

Patton Courier

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STRONG EVIDENCE

Is the Statement of This Patton Woman

Bachache is often kidney ache;
A common warning of serious kidney trouble—
A stitch in time saves nine!—
Don't delay—use Doan's kidney Pills.

Profit by Mrs. Kinkad's experience.
Mrs. F. M. Kinkad, Second Ave., Patton, Pa., says: "I had a dull, heavy pain through my hips and in the small of my back. The trouble was so bad that when I got down, I couldn't get up. I was lame and sore all over. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills, and soon found relief."

REUEL SOMERVILLE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office in the Good Building
Patton, Pa.

HAS RECEIVED HER LEGACY

Descendant of Patrick Henry Would
Seem Fully Possessed of "Most
Valuable Possession."

Patrick Henry wrote in his will, "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they have that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they have not this, and I had given them all this world, they would be poor."

It would seem that the only portion of this legacy in which the nearest known living descendant of Patrick Henry now living has shared is in the fulfillment of his wish that his family might have the Christian religion. Perhaps the strongest characteristic of Lucy Anna Henry Peters, is that as far as can be learned, the only living great-grandchild of Patrick Henry, is her pious and devoted to the church. Although Mrs. Peters is now in her seventy-fourth year, she attends Sunday school as regularly as Sunday rolls around and cannot remember when she missed either, regardless of the weather, and the only book she has read for many years is the Bible, which she consults every day.

CAMERA AID TO PATRIOTISM

Australian Troops Get Pictures of
Homes to Urge Them On to Work
Ahead of Them.

It was Green, the historian, who said that the cheap photographic portrait did much, very much, to link the emigrants together. The homesteader in Canada works to make a home for a girl of his heart he hopes will follow him and whose portrait he often looks at. The old mother in England, Ireland or Scotland gazes on the picture of her boy in British Columbia and he is not so far away after all.

When people in Melbourne, Australia, knew the power of sentiment, and they were taking the photograph aid patriotic fund conspicuously in all the post offices of the commonwealth, posters advertising the new snapshots from the Home League explain an enterprising plan for linking homes and trenches. Amateur photographers may enroll in the league and take photographs of the actual service, with the object of sending the pictures to the men in the trenches. There are incentives, if any, that would win out and get back

A MIXED DISPOSITION

By LOUISE OLIVER.

James Porterfield Morgan, known to the world as Jim Morgan, looked at his sister quizzically.
"Madge, do you mean to say that Polly Love is your ideal of a woman?"

"Yes, Jim, dear, bright, wholesome little Polly, with her silvery giggle as you call it is my ideal of a woman and I wish you'd marry her."

"Well, I like Polly, of course, but— he flicked the ash off his cigarette and failed to finish.

"I know what you mean, Jim. Your type is the dashing kind with a disposition like all the months of the year combined. June one instant, April the next and a regular January freeze to follow. Jim, you men make me tired with your queer ideas of women. Take it from me, they aren't the celestial beings you think, any of them—except Polly. She's an angel."

"If she were here she would laugh at your wonderful wit," answered Jim sardonically. "No doubt that's what she's doing now anyway, wherever she is. She's always laughing. And perpetual good humor horses me as much as incessant sunshine."

Had Jim known it, he was right when he said that Polly was laughing. And this was the occasion. That morning a letter had come from Cornelia Graham announcing that she would visit them for a week on her way to Boston.

Cornelia was pretty rich and spoiled and the entire relationship held her in reverential awe.

"Oh, we can't have her with the plasterers and paperhangers here," protested Mrs. Love in a panic. "And the rugs are all up and away at the cleaners, and we've no girl. Of all times for her to come! Why couldn't she wait a week?"

And then Polly giggled. "Isn't it the limit? Well—she isn't waiting, and if I'm not mistaken she's here now, for there's a taxi just stopping at the curb and—behold, m'lady."

Polly rushed out to the porch. "Hello, Cornelia! You dear! I'm so glad to see you. Come right in, but don't you dare to sit down or you'll ruin that exquisite suit you have on. We look like an accident ward in a hospital—all plastered up."

Cornelia was led through shrouded furniture and buckets of calcimine and glue up to the second floor to Polly's room, the only room in the house that hadn't been dismantled.

Then Polly flew to the kitchen to see what she could scare up to eat. "There isn't much," she declared, searching the cupboard. "Here's a can of corn and some salmon, but I believe there's another thing. If I had more eyes I could stir up custards—two aren't enough. I'll slip over to Laura's back way and get some eggs. I hate to borrow, but I must."

Polly got the eggs and went home unscathed by Jim in the library.

"That poor child," said Laura. "Is in an awful fix. Cornelia Graham, that rich cousin of theirs, has just come and their house is a mess. Can't you do something to help them out, Jim?"

"Do you mean that girl that was here last summer?"

"Yes."

"By Jove, you don't say! You bet I'll help them out. I'll telephone right away and ask her to lunch and the matter this afternoon."

When Jim called at the Loves' a workman had put a ladder across the front door, so he went around back. Polly was at the store getting their own lunch at the best she could. She was lifting a sauceman from the fire when she heard Jim's voice. She turned quickly, the pan bumped against the high oven and the whole thing turned upside down on the floor at her feet.

She was tired, hot and excited, company had come on top of confusion, and here was a man at the kitchen door whose good opinion she valued very much and who, she knew, was very fastidious. Yet Polly giggled!

"You two get out of here!" she laughed, "and I'll clean up this mess. No, of course you can't help. I've got work all over my shoes."

When they had gone, Polly called: "Mother, can you come here? Mother!" There were tears of pain in her eyes now.

"I—I spilled the corn and it was hot. Some of it went on my foot and it—hurts."

Jim came in at six.

"Say, Laura, I take back what I said about a mixed disposition this morning."

"What! So soon?"

"Yes. I've had a taste of them all this afternoon, everything from January to December. I've been scorched and frozen in turn until I am numb."

"Then you don't think the peasant sun so bad? Speaking of which, I have some news. Polly's in the hospital! She spilled something hot on her feet and scalded herself dreadfully!"

Then something happened to James Porterfield Morgan. He thought of Polly standing at the stove and laughing through her agony.

"Dear little Polly," he muttered. "What a fool I've been!"

"Where are you going, Jim?" called Laura.

"To the hospital to hunt some sunshine," he answered. "I'm thinking it would be a good thing to have it handy for the rest of my life."

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Beauty's Gold

By George Elmer Cobb

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

"But, Mabel, I don't know the young lady."

"But I know her. She is one of my dearest school friends. She and her sister are stopping with some relatives over the week end. It is all arranged. You are to call for her tomorrow evening. Her sister, I believe, is provided with an escort."

"And I am to take this Miss Lora Vane to the lawn party up at Graysville?"

"Yes, Rupert."

"And then drive her here, where her sister will come also?"

"That is the program."

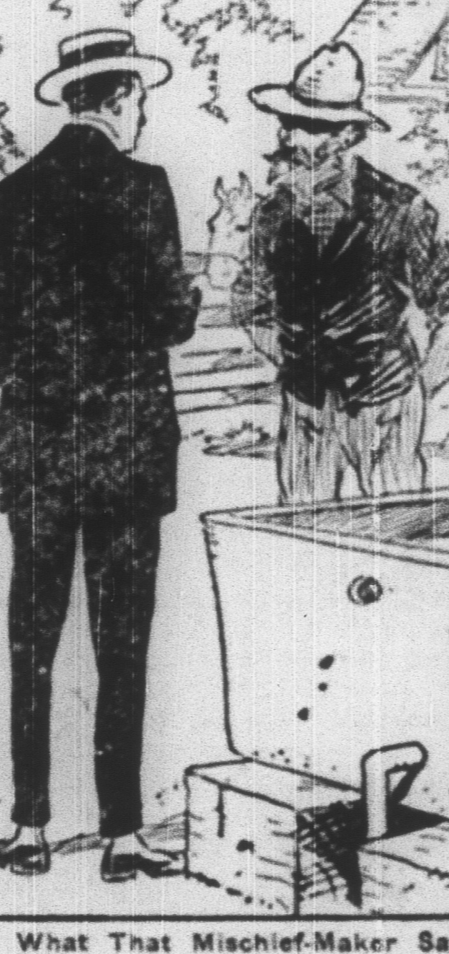
"Very well; I'll do it to oblige you."

Mercy Grey smiled to herself. She was not a matchmaker, but she would not be averse to welcome her college chum as a sister-in-law. As to her brother, he was not altogether on rapport with the situation. The Greys were plain people, and thrifty. He had not gone much into society and, from what Mercy had told him, he fancied that this Miss Lora Vane was a gay butterfly of fashion, who rather looked down on the simple, inexperienced son of a farmer.

"I'll say," hailed the brother-in-law of Rupert as he came into the farmyard, "going to shine this evening, I hear. I don't envy you."

"How is that?" Rupert challenged his good-natured relative.

The latter pointed to old Fleecy, the family horse. Fleecy was white as the



Is What That Mischief-Maker Says True?

driven snow, a great, strong, intelligent animal, something of a pulper and decidedly a goer. He was the mainstay of the family for buggy service.

"I suppose you know that this Miss Vane is a red-headed girl?" observed the tormenting brother-in-law, always up to mischief. "No? Well, she is—fery rich rod. With a white horse! Say, she won't relish it, believe me. See the point?"

Rupert looked dumfounded as his relative strode off, laughing hilariously. He saw the point, indeed! The red-headed-girl-white-horse fetich was a standing joke in the vicinity.

"Is what that mischief-maker says true?" propounded Jacob, the farm utility man of the Greys for a quarter of a century—odd, erratic and a prime friend of Rupert.

"Is what true?" queried Rupert, vaguely stirred up at the latest discovery of the individualism of Miss Vane's hair?

"About a red-headed girl? If it is, don't you fret about it. I'll fix it for you. I'll save you from being—being—oh, yes, embarrassed, that's the word."

"What do you mean?" demanded Rupert, but the old man drifted away chuckling and waving his hand reassuringly, and replying in a confident tone:

"I'll have it ready at eight. I'll fix everything for you."

Rupert did not pay much attention to old Jacob, who was always saying and doing strange things. He resolved to go through the ordeal. It was too late to borrow another horse, too expensive to hire one at the livery. Besides, in the dusk and in the later dark's hours, he would notice the color of Miss Vane's hair? Still, Rupert was sensitive, and if Miss Vane was the same, she might feel annoyed at the close conjunction of a white horse.

Old Jacob was at the hitching block when Rupert left the house to start on his experience of the night. Rupert gave a great stare, a start, a gasp.

"Where's Fleecy?" he asked sharply. "Why this is Fleecy, of course," responded old Jacob readily. "Stained, dyed; wouldn't know him, eh? Any thing to oblige you, and fix things right, and no harm done."

"But—" began the astounded Rupert.

"You see, the folks were drying

some old brown bollards. There was a tubful of the stuff left over. Thinkin' I will it do the work? It did. Went on slick as grease. It may not last or wear, but for one evening I defy anyone to see a speck of white, or any stranger to guess that the horse has been hoaxed, hey?"

Rupert did not know whether he had better laugh or storm. He looked over Fleecy critically. Yes, in the gathering dusk, the old animal would pass muster. No one would particularly notice Fleecy. He would be only a few moments in front of the house where he was to call for Miss Vane. Dusk would favor the situation.

By the time they reached Greysville it would be dark, and he could tell the horse in an obscure spot. So Miss Vane's sensibilities would be spared.

Rupert had never seen Miss Lora Vane before. As he saw her for the first time an hour later, he wished he could keep her in view for the rest of his life. She was—ravishing. And her hair—a golden glory! Red. He would bodily assault his brother-in-law if he ever made the insinuation again! If it shaded on the tabooed dermal hue, it was in a magnificent way that made Rupert wish every girl in the world was singularly storified.

Everything went charmingly. There was a gay lantern-lit party on the lawn, with refreshments and everybody happy. As Rupert helped Miss Vane into the buggy, he felt that he had passed the most enjoyable evening of his life. Lora was brimming over with joyousness, she liked her escort and she felt that this was true and was radiantly content.

Her sister was to be driven after them by her escort to the Grey home. Rupert started down the hill road first. The sky had become obscured and it began to rain.

Rupert got out the rain robe and tucked in his pretty companion securely. There was a drenching shower. It beat down for a full half hour. Then the moon came out and then—

He noticed Miss Vane staring askance at old Fleecy. He glanced himself. Fleecy was once more in propria persona. The rain had washed off the thin coating of dye. Old Fleecy had turned white in a single hour!

Rupert was on nettles. He met the questioning, half quizzical eyes of his fair companion once. He believed she saw through the entire gauzy tissue of mask and circumstance. He was about to stammer out a lame expression when there was a third screen.

It came from the shut-in door they had just traversed.

"My sister!" cried Lora sharply. "Oh, listen! A runaway!"

There was no doubt of it from the sounds. Rupert halted Fleecy and bent his ear intently. He could trace the sharp ringing hoofs of a horse, the jar and jangle of a swaying vehicle. The cry of distress and terror came nearer and nearer.

"Miss Vane," he spoke hurriedly, "please alight. If a runaway horse gets out of the cut on the open here, he is liable to go over the side of the gully to sure destruction."

He knew just what to do. He calculated how far he could depend on Fleecy—wise, intelligent old farm veteran. Quickly turning about he drove back into the cut, blocked the road and old Fleecy braced for the crash. It came, but the sturdy shield never wavered. Lora's sister clinging to her seat, the runaway was checked. Her escort had been thrown from the vehicle, but came running up unhurt.

As they reached the Grey home later Lora went up to old Fleecy. She guessed all, even the thoughtful over-sensitiveness of Rupert. She put her arms around the neck of the hero horse.

"You brave creature!" she said. "You saved my sister's life, you and your master here."

Her long hair showed like burnished gold in the moonlight. Rupert felt that it would be rapture to kiss that in turn. And within a week he had the right to do so.

First American Newspaper.

The first newspaper published in the Northwestern territory was the Sentinel, published at Cincinnati, November 9, 1783. A local historian says: "A wheelbarrow would have moved the types, cases and stands which the pioneer establishment contained."

The paper had its home in a little ert on Front street, near the river. Several years ago the Historical society at Cincinnati paid \$148 at an auction sale for a copy of it. The first newspaper published in Indiana territory was the Western Sun at Vincennes, the first issue appearing on the Fourth of July, 1804. In 1807 the Sun printed a bound volume of the "Laws of Indiana Territory," the paper on which the book was printed being brought by pack horse from Georgetown, Ky. In 1824 the postmaster general reported that there were 598 newspapers published in the United States and of these Ohio had 48 and Indiana 12.

A Foot For 12.

For half an hour a Portland teacher patiently instructed her class in the art of telling the time from a clock.

"Now," she said at last, as she pointed to the big clock on the wall, "you may be the first to tell me the time, Mary Brown."

Full of importance, Mary turned and studied the dial. Then she faced her teacher again, her eyes shining with triumph. "Please, miss," she said, "it's just one inch past 11!"

Seeking Relief.

"If you are tired, why not sit out this dance with your partner?"

"Well, mother, it will be less troublesome to dance it than to listen to his rapid talk."—Kansas City Journal.

Coming Attractions

At The Mishler Theatre, Altoona

Saturday, Jan. 27, Matinee and Night—The popular Musical Comedy "When Dreams Come True." Youthful and comical; all fun, melody, dancing and pretty girls. One entire season in New York and Chicago.

Next Burlesque attraction—Two days—Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 24 and 25 Matinee each day—"THE GINGER GIRLS" Burlesques.

Friday, Jan. 26, Matinee and Night—The play with the Punch, "One Girl's Experience." A story of the dangers that beset poor girls who work for their living.

Saturday, Jan. 27, Matinee and Night—Gus Hill presents the latest adaptation from Bud Fisher's world famous cartoon creations this year's edition being entitled "Mut and Jeff's Wedding."

Saturday, Feb. 3, Matinee and Night, the season's melodramatic sensation, "The Millionaire's Son and the Shop Girl."

YOUR LAST CHANCE

Recently we published in these columns an offer of The Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine for a full year, for only \$2.10, including a McCall Dress Pattern. The high price of paper and ink has obliged McCall's Magazine to raise their subscription price February 1 to 10 cents a copy and 75 cents a year—so that the offer at the above price must be withdrawn.

Until March 31 our readers have the privilege of ordering both publications for a full year, including the choice of any 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern, for only \$2.10.

The amount of reading, information and entertainment contained in the fifty-two issues of The Youth's Companion and the value of twelve monthly fashion numbers of McCall's at \$2.10 offer a real bargain to every reader of this paper.

This two-at-one-price offer includes: 1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues. 2. The Companion Home Calendar for 1917. 3. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers. 4. One 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern—your choice from your first copy of McCall's—if you send a two-cent stamp with your selection.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, PENNA.

In the matter of the Partition proceedings in the Estate of L. B. Cassidy, deceased, late of Clearfield Township.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Court to ascertain if there are any liens, and to report a distribution of the fund secured by said recognizance, to and among the parties entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that I will sit for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment at my office in the James Building, Ebensburg, Pa., on Wednesday Jan. 24th, at ten o'clock A. M., at which time and place all persons interested are requested to appear and present their claims, or be forever debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

H. A. Englehart, Jr., Auditor.

Dec. 29-31.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on the 5th day of February, 1917, by John E. Zimmermann, Charles Day and Robert C. Shields, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Registration of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Bradley Mine Coal Company, the character and object of which is mining and selling coal, and for these purposes, to have and possess and enjoy the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

JAMES COLLINS JONES, Solicitor.

Dr. B. J. OVERBERGER DENTIST

Office in Weible Building Patton, Pa.

Shadow of a Great City

Metro Production Featuring Thomas Jefferson

Grand Theatre, Patton

Saturday Night

Prices 5 and 10 cents

BARNESBORO NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Griest are visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Miss Edith Prosser, of India State Normal was home over Sunday.

Mrs. Brian Thurnston returned home Monday evening after spending a week with friends in Pittsburgh.

See Chas. Richmond, Dorothy Kelly and Arline Pretty at the Rex on Wednesday.

Mrs. M. E. Lester departed Wednesday for Zanesville, Ohio, where she will make an extended visit with her son Arthur.

Wm. Wood, of Ocooca, formerly of Barnesboro had a paralytic stroke last week. His condition is not reported as dangerous.

Lambert Bendon was taken to the Spangler hospital on Sunday for appendicitis. He is improving very slowly at last report.

Miss Mae Townsend, of Clymer accompanied her father to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Nicholson on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wood and daughter Eleanor left Wednesday for Philadelphia, West Grove and other eastern cities.

Mrs. John Harvey and daughter Mrs. Henry Horkins were to Barnesboro shopping on Monday.

Billie Leonard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Leonard was operated on at the Spangler hospital for appendicitis. He is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sheadell of Hastings, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Dukes.

Bill Libby is back at his old job. Could not stand it in the smoky city. P. J. Wolfe has been on the sick list for some time and is convalescent.

There was one of Spangler's young men calling on his male friend the other evening, and while he was trying to put his horse in the company barn tore the side out of the barn.

No. 5 Bible Class meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dukes on Monday evening presented Mr. Dukes their teacher a very fine gift as a token of love toward their teacher. All had a very pleasant evening.

Miss Emma Harding and Raymond Yant both of Brockwayville were united in marriage Jan. 10. Miss Harding is a graduate nurse of Pennsylvania hospital and Mr. Yant was formerly an employee of the West Branch Co. Store but he is now manager of the Glen Hazel Supply Store.

Rev. Wm. Phelps was called to Binghamton, New York, yesterday on receiving word of the death of his nephew Samuel Phelps. The young man had just completed his school studies, was twenty years old and his sudden death is a shock to a wide circle of friends.

A reception was tendered the happy couple at Mr. Lute's home in Moss Creek on Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Lute have already commenced housekeeping at Mr. Lute's place in Barr township.

Fire in a washing shanty near the mine south of Spangler created considerable excitement about 9:30 Tuesday evening on account of an unusually bright blaze. The fire burned itself out before the firemen arrived. The shanty was about 8 X 10 feet and the loss but a few dollars.

Mrs. Charlson returned from Newry York Tuesday evening whither she had taken her little daughter Ruth to be given treatment for ailments resulting from an attack of infantile paralysis. The little girl is in the care of the eminent specialist Dr. Fraunthal, who entertains hopes of complete recovery. It is thought that Ruth may be able to walk in about six months.

Miss Margaret A. Partington and Albert F. Lute were quietly married last Friday by Justice Morley at the residence of the bridegroom in Barr township. Mr. Lute is a miner and is the son of J. Henry Lute. Miss Partington's home was formerly in North Barnesboro.