

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. As we turn its pages we hear the song of the new birth, the song of

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. Is there any inspiration here for singing? Uncover those bleeding backs and see if that mangled flesh gives any occasion for praise. Lift up those chains, examine the cruel stocks, put your hand gently on those fevered brows and see if you can discover anything that would lead human beings to sing. And yet, we are told that at midnight these two men had a real Pentecostal prayer and praise meeting and made that old Philippian jail vocal with melody. "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises to God."

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. The world says, if you are rich you can sing. The world says, if you are successful you can sing. The world says, if you have good health you can sing. The world says, if you have plenty of friends, you can sing. But if you are poor, and unsuccessful, and sick, and have no friends, take the advice of Job's wife in a similar case. Curse God and die. But at midnight, in a dungeon, with lacerated bodies and limbs in shackles, prone on the ground where they had been flogged, no eye to pity and no arm to save, Paul and Silas sang a song in the night the echoes of which are in the air to-day. The fact is, this is the only kind of singing that is immortal. Anybody can sing in day time; only the immortals sing in the night.

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. The cells of the Inquisition have resounded with such songs; songs have mingled with the breaking of bones on the rack, and have risen above the roar of the flames into the ear of the God of heaven. And it is so to-day. The circumstances have changed, but the midnight that men are still called to pass through is just as black as ever. All over this earth the scene of the Philippian jail is being re-enacted. Listen to the songs that are still going up from human lips—songs where wealth has been swept away, songs where health has gone and the river of death is in sight, songs in the chamber where loved ones are sleeping their last sleep, songs amid the upturned sod of the cemetery, songs at midnight, because the morning star shines already on the horizon.

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. The song did not exhaust itself on the lives of the singers; it refreshed them; it saved others. Once on a Southern battlefield a Northern soldier lay dying. Crushed by the shot of the enemy his life blood was slowly ebbing away. All about him, in the darkness, other mangled forms were lying helpless and alone. But this man was not alone, for there was a great peace in his heart, as the moments brought him ever nearer to the home of his soul. Thus in the midnight he broke out into song:

"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, of whom the Bethlehem angels sang in the midnight centuries ago.

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. You all know that Sir John Franklin went to discover the north pole and never came back. His good ship Resolute drifted in the currents of the Arctic ocean, spared from destruction in some mysterious manner, until she reached the waters off the shores of Alaska, where some American whalers boarded her and claimed her. When she reached San Francisco the United States bought her, repaired her, refitted her, manned her with an American crew and sent her to England with international compliments. The old ship was broken up about thirty years ago, and from the soundest of her timbers a handsome desk was made by direction of the queen to be presented to the then president of the United States. That is the desk that stands in the president's reception room, and on it the papers of at least eight administrations have been written.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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 levitans make ocean travel a cross between five days at Palm Beach and Monte Carlo.

There is a popular demand for the old fashioned steamer that will take ten days for the passage to Europe; that will give one time to enjoy oneself and get the benefit of the sea after the almost inevitable sickness; that will not permit gambling and upon which the wireless is not used except in case of accident or necessity. There are thousands of victims of our neuritic times who would welcome a real sea voyage instead of a fake ferry trip.—Boston Post.

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. One day, taking up a newspaper, he caught sight of his own name and with languid curiosity asked a friend to translate. It was an advertisement and ran as follows: "Maestro Mascagni, in consequence of the immense number of autographs asked of him, has decided to sell them for a florin each, the proceeds going to a charitable institution in Vienna. Please inclose florin in demand."

He computed that his secretary made upward of a thousand florins by this transaction.—Pearson's Weekly.

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 laborer who let a section of gas pipe fall from his shoulder to the pavement.

A batch of children playing hopscotch.

A balky horse attached to a buggy and a young woman in such ridiculous slippers that she could barely peg along.

In line with these exciting incidents was a thin faced woman sawing tunes on a fiddle and with an open mouthed bag dangling suggestively from her arm. She escaped notice.—Washington Star.

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. The inner space is illuminated by 2,500 colored incandescent lamps, 1,900 of which are turned on at one stroke, and the one who stops to count the lamps in sight, if this could be accomplished, would find 64,800. To add to the illusion the pillars marking the six corners revolve on their axes, and the whole effect is startling.

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 exsentric 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, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. 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.

"Yes," I ansered, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!" "Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin' her hands like a female play-actor.

"Not a yearn!" I bellered at the top of my voice, throwin' her away from me.—Artemus Ward, His Book: Among the Free-Lovers.

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.

The letter, verbatim, follows: "Dear dock I have a pashunt whose physicol sines shoez that the wnippe is ulcerated of and his lung hav dropped into his stumlich. He is unabel to swaller and I fear his stumlich toobe is gone. I have giv him everything without efeck his Father is wealthy honble and influenshal. He is an active member of the M. E. church and God noes I don't want too loose him wot shall I do?"

Poor Uncle Ed.

A Baltimore man was recently showing his nice new opera-hat to his little nephew, and when he caused the toppiece 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.

"Uncle Ed," observed the boy, "this one goes awfully hard. I had to sit on it; but even then I couldn't get it more than half-shut."

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.



"Dottie'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." "How very odd!" she exclaimed; "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

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.

Cut in 6 sizes, 30 to 40 bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material.

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.

Cut in 3 sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards of 27-inch material.

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.

Cut in 5 sizes, 32 to 40 bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material.

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.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 200,946 76
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	9 43
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	55,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	2,800 00
Bonds, securities, etc.	1,332,968 54
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	40,000 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	6,392 13
Due from State Banks and Banks	42 28
Due from approved reserve agents	135,654 86
Checks and other cash items	1,971 87
Notes of other National Banks	625 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	200 10
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank	
Viz: Specie	\$81,874 50
Legal tender notes 6,948 00	88,822 50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,750 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent. redemption fund	700 00
Total	\$1,868,283 73

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in	\$ 150,000 00
Surplus fund	150,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	84,528 83
National Bank notes outstanding	64,500 00
State Bank notes outstanding	900 00
Due to other National Banks	1,000 00
Due to State Banks and Banks	67 05
Individual deposits subject to check	\$1,402,129 72
Demand certificates of deposit	24,808 00
Certified checks	55 00
Cashier's checks outstanding	165 04
Bonds borrowed	None
Notes and bills discounted	None
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	None
Liabilities other than those above stated	None
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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- 4th—Those who have used it are perfectly satisfied with it, and recommend its use to others.

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