

MADE BAD ROUBLES IN PRISON CELL

Amazing Tale of Bold Counterfeiting Comes From City of Kovno, Lithuania

THE COINERS CAUGHT REDHANDED

Jailer Lednicka and One of His Convict Inmates Concocted a Clever Scheme—All Kovno Convulsed with the Story—How Discovery Came.

Moscow, Russia.—At Kovno, a large town in Lithuania, the public have been complaining for some time past of the multitude of false roubles, half roubles and 15-kopeck pieces in circulation. The passing of such coins is not, in itself, punishable in Russia, and the most punctilious persons do not hesitate to try to get rid of false coins. The best place is the market, where the Jews take and pass them with the greatest ease. In respectable households the false-coins go to the cook, who exchanges them for meat and vegetables at the market place. But at Kovno things were getting too bad, and even the Jews grew careful of what money they took.

The governor of the prison, who followed the same plan as ordinary mortals for getting rid of superfluous coin, had complaints from his cook, who got back as good—or rather as bad—as she gave, and received false coin in her change whenever she went to market. The governor in turn complained to the head of the police, who promised to unearth the coiners and set an "agent" (a sort of private detective) to watch the market place. The agent soon discovered that a woman named Lednicka was constantly passing false coins—now at this stall, now at that. One day he had her arrested, taken to the nearest police station and searched. A good deal of money was found on her, and it was all false. She protested her innocence, saying that her husband had given her a month's money for the housekeeping.

"What is your husband and where does he live?" the head inspector asked. She replied that he was a jailer and lived at the local prison. Mr. Lednicka was promptly sent for and questioned as to his wife's money. At first he refused to answer, but finally admitted that he got the money from one of the prisoners under his charge—a man named Mucha, who had been in prison awaiting trial on a charge of banditism for the past eight months.

"What part of the prison does he live in?" asked the astonished inspector. "In a cell, of course," was the answer. "No. 25—on the ground floor, to the left side of the courtyard." The police set off to the prison and asked for leave to search cell No. 25.

"Are you mad?" cried the governor. "The prison's under my charge! You can bring me people here, but I'm hanged if you're going to inspect my place wherever it suits."

Then they explained that Lednicka had confessed to getting false coins from cell No. 25, and hinted that he himself had asked to have the coiners discovered. He reluctantly gave way and the cell was opened—much to the discomfort of the occupant, who, sure that Lednicka alone had the keys, was coining false money and had not time to put away his plant.

The indignation of the governor was only equalled by the mirth of the police, when the plant for coining false roubles, half-roubles and 15-kopeck pieces was found in the cell.

Caught red-handed, Lednicka and Mucha made a clean breast of it. They took a fancy to each other from the moment they first met in the prison. Mucha soon confided to the jailer that he knew how to make false coins if Lednicka would go to a certain house and bring the plant. Lednicka, for passing the coin, was to share profits. He agreed, brought the plant, and always warned the prisoner when the prison officials were likely to inspect the cell, when the plant was taken out and hidden in Lednicka's rooms.

The plan succeeded admirably. They made and circulated false money for over half a year, and had it not been for the governor's cook, would probably have gone on till Mucha went up for trial. Kovno is convulsed with the story, and, of course, those are not lacking who hint that the good governor himself knew something about the matter.

Five Brothers Serving Sentences.
Clinton, Okla.—I have four brothers in the penitentiary now, and when I arrive there we will hold a family reunion," was the statement made in the Custer County District Court at Arapahoe by O. G. Williams when sentenced to imprisonment for life for killing Della Generals. They had formerly been married, having lived together in El Reno, but she came to Clinton to get rid of him, and he followed. She refused to have anything to do with him, although he pursued her constantly with importunities to again live with him.

Williams was boastful about the murder and said he came from a family that has made many killings, he being the fifth brother to go to the penitentiary for murder. He said he murdered Della Generals because she would not take up with him again and that he did not care to live without her.

A HUMAN SEISMOGRAPH

Maud Drake Out with a New Warning of an Impending Cataclysm in This Country.

Boulder Creek, Col.—Maud Lord Drake, who has spiritualistic tendencies and calls herself a human seismograph, predicts that a disaster of dire proportions is imminent somewhere on this continent. She declares that she foretold the Galveston tidal wave and the San Francisco earthquake, and warned the inhabitants of both these cities weeks beforehand that destruction was upon them. She also lays claim to a forewarning of the Stoom disester, the Collingwood, Ohio, school fire, and the recent series of earthquakes in foreign lands. She said a few days ago:

"These disturbances confuse and distress me beforehand in proportion to their destructiveness and nearness. On Jan. 23 I was greatly affected all day, could with difficulty keep my feet, everything turning in confusion; then came a hurrying of spirits, hither and thither, with all kinds of clothing for men, women, and children. At that time I told of great earthquakes to come, and on that very day, in the Province of Turkestan, in Western Persia, sixty villages and more than 6,000 people were destroyed. Then came the eruption of the Colima volcano in Mexico, and a month later the destruction of Messina.

"But the worst is to come. For many months, at various times, I have been, and I am now, in the shadow of something even more appalling and destructive of human life. I cannot penetrate the gloom as yet, but it seems that it must be in this country, and that I must be in it. In addition to the cataclysm impending in this country there is to be another merciless disaster in Europe; not right soon, perhaps, but still not very far distant.

"But if, as in other cases, I should get the light in time to warn the localities to be affected, what good would it do? People will not heed until too late. They paid no attention in Galveston or San Francisco, nor was any heed given when, in 1883, I foretold from the platform of the coming disaster in the Island of Krakaton, where 25,000 lives were lost."

A KING IN TRADE



Rodalt's Greatest Business Man—Leopold of the Belgians.

OUT FOR COD, CATCH SHARK.

Nine-Footer Puts Up a Battle That Lasts for Five Hours.

Tacoma, Wash.—Going out for rock cod and putting in a whole afternoon battling with a giant mud shark was the experience of Lewis Jervis and C. de Allen of the Puget Sound Flour Mills. The shark repeatedly jerked two 40-pound sinkers, two buoys and the rowboat containing the two men about, and was only conquered after a struggle that began at 1 o'clock and was finished at 6 o'clock. The fish was docked at the Foss Boat Company's float at 8 o'clock and is now on exhibition.

It all came about by a silver salmon grabbing a piece of meat containing a hook and the shark grabbing the salmon, which at the time of his seizure contained both the meat and hook.

The shark is about 9 feet long and weighs about 800 pounds. These sharks are quite plentiful in the bay, though few as large as this one are ever seen.

"Man With the Golden Nose" Dead.
Lexington, Ky.—Patrick Lamphear, one of the most widely known Bourbon whiskey exporters in America, died here from pneumonia. He was born in Ireland sixty-five years ago. His skill in determining the quality of whiskey by its aroma had gained a large salary for him and had won for him the sobriquet of "the man with the golden nose."

HOT PURSUIT OF JERSEY BOMBAT

Weird 'Devil Bird' Crossed State Line and Terrified Spring Valley, New York

GRAVE FOSSE HUNTS MONSTER

Described as Having an Immense Head, and a Small but Muscular Body Covered with Hair—Arms Equipped with Web-like Skin.

Spring Valley, N. Y.—An armed posse of fearless men searched hill and dale and invaded swamp lands fearlessly in and around this village, in hot pursuit of the weird Jersey "Bombat," which has made its lair nearby. The alleged capture of the "devil bird" at Atlantic City is not credited here. It wasn't the real "devil bird" that fought Fisherman Doughty, for the monster is in "the West" here.

The creature appeared in the heart of the swamp near the business section of Main street. Its uncanny cries at first startled the villagers, and when an exploring party, armed with lanterns, entered the swamp the gleaming eyes of the creature and its wild gyrations threw terror into the hearts of the bravest, and the scouting party, led by Charlie Fisher, who keeps the bowling alleys, fled back to the security of the village streets.

Throughout the night the cries of the whatever-it-is were heard coming from various directions, but always from the neighborhood of the swamp.

Chief of Police "Tommy" Walker, who is the entire uniformed force, was appealed to, but "guessed as how" his business did not consist of running down Bombats or Jersey Devils, and he reckoned he'd better remain on Main street and do his usual bit.

On their way to school next day children flocked together passing the haunt of the Bombat. Women expressed equal fear and men ventured forth fearful of encountering the creature.

It was described as having an immense head atop of a small but muscular body, covered with hair. Its arms appeared to be equipped with a web-like skin which answered the purpose of wings, giving the creature ability to leap immense distances, while the wings draped lifting its body clear off the earth.

Last night when the awful shrieking and at times mournful cries of the Bombat carried into every home of the village, the negroes living on Chicken Hill ran terrified into the village and many flocked into the Methodist church and prayed hysterically.

Sarah Alston, wife of Omega Alston, a woodchopper, was more hysterical than the rest. She fled from the church down Main street and fell head in front of the post office. Dr. Smith declared she had died from heart disease, but the villagers explained that the evil hand of the Bombat had been raised against Sarah, and that any one so indicated by the monster would meet the same fate.

An hour later the fright of the villagers was intensified when word was brought in that the body of a dead man was found on the railroad tracks. The body has not yet been identified. After a night of vigil, during which the Bombat continued to howl and shriek and moan, the men of Spring Valley met in Fisher's bowling alley, but not a ball rolled, not even a high ball. Matters were too desperate. Charley Fisher allowed, to permit no sort of festivity.

"I tell you what we'll do," spoke up Tom Moore, throwing out his chest. "We'll form a hunting party, arm ourselves to the teeth, and every man pledging himself to stand together, we'll sally into the swamp to-morrow and hunt down that pesky critter."

There were several present who declared as how it might be well to call for outside assistance and not go of tempting the devil, but when J. C. Gibbs, Harold Sheldon, Ross Youmans, Roswald Farrington, Walter Foley, Shep Small and Dink Davis volunteered to start the hunt, first thing next morning, the others fell into line.

During the remainder of the night followed a scurrying throughout the village for firearms, and cutlasses, and it came to pass that bright and early the band entered the swamp to hunt the terrifying bombat to the death.

Spring Valley awaited with hushed anxiety the result of the formidable dash of the brave men of the village into the heart of the bombat's chosen fastness. Their search was in vain.

DONKEY BLOWS OUT THE GAS.

Owner Sues Express Company to Recover Damages for Loss.

St. Louis, Mo.—William Grothe of Wentzville, Mo., through his attorney, is trying to collect from an express company the value of a donkey he had bought and which ended its life while being shipped from Illinois to Missouri. The donkey was crated and placed in the express company's warehouse here Tuesday night. A gas jet was burning near the animal when the employees locked the warehouse. In the morning the light was out and the donkey dead.

Grothe contends the donkey blew out the gas while braying.

ANGLER'S BATTLE WITH BIRD

Doughty Cap'n Doughty's Huge Feathered Prize Rouses Curiosity Among Naturalists.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Some men say it is a roc; others pronounce it an auk; still others contend it's a cross between a pelican and a condor, and a few local scientists are positive it's the sole survivor of the supposedly extinct phillyloo family. At any rate, it, which is an immense bird, weighing more than one hundred pounds, with a beak capable of tearing iron and taloned legs that strike like the kick of an ostrich, came near killing Capt. George Doughty in his fishing boat off Brigantine Beach.

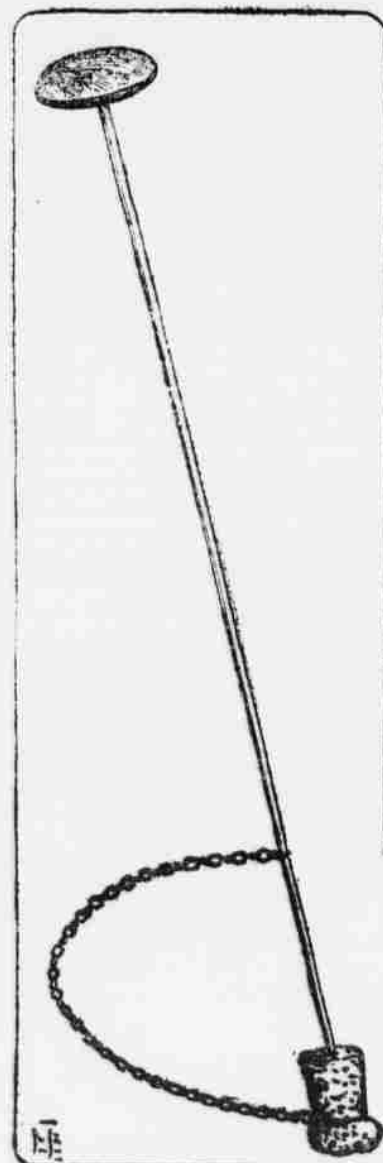
In the battle for life the veteran bayman, whose family name fits him well, finally knocked out his feathered foe with a mighty sweep of an oar. Knowing the sceptics might doubt this marvellous tale of the sea, Cap'n Doughty on his return to this city showed not only arms pinched black and blue and torn clothing, but the strange bird itself. Scoffers had to be silent then. Local faunal naturalists gazed in awe on the bird, which is as tall as some men, and then made the before-mentioned guesses.

Doughty says he was sculling his boat along shortly before daylight, in a dense fog, when he heard the whir of wings and the snap of the big beak of the strange bird, which narrowly missed his face. Before he recovered from his scare the bird wheeled and came back, this time making a stroke at him with its taloned feet and missing him by only a few inches.

Doughty grasped an oar and fought. Bird and man battled for many minutes, Doughty being forced to grab the gunwale several times to keep from going overboard when the bird struck him with full force. A lucky stroke with an oar at last knocked the bird down, and before it could recover Doughty had wound it round and round with a strong line, also tying its beak and legs.

One wondering fisherman hazarded the guess that he saw a bird of the species in this section, and there is a general belief that the strange creature is the much-discussed "Jersey Devil" which excited South Jersey several months ago. The bird will be presented to a museum.

WOMEN'S HAT PINS MADE LESS DEADLY BY CORK SHIELDS



Dangerous weapons are the enormous hatpins worn by women at present. In crowded places men fear for their eyes. Here is a suggestion of a cork shield that at least would lessen the danger.

OLD EGGS BETTER THAN FRESH

Prof. Coulter Says Most of Those Sold Are More Than a Year Old.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Professor John L. Coulter of the economist department of the State University gave his class a lesson on egg buying, incidentally upsetting the time honored theory of the housewife. Professor Coulter said that cold storage eggs are much better than the so called fresh variety and grow better with age, and people make a mistake in demanding fresh eggs of their grocers.

His theory is that eggs put in cold storage and carefully inspected are as good after three years as they were when packed away.

"The fresh egg of commerce," said the professor, "is in all probability an egg that would be discarded in a storage house," and still further said Professor Coulter, "nine out of every ten dozen so-called fresh eggs in stores are more than a year old."

Household

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

By Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania.

FIRST: Thou shalt not cause the first quarrel, but if unavoidable, fight it through bravely. To be victor in the first domestic quarrel may have a tendency to elevate thee in thine husband's mind for all future.

SECOND: Thou shalt not forget that thou hast married a man, not a god. Therefore be not surprised by his frailties.

THIRD: Thou shalt not always talk money to thine husband. Rather try to get along on the allowance he maketh thee.

FOURTH: If thou considerest thine husband heartless, remember that, verily, he hath a stomach. By persistently appealing to his stomach



Carmen Sylva at Work.

with well-cooked meals, thou mayest, after all, touch his heart.

FIFTH: Once in a great while, but not too often, thou shalt let him have the last word. It tickleth him and wilt not do thee any harm.

SIXTH: Thou shalt read the whole newspaper and magazine, not merely the stories dealing with scandal and society. Thine husband will be pleasantly surprised to find, off and on, that he can talk on general topics and even on politics with his wife.

SEVENTH: Thou shalt not be rude even when quarrelling with thy husband. Forget not that at one time in thy life thou didst consider him little short of a demigod.

EIGHTH: Thou shalt, from time to time, allow thine husband to know a little more than thyself, admitting that thou art not infallible all through.

NINTH: If thine husband is a smart man, thou shalt be his friend; if he is not, thou shalt be both counsellor and friend to him.

TENTH: Thou shalt esteem thy husband's relatives, especially his mother. Remember, that she loved him long before thou didst.

LADIES' BIB APRON.



This becoming apron is cut in two parts, a circular skirt, which buttons close around the waist, and a bib which is stitched in a point just below the waist line in front and ends in straps, which cross in the back.

Few Can Afford Emeralds. Emeralds are a fad with only a few women for the very good reason that only a few women can afford to indulge themselves to their heart's content with such costly gems; their price is above diamonds if the stones are superlatively fine. Mrs. James B. Haggin, whose husband is said to regard the expenditure of upwards of a million dollars in jewels for her as a good way of holding on to a part of his great wealth, is one of these few women.

Lace for the Passé. Women who are growing old are advised to wear lace, especially about the neck and shoulders. Nothing, it is said, softens those insidious wrinkles which come stealing along when a woman has reached the forties as folds of dainty lace. It seems to go well with gray hair, too. The young woman with round curves and firm, smooth flesh can stand stiff tailor-made effects and even look the better for them. The aging head needs a softer frame.



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EYES TESTED O. G. Weaver Graduate OPTICIAN

Honesdale, Pa., April 16, 1909.
NOTICE.—Pursuant to Act of Assembly, a meeting of the Stockholders of the Wayne County Savings Bank will be held at the office of the bank on Thursday, July 22, 1909, from one to two o'clock p. m., to vote for or against the proposition to again renew and extend the charter, corporate rights and franchises of said bank for the term of twenty years, from February 17, 1910. By order of the Board of Directors.
H. S. SALMON, Cashier.