

A MARK TWAIN STORY

Showing What May Be Achieved by Nerve and Reiteration.

A LESSON IN PERSEVERANCE.

Going to Prove That Repetition Will Work Wonders if a Man Has Only the Necessary Amount of Cheek to Stand Up and Keep on Talking.

Mark Twain once told a reporter that if a man says the same thing often enough people will begin to listen to him.

"Now," said the great humorist, "there was that story about Hank Monk. That was the oldest, staliest, driest, deadest bit of alleged humor that any man ever heard. It had been circulated around Nevada and California until there wasn't a man left who would even listen to it. I had heard it so many times that I knew it by heart. It told how Hank Monk got Horace Greeley over the Glenbrook grade to Placerville.

"I was about to deliver my second lecture at Platt's hall in San Francisco—the second one I had ever delivered. It occurred to me that I might begin that lecture with the worst story I had ever heard and by telling it often enough start the lecture with a big laugh. I took that story and memorized it so that it would not vary in the telling, and I made it just as pointless and just as dull and just as dry as I could.

"When it came time for me to talk I stood up and with a few introductory remarks began that story. If I remember it went something like this: 'Horace Greeley once went over the Glenbrook grade to Placerville. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip and started off at an awful pace. The stage bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off Horace's coat and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage, and then he yelled to Hank Monk and begged him to go easier—said he wasn't in as much of a hurry as he had been awhile ago. But Hank Monk said, 'Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time!' And he did, too—what was left of him."

"Now, that was all there was to the story. It was bad enough to begin with, but I made it worse in the telling. I droned it out in a flat, monotonous tone, without a gesture to mar its depressing effect. The people received it in dead silence. I had insulted every man in the audience—I had 'graveled' them with a story that was not only stale and pointless, but one which they had heard at least a thousand times. I waited a few seconds for the laughter, and then I began to hem and haw and shift my feet. I tried to appear just as embarrassed as I could, and after floundering about helplessly for a few sentences I cheered up a little and said that I would tell a funny anecdote which might be new to them. It began:

"Horace Greeley went over the Glenbrook grade to Placerville—'I told it in exactly the same miserable, pointless way that I had told it before, and when I got through I waited a longer time for the applause, but there wasn't any applause. I could see that several men in the house were growing quite indignant. They had paid money to hear a humorous lecture. I took a long breath and plunged in a third time, more embarrassed and flustered and worried than ever, and by and by I worked around again to the time when Horace Greeley went over Glenbrook grade to Placerville.

"This time some of the smarter ones began to laugh, and this encouraged me so much that I thought them and started right in to tell the story over again, never varying the delivery so much as a pause to take breath. The fourth time fetched 'em, and at the end of the story they stood up and whooped and yelled and cheered for some time.

"You see, I thought that if a man had said enough to stand up before an audience and tell the oldest, staliest and most uninteresting story in the world he could make people laugh if he had the nerve to tell the story often enough. The rest of my lecture went very well. They were willing to laugh at my anecdotes the first time I told them. Maybe they were afraid I would tell them a second time.

"I felt so sure that I had discovered a new phase in human character that I tried the same thing in New York years afterward. There was an author's reading one afternoon, and most of the authors read selections from their works. I sat on the platform beside James Russell Lowell. He asked me what I was going to read. I said that I wasn't going to read anything. I intended to tell an anecdote.

"Is it a funny one?" he asked.

"I said it would be if I lasted long enough."

"I started out without any preamble, and I told the Hank Monk anecdote. There was an awful silence at the end. I took a drink of water, mopped my forehead and told the story again. Same effect. Young man, I told that story five times before I landed 'em. When I sat down at last Mr. Lowell whispered to me:

"You have cost me dear. I have been sitting here and wasting sympathy on you."

"That's the point, young man. Repetition will do anything if a man has the sand to stand up and keep on talking."—New York American.

POSTED HERSELF.

And Then Told the Author About His Book of Travel.

Prince de Talleyrand one day, when rising from lunch, said to his wife, a very ignorant lady: "You will have at your side at dinner tonight a very remarkable man. He has written his travels. For heaven's sake, do talk to him sensibly. As you pass through the library ask for the book and glance it through and bring the conversation to this subject. Do not forget to ask for M. Denon's work."

The princess obeyed, but the thought of the torrent of sarcasm which would follow an unsuccessful issue of her lord's commands made her forget the name of the author. "Give me," said the princess, addressing the librarian, "the adventures of this traveler. Listen, now, a name which ends in 'on'."

"I know," said the librarian, smiling, and he handed her "Robinson Crusoe."

Mme. de Talleyrand read the book and was enchanted with the story, and more so with the thought that she was to dine with the author. At night she found herself next to M. Denon at table. She was not long in turning the conversation into the line directed by the prince, so she said to her neighbor: "Your travels have interested me deeply, monsieur. What joy you must have experienced in your lonely island when you found 'Friday'!"—From "L'Esprit de Talleyrand."

HELD HIS JOB.

The Boy Was Willing to Be a Friend to Senator Hanna.

When Senator Hanna was walking through his factory in Cleveland some years ago on the lookout for new ideas or anything which would aid the progress of business he overheard a little red headed lad remark:

"Wish I had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse."

The senator returned to his office and rang to have the boy sent to him. The boy came to the office timidly, just a bit conscience-stricken, wondering if his remark had been overheard and ready for the penalty. As the lad twisted his hands and nervously stood on one foot before the gaze of those twinkling dark eyes fixed on him by the man at the desk he felt the hand of Uncle Mark on his shoulder:

"So you wish you had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse, eh? Suppose your wish should be granted. What would you do?"

"Why," stammered the lad, "the first thing I would do, sir, would be to get you out of the poorhouse."

The senator laughed and sent the boy back to his work. Today he is one of the managers of a large factory, but he never tires of telling the story that held his first job.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

Canine Etiquette.

In their relations with one another dogs have a keen sense of etiquette. A well known traveler makes this unexpected remark about a tribe of naked black men living on one of the south sea islands: "In their everyday intercourse there is much that is stiff, formal and precise." Almost the same remark might be made about dogs. Unless they are on very intimate terms they take great pains never to brush against or even to touch one another. For one dog to step over another is a dangerous breach of etiquette unless they are special friends. It is no uncommon thing for two dogs to belong to the same person and live in the same house and yet never take the slightest notice of each other. We have a spaniel so dignified that he will never permit another member of the dog family to pillow his head upon him; but, with the egotism of a true aristocrat, he does not hesitate to make use of the other dogs for that purpose.—Henry C. Merwin in Atlantic.

When Lives Were Cheap.

In the prison of Luxembourg one of Fouquier Tinville's agents could make up only seventeen convicts out of the list of eighteen which had been given him. "I want one more," he said. He asked the first suspect who passed by his name and on hearing it said, "Yes; it is you." He had him carried off, and the next day he was guillotined.

On another occasion a warden called out the name of an aged prisoner. A lad who was playing ball in the gallery mistook the name for his own and asked if he was wanted. "Yes," was the answer; "come along," and the next day the boy was guillotined instead of the man.

At Bordeaux a boy of sixteen named Mellet was guillotined instead of an old man of eighty named Bellay. On objecting he was told that he was eighty years old in wickedness.

Not Guilty.

It was 4 a. m. and Bilkins crept softly into the house and removed his shoes, but as he tiptoed up the stairs one of the treads gave a loud creak.

"Is that you, John?" demanded Mrs. Bilkins from above.

"No, my love," replied Bilkins. "It's the stairs."—Judge.

The Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed, it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archaeologists, the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of that name. It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found a means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather; but, after all, the principals of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.—London Globe.

Post-haste.

He kicked off his wet boots, slid his feet into a pair of carpet slippers, lit his pipe, sat down in the easy chair with a sigh of relief and declared that twenty thousand wild horses couldn't make him stir from the house till morning.

"Henry," remarked the lady with the knitting needles, "you posted that letter I gave you this morning, I suppose?"

"I did, my love," he answered unblinking.

"I asked you to postpone her visit for awhile," his wife went on. "You see?"

Henry did see. His wife saw too. What she saw was the third man jump from his chair, kick off his slippers, put on his boots and skip out into the street as if rain was the very thing he liked walking through.

And when five minutes later, Henry came back with a tale that he'd just been to see how the thermometer outside the postoffice stand she smiled.—London Scraps.

Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the scientific name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing its loss is ascribed to the woman.

Constable Had the Evidence.

One of Philadelphia's leading corporation lawyers was visiting in New England, and, returning home, he told how he had been arrested there. He had not had a vacation for some years, and, getting into the country, he proceeded to be a boy again.

He struck a piece of country road and ran along for a half mile. He found a fence and vaulted it. He saw a tree and climbed it. Finally he returned to the village. Just as he struck the town a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a man said in a gruff voice:

"Come with me."

"What for?" inquired the other in amazement.

"I'm the constable, and you're under arrest. I've been following you, and I think you're crazy."—

Millions of Lives Lost

An Awful Toll Collected by Consumption. Many Unnecessary Deaths from this Disease

If people could only understand that systemic catarrh is an internal disease that external applications cannot cure, they would not need to be warned so often about this malady, which, when neglected, paves the way oftentimes for consumption, at the cost of millions of lives every year. Yet catarrh may be cured, if the right treatment is employed.

Catarrh is caused by a general diseased state of the system which leads commonly to annoying and perhaps serious local conditions, which may prove a fertile breeding ground for germs of consumption. External remedies give but temporary ease.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, etc., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale, on the premises at the court house in Brookville, Pa., on

Friday, February 25th, 1910, At one o'clock p. m., all the following real estate, to-wit:

All the defendant's right, title, interest and claim of, in and to all that piece or parcel of land situated in the borough of West Reynoldsville, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, in Powers and Warner's plan of town lots and borough of West Reynoldsville, as mapped and plotted by James Caldwell in April, 1872, recorded in the Recorder's office in said county, in deed book vol. 36, page 27, bounded and described as follows to-wit: On the south by Brown street (60 feet) on the west by lot number one hundred and forty-two (142) one hundred and fifty feet (150 feet); on the north by land of Smith, McConnell sixty (60) feet; on the east by lot No. 144 one hundred and fifty (150) feet containing three thousand (3000) square feet, being marked and numbered in said plan as lot No. 142. Being the same lot of ground deeded by The Bell, Lewis and Yates Coal Mining Company to James H. Eger by deed dated April 24th, 1880, recorded in the Recorder's office in said county in deed book vol. 56, page 288. Having erected thereon a two-story frame dwelling house 22 1/2 feet containing 8 rooms, front porch 6x20 feet, back porch and pantry attached. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. B. Boyer and Sarah Margaret Boyer at the suit of Reynoldsville Building and Loan Association.

DAVIS.

ALSO—All the defendant's right, title, interest and claim of, in and to all that certain lot or piece of ground, situate in the borough of Reynoldsville, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Situate in Albert Reynolds' addition to said borough as mapped and plotted by James Caldwell, fronting on Jackson street sixty (60) feet, being north of said Jackson street; on the east by Cole alley one hundred and fifty (150) feet; on the north by Gordon's alley sixty (60) feet; on the west by lot number sixty-one (61) owned by M. Gelsler, one hundred and fifty (150) feet and known in said plan as lot number sixty-one and containing one thousand and nine hundred (1900) square feet. Being the same lot deeded by Joanna R. Neale and husband to Ida M. Foster by deed in said county in deed book of June, A. D. 1865, recorded in deed book vol. 106, page 234, and having erected thereon a frame dwelling house 18x30 feet, with stairs high with L. attached, containing 2 rooms, bath and toilet and pantry 8x10 feet. Also a frame dwelling house 16x22 feet containing four rooms; barn about 16x22 feet and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Ida M. McCreight and William J. McCreight at the suit of Reynoldsville Building and Loan Association.

DAVIS.

ALSO—All the defendant's right, title, interest and claim of, in and to all the following pieces, parcels or lots of land situate in the village of Prescotville, Township of Winslow, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit:

First. On the north by the Waterford and Susquehanna Turnpike, on the south by G. H. Prescott; on the east by a forty foot street and on the west by Mrs. Montgomery, now Jerry Myers, containing ten thousand square feet, more or less, being the same being one hundred feet front and one hundred feet deep, and being the same premises deeded to Agnes Handyside by Louise D. Reynolds, et al., by deed dated July 2, 1867, recorded in the Recorder's office in and for the county of Jefferson in deed book vol. 79, page 117. Having erected thereon a stone house 28x51 feet with water room 16x26 feet and annex 16x14 feet for dwelling, all on stone wall, good cellar, weather boarded and painted, and a stone store, stove, sink and counters. Also having erected thereon a barn 16x30 feet with shed 16x16 feet.

Second. Beginning at a post corner thirty feet west of the northeast corner of the building of the stone house, once occupied by Agnes Handyside, now owned by Mrs. Jerry Myers, to a post corner on line of land of G. H. Prescott; thence west along line of said land of G. H. Prescott sixty feet to a post corner of lot now owned by Mrs. Jerry Myers; thence north along line of said lot now owned by Mrs. Jerry Myers one hundred feet to a post corner at the turnpike; thence east along said turnpike sixty feet to a post corner, the place of beginning, containing six thousand square feet, more or less, and being the same premises conveyed by Elizabeth J. Shaffer, et al., to Agnes Handyside, by deed dated July 31, 1861, recorded in the Recorder's office in and for the county of Jefferson in deed book vol. 91, page 46. Having erected thereon a five-room plastered house 16x28 feet, with stone wall and basement and being weather-boarded and painted.

Third. Beginning at a post at the fence on the southside of the Turnpike at the northeast corner of the lot sold to Mrs. Honora Shannon; thence in an easterly direction along the Turnpike fifty feet to a post; thence in a southerly course one hundred feet to a post; thence in a westerly course fifty feet to a post at corner of Mrs. Shannon's lot; thence in a northerly course along line of Mrs. Shannon's lot one hundred feet to the turnpike, the place of beginning, containing five thousand square feet, and being the same premises conveyed by Anna Peeney to Agnes Handyside by deed dated December 30, 1860, recorded in the Recorder's office in and for the county of Jefferson in deed book vol. 85, page 52. Having erected thereon a house 16x28 feet with basement. Being weather-boarded and painted.

Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Morton Anthony and A. Handyside at the suit of Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for use of Armstrong county. Test. Fl. Fa., No. 9. J. C. OULBERTSON.

TERMS:

The following must be strictly complied with when property is sold in execution:

1. When the plaintiff or other lien creditors become the purchaser, the cost on the writs must be paid, and a list of liens, including mortgage searches on the property sold, together with such lien creditor's receipt for the amount of the proceeds of the sale or such property, inasmuch as he may claim must be furnished to the sheriff.
2. See Pardon's digest, 9th, Ed., page 446.
3. Smith's form, Page 184.
4. All sales not settled immediately will be continued until two o'clock p. m. of day of sale at which time all property not settled for will again be put up and sold at the expense and risk of the person to whom first sold. All writs staid after being advertised, the cost of advertising must be paid.

February 2, 1910. A. E. GALBRAITH, Sheriff.

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