

SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON Rutland, Vt.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

International Bible Lesson for July 11, '09—(Acts 16: 16-40).



The Bible is not only a volume of theology, a record of national history, biography and poetry, it is also a music box, playing solos, duets, choruses, oratorios and hallelujahs.

thanksgiving, the song of victory, the song before the throne. And in this lesson we have the song in the night.

What a picture is here presented! Two men, with backs bleeding where they have been flogged till every vein drips blood, are in an underground dungeon, chains on their wrists, their feet fast in torturing stocks, the prospect of a violent death at daybreak resting upon them.

And this praise meeting was not the boisterous bacchanalian revelry of intoxication, nor the senseless strains of the demented. It was intelligent, sober, earnest, heartfelt, enthusiastic.

It was the duet of men who were confident that God was on the throne of the Universe, and that He was working out His good pleasure for the eternal improvement of the race.

Joseph sang that kind of music in Potiphar's prison. The three Hebrew worthies sang it in the fiery furnace. The lions den echoed it in the days of Daniel.

And this song of Paul and Silas had a mighty result. "The prisoners heard them." The jailer and his family were transformed because of it.

"When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes."

And as he was singing, one and another in the darkness took up the strain. Here and there trembling voices joined in, and pretty soon, all over the battlefield a multitude of voices were lifting the song of triumph:

"I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes." Thus they sang until one by one their lips were closed in death. That was a song in the night worth singing. That was a battle shout of men who were "conquerors and more than conquerors through Him."

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The President's Desk.

If the thousands who sit in the president's reception room in the White House waiting for an audience only knew it they might make the time there seem less monotonous by contemplating the principal article of furniture, the executive's desk. It is handsome and massive, with a wealth of carving, but its chief interest consists in its historic origin.

No Rest on the Ocean.

There was a time when nerve specialists prescribed a trip to Europe in order to calm down their patients. That time has gone by. The madness for "record" and speed, the mania for bridge, poker and gambling on the day's run, the necessity for making a different toilet three times in the day, the wireless, with its relentless pursuit; the department store, the afternoon vaudeville and the evening concert—all these and many more excitements on our modern levithans make ocean travel a cross between five days at Palm Beach and Monte Carlo.

A Corner in Autographs.

Mascagni, the Italian composer, does not speak foreign languages, so he usually travels with a secretary, who helps him out in this respect. When in Vienna he was struck with the immense number of autographs which were requested of him every morning by his secretary. Sheet after sheet was laid before him until he was thoroughly tired.

She Escaped.

Intelligent men and women hurrying along a street presumably have individual objects in view, and yet between Franklin park and Pennsylvania avenue people paused yesterday to watch— A young man rolling two automobile wheels together, as a boy rolls a hoop.

A Startling Illusion.

Eugene Henard, who attained fame with his palace of illusions at the Paris exposition in 1900, has just completed a similar but larger piece of eccentric architecture for exhibition in that city. The impression made upon the person who enters the mirror walled space is that there are 64,000 electric lamps burning. The hall is hexagonal in shape, and standing in its center one sees six halls of equal size and beyond these twelve more and then eighteen, and so on.

Penguins' Eggs.

Penguins' eggs, which were a greatly prized breakfast delicacy with a large class of Londoners last year, have again been placed on the market. Penguins' eggs are extremely nourishing and very rich in fatty phosphorized constituents. They are collected for British consumption on three small islands owned by the Cape government near Cape Town.

ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

An Excerpt from Artemus Ward of Contemporaneous Appositeness. The exscentric female clutched me frantically by the arm and hollered: "You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scarcely," I sed, endeavorin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed: "You air my Affinerty!" "What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?" "No, I doentent!" "Listen, man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female: "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowed thou wast in the world, sunnwhares, tho I didn't know where. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty. O, 'tis too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

His Grump.

"For years and years," grousched the Old Codger, in his usual pessimistic way, "we have been sending missionaries to the Chinese—plank-shaped and tub-shaped ones, both with side-whiskers, who spake in nasal tones and acted with the chastened intolerance of hyenas; young, dried-up ones with weak eyes and weaker intellects; slimy, silding ones, who were gathering material from which to lecture and with which to furnish a house or two when they got back; old-maid ones that looked like flying-machines or old fashioned churns, just as it happened; and a glorious list of others, all of whom needed the money and cost us a great deal. And, still, in spite of our beneficence to themward, the ungrateful Chinese 'pear to be just as unregenerate and almost as peculiar as they were in the first place. What say?"

Professional Query.

Among the papers of R. H. Stoddard that Ripley Hitchcock edited there is a letter which Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet-physician, is said to have received. This letter was written many years ago by an ignorant country practitioner, and it is interesting because it shows the low level to which in the early part of the last century, it was possible for medical education to fall.

Poor Uncle Ed.

A Baltimore man was recently showing his nice new opera-hat to his little nephew, and when he caused the top-piece to spring open three or four times the youngster was delighted. A few days thereafter the uncle, during a visit to the same household, brought with him a silk hat of the shiny, non-collapsible kind. When he was about to leave the house, he encountered the aforesaid youngster running down the hall with what looked like a black accordion.

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.



"Dotte's case of brain fever lasted a long time, didn't it?" "Yes, the germs lost a lot of time finding his brain."

How Strange.

A woman who visited the British museum recently inquired of an attendant: "Have you no skull of Cromwell? I have been looking all around for a skull of Oliver Cromwell." "No, madam," replied the attendant. "We've never had one."

A Shifted Burden.

"So you said that miserable old mule of yours?" "Yassir," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "foh real money." "Doesn't it weigh on your conscience?" "Well, boss, I's done had dat mule on my mind so long, it's kind of a relief to change off an' git him on my conscience."

Division.

"The automobile is rapidly dividing the public into two classes." "Yes: the quick or the dead."

HOME DRESSMAKING

By Charlotte Martin.

LADIES' TUCKED WAIST.



Pattern No. 5410.—This waist is especially pretty when made of striped material, the stripes meeting at right angles in the middle of the front. For plain wide materials the front may be cut whole. The closing at the side makes it easy to put on and leaves a wide space in front for trimming or embroidery.

A NEAT SCHOOL FROCK.



Pattern No. 5436.—One of the many pretty jumper dresses for young girls is pictured here. The material is tan-colored panama cloth trimmed with bands of plaid. The waist and skirt are both fastened to the belt.

A BUTTERFLY BLOUSE.



Pattern No. 5425.—Light blue challis was used to make this becoming waist. It is trimmed with lace and has a lace ruffle around the neck. The girle ispleated silk and finished with a large bow in front.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Send FIVE cents for each pattern desired to Charlotte Martin, 402 W. 23rd Street, New York. State No. of pattern and size wanted.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

HONESDALE NATIONAL BANK

HONESDALE, WAYNE COUNTY, PA. At the close of business, June 23, 1909.

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES, listing various financial items and their amounts.

Total... \$1,868,283 73

State of Pennsylvania, County of Wayne, ss. J. E. F. TORREY, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of June, 1909.

W. H. STONE, N. P. Correct—attest: H. Z. RUSSELL, ANDREW THOMPSON, JAMES C. BIRDSALL, Directors.

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The No. 40 is the popular Flat Land Plow. We also keep in stock the No. E, B, 20 and 28 Iron Beam. Nearly 2,000 sold in Wayne county. The following Sub-Agents keep stock of Plows and Repairs on hand: J. E. Tiffany, Pleasant Mount; W. R. Shaffer, Varden, Pa.; S. Woodruff, Lake Como; H. N. Farley, Equinunk; A. J. Abrahams, Galilee; Frank C. Brien, Headley; G. S. Shaffer, Georgetown; Seth Bortwe, Sterling; C. F. Kellam, Ledgedale; V. E. Corey, Greentown, and Watts's Honesdale and Hawley stores.

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