will power was the indestructible essence of the mind of man and that intelligence was only of secondary importance. "That may very well be true," said Prince Bismarck, "at least as far as I am concerned, for I have often noticed that my will had already come to a decision while my mind had not yet finished thinking about the same subject."

Smoking That Maddens.

Marhuana is a weed used by people of the lower class and sometimes by soldiers, but those who make larger use of it are prisoners sentenced to long terms. The use of the weed and its sale, especially in barracks and prisons, are very severely punished; yet it has many adepts, and Indian women cultivate it because they sell it at rather high prices. The dry leaves of marhuana alone or mixed with tobacco make the smoker wilder than a wild beast. It is said that immediately after the first three or four drafts of smoke smokers begin to feel a slight headache; then they see everything moving, and finally they lose all control of their mental faculties. Everything, the smokers say, takes the shape of a monster, and men look like devils. They begin to fight, and, of course, everything smashed is a monster "killed." But there are imaginary beings whom the wild man cannot kill, and these inspire fear until the man is panic stricken and runs.—Mexican Herald.

What Did He Mean?

Mrs. H.—I see there's a man in France who has murdered three of his wives in succession. I'd like to see the man who would murder me.

Mr. H.—So would I, my dear wife.

Napoleon I. who was a great admirer of female talent when his owner did not, like Mme. de Staël, direct it against himself, used to say, "There are women who have only one fault—viz, that they are not men."

Man and Woman.

When a man gets into trouble the first thing he thinks of is, "How shall I get out of this fix?" When a woman gets into trouble her first thought is, "How shall I best bear this misery?"—Winifred Black.

Cheeky.

"Does Winks take any magazines?" "All he can get, I don't dare to leave one lying around."—Birmingham Age Herald.

THE DEAREST GIFT.

A Pathetic Incident in the Life of Robert Browning.

A young American woman was traveling one day in an Italian railway coach, the only other occupant of the compartment being an elderly gentleman. Observing the interest of the young woman in the country through which they were passing and seeing also that it was new to her, the more experienced traveler pointed out objects and places of note.

From scenery the conversation drifted to books and authors, until something suggested to the young American one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets, which she quoted.

She was astonished and abashed because the gentleman made no reply but during the rest of the ride sat looking intently out of the window, having apparently forgotten the very existence of his traveling companion.

As they neared the station where the young lady was to leave the car she said timidly:

"I fear, sir, that I have offended you. Perhaps you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry."

The man slowly turned upon her tear dimmed eyes, and in a voice full of emotion he said:

"Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest, as its singer was the dearest, gift God ever gave to me."

Her traveling companion was Robert Browning.—Youth's Companion.

An Anecdote of Bach.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar once invited John Sebastian Bach, the Nestor of German music, to attend a dinner at the palace. Before the guests sat down to the feast Bach was asked to give an improvisation. The composer seated himself at the harpsichord and straightway forgot all about dinner and everything else. He played so long that at last the duke touched his shoulder and said, "We are very much obliged, master, but we must not let the soup get cold."

Bach sprang to his feet and followed the duke to the dining room without uttering a word. But he was scarcely seated when he sprang up, rushed back to the instrument like one demented, struck a few chords and returned to the dining room, evidently feeling much better. "I beg your pardon, your highness," he said, "but you interrupted me in a series of chords and arpeggios on the dominant seventh, and I could not feel at ease until they were resolved into the tonic. It is as if you had snatched a glass of water from the lips of a man dying of thirst. Now I have drunk the glass out and am content."

CARIBOU BLOCK TRAVEL.

Herd of One Hundred Thousand Held Lonesly Trail in Alaska.

A herd of caribou probably numbering 100,000 formed an amazing sight and stopped caravans on the lonely trail between Fairbanks and Circle City, Alaska, early in September.

The scene is described as the most impressive he ever witnessed by Captain E. T. Barnette, a Fairbanks banker. Captain Barnette believes the drove was of greater proportions than any other ever viewed by a white man.

His pack train waited on the hillside for four hours while one wing of the herd passed. The flock was nearly a mile wide and it stretched out for miles in length, closely packed.

Hard to Understand.

Supposing some one should spring this on you rapidly and ask you what it meant: "More zeat-zeat-deer-zeat-foots-lan-sleat-ty-ty-too."

You would never think it was plain English, but it is. It simply means: "Lares eat oats; deers eat oats; lambs 'll eat ivy; little lads 'll eat ivy too."

You should say this over many times to yourself until you can roll it off very quickly, run the words together, and then when you try it on your friends they will have to confess that they can't understand it. They will feel quite foolish when you show them that it is common English and that it sounds odd only because the words are spoken fast and run in together. It is this running of the words in together which makes it hard for a foreigner to understand our language or us theirs.

No Mystery About It.

The other night after Harker was safe in bed there came a mysterious tapping below his window. Harker slipped out of his covers and cautiously raised the sash.

"What's wanted?" he demanded, his teeth chattering.

"I just wanted to tell you," came a muffled voice, "that there's a hand moving around just inside your cellar window."

With visions of burglars Harker picked up his revolver and slipped through the halls in his pajamas. Cautiously he searched the cellar with a lighted candle, but it was empty. Outside on the sidewalk stood the stranger.

"I don't see any burglars down here," called Harker nervously.

"Who said anything about burglars?" laughed the stranger.

"Why, didn't you call me out of bed to tell me that there was a hand moving around near the cellar window?"

"Sure, it's the dial on the gas meter. It works while you sleep."—Philadelphia Times.

Transvaal Tobacco Producer.

Over 7,000,000 pounds of tobacco were produced in the Transvaal in 1908.

Against His Principles.

"What was that man making such a fuss about?" asked the restaurant proprietor.

"He found a couple of hairs in the food, sir," replied the waiter.

"Oh, is that all?"

"You see, sir, he's a vegetarian, and you can't get him to eat anything but vegetables."—Yonkers Statesman.

Neatly Parried.

A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently been married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing room.

"And which of my girls do you most admire, might I ask?"

"The married one," was the prompt reply.—Exchange.

MODEST VICTOR HUGO.

The Great Master Thought No Honor Too Great For Himself.

It was Thophile Gautier who said something to the effect that if he thought that one line of the great master, Victor Hugo, was bad he would not acknowledge it to himself if he were alone at the bottom of a dark well. On another occasion Gautier spoke of Victor Hugo as "a new Moses fresh from Sinai, charged to deliver the tablets of the law." Decidedly, Victor Hugo was a man who knew how to cast a spell upon those about him. For example, look at the following picture drawn in the "Souvenir sur Turgenieff":

"One evening Hugo's admirers assembled in his drawing room, were competing with one another in the eulogy of his genius, and the idea was thrown out, that the street in which he lived ought to bear his name. Some one suggested that the street was too small to be worthy of so great a poet, and the honor of bearing his name ought to be assigned to some more important thoroughfare. Then they proceeded to enumerate the most popular quarters of Paris, in an ascending scale, until one man exclaimed with enthusiasm that it would be an honor for the city of Paris itself to be renamed after the man of genius. Hugo, leaning against the mantelpiece, listened complacently to these flatterous out-bidding each other. Then, with an air of one engaged in deep thought, he turned to a young man and said to him in his grand style, "Even that will come, my friends—even that will come."—Bookman.

Another Little Dorrit Dies

English Woman's Brother Supposed to Have Been Tiny Tim.

The original of Dickens' Little Dorrit has just died at Southsea in the person of Mrs. Georgina Margaret Hayman. She was nearly eighty-one.

Her father, Mr. Bridges, was a London solicitor and was for many years an intimate friend of Dickens. The novelist was a frequent visitor at the solicitor's house and took a keen interest in all the members of the family.

Mrs. Hayman as a girl was pretty, and all the boys in the district made eyes at her. One day she lost one of a pair of red shoes that she used to wear, an incident which Dickens made use of in his works.

Mrs. Hayman's brother, who died while still a lad, is said to have inspired another of Dickens' characters, Tiny Tim in "A Christmas Carol." The boy met with an accident while at play, being impaled on an area railing, but he was a cheery little fellow in spite of the injury that made him a cripple. Dickens is also said to have characterized the boy as Paul Dombey, the invalid son of old Dombey.

WOODEN SCHOONER IS GIANT

Wyoming, Recently Sent Out, Beats All Records.

There is a general idea that the wooden sailing ship is a thing of the past, but there recently landed at Baltimore for its maiden voyage a wooden vessel that far outranks any that ever put to sea.

This is a six masted schooner, called the Wyoming, and is a splendid ship in every particular, with a gross register of 3,750 tons, or twenty-two tons more than the well known steel hull masted schooner William L. Douglas of Boston.

The Wyoming is 320 feet 2 inches long, 50 feet 1 inch beam and 30 feet 4 inches depth of hold. It has three decks, with five discharging hatches, and took as its first cargo 5,222 tons of soft coal for Boston.

The frame of the huge schooner is securely strapped with iron, and its keelson is protected with big bands of sheet iron. Telephones, steam pumps, steam hoists, etc., make the vessel up to date in every particular. The vessel cost \$190,000 to build.

Not Made Up.

Pushing her way through the crowd on the ferryboat to the decrepit rig, the middle aged woman sized up the emaciated animal from every point of view, and then, turning to the owner, who had clambered out of the wagon and propped himself against the engine room, said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for driving a poor horse like that; it should be at home and in the stable." "What is the matter with her, lady?" was the easy response of the owner, who didn't seem a whole lot perturbed. "What is the matter with her?" demanded the S. P. C. A. lady with increasing warmth of tone. "Can't you see how skinny she is? She looks starved." "The boss is all right, lady," calmly rejoined the expressman, as a sweet smile floated through his scant crop of whiskers. "You see, she got up so late this morning that she didn't have time to put on her rats, pads an' extenders, or she would have been as purty an' plump as ther next one."—Argonaut.

THE WHITE WASH.

Its Presence on the Hudson Bay Company's Boat Explained.

It is or was a rule of the Hudson Bay company that no woman be allowed passage on its boats. One day some years ago as a steamer of the company neared one of the northernmost ports a string of white garments was seen stretched across the deck. The watchers were amazed for to them the wash line suggested only the presence of a woman aboard the boat.

Comment was freely made of the scandal that would ensue and the shipstop that would follow. When the boat docked the line of washing had disappeared—still another proof of the scandal.

Later one of the husbands said to the captain:

"Why, how did it happen that you carried a woman passenger this trip?"

"There was never a woman along the whole voyage," was the indignant answer. "What do you mean?"

"If there was no woman aboard where did all that white wash come from?" was the triumphant reply.

The captain looked puzzled for a moment, and then he laughed.

"Oh," he said, "and didn't we have Lord Strathmore, the governor himself, along with us on this trip? And every day doesn't he insist on having his clean white shirt, no matter how far north we are? That's the white wash you saw strung along deck. And, what's more, doesn't his lordship insist upon having his London paper laid beside his plate every morning, no matter if it is a year old?"—Pearson's.

THE NEW WAY.

(Mrs. Mary Schley Brown at her wedding was attended by three Japanese friends of royal pedigree instead of Westerners—News Item.)

No more the bridal march, each lovely maiden in fleecy crape arrayed, with blossoms laden.

No more the frou-frou of their dainty dresses. Along the aisle to where the parson blesses.

In place of these at wedding ceremonies—Provided things are on a basis ton—Behold a string of purps of lineage blooded.

Glad rather adorning them and collars studied; Behold a bride, who leads them to the altar.

To noose a groom—who well deserves a halter.

But does a marriage license answer duly? Would not a canine license fit more truly?

Hall of Fame.

Names recently chosen for the Hall of Fame, with votes for each:

Name	Votes
Harriet Beecher Stowe	74
Oliver Wendell Holmes	69
Edgar Allan Poe	69
Roger Williams	64
James Fenimore Cooper	