

"A TRAMP ABROAD."

A Few Sketches by a Honesdale Traveler.

These descriptive letters of our trip to the Pacific coast have come into existence because you could not go with us, and because you asked for them. We claim no literary merit, simply giving facts as we obtained them, from study, observation, and personal inquiries. We again return to Buffalo and our friends.

Niagara Falls.

Many things could be said about the country we passed through on our way to Buffalo, N. Y., but we will pass that for this trip. At Elmira, a newly married couple boarded the train and took the next seat in front of us. The groom was a veteran of the Civil War, and the bride, we will say about 24. It was interesting and amusing to see how solicitous he was of her every comfort and how he would call her attention to the different points of interest. In opening the car window, of course, it was very necessary (?) for him to put both arms around her. We reached Buffalo, N. Y., at 8 o'clock in the evening and soon were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Herbold and his sister, Louisa Herbold, with whom we spent three very pleasant days. Mrs. Herbold was Miss Hannah Schoell, sister of Henry and Fred Schoell of Honesdale.

Buffalo is known far and wide as the beautiful "Queen City of the Lakes." The natural beauty of the city, the numerous places of interest to be seen, the well-kept parks, clean, well-paved streets, handsome residences and imposing public buildings make Buffalo a delightful and prosperous city. We thoroughly enjoyed the drives Mr. Herbold gave us through the principal streets to the different parks and places of amusement.

Now let us take a ride on the large and comfortable cars of the International Railway Company to Niagara Falls, (round trip fifty cents). We start at Main and Court streets, pass the new McKinley monument, Prospect Park. From this point on our left we get a glimpse of Lake Erie and the Niagara River on our right and we can see the new Armory building of the 7th Regiment, N. G. N. Y. Farther on we pass "The Front" where is located the Government Army Post, Fort Porter, situated on a high bank, commanding a full view of the river. Leaving the city limits, we now whirl along the old Military Road on to Tonawanda and North Tonawanda. At this place some fifty years ago seals brought from the Pacific coast were tamed and first taught to perform for the circus. Passing on we come to the town of LaSalle, named after the great explorer, and who built the first vessel to ply the Great Lakes. After leaving LaSalle we come within full view of the mad, rushing and majestic Niagara River, and after one hour's ride from Buffalo, reach the city of Niagara Falls, N. Y. We called on Mr. Allen Stewart, at attorney-at-law of this place, a graduate of the Honesdale High School, and a half brother of James L. Onkes. He was pleased to hear from Honesdale and wanted to be remembered to all his friends. Now to see the Falls! Boarding one of the Niagara Belt Line cars, we pass over the new steel arch bridge, which spans Niagara River a few hundred feet below the falls and from the center of which we get one of the grandest and most perfect views of the Falls. The car travels nearly one mile up the river on the Canadian side, along Queen Victoria Park, and the climax is reached when we stop at Table Rock, from where we get a fine view of the Upper Rapids, Goat Island, Three Sisters and Dufferin Islands. Here we get the best idea of the shape of the Horse Shoe. At this point the car describes a loop and returns down the Canadian side of the river for a distance of nine miles toward Queenstown, passing in full view of the wonderful Whirlpool Rapids and the Whirlpool. At Queenstown Heights, we see Brock's monument, a shaft 200 feet high, erected to the memory of the British General Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in battle on the heights in the war of 1812. The car now brings us to the Lewiston Suspension Bridge. We cross to the American side and the return trip to Niagara Falls is begun, running close to the water's edge nearly all the way, following the contour of the river bank. This ride up the gorge is so wonderful in its scenic features as to defy description. Along this route we get a closer view of the whirlpool and the churning, foaming and tossing rapids. After leaving the rapids we pass under the great railroad bridges and begin an easy ascent to the top, and once more we are in the city of Niagara Falls. We made this trip around this scenic belt line in two hours, although if we had stopped off at the different points of interest we could have consumed an entire day. Before starting for the gorge ride we made arrangements for a carriage paying \$1.50 for the belt line ride and the carriage drive. The carriage drive took us to Prospect Point, where we got an excellent view of the American Falls. We continued our drive over to Goat Island, Luna Island and the Three Sister Islands, and back to our starting point, stopping off to take a view of the Horseshoe Falls from the island. We could have gone to the Cave of the Winds but we

did not have time; also from the Canadian side a delightful and thrilling sail is made on the little steamboat "Maid of the Midst" to within at least a hundred and fifty feet of the fall of the mighty waters. So much for our trip to the greatest natural wonders of the earth and one that defies description. One must see it with one's own eyes to fully realize the magnitude of this wonder of wonders. We again return to Buffalo and our friends.

Off for Chicago.

After a pleasant visit at Buffalo and Niagara Falls we start for Chicago, Ill., this portion of our trip being on business for the Durland-Weston Shoe Co. We will not describe the various places we visited, but will introduce you to some of my friends. At Litchfield, Ohio, Mr. H. C. Hawk, a cousin of Mr. Victor Decker, of Hawley, Pa., is conducting a very successful general mercantile business. A gas well on the premises furnishes light and heat. At Columbus, Ohio, we have a cousin, Mr. Henry Kreuter, in the bakery, ice cream and candy business. Saturday and Sunday we spent with James and Daniel Matthews, former Honesdale boys, and now located at Albion, Ind., James in the harness and saddling business and Daniel as operator for the B. & O. Railroad, both married and enjoying good health. On Saturday in company with James Matthews we went to Lake Nawasee, Ind., and called on my friend and an old time magician, Mr. H. J. Burlingame. Mr. Burlingame was for many years one of the best known newspaper men in Chicago, and with a number of books on magic. Five years ago his health gave way under the strain of his journalistic labors, and he was advised to seek rest and quiet. He bought a farm, house and twelve acres of land on the south side of Lake Nawasee. Both he and his wife were city bred, but they soon learned how to raise pigs and chickens, and now his home is one of the most delightful spots imaginable. Health and vigor have returned and nothing could induce them to return to city life. In his twenty-one-foot launch we enjoyed a most delightful sail. Lake Nawasee is called the Queen of Indiana's lakes, not only the largest but the most beautiful body of water in the state. It is nine miles long and from three to five miles wide. Its shores are girdled round about by heavy groves of beech, ash, oak and maple and nestling in the shade of the woods are the summer homes of people who go there annually from Fort Wayne, Albion, Goshen, South Bend, Indianapolis and Chicago.

We returned to Albion in the evening to continue to visit with our old schoolmates. James Matthews is a bright, energetic, prosperous, merchant and both he and Daniel are held in the highest respect by the people of Albion. Daniel has given the contract for the erection of a fine two-story frame building, a house with all modern improvements. A few years ago Miss Minnie Matthews (a sister of the boys) was a teacher in the public schools at Honesdale, Pa. She is now a widow, Mrs. Bonar, and lives at Laurence, Kan., with her two sons and one daughter. After making a few more stops we reach Chicago, Ill., Wednesday, June 16th, ready to go farther west. Chicago is a place where you can get a good 15-cent meal anywhere for 30 cents. Then again you can get to any place in Chicago by taking the "L" or surface cars and walking just about as far. We called on Miss Ida Foedisch and Miss L. M. Aldrich at the Vanecian building where they are both in business.

AUGUST P. REHBEIN. (To be continued.)

Death No Respector.

The following, from the Scranton Tribune, is worth reading: An electrical storm swept a Methodist camp-meeting near Steubenville, Ohio, a few days ago, and Miss Mary Miller, who had just given her "testimony" at the meeting in progress, was killed by a limb of a tree striking her on the head, and Rev. W. Ladue was seriously injured, and many persons received minor injuries. A funeral procession near Hamilton, Ohio, was caught in a storm, five carriages overturned and occupants injured, and a farmer killed by lightning. At Wheeling and Pittsburg two persons were killed by an electric bolt. Former State Senator J. M. Shakespeare, while attending divine services at Marshalltown, Delaware, was stricken with paralysis, and died within a few minutes. In a ship collision on Lake Superior, during a fog, fourteen men were drowned. Death comes to all, no matter where, when or the circumstances, whether the victims are good, bad or indifferent, whether in church, camp-meeting or in places of bad repute, or while crime is being perpetrated. There was a time when if death came suddenly or in a shocking manner, to a bad man or woman, or when a place of bad repute was destroyed by fire or lightning or a boat upset on Sunday, and the occupants were drowned, or a boy or man who fished, played ball or went swimming on Sunday were drowned, that it was considered a visitation and punishment by Providence. But since the theatre disasters are no more frequent or worse than

those which occur in churches, and steamboat disasters take the good with the bad, the San Francisco and Messina catastrophes affect good and bad people alike, and churches collapse with saloons or theatres, and the devout perish with the wicked, we hear less of the latter being singled as victims of Almighty wrath. Death is no respecter of persons, and the laws of nature can not be changed by puny man, except in rare instances, by adopting reasonable and known precautions and not to run into known danger. Lightning rods, if properly adjusted, will protect a building from damage, and there are other exceptions, but man has learned to a larger extent of late years to study and respect the laws of nature, and that if he would avoid death and disaster, disease, etc., he must use his brains and act accordingly, and not to blame or saddle on the Almighty much which is due to our own ignorance or willfulness, or which comes to us through the operation of natural laws.

The Frisky, Fleeting Fly.

Born. Feel little chilly, but I guess the world will warm up to me. Find I am an acrobat. Can walk on the ceiling. It's bully fun. Sometimes I hang by one foot. Some hungry. Not much to eat on the wall paper. Warmer to-day. Am real kickish and lively. Skated on the window pane. Ate with the baby. Was a little careless and got in his mouth. He coughed me up. I believe that Jonah story. Raining outdoors. Glad I'm inside. This family doesn't use good butter. Took a milk bath. Explored the noor but was snapped at by a dog. Glad I'm not a flea, or I would have to live on the dog. Had a dandy feast on charlotte russe to-day. Got first whack at it. When shoeed off took refuge on a cracker. Somebody pulled the cracker from under me and consumed it. How greedy some people are. Funny thing happened. Tried to get outdoors to the garbage can and found iron bars preventing my egress. Cloud has a silver lining, however, for flies outside can't get in. If I find a hole, will erect a turnstile and make them pay admission. There's a pretty brunette flyess out there who can get in free if I'm on the gate. Had lovely game to-day with human being who swatted at me with a dust cloth. Good exercise for both of us, but her batting eye is punk. Her average for the day was .000 as she whiffed every time. I took a good long rest in the sugar bowl. About 300 new arrivals to-day—door left open. All ravenously hungry. Had to whip about eighty-seven before I could get anything to eat off the sideboard. They are a bunch of anarchists who don't recognize my vested rights. Great deal of dust to-day. Premises in confusion. Disgusting smell of soap suds. Had to eat cold dinner. Played with baby's face unmolested. They call this housecleaning. Very disagreeable and inhospitable. It destroys several caches of bacteria I had rubbed off. Found peculiar glazed surfaces with convention of unemployed flies holding forth on it. Wonder what it is. Must be a good thing, for they seem to be stuck on it. Me for it. B-b-z-z-z-z-z-z—buz-ziz—say—I'm—all out—of breath. Sort of attached—to this glazed—surface—myself. Been here two days. Can't eat, can't fly, can't let go. Can't even breathe. F-A-R-E-W-E-L-L.

The Fear of Death.

It is as natural to die as to live—and as easy. Practically all the distress witnessed as taking place in the act of dying is the automatic tissue struggle against dissolution, and is not recognized by the individual who seems to be actually suffering. Occasionally, in the delirium of fever, in uremia, and other intoxications, in certain of the brain degenerations witnessed in old age, there is an exhilaration or happy, peaceful calm that pervades the final scene. * * * Usually everything is dulled, blunted, so that at the border line between life and death it is often difficult, even impossible, for a certain time, to say whether the soul has fled or not. It was long debated in medical circles whether or not there was a reliable test for death. The fear of death, therefore, is not instinctive, and it never manifests itself in those who are actually dying. "Sense endureth no extremities," said Sir Thomas Browne, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings. There is no physical horror of death observable in beasts and insects. Humanity acquired it, Dr. Keyes believes, through "centuries of religious teaching." There is comfort in the thought that it is never felt save by those who have a reasonable prospect of the continued enjoyment of life.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

Delaware & Hudson R. R. Trains leave at 6:55 a. m., and 12:25 and 4:30 p. m. Sundays at 11:05 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Trains arrive at 9:55 a. m., 3:15 and 7:31 p. m. Sundays at 10:15 a. m. and 6:50 p. m. Erie R. R. Trains leave at 8:27 a. m. and 2:50 p. m. Sundays at 2:50 p. m. Trains arrive at 2:13 and 8:02 p. m. Sundays at 7:02 p. m.

BALL PLAYERS MUST KNOW.

Stars of the Big Leagues Leave Little to Guesswork.

Each man in a major league must know not only the strength but the weakness of every opponent, and the array of facts and information concerning players that each pitcher can muster up is amazing to the layman. Late last season Boston presented a new outfielder who, as far as I can learn, never had played in a major league before, and no one of the Chicago club knew him or ever had seen him play ball, yet all were perfectly familiar with him, his peculiarities, batting habits and disposition. On the way to the grounds Brown and Reulbach, one of whom was to pitch, went minutely over that new man, analyzing his position at bat, the way he swung at a ball, the kind of ball he could hit and what he could not and exactly how fast he could reach first base. Steinfeldt was warned that the man was dangerous and a tricky bunter and that he always bunted toward third. When the pitchers got through discussing the newcomer Kilg and Chance analyzed him as a base runner.

"I think," Kilg remarked, "we can catch that fellow a couple of times if he gets on bases today. If he reaches second I'll pull off that delayed throw. Let Joe cover and Johnny stall." In the third inning of the game the unfortunate youngster reached second base on a hit and a sacrifice. On the first ball pitched to the next batter he raced up toward third. Kilg motioned as if to throw. Tinker covered second base like a flash, and Evers stood still. The recruit at first made a jump toward second base; then, seeing Kilg had not thrown, he slowed down. Tinker, walking back past him, remarked: "We'd have caught you that time, old pal, if Kilg had thrown." For just one fatal trice the youngster turned his face to retort to Tinker's remark, and in that instant Kilg threw; Evers met the ball at second base, jabbed it against the runner and before he knew what had happened he was out. That man really was caught in the bus on the way to the ball grounds, for the play was executed exactly as Kilg planned.—American Magazine.

Wifely Pride.

There is no telling what quaint turns wifely pride and devotion may take. Sir Melville Beachcroft, while waiting in a tenement house for the occupant of the first floor to admit him, chanced to overhear two women conversing on the stairs.

One remarked that her husband always wore a clean shirt every Sunday morning.

"Well, now," responded the other, "I never cares about Sundays, but I always do see that 'e 'as a clean shirt Saturday afternoons, 'cos that's the time 'e is generally drinking, and when 'e does take 'is coat off to fight I do like to know 'e looks nice and clean."—M. A. P.

At the Telephone.

Dear, from this distance far They face I cannot see, But distance is no bar 'Twixt such as thee and me. So at the telephone Contended I may be To kiss the air alone That lately hath kissed thee.

(This sort of lighter line That maidens all adore— Since to their hearts like wine Its liquid measures soar— All poets quickly pen, And, whether bad or worst, We all know how since when Old Herklok did it first!) —Arthur Stanley Riggs in Puck.

Getting a Line on Him.

"You want to marry young Fritter, eh? Well, what's his batting average?" "Why, pa, I didn't know he was a ball player." "Oh, I don't mean that. How many days per month is he on the bench?"—Boston Globe.

THE TOWN THAT PUSH BUILT

III.—The Wide Awake Butcher



HERE is the butcher who, having cash, To the dry goods merchant's made a dash, For he saw an ad. of a special sale Of things that people order by mail, And he paid for all the things he bought With the selfsame money he had got From the grocer who had settlement made With the money the honest workman paid. P. S.—The local dealer who's up to snuff Will always advertise his stuff.

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. RESOURCES includes Loans and Discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, etc. LIABILITIES includes Capital Stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc.

NEW SUMMER SUITS at MENNER & CO'S Stores



Menner & Co's Store.

Wash Dresses in English Rep, Linen and Linette, at 45w6 MENNER & CO'S Stores. JOB WORK AT THE CITIZEN.

JULY CLEARING SALE

The Giant Event of the Season's End

Every Passing Season finds our Stock Broken in every department. Small lots are bound to accumulate here and there in a busy store like ours. We never have and never will carry over goods from one season to another, no indeed, Sir, the policy of this house demands that the wearables here mentioned leaves us when the season does, so to this end we go through all departments and clip down the prices unmindful of the cost to us. July is not a time for profits. Here following we mean to speak in deeds of many saving opportunities not in words galore; so if that means anything to you read on

Table listing clothing items and prices. Columns include STRAUSE BROS. CLOTHES—ALL SIZES, LANDAN BRAND CLOTHES—ALL SIZES, CHILDRENS' CLOTHES—ALL SIZES, MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS—ALL SIZES, BOYS' WASH SUITS—ALL SIZES, TRUNKS AND DRESS SUIT CASES AT HALF PRICE.

Underwear at Reduced Prices.

Remember the Place—a Full Line of Everything.

BREGSTEIN BROS.



We Pay the Freight

No charge for packing this chair It is sold for CASH at BROWN'S FURNITURE STORE at \$4.50 each