

Saturday Night Calks

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

THE KING'S SENTINEL ASLEEP.

International Bible Lesson for Nov. 13, '10—(Matt. 26:26-40).
(Substitute Lesson.)

For a soldier to fall asleep on sentry duty is death. No matter what the circumstances, no matter if his somnolence has no evil consequences. The fact that his comrades were at the mercy of the enemy during his slumbers, leaves the sentinel without excuse. The risk is too great to be overlooked.

Asleep on Guard.

There are many situations where a moment's slumber may mean the destruction of human life, and the ruin of property. The pilot, steering his vessel through stormy seas, or guiding it into a tortuous harbor. The engineer, rushing through the midnight, hand on throttle, eyes piercing the darkness, noting every signal light, dragging behind him the wealth, the beauty, the intelligence of a hundred communities must not allow his eyelids to close an instant, lest he should not catch the warning signal, and with the crash of a collision plunge a nation into mourning. The police, wearing their caps, the nurse, worn out with watching by the bedside of suffering, the artisan, who through a single nod may ruin the work of months, all recognize the law that eternal vigilance, sleepless endeavor is the price they pay for commendation. The pages of history are filled with the records of disaster, the explanation of which is—asleep on guard.

The founder of Christianity recognized the weakness of humanity, and over and over he punctuated his discourses with the timely warning—Watch! In one of his most striking parables he dwelt upon the sad results of careless ease, by telling the story of the watchers, every one of whom, on the post of duty, slumbered and slept. To the ordinary observer the conduct of all of them was reprehensible. Because they were waiting longer than they anticipated, they all took their ease, allowed their lamps to grow dim, dozed off into peaceful slumber. The only difference was that when they were aroused from sleep by the trumpet of warning, five of them had had oil enough in reserve to make their lamps blaze up, while their five companions were obliged to wall in sorrow. "Our lamps are gone out!"

Sleep Begets Sleep.

The fact is, sleep begets sleep. One person who alone would keep awake, when all around him are dozing, yawning, settling themselves for a quiet nap, in spite of himself feels the presence of the drowsy god, and gradually yields to the soporific influence. I imagine that if Peter, in the Garden of Gethsemane, had fully realized his Master's words "Tarry ye here and watch with me," he would have fought off somnolence as vigorously as he later struck with his sword to defend his Lord.

Men like Peter at the gate of Gethsemane are always cutting somebody. Many a hard worked pastor is obliged to go about patching up the ears of people which have been cut off by church members who are only half awake. It is a pretty serious problem whether such sleepers on earth will ever become pillars in heaven. They certainly are the pillows, not the pillars of the church militant. About all the attraction the other world has for them is that it is a place where "the weary are at rest." They remind us of the last words of a shiftless one who in the last hour said:

Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor churning,
nor sewing,
Yes, everything there will be just to
our wishes,
For where they don't eat, there's no
washing of dishes,
I'll be where loud anthems will ever
be ringing,
But having no voice, I'll get rid of
the singing,
Don't mourn for me now, nor mourn
for me never,
For I'm going to do nothing for ever
and ever.

What is true of the church is true also of the nation. It is while men sleep that the enemies of good government get in their work. Many a well-begun reform has come to naught because the ardor of the advocates has cooled off and the sentinels on guard, have "all slumbered and slept." It is not enough to begin a good work, it must be carried to completion. To get people to join the virgins is comparatively easy. To secure those who will keep awake after they join is quite another thing.

Monotonous to Wait.
It is monotonous to wait. People like to have something going on. Many a soldier would prefer a fight to picket duty. There is inspiration in the roar of guns, in the flutter of banners, in the tramp of feet, in the buzz of victory. But to shoulder a musket and tramp back and forth, back and forth, on a well beaten path, while all the world seems sleeping that is the hour that tests the soldier's quality. If he is a shirk he will fall asleep, if he is a true soldier he will be as faithful under the silent stars as though the eyes of the world were on him. Whoever may be the positions we fill, may it never be our condemnation to fall asleep on guard.

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Senator Tillman in a London Fog.

Since his visit to Europe Senator Tillman has a fund of new stories which sound properly filtered and possess the true continental flavor. In London he enjoyed a real "pea soup" fog. To get a good view of it he took a ride on top of a bus, which passed slowly along the streets, as though feeling its way. The wintry chill pinched his nose and ears; the fog dripped Niobe-like around him; everything was moist and sticky; sound was deadened; cabs and foot passengers loomed up for a moment like phantoms and disappeared as suddenly.

"If I was a scholar," said the bus driver, emphasizing his final "d," "I'd always talk on this sort of a day." The senator asked why.

"You know these folks all look like ghosts and ghousters to me, and Latin's the proper language to talk to spirits in. It's well known they won't answer if they spoke to in English."

Beside the senator was a Parsee, wearing a red fez. The driver cast sundry curious glances at him during



"I SUPPOSE HE'S COME HERE TO HAVE A LITTLE REST."

the frequent pauses necessitated by the fog. When the man got off he said:

"You're an American, I know, sir, but would you mind telling me where that chap hangs from who's wearing that monkey cap?"

"He is a sun worshiper. They are called Parsees."

"Well, well, worships the sun, does he? I suppose he's come 'ere to have a little rest from his prayers." And he glanced expressively at the wet, shivering passenger and the gloomy, cheerless slice of street faintly visible through the fog.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

A Fast Express.
The slow train is still the target for the shafts of the humorist. Recently an English wag sent the following letter to the editor of his local paper:

"Sir, is there no way to put a stop to begging along the line of the railway? For instance, yesterday an aged mendicant with a wooden leg kept pace with the afternoon express all the way from Blankton to Spaceley and annoyed the passengers exceedingly, going from one open window to another with his importunate solicitations."

Painting (to his servant)—Now carry this picture to the exhibition gallery, but be careful, for the paint is not quite dry yet. Servant—Oh, that's all right. I'll put on an old coat.—Fliegende Blatter

Diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck.—Smiles.

President Taft Pastures His New Cow on White House Lot



President Taft has a new cow. Other folks may have new cows, too, but they probably cost them more than the one the chief executive is now pasturing in the White House lot. Mooley, the pet cow of the Tafts, died last spring, and immediately it was announced that Senator Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin would give an even better bovine to the president. Senator Stephenson is quite a busy man when he is not assisting in making laws for the nation. He has a farmed farm in his home state, on which he raises with great care pure blooded Holstein cattle, and he picked out one of the best of them to present to his friend. This animal is a member of the great Wayne family and has been named Pauline Wayne. She tips the scales at 1,500 pounds, can produce twenty-five pounds of butter per week and is worth about \$500 as the prices of high grade cattle go. She was raised on the farm of Senator Stephenson and is one of a herd of 240 Holsteins and Guernseys. Senator Stephenson's picture is given above.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Definitions in Persia.

Angel—A hidden teletale.
King—The idiot man in the country.
Minister of state—The target for the arrows of the signs of the oppressed.
Lawyer—One ready to tell any lie.
Fool—An official, for instance, who is honest.

Physician—The herald of death.
Widow—A woman in the habit of praising her husband when he is gone.
Poet—A proud beggar.
Mirror—One that laughs at you to your face.

Bribe—The resource of him who knows he has a bad cause.
Salvation—A polite hint to others to get up and greet you with respect.
Priest calling to prayers—A disturber of the indolent.
Faithful friend—Money.
Truthful man—One who is regarded as an enemy by every one.

Silence—Half consent.
Service—Selling one's independence.
Hunting—The occupation of those who have no work to do.
Mother-in-law—A spy domiciled in your home.

Doctor—An ass in a quagmire.
Liar—A person making frequent use of the expression "I swear to God it is true!"

Guest—One in your house who is impatient to hear the dishes clatter.—"Sparks From Old Anvils" in Life.

Wouldn't Stand For It.
A boy who had been going to one of the public schools in Buffalo left school to go to work for a small manufacturer.

The boy was dull, and his stupidity annoyed the manufacturer greatly. After two weeks of trial the manufacturer discharged the boy at the end of the week, on Saturday night.

"You're discharged," the manufacturer said. "Go and get your pay, and let that be the last of you. You're discharged."

On Monday morning the manufacturer was much surprised to see the boy in his former place at work.

"Here," he shouted. "What are you doing in this shop? I discharged you Saturday night."

"Yes," said the boy, "and don't you do it again. When I told my mother she licked me."—Saturday Evening Post.

Heartfelt Approval.
"I hear you have a new mamma, Willie. How do you like her?"

"Dandy."
"That's good. Is she pretty?"

"Not so very, but she ain't used to bein' where there's boys in the house and leaves nickels and dimes layin' around on bureaus and tables and 'tween."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Old Problem.
"This magazine looks rather the worse for wear."

"Yes; it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays."

"Doesn't she get tired of reading always the same one?"

"Oh, no. You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant."

No Cause For Worry.
Painter (to his servant)—Now carry this picture to the exhibition gallery, but be careful, for the paint is not quite dry yet. Servant—Oh, that's all right. I'll put on an old coat.—Fliegende Blatter

Diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck.—Smiles.

SELECT CULLINGS

Creating a Prince of Wales.

From the war of claims in which so many Welsh towns recently engaged to decide where the coming investiture of the Prince of Wales should be held the ancient town of Carnarvon has emerged victorious. Intensely interesting and picturesque is the old ceremony observed at the creation of a Prince of Wales. The ritual is as follows:

"He is presented before the king in his surcoat, cloak and mantle of crimson velvet and girt with a belt of the same, when the king putteth a cap of crimson velvet, indented and turned up with ermine, and a coronet on his head as a token of principality.

"And the king also putteth into his hand a verge of gold, the emblem of government, and a ring of gold on his middle finger to intimate that he must be a husband to his country and a father to his children."

The title of Prince of Wales is not hereditary, but is of fresh creation in each case.—London TH-Bits.

The "Yellow Man" Ghost in Paris.
It is rumored in Paris, and the rumor is firmly believed by many, that the "ghost of the chamber of deputies" has again been seen. This ghost is known as the "yellow man," and it must be a ghastly apparition, for it is tall, emaciated, almost transparent, and its face is dark yellow, while around its neck there is a dark circle, as of blood, says the tradition, according to which the "yellow man" made his first appearance in the chamber in November, 1851, just before the coup d'etat of Napoleon III.

The ghost reappeared in 1870, shortly before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, and was seen thereafter on the eve of the death of Gambetta and of the assassination of Carnot. Of course it walks only at night, haunting by preference the gallery that leads to the private apartment of the president of the chamber. Superstitious Parisians are speculating as to the nature of the new misfortune which this latest appearance presages.

The Age of Wonders.
In commenting on the Engineering Magazine's article on "The Modern Seven Wonders of the World" a writer in the Morgenpost at Berlin says that the world will probably not accept the list, which includes St. Peter's at Rome, the triumphal arch at Paris, the Suez canal, the Eiffel tower, the St. Gotthard tunnel, the Firth of Forth bridge and the fastest ocean liner.

"These are all wonderful," he admits, "but a triumphal arch will some day eclipse the one in Paris, and the Panama canal will be a competitor for a place among the seven. America will have skyscrapers, if they do not already exist, to rival the Eiffel tower, and the great steamers mentioned may soon be relegated to second place. The underground and underwater railways of the new world are surely wonderful, and the work in that field has just begun. Let us wait for a list of the new wonders. This is the age of wonders."

Vienna Opera Stars.
The Pall Mall Gazette, basing its figures on reports from Vienna singers, has been telling its readers something about the pay of great artists for singing for phonograph records. "Selma Kurz," says the Gazette, "the great prima donna at the Imperial Court Opera, heads the list with an honorarium of 2,000 crowns (\$415) for every song, with a commission added of 1 crown (20 cents) for every record sold. On an average Fraulein Kurz contributes ten arias a year. Next to her comes the famous tenor Herr Slezak, who is guaranteed \$1,095 for fifteen songs. His colleague at the opera, Herr Schmedes, receives about \$80 for every song, besides a commission on the records sold."

The New Hobble Trousers.
Hobble trousers are the newest and most radical novelty in men's wear. They are delicately emblematic of the attitude of the man of today who is left to attend to the subordinate details of his daily life while his wife becomes a suffragette and the wage earner of the family. Hobble trousers are in reality two hobble skirts joined at the top and cut with straight fronts and princess backs, the fastenings being down the entire back opening of each leg.

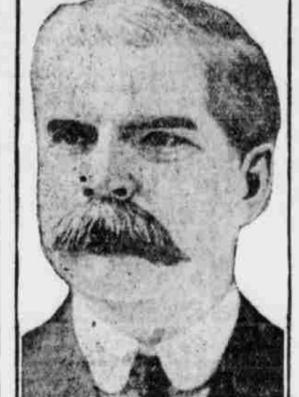
The materials used are many and varied, ranging from the rough Scotch plaids and checks for morning wear to the pale violet and pluk broad-cloths for evening use.—Judge.

Land of Old Age Prodigies.
One is reminded that Ireland is pre-eminently the land of centenarians by the announcement that Mrs. Craley of Clonbrin, Monastereven, is drawing her old age pension at the remarkable age of 124 years. So rich is Ireland in these old age prodigies that when the last census was taken it included no fewer than 497 persons who had passed their hundredth birthday, while during 1904 as many as 182 Irish men and women aged a hundred years and upward died.—Dundee Advertiser.

Equality of the Sexes.
Traveling in the country I observe with some indignation that the scarecrow in every field is represented as a man. The flapping of a woman's skirt, the waving of her feathers, would assuredly be as effective for the purpose as is the dangling of a coat. We will eventually displace man in every field.—London Truth.

WARREN S. STONE.

Grand Chief of Engineers' Union,
Which May Strike in January.



Chicago, Nov. 8.—A strike of railroad engineers which would tie up every railroad of importance west of Chicago threatens to be called in January, according to grand officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, for whom Grand Chief Warren S. Stone of Cleveland, O., is spokesman. According to Mr. Stone and admitted by railroad representatives, conferences were begun between a committee from the engineers and the western managers' associations Sept. 26 in this city, and nearly twenty-five sessions have been held since. At the last one the last amicable arrangement of differences was declared to be unacceptable.

The brotherhood contains 60,000 members in the United States, Canada and Mexico, and 33,780 engineers will be affected on the lines in dispute.

ELOPES ON A MOTORCYCLE.
Pursuing Father in Auto Loses Race When Tire Blows Out.

Le Sueur, Minn., Nov. 8.—An elopement extraordinary occurred at the home of Wilbur Methuen, a rich farmer of Cleveland township, when his twenty-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, sped away with her sweetheart, George Hettling. She was seated in front of Hettling on the handle bars of a motorcycle, which was running about thirty miles an hour over none too good country roads, and pursued by the wrathful parents in an automobile.

The parents kept on the chase, never more than half a mile behind, across Cordova and into Waterville township until a blowout of a front tire landed him and his machine in a muddy ditch two miles north of Waterville village.

George, with the race and the bride both won, sped on across the county line and down to Waseca, where the young couple were married and soon after forgiven by telegram by the defeated father, who is a good loser.

An amusing incident of the exciting chase and race was the fact that the happy bride and groom on their return to the angry father's home in an automobile came upon the wrecked machine which had won the day for them, and the groom, getting out with the man in charge of his car, repaired the damaged wheel and tire. A wedding reception was held later, at which all the friends of the young couple in the vicinity gathered to an old-fashioned farm dance.

A NEW HOME FOR TAFT.
The President Leases the "Peabody House," Two Miles From Beverly.

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 8.—Beverly will continue to be the summer capital for another two years. President Taft has signed a lease for two years for the "Peabody house" at Beverly, known as Parra Malta. The place comprises seventy acres, is about a mile from the place occupied by the president last season and about two miles from Beverly proper, but is within a few minutes' walk of Mont Servat station.

The president's new home is not on the sea. Executive offices have been leased directly across the street from the new summer home of the president. The estate was acquired by the late Henry W. Peabody and named for a river in Australia. Since the death of Mr. Peabody it has been owned by his widow. One of the features of the Peabody place is a four hole golf course, which had no special attraction for the president, who spurns anything short of eighteen holes.

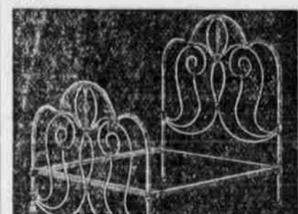
Elevator Builders Strike.
Boston, Nov. 8.—A general strike of elevator constructors employed by the Otis Elevator company in various cities of the country had become effective. Should nonunion men be engaged to take the strikers' places the Building Trades union officials will order a sympathetic strike, it is announced. The strike originated in Chicago, where a disagreement over wages occurred some time ago.

Albany Records Earthquake Shocks.
Albany, N. Y., Nov. 8.—A series of earthquake shocks was recorded on the seismographs in the State museum. The maximum movements were recorded at about 3:51 o'clock. The earthquake seems to have traveled in a north-south direction, and its source was between 3,500 and 4,000 miles from Albany.

Origin of the Pigtail.

The report that the Chinese department of state affairs contemplates issuing an order directing officials, soldiers and police to give up the queue and to wear their hair short recalls that the queue was introduced into China by the Manchu dynasty nearly three centuries ago. It is said to have been originally suggested to the Manchus by their sense of gratitude to the horse, that animal having played a great part in the Tatar conquests. In short, the "pig-tail" was a method of establishing a relationship between human beings and horses.—Japan Mail.

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