

TURKS' YANKEE ADMIRAL HERE

Bucknam Pasha Again Visits Land of His Youth.

FAVORITE OF TWO SULTANS.

Made Hit With Abdul Hamid by Reorganizing Navy and Balking Robbing European Contractors—Nearly Started Mohammedan Revolt by Failing to Salute French Flag at Algiers.

A short, squarely built man was a recent visitor to New York and Washington and registered at hotels as "R. D. Bucknam, Constantinople." That is the way Bucknam Pasha, vice admiral of the Ottoman navy, aid-camp and naval adviser to the sultan, puts himself down when he gets among his old friends. The admiral is, or was, an American. He has had a career of real adventure. Twenty-seven years ago he was a cabin boy on a schooner on the great lakes.

Ransford D. Bucknam was born in Nova Scotia in 1860, but his parents almost immediately moved to Maine. At the age of fourteen he felt the call of the sea and followed it to the great lakes, where he became cabin boy on a schooner whose skipper was her owner. The captain and his wife took a liking to the youngster.

At sixteen Bucknam went from New York as quartermaster of a schooner bound for the Pacific. When the little vessel reached Manila the captain and the mates died of cholera, and as the boy was the only person left on the craft who had studied navigation he went before a special examining board, got a master's certificate, became a captain at seventeen and brought his vessel home.

Then followed many years on many scenes, including more experiences on the great lakes.

Captured Sultan's Fancy.

Bucknam had not made many trips across the Pacific before he was asked by the Cramps of Philadelphia to become their nautical expert. When the battleship Maine made her trial runs he was in command of her, and when the Cramps finished the Turkish cruiser Medjidia he was assigned to deliver her and sent to Turkey with a three months' contract to train her crew.

The Turkish navy had been a joke, at least since the battle of Navarino. Somehow Abdul Hamid took a fancy to the American sailor and asked him how he would like a job as naval adviser to himself at a princely salary. Bucknam asked for long enough leave to come home and get married. After a hurried trip to San Francisco he reported to the sultan on April 19, 1904. He started to put things shipshape as far as he could. It was not long before the sultan made him a pasha and admiral and conferred on him the order of Osmanieh and gave him a medal for distinguished service.

Report has it that Bucknam saved the sultan's life when an attempt was made to assassinate Abdul Hamid several years ago. While the sultan was returning to the Yıldiz kiosk from the Hamidieh mosque a bomb thrown into the imperial escort killed scores of men and horses, rent the ground thereabouts and shook neighboring buildings. Bucknam Pasha stepped to the side of the sultan's carriage and shouted that he would lop off any hand that dared stretch forth toward the sultan. He walked, sword in hand, beside the carriage all the way to the palace. This act Abdul Hamid never forgot.

Balked Robbing Contractors.

Bucknam Pasha is the first Christian who ever had actual command of the Turkish navy. He won the sultan's favor by his honesty. It used to be the system, it is said, for English shipbuilders to get as much money as possible for ships as nearly worthless as possible the sultan's officers would accept. The sultan paid in one instance \$1,050,000 and got in return an iron tub filled with junk, the whole worth perhaps \$300,000. Of the money that went out of the sultan's purse his own officers got \$1,200,000 and the contractors pocketed the modest sum of \$450,000.

While bringing one of those new vessels around from the Atlantic Bucknam made a big hit with Mohammedans by neglecting to salute the French flag in Algerian waters. The Ottoman government had never recognized the French occupation of Algeria, and no Turkish ship had ever put into Algiers since the occupation.

A breakdown in his machinery late one evening off the Algerian coast obliged Bucknam to take refuge in the port of Algiers, which by careful timing he entered just before daybreak. Three times the French commander sent out word that he was ready to return the Turkish salute. Bucknam's guns did not boom. The port commander came to the conclusion that the habitual worthlessness of Turkish warships extended to the guns of this vessel.

But the Mohammedans came out in small boats by the thousands to see and touch the ship of the one great free power still ruled by Islam's great caliph. They kissed the ship, they crowded her decks, they filled flasks from the sacred water that washed her sides, and they prayed. From far away in the interior faithful Mussulmans made a three days' pilgrimage by camel back.

Why He Wanted References.

At a credit men's dinner one of the veterans told this story: "In the reconstruction days a man from a Mississippi valley town came to our western house one day. We had sold him before in a small way, and he always paid. He had enlarged his business, he told us, and wanted a bigger line than usual, but before making his selections he wanted us to give him references. We expressed surprise at such an unheard of demand, but he said, 'My two brothers-in-law have gone in with me, and they're very particular as to whom they do business with.' So we sent him to our banks, and he came back, said we were all right, picked out a big line of goods, and in sixty days he 'busted.' We couldn't collect a dollar. Two years later I met the man in Cincinnati and told him we had become reconciled to our loss. 'But will you please tell me,' I asked, 'I wanted to know if you could stand it.'"—Exchange.

No Law's Delay Here.

In Perak, in the Malay peninsula, lawyers find no business, for a modified form of trial by ordeal decides all disputes. In place of the legal practitioner the pleader is a native boy who is assigned to one or the other of the sides and is given a bamboo tube in which is sealed the pleading of the person or party whom he represents. When all is ready two stakes are driven into the bed of a stream, and by aid of a bamboo pole the heads of the two boys are submerged at the same time. By grasping the stakes they are enabled to remain under water for quite awhile after their natural inclination would bring them to the surface, but at last one of them gives in and, releasing his hold of the stake, comes to the air. He is immediately seized, and the tube he holds is cast aside. The other lad is led ashore, his tube opened, and the document contained therein stands as the decision in the case.

Scott Relics at Abbotsford.

The present estate of Abbotsford was formed during the years 1811 to 1817 from various small farms, the first one purchased bearing the "inharmorous designation" Clarty Hole. After Sir Walter Scott's death in 1834 a committee of friends collected \$8,000 toward the redemption of the estate, and Mr. Cadell, the publisher, contributed the rest on receiving the rights over Scott's works. The library and museum had been given some years before by the creditors. As his son, Lieutenant Colonel W. Scott, died on his way home from India, the property descended to J. R. Lockhart, his son-in-law, and thence to his daughter's husband, J. R. Hope-Scott, whose daughter held the estate for some years. Many Scott relics are preserved in the house, notably his chair and writing table in the study and his hat and gloves in the hall.—London Standard.

Hard For the Eskimos.

One of the difficulties of the Moravian missionaries in Labrador is to make the Old Testament, with its wealth of pastoral detail, intelligible to the Eskimos, not one of whom has ever seen a horse. "Sheep and cattle," says Hesketh Pritchard in "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness," "they cannot realize or conceive of, for there are no domesticated animals save dogs in that portion of the peninsula. They comprehend the story of Esau, the hunter, and that of Samson and the lion, which animal can be translated as polar bear, but of Abraham in the land of Mesopotamia they can form no picture. The nearest approach to these ideas is drawn from the harvest of the sea, seals and fish taking the place of flocks and herds."

Mistletoe a Menace.

Few people who know mistletoe only as a desirable feature of Christmas decorations understand that the plant is a parasite dangerous to the life of trees in the regions in which it grows. It is only a question of time after mistletoe once begins to grow upon a tree before the tree itself will be killed. The parasite saps the life of the infected branches. Fortunately it is of slow growth, taking years to develop to large proportions, but when neglected it invariably ruins all trees it reaches. The only method of extermination is the cutting down of diseased trees.—Exchange.

Two of a Kind.

"I told dat feller I was so fat broke I had to sleep outdoors," said Plooding Pete. "Did it touch his heart?" asked Meandering Mike. "No. He said he was doing the same thing an' had to pay de doctor for tellin' him what a blessin' it was."—Washington Star.

His Kind.

"I heard of a man once who was going to make money hand over fist when he was carried off." "By death?" "No; by the police. He was porch climbing."—Baltimore American.

He Was Slow.

"I had not talked to him more than fifteen minutes when he called me an idiot." "Gee! He didn't violate any speed limit in getting next, did he?"—Boston Post.

Drying Her Tears.

"What do you do when your wife cries?" asked the younger man. "Do you try to give in to her?" "No," said the older man. "Give her some money."—Buffalo Express.



KEEPING A FEW BEES.

An Easy Way of Supplying the Table or Adding to One's Income.

Any person living upon a farm or in the outskirts of a village would find it a pleasure and a profit to keep one or more colonies of bees, especially if he desires to have a few dollars of his own. The honey bee is a benefactor to our race, roaming the fields at will, gathering honey and pollen, which it pays for in the fertilization of the flowers. She takes nothing from the fertility of the soil, but gives to it one of the greatest fertilizers known, the clovers, which would become extinct if it were not for her agency in fertilizing the bloom. No land is required except a spot on which to place the hives.

The fear of stings, I think, prevents many from liking the work, and yet, when properly protected with a bee veil, and working only in the warm part of the day, and never when cloudy, rainy or cold, and with the use of a good smoker, one need rarely be stung. In many cases the sting of a bee is attended with much pain and swelling, while in others there is no doubt that the system can soon be inured to the poison so that no bad effects are produced. Well the writer recollects the time when a bee sting was very painful to him and was always attended with much pain and swelling. I know there is a sort of current impression to the effect that bees will sting some people more than others. While this is true, it is not because they are able to recognize any peculiar physical condition or difference, nor is it because one person smells to the bees differently from another. It is because they notice a difference in behavior of different persons. Avoid quick motions; do not breathe upon them, and if there are other bees flying about in search of plunder do not leave the hive open too long. In case of accidents the smoker should be used freely, and it ought to be at hand for any manipulation in the apiary. It is much easier to prevent the anger of bees than to put a stop to it after it has begun. If you mismanage a colony of bees and rouse their anger it is quite likely that this disposition will remain with them for a few days.

A bee away from home, or laden with honey, never volunteers an attack. This is so well established and so well known by apiarists that if I were not writing mainly for beginners I should not think of mentioning it. Thus, in order to render bees harmless it is only necessary to cause them to fill themselves with honey, and this is done by frightening them with smoke. When smoke is driven into a hive through the entrance the bees at once begin filling themselves with honey. But with them, as with human beings, it is the most experienced that are the slowest to take fright. So when the old bees are all at home it is more difficult and takes more time to compel them all to fill themselves. For this reason it is much safer to handle bees during the warmest part of the day, or at a time when the greater part of the old bees are in the field. The bees which compose a swarm are usually filled with honey for the journey that they expect to take, and are harmless unless crushed or very much irritated by the anger of others and the smell of the poison. It is not absolutely necessary to smoke a colony of bees till all the bees fill themselves with honey in order to handle them safely, but it is certainly the safest method.—F. G. Herman.

Bees Friends of Farmers.

If every farmer and fruit grower were to take the advice offered recently in a remarkable lecture before the Farmers' Club, London, British crops would probably be multiplied in value by millions of pounds.

Mr. Herrod, proving his contentions by admirable slides, made out the bee to be one of the greatest friends of the human race. Formic acid, which no chemist can make, is obtained direct from the bees in America and used as a cure for rheumatism and in the hospitals honey is now employed as a valuable substitute for cod liver oil.

But the farmer and fruit grower receive the most valuable boon. It is proved that apples are earlier, larger and much more numerous where bees are in quantity. Some photographs showed that misshapen and stunted apples are due principally to bad fertilization and the perfect strawberry needs 100 to 300 acts of fertilization.

New Zealand, which now exports clover seed, could not grow any till a cargo of bumble bees was sent over, and a number of California fruit growers failed till bees were kept.

The marvelous statement of Darwin that flowers, especially red clover, are finer where cats are most numerous was corroborated. Only the bumble bee fertilizes the first crop of red clover, the smaller flowers of the second crop can be reached by honey bees; the great enemy of the bumble bee is the field mouse; the great enemy of the field mouse is the cat. Therefore, flowers are best where cats are many. It would be not less true to say that the clover is best where owls are most frequent.

Mat and Murks.

Gumoreste von Ralph Bodenhausen (Wittelheim).

Matijlers waren im vorigen Jahr nicht „weg“ gewesen und im vorvorigen auch nicht. Da aber eine Familie, die ein bißchen was auf sich hält, in drei Jahren doch wenigstens einmal „weg“ gewesen sein muß, so entschied Frau Aefflor Matijler, daß man diesmal an den Rhein wollte — zu Dufel Andrees.

Dagegen war nicht viel einzuwenden. Einen seit zwei Jahren aufgesparten Urlaub konnte der Magistrats-Aefflor unbeschwerd erwirken, und die Kostenberechnung gestaltete sich erschwänglich — zumal man bei der Wiltelsteier grundtätlich die dritte Wagenklasse benutzte.

Her immer Dritter gefahren — aber nicht so öftentlich, so ostentativ wie jetzt. Früher „warteten“ sie wenigstens Weiter, und wenn Bekannte am Bahnsteig waren, dann bestiegen sie den Zug nur durch eine Thür, an der eine große II angemalt war, um sich von da aus verstoßen in die dritte Klasse zu dürfen.

Das gab's jetzt nicht mehr. Seit der Fahrartensteuer hatten Matijlers den Muth ihrer Leberzeugung — daß nämlich dem Fiskus das Unpraktische seiner Steuerpolitik begrifflich gemacht werden müsse. Ramentlich die Frau Aefflor wußte in dieser Richtung so überzeugend zu plädieren, daß selbst die Frau Betriebs-Inspektor beinahe einmal dritter Klasse mitgefahren wäre, wenn sie nicht schon eine Freifahrt zweiter Güte gehabt hätte.

Am Dienstag wollten Matijlers reifen. Montag Abend strich Lina, das Hausmädchen, den Lohn und ein reichlich bemessenes Kostgeld für vier Wochen ein und verabschiedete sich thränenden Auges. Sie wollte für die Zeit zu ihren Eltern.

Matijlers waren auch schon frühe die Frau Aefflor weidberzig. „Wir haben Ihnen die beiden Taschentücher und den verloren gegangenen Zwiebelbeutel nicht abgezogen, wie Sie sehen. Finden Sie sich nur pünktlich am Vierten nächsten Monats wieder ein, und richten Sie die Wohnung ordentlich her. Die Schlüssel sind beim Portier.“

Lina nickte, reichte jedem ihre rotke Pranke und schluchzte hinaus. „Sie ist doch ein anhängliches Mädchen,“ äußerte Frau Aefflor bewegt — um gleich darauf entsetzt hochzufahren.

Von der Küche her kam ein wüstes kstierisches Gekoch. Gleich darauf riefte Matijler ins Zimmer, die Ruthe einzuführen und mit allen sonstigen Merkmalen äußerster Verstärkung. Nachdem er einen Rauchständer umgerannt, reitete er sich unter das Sofa, wo seine Erregung noch in ein paar halbtaunen Klagen nachjitterte. Sinter ihm erkühen Lina in der Thür — die Rechte mit einem Ausflopper bewehrt, in der Linken ein Durcheinander von Stroh, rosa Band und Stoffblumen.

„So'n Vieft entkamigtes“, feuchte sie. „Du fehle bloß an, was das Vieh aus meinem neuen Sommerhut gemacht hat. Ich kann das doch gar nicht mehr anfechten. Wie soll ich mich da zu Haus sehen lassen — O Got—ogottogott“

„Aber Lina, wo haben Sie denn den Hut geholt, daß der Hund —“ „Kuin Klüchen! Ich. Aber der holt sich ja allens ran — und wenn von unterm Platong is. Das Beste!“

„Nunadit möglich Sie sich in Ihren Klüchdrüden“, verwies die Frau Aefflor ernst.

Der Hund ist noch viel was Schlimmeres“, zerrte Lina. „Ich bin man bloß froh, daß ich den Deilsbraten nicht wieder mitzunehmen brauch! Drei Enten hat er gewirgt und einen Quatschen von meinem Vater hat er gerissen und —“

„Das haben Sie alles erlebt bekommen, obwohl der Schaden für uns gar nicht kontrollirbar war. Und der Hut wird auch erlebt. Natürlich kommen dann die beiden Taschentücher und der Zwiebelbeutel in Abzug.“

„So. Wo ich ganz genau weiß, daß der Hund —“

„Schweig Sie jetzt, und kommen Sie in die Küche. Wir wollen sehen, was mit dem Hut zu machen ist, damit sie ihn vorläufig wenigstens aufsetzen können.“

Lina schaute hinaus wie ein defektes Luftkissen. Während noch ihre Erläuterung über die einflussige „Kation“ im Zimmer vernehmbar war, schob sich Matijler mit dem Sofa hervor und schielte untertraulich zu „Derrchen“ auf. Dieses Mitstrahlen war begründet. Herr Matijler liebte den Hund so wenig, wie Lina ihn liebte. Er hatte ihn überhaupt nie geliebt. Schon als der Wirtshausmann ihn gebracht, hatte der Aefflor eine instinktive Abneigung gegen das Thier — wie gegen alles Mätzelfhafte. Und ein echtes Wackelkinder, das die Ohren spitz trug und krumme Beine hatte, war ein Mätzelf. Frau Aefflor aber fand das Thierchen herzig, und bei dieser Ansicht ist sie in all (Fortsetzung folgt)

The Rajahs of Bustar.

The rajahs of Bustar are hybrid rajputs, claiming to be of the family of the moon, and have reigned in Bustar for between five and six hundred years. The family bears the name of Rathputty, and every year the rajah has to sit on the rath at the festival of the Dusseerah wearing the jewels of the goddess Duteshwara, the tutelary goddess of the state, which are brought from Dantawara temple for the purpose.

„Save for the jewels he is clad only in wreaths of flowers,” says a writer in the Wide World. „and when we saw him he looked very solemn—almost ashamed of himself—as he passed us.“

„In connection with this ceremony there used to be a brutal custom of dragging the rath, a huge sort of juggernaut car weighing many tons, over the bodies of live buffaloes, often only partly killing them.“

„This horrible practice was stopped by British officials.“

Indispensable.

Three camels presented themselves at the dock where the ark was tied up, whereas but two animals of a kind had been called for.

„One of you fellows will have to step aside!“ shouted Noah very peremptorily.

But the three ships of the desert smiled knowingly.

„I,” said the first of them, „am the camel which shall pass through the eye of a needle sooner than a rich man shall enter the kingdom of heaven.“

„I,” said the second, „am the camel which so many people swallow while straining at a gnat.“

„And I,” said the third and last, „am the camel whose back was broken by the last straw.“

Whereupon Noah, perceiving that posterity could ill spare any of these and would be lost for illustrations without them, graciously made an exception in their favor.—Puck.

A Famous Vine.

In the Cumberland Lodge portion of the royal gardens at Windsor there is a vine, known all over England as the Cumberland Lodge vine, which is a shoot of a still older vine which grows at Hampton Court, but the shoot has far outdistanced its parent in dimensions and productiveness. In England grapes are generally grown under glass, and the Cumberland Lodge vine has a great glass structure, 120 feet long by 20 wide, all to itself. Growing with astonishing luxuriance, the vine spreads itself over a roof area of 2,400 square feet and bears annually a crop of approximately a thousand huge bunches of the finest flavored grapes.

These grapes are frequently found on the royal table, and the subject who is presented with a basket of them considers himself highly favored. The shoot from which the great vine has grown was planted in 1775.

Cliff of Natural Glass.

A cliff of natural glass can be seen in Yellowstone park. It is half a mile long and from 150 to 200 feet high, the material of which it consists being as good glass as that artificially manufactured. The dense glass which forms the base is from seventy-five to a hundred feet thick, while the upper portion, having suffered and survived many ages of wind and rain, has naturally worn much thinner. Of course the color of the cliff is not that of natural glass—transparent and white—but is mostly black and in some places mottled and streaked with brownish red and shades of olive green and brown.

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A Sixteen Head Cabbage.

Julius Weinstein, who tills the soil in an humble way on a bit of land fronting on Blue Hill avenue, Roxbury, was a very much surprised farmer when he watched a bunch of cabbages break through the ground. There were many of the usual size and shape, but somehow or other a sort of brotherly attachment was formed between a bunch of heads so that they insisted on playing the role of Siamese twins eight times over.

When they had reared themselves about a foot above the ground Mr. Weinstein cut short their existence in the soil and he then had a fine freak to show to his neighbors, sixteen heads of cabbage on one stalk.

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