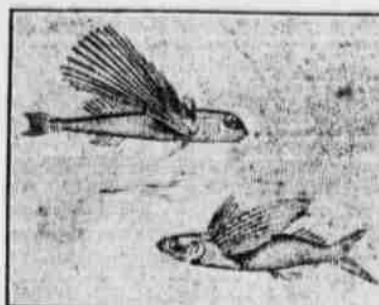


For the Children

Facts About the Fishes That Fly.



The wings of two known kinds of flying fish are the pectoral fins grown to an enormous size, says St. Nicholas. The kind commonly seen is called the flying herring and resembles the garpike. They do not move these fins when flying, but seem, rather, to float on the wind, such flight sometimes extending in calm weather to a distance of more than an eighth of a mile. When they come on board a ship their coming is supposed to be caused by air currents which the wind makes as it strikes against the side of the vessel and which lift the fish above the deck. Some observers say that it can change the direction of its flight at will, but it is probably at the mercy of the wind. The fish are supposed to leave the water to escape a hungry enemy.

Magic Writing.

In this game a confederate is necessary. The player states to the company, after a few remarks on ancient sign language, that he is able to read signs made with a stick on the floor and agrees to leave the room while the company decide upon some word or sentence.

The game is played as follows: It is agreed by the player and his confederate that one tap on the floor shall represent A, two taps E, three taps I, four taps O, and five taps U, and that the first letter of each remark the confederate makes shall be one of the consonants of the word or sentence decided upon by the company. The consonants must be taken in order. On the player's return, supposing the word chosen to be "March," his confederate would commence: "Many people think this game a deception" (initial letter M). One tap on the floor (A). "Really it is very simple" (initial B). "Coming to the end soon" (initial letter C). "Hope it has been quite clear" (initial letter H).

A few more signs are made so as not to finish too abruptly, and the player then states the word to be "March." If carefully conducted this game will interest an audience for a considerable time.

An Idle Boaster.

A most beautiful rainbow was lighting up the skies. Gold, crimson, purple, every lovely tint, was comprised in its arch, from the deepest to the most delicate hues.

Every one admired it. Most of all it admired itself. "I am handsome," it said—"more beautiful, far handsomer than the sun, for bright as he is he has but one color, and I have many."

The monarch of the skies heard this boast and smiled a quiet smile. Then, hiding his beams in a cloud, he concealed himself for an instant.

Where was the rainbow? It had disappeared. It had forgotten that only by the reflection of the sun could it exist. And so it is with vain and conceited folks who forget by whose favor they live, whose hand has made them prosperous and by whose grace alone they are permitted to enjoy those gifts the possession of which makes them conceited and proud.

Conundrums.

When was a piece of wood like George V? When it was made into a ruler.

What is that which no man wishes to have, yet never wishes to lose? A bald head.

What is the difference between a French pastry cook and a billposter? One puffs up paste and the other pastes up puffs.

What is the first thing a man sets in his garden? His foot.

Why are some men like pipes? Because they are mere shams.

If a man bumped his head against the top of the room, what stationary article would he get? Ceiling whacks (sealing wax).

What is a good thing to part with? A comb.

Why is the Bank of England like a thrush? Because it often changes its notes.

A Cat in the Air.

The three masted schooner William P. Hood of Somerset was sailing along the Massachusetts coast, and everything was peaceful. The ship's cat was sunning himself on deck, not caring much if the schooner ever reached port again, when suddenly there was a sweep of wings, a frantic and agonized meow, and pussy was rising in the air in the talons of a great American eagle. That was the last that the schooner's captain and crew saw of their pet and the hungry bird. They say that the eagle must have measured more than six feet from tip to tip of the wings. Surely only such a bird could have down away with a fourteen pound cat.

When the Hen Cackled. "I heard a hen giggle," said five-year-old Blanche, who was visiting grandma, "but there wasn't any egg."

Saturday Night Talks

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

THE KING ON TRIAL.

International Bible Lesson for Nov. 27, '10—(Matt. 26:57-69).

Courts of law are supposed to be places where justice holds the balances, and where "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" is weighed in those delicate scales. But as a matter of fact, some of the greatest outrages of history have been wrought in the court room, virtue punished and vice set free.

Greatest Farce in History.

The greatest farce that was ever perpetrated in the annals of jurisprudence took place in the holy city of Jerusalem, where the holiest man of the ages was the prisoner at the bar, a Jewish high priest was one of the side judges, and the witnesses were members of the church, in good and regular standing. Three greater rascals never wore the judicial ermine than Herod, Pilate and Caiaphas. Witnesses never more unblushingly perjured themselves than the Jewish witnesses who swore to a lie. Lynch law never rounded up a more desperate mob of incarnate fiends than the priests, elders and scribes who crowded the temple of justice courts, yelling "Crucify! Crucify Him!"

Revenge the Secret Motive.

Revenge called the witnesses, masquerading as justice. The jurors were bloodthirsty tigers, judging a lamb. Everything was brought forward that perjured rascals could hatch out; everything was suppressed that could by any possibility favor the prisoner. The verdict was made up before the crier called the court to order. The worn and exhausted victim was dragged from pillar to post, from one jurisdiction to another, now in the hands of the ecclesiastical authorities, then turned over to the civil government, but everywhere followed by the howling, hooting, blaspheming mob, who reached out their hands to drag him from the soldiers that they might rend him asunder. But the guard kept their prisoner safe, not that they might protect his person, but that they might have the brutal satisfaction of torturing him, tearing off his clothes, mocking his royal claims with old cast off garments, and crowns of thorns, and scepters of reed. They made hilarious sport of the uncomplaining Nazarine and worried him as a cat does a mouse before devouring its prey. And justice, Roman Justice! Jewish Justice! opened not its lips in condemnation of such an outrage and travesty. Jesus Christ was a victim of human hate, Jewish bigotry, envy, ecclesiastical politics, civil incapacity and cowardice, lynch law, the voice of the aristocracy and the voice of the slums, human and satanic forces breaking in waves of wrath over his holy person.

Many Imitations Since.

But that unfair trial has had many imitations. The ermine of the judge has often rested upon the shoulders of the thief, the libertine, the drunkard. Many a man has reeled into his seat on the bench and sentenced virtue to prison. Perjury and bribery and chicanery of every description has put handcuffs on innocence, and scattered families, and broken wills, and made sworn enemies of bosom friends, and shot the bolts of prisons and erected scaffolds, and officiated at executions. Justice has torn the bandage from the eyes and winked at the jurors. Shyster lawyers have pleaded for clients and tearfully eulogized those whom they know to be criminals. Rich rascals have been set free for a price and poor unfortunates have been given the limit of punishment. Wealthy debauchees, and notorious females have been given spectacular attention, the court room crowded daily with gushing women, who send perfumed notes and keep the hero's or heroine's cell fragrant with bouquets, and ignorant and besotted prisoners, guilty of the same offences have been railroaded to prison without a pause in the proceedings. If the Almighty should suddenly utter his fiat that all the wrongs of life should be righted, there is not a bank or a safe deposit vault that would not have its sides blown out. Parchments would rip, gold would shoot, mortgages would read, beggars would get carriages, stock gamblers would go to the almshouse, prisoners would go out at liberty, and judges and jailors would take their places behind the bars. Ten thousand revolutions would take place in society, the world would be turned upside down, which would bring it right side up.

In view of all this it is no wonder that Tennyson sings: "Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne, Yet that scaffold sways the future, and beyond the dim unknown Standeth God, within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

Though the trial of Jesus was a mockery and a farce, the prisoner at the bar had the best of it. Temporary eclipse was followed by eternal brightness. History has recorded its verdict, and has hung up in the pillory of execration, the judges, the witnesses, the mob. The innocent can afford to bide their time. They may be helpless in the hands of their enemies, but vindication will come. To day, Christ is triumphant, and Herod, Caiaphas and Pilate are scorned.

Woman's World

The Love Story and Good Deeds of the Former Queen of Portugal.



THE FORMER QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

The last few years have been unhappy ones indeed for the lovely and good Amelie, the former queen of Portugal. As every one knows, her husband, King Carlos, and the crown prince were assassinated while she was driving with them in the streets of Lisbon in 1908. The expulsion recently of her son, King Manuel, and the royal family from Portugal when the monarchial government was replaced by that of a republic is another bitter blow to this much tried woman.

Queen Amelie, the daughter of the Comte de Paris, was brought up in England in the utmost simplicity. Royal unions are not always love matches, but the marriage of King Carlos and Queen Amelie was an exception. There is a pretty story about this royal courtship. It seems the then Duke of Braganza was distinctly difficult to please in the choice of a wife. One day a portrait of Princess Amelie d'Orleans was placed in his way as if by accident, and the duke was immediately fascinated. Personal acquaintance increased the attraction, and eventually the young couple were married at Lisbon in 1886. The marriage proved a happy one, for the royal pair were as devoted to each other on the day of the king's death as in the first years of their union.

Until recently Queen Amelie was much beloved by the people of her adopted country. She studied medicine so as to understand hospital work and general nursing and was untiring in her efforts to improve the public health. The higher education of women enlisted her warmest support, and she was never happier than when going about incog. among the poor of Lisbon.

Queen Amelie was considered the best gowned of royal women, and she is a born milliner. In the palace there was a room set apart where hats and bonnets were continually in course of construction, and thereby hangs a pathetic story.

Once while out driving in the streets of Lisbon she observed a large crowd surrounding some object. The queen sent the footman to see what was the matter, and when he reported that a young woman had fainted she immediately left her carriage and had the unconscious girl taken to a neighboring shop and personally attended her professionally. The queen had the young woman removed to her own home, had inquiries made about her and learned the poor girl's history. She was a milliner and, being failed to get employment, had ventured to undertake work on her own account for the support of herself and her invalid mother, but with so little success that she was nearly starved.

Queen Amelie sent at once some necessities and commanded the girl's presence at the palace. Here she received her in the workroom and banded the poor milliner three bonnets of her own creation. "Take these as models, call them 'bonnets Amelie' and tell your customers they are made after the queen's own fashioning." Her majesty wore herself one of the identical bonnets and commanded her ladies to do likewise. Within two months the once starving girl could take larger premises and today is herself an employer of over 200 women.

What Dr. Madison Peters Says.

Our presidents were largely accidents, called from the plain people. They made good as a rule. Almost any American can be a king. Our American women so unexpectedly called to accompany the presidents to the White House acquitted themselves with a sense of fitness, showing that any American girl can be a queen.

Men's prejudices come from the head and may be overcome; the prejudices of women spring from the heart and are impregnable.

As a rule, the fisherman with the best bait catches the biggest fish, but sometimes a hasty woman, like a greedy trout, swallows a hook with nothing on it.

"What part of speech is woman?" asked a boy of his father. He answered, "She is no part; she is the whole of it." Supposing that the man was right in allotting to the woman a manifold proportion of talkativeness, many men must have inherited their mothers' share.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Arabella's Darling.

"Now, I wonder," thought Alphonso "what Arabella is doing at this precise moment!"

(Arabella and Alphonso were married last May, and Alphonso, being a commercial traveler, was far from home.)

"I wonder," he repeated, "what she is doing!"

Then a brilliant idea struck him, and he visited the nearest spiritualist medium.

"What," said Alphonso for the third time, "is Arabella doing?"

"She is looking out of the window," replied the medium, "evidently expecting somebody."

"That is strange," said Alphonso "Whom can she expect?"

"Ah!" continued the medium. "Some one enters the house, and she caresses him fondly."

"It can't be!" cried the excited husband. "My wife is true to me."

"Now she lays his head on her lap and looks tenderly into his eyes."

"Villain!" roared the jealous husband.

"Now she kisses him."

"It's false!" yelled Alphonso. "I'll make you pay dearly for this!"

The medium saw that he had gone far enough.

"Now," he said, "he wags his tail."—Tit-Bits.

Has It Come to This?

Hank Stubbs—I'd like to go out an' pick up a few chestnuts, but I don't dast to.

Blge Miller—Why not?

Hank Stubbs—I'm feard I'll be mistook fur a red squirrel an' git shot.—Boston Herald.

Choice of Evils.

"Don't you know," said the young widow, "that a bachelor is an object of public derision?"

"I have heard so," rejoined the old bachelor, "and I have also heard that a married man gets his at home."—Chicago News.

New Way to Get an Auto.

"So you have bought an automobile Well, well! Somebody leave you a legacy?"

"No. You see, I do without eggs for breakfast, so I have a good deal of money that I don't need."—Newark News.

Sympathetic Appeal.

"One way to quiet insane people is to sing to them."

"Yes," said Miss Cayenne; "I should think some of the ragtime choruses would be soothingly congenial to unfortunates of that class."—Washington Star.

Mass Play Modified.

City Editor—Any radical changes for the better in football this season?

Sporting Writer—Verily, I understand that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time.—Puck.

Pussy's Rival.

Figg—It's singular how those old writers live on and on. I can understand it in Plutarch's case.

Fogg—Why Plutarch especially?

Figg—His lives outnumber those of a cat.—Boston Transcript.

The Modern Way.

"Let us fly," said the young man to the girl of his dreams.

But they were not planning an elopement, only an aviation honeymoon trip.—Baltimore American.

His Prescription.

"And how long, doctor, should I stick to the plain diet which you recommend?"

"Why—er—until my bill is paid."—Houston Post.

No Place to Put It.

Knobby—What makes you so sure that the old Roman senators were honest?

Lobby—Simple enough. Togas didn't have pockets.—Puck.

Same Old Plaint.

Jack—I went gunning in the country one day last week.

Tom—Bag anything?

Jack—Nothing but my trousers.—Chicago News.

An Unwelcome Discovery.

Post—I discovered today that Parker and I have a common ancestor.

Mrs. Post (a Colonial Dame)—For goodness' sake don't tell any one.—Brooklyn Life.

How Long?

Irishman (to ward leader)—How long do I have to be after livin' in this country before I can steal without gettin' into jail?—Harvester World.

After the Concert.

She—It must be fine to sing on the glee club.

He—It ought to be fine or imprisonment.—Princeton Tiger.

"Something Just as Good."

"Did he leave footprints on the sands of time?"

"No, but they took his thumb prints."—Judge.

One Instance.

"Papa, what is the silent majority?"

"Two men when there is a woman present, my son."—Boston Transcript.

Carpe Diem.

Eat, drink and be merry today, for tomorrow you may diet.—Chapparel.



Points for Mothers

Children often unintentionally make mischief between neighbors and friends, but it is wise not to attach too much importance to the tales they bring us, for their fancies carry them away and beyond the realms of fact. In a neighborhood where there are many children it is well to eliminate their opinions of one another. They are largely controlled by prejudice, likes and dislikes founded on nothing.

The mother who gives ear to the tales of her own child about some little playmate should first stop and think it out carefully before she demands an explanation or shows anger. She should not always take it for granted that her child is truthful and the neighbor's little one untruthful. It is perfectly right that every mother should have confidence in her own offspring, and she should not let them know if she does doubt them, but they must be sure that their children have not allowed their imaginations, sensitiveness and prejudice to color their reports.

It is perfectly true that many mothers do not know their own children. They may be perfectly obedient and respectful at home, and when they go out from home, where parental authority is not enforced, they may show another side to their nature and be disobedient, unpleasant and impertinent to others. The parents never see them in such moods and cannot suspect the change in their conduct. Nevertheless it is not an infrequent occurrence, more's the pity!

Therefore the wise mother will shut her ears to tales borne by her children and treat them as jokes to be laughed at rather than as serious matters to be taken up and noticed.

Lifelong friendships have been jeopardized because foolish parents have treated as serious matters the differences and animosities of the little ones.

Bedtime for Children.

Sunset should be the time for every child under eight years of age. When the chickens go to roost and twilight begins to deepen the country baby's head begin to droop, and he is ready for his cot. The more nervous town baby, who has nothing for an example except the sun and who at any rate on rainy days is used to twilight atmosphere at midday, seldom wishes to go to bed with the chickens.

If he lives in an apartment he must hear drifting down the hall the talking voices of his elders at dinner, and the smell of savory things from the kitchen greets his nostrils. But, hard as it must seem, the city mother must have even more rigid rules about bedtime than the country mother. Her child is at a greater disadvantage in the first place in not living where he can breathe the purest air in the midst of healing country sights and sounds. The distractions of city life are so numerous and so varied that city bred children need more repose than children in smaller towns or the country.

Nail Biting.

Nail biting is a very common habit among children and is often the result of an extremely nervous temperament.

It is a good plan to take such a child to a doctor, who will probably give him a good tonic to brace up the nervous system.

The child should also have pointed out to him how ugly his nails and fingers are getting. Show him how to keep his nails clean and well trimmed and try to induce him to take a pride in them.

A good plan is to interest him in kindergarten work of some kind that will keep both his hands and brain employed. If this is done the chances are that very soon the habit will disappear.

Mothers Should Remember—

If you want the nursery to be healthy have in it as few unwashable things as possible.

Nothing that pollutes the air (animals in cages, soiled clothes, slop pails and such like) should ever remain in a room in which children live.

The nursery floor should never be washed on a wet day. It cannot be properly dried when the atmosphere is damp, and sleeping or playing in a room not thoroughly dry is a frequent cause of coughs, colds, bronchitis and croup.

Toys Should Be Washable.

Do not let a little child play with toys that cannot be washed with soap and water. A small child is very likely to put his playthings into or up to his mouth, and these playthings are often thrown by his small majesty on to the floor, where the dust from the street is deposited, either by breezes or from doors and windows or by the feet of grownups.

Health Point.

Children's underclothing should be changed at least twice a week. The health of the skin influences the well being of the entire body, and to keep the skin in health scrupulous cleanliness is necessary.

In the Pines. The pine is the greatest American tree. It has been of the widest use, is most in demand, and has enriched its tens of thousands of men. The most fashionable tourist and health resorts in the south are in the "piney woods" regions—vide Alken, S. C.; Pinehurst, N. C.; Thomasville, Ga., and others. It is the resinous quality of the ozone that attracts the health and pleasure seekers. Also the piney woods country affords the finest of fruits, vegetables and melons. Living is cheap among the pines, health good and the people well fed.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

This Parlor Table is made of Quarter-sawn Oak; Retail in stores for \$4.50 to \$5.00.



Only \$3.35

For this handsome Parlor Table in Quartered Oak, finished and polished golden Quartered Oak, Fancy 24 x 34 top, richly carved rim, shaped underself, French style legs. Also in the rich Mahogany Birch for \$3.35. Carefully packed and shipped for \$3.35.

Do not spend another cent for Furniture until you have seen our latest catalogue. Sent free.



BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A. O. BLAKE, AUCTIONEER & CATTLE DEALER. You will make money by having me. BELL PHONE 9-U Bethany, Pa.

Roll of HONOR SAVINGS BANK. Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the Wayne County Savings Bank. The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK Stands 38th in the United States, Stands 10th in Pennsylvania, Stands FIRST in Wayne County. Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00. Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00.

Honesdale, Pa., May 29, 1908.

GUARANTEED Water Bonds TO YIELD From 5 to 6 per cent. In denominations of 100, 500 and 1,000. If interested call on or address D. D. WESTON, Office: Foster Block 9th and Main St. Honesdale, Pa. 7118

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF ERIE TRAINS. Trains leave Union depot at 8.25 a. m. and 2.48 p. m., week days. Trains arrive Union depot at 1.10 and 8.05 p. m. week days. Saturday only, Erie and Wyoming arrives at 3.45 p. m. and leaves at 5.50 p. m. Sunday trains leave 2.48 and arrive at 7.02.