A Modern bisipwresk

In an account of the wreck of the sailing ship Carmaryon the on King Island, Australia, it is related that when the vessel struck the captain calmly took a cigar from his pocket. bit the end off and lit it before order ing the boats to be launched. Even this display of lack of fear did not entirely prevent some degree of panic among the men, however, and seven men pushed off in the port lifeboat. leaving twenty-two to scramble into the starboard bont. In spite of the captain's orders the men in the port boat refused to come alongside, and those in the starboard boat shouted that if they did not put off the masts would fall on them. Instead of hurrying to the boat the captain strolled to his cabin and collected his papers. After he had entered the boat he transferred five men to the port boat and made for Tasmania, 100 miles away. He and the mates steered in turn, while the men balled with empty biscuit tins, and forty-eight hours later both boats reached land.-Chicago

Oddities of Cecil Rhodes.

He possessed few intimate friends, and not even to all of them did he diselose his hand. Mere acquaintances disliked his moody silences, varied with fits of rather boisterous fun. They considered him exclusive, morose, rough and overbearing. And it must be admitted that he was a good hater, violent when thwarted and at times blunt to the point of rudeness. It is difficult to be sufficiently unconventional to shock a mining camp, but he shocked it. In dress he was almost disreputable. He seldom took pains to ingratiate himself with any one, and a man who too openly scorns his fellows must expect to suffer social ostracism and to have his character traduced. It would be idle to deny that for a time there were unfavorable rumors in circulation regarding him or that he was in many circles unpopular. But, like Gallio, he "cared for none of those things."-Sir Levis Mich-

An Eccentric Bishop. Bishop Wilson of Calcutta had as housekeeper a venerable lady who remembered the duel between Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings on Aug. 17, 1780. On entering the cathedral on a Sunday morning, fully robed, lawn sleeves and all, and passing the pew where the old lady sat he would pause and give her the "kiss of peace" before all the congregation, and this although he had met her at breakfast.

His sermons, too, were racy. Preaching against dishonesty, especially in horseflesh, as one of the great English failings in India, he went on, "Nor are we, servants of the altar, free from yielding to this temptation." Pointing to the occupant of the reading desk below him: "There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon, down there. He is an instance of it. He once sold me a horse. It was unsound. was a stranger, and he took me

Scientist Who Couldn't Light a Fire. Lord Kelvin, like Lord Morley, once amused a Scottish audience with a display of ignorance. At a lecture in Edinburgh, with Lord Kelvin in the chair, the Duke of Argyll was taken suddenly ill. "When the aged peer was carried down to one of the antercoms," said a local paper, "one of the first things to be thought of was the lighting of a fire, and this task was tackled by the duke's host, Lord Kelvin. But instead of placing some paper in the grate and some wood on that In the orthodox manner he amazed the onlookers by desperate efforts to kindle a handful of sticks at a gas burner. Ordinary mortals may be pardoned for taking some satisfaction in the fact that even so great a philosopher as Lord Kelvin did not know how to light a fire."

The Thimble,

About 200 years ago a London gold smith called Trotting made and presented to the lady of his heart on her birthday anniversary a thimble of gold, beautifully ornamented and chased, accompanied by a note which introduced the little contraption as a "token of my humble esteem which shall protect those delicate, fair and industrious fingers from prick and scar of needle head." That was the origin of the thimble,

Fate of a Duchess.

We have had excellent morals drawn from the substantial waist of the Venus of Milo for the admonition of the fashionable woman. But what can we say about the Duchesse de Mazarin, who (G. Duval tells us in "Shadows of Old Paris") "died in 1775 from tight lacing, although she had posed for a statue of Venus?"

Giving Him Carte Blanche.

A few years ago John Kendrick Bangs, the humorist, told a number of his Broadway literary confreres that he felt particularly elated over an order he had just received from Henry W. Savage, the theatrical producer, for the libretto of a musical comedy. The play was produced a few months later. During the long period of rehearsals so much of Bangs' material was eliminated and so much other material inserted in its stend that when the curtain went up on the first night not more than half a dozen of the original lines remained.

About a week later a friend, meeting Bangs, asked him if he was writing any more plays for Savage.

"Yes," replied Bangs, "Only an hour ago I sent him 500 blank sheets of paper and told him to go as far as he liked."—Irvin Cobb in New York Tribune.

TAX ON WHISKERS.

When Englishmen Paid for Their

Beards and Their Babies. Now that we are all crying out about our heavy taxation I found it interesting lately to come across some old documents relating to taxes of former times and reigns. Allowing for the difference in the value of money from one period to another, those ancients levies seem to have been pretty heavy and extremely varied.

Our men folk may be thankful that they have not now, as in the days of the eighth Henry, to pay a tax for the privilege of wearing a beard, a tax that was moreover a graduated one, the sliding scale being regulated according to the status of the wearer.

A certain Sheriff at Canterbury, for example, had to pay three shillings and fourpence for his whiskers. He would not have won much sympathy from Mr. Frank Rickardson. Queen Elizabeth, with even more stringent notions on this subject, fixed a similar tax on every beard of over two weeks growth.

At a later period it was decided to place a tax on the birth of every child in England, and a sliding scale was also employed here. The baby of a Duko born in the year 1695 cost its proud father £30, while on the infant of a commoner the tax was but two shillings.

Widowers and bachelors who had decided to retain the joys of single blessedness were compelled to contribute to the State, and long before the Harcourt death duties were dreamed of it was also quite a costly matter to die.

Nearer our own day the window tax was invented by William Pitt, and in the reign of George I, it was necessary to have a license to sell hats, and there was also a tax on hair powwatches and clocks.-English Lady's Pictorial.

How Danish Farmers Prosper, The Danish farmers, living as they do on or near the seacoast, are great exporters of dairy stuff. England is so big a customer that the Danes in fun reproach their neighbors with eating up their butter, and leaving them only oleomargarin. "Yet." says Mr. F. M. Butlin in "Among the Danes," "they are not all of that way

of thinking, for one old farmer asked us if we could not persuade our fellow countrymen to eat butter with their cake.

"If you ask how the Danish farmers manage to keep pace with our (the British) increasing appetite for Danish eggs, butter and bacon, the answer is, they co-operate. The butter which is exported is made in their co-operative dairies. The pigs are slain in their co-operative slaughter-houses, and the Danes are not a little proud of the process. One distinguished traveler complains that during his stay in Denmark he was always being asked to come and see a pig killed.

The eggs are exported by cooperative societies. If a Dane has only one egg he can export it-always provided it be a good egg. No mistake must be made about that. Before the eggs are packed for export, down in the co-operative factory on the shore, they are held over a basin filled with electric light, when all defects can be detected with the naked eye. It is no use for an old egg to pose as a young one then. Each egg is marked with the owner's number and the number of his district; the owners of bad eggs are fined. No less than eighteen thousand Danes belong to this one society. Here, too, butter is packed for the English mar-

One Cause of Forest Fires. Cattle ticks are declared to be in-

directly responsible for the numerous forest fires in the West, which have cost scores of lives and property loss amounting into millions of dollars.

The bite of this particular species of pest is believed to produce a malignant fever and in an effort to rid the fo ests as well as their stock of these insects the settlers have been setting fire to woodlands, according to H. H. Chapman, assistant professor of forestry in the Yale forest school .-Washington Post.

Arrival of Twins.

Every employee of the Bank of England is required to sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason therefor. The chief cause of tardiness is usually fog, and the first ruan to arrive writes detained by "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "ditto." The other day, however, the first late man gave as the reason; "arrival of twins," and twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath.

Bank of England Notes.

When the Bank of Englan! n returns to the bank it is never r gued. It is cancel ed by having signature of the chief cashior After the signatures are 10 off the notes are pricked off in reg ster and sorted into the data They are then places issue. boxes in the vaults where they kept for five years, after which he are ourned in a furnace in the co., i-

Coral Galore.

Fronting the coast of North Aus tralia is the Great Barrier reef, the largest coral reef in the world.

A duck of a girl can make a gooss out of any man.

Atlas and His Load.

Strictly speaking, "atlas" is a mis-nomer for a map book, since it was not the world, but the heavens, that the "atlas" of mythology upheld. Mer cator, the famous Dutch geographer who made globes for Emperor Charles V. of Germany, was the first to use the name in this connection, choosing it as a convenient and in some sort an appropriate title, because Atlas, the demigod, figures with a world upon his shoulders as a frontispiece of som: early works on geography.

Atlas, it was said, made war with other Titans upon Zeus and, being conquered, was condemned to bear heaven upon his head and hands. Later tradition represented him as a man changed by means of Medusa's head into a mountain, upon which rested heaven and all its stars.

In any case, Atlas was always associated with a heavy burden strongly borne. Thus Shakespeare makes Warwick say to Gloucester:

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight. It is not difficult to see how by an association of ideas this came to be chosen as the name for a book of maps which upholds and exhibits to us the whole world.

Marshal Tureen and His Soup.

There is a quaint old shop in Loadon which still bears the name of Samuel Birch, the first purveyor of turtle soup in the English capital. Amid all the changes of the city Birch's shop in Cornhill survives in the guise it wore when its owner was lord mayor of London in the memorable year of Waterloo. Samuel Birch achieved distinction in many fields. He was an orator and a patriot; he was colonel of the city militia and accepted with great good nature his nickname of Marshal Tureen: he was a man of letters, produced plays that held the stage and books that were readable, though now seldom read. One of his plays, "The Adopted Child," was popular long after its author had killed his last turtle. His daughter married Lamartine, and one of his sons, a fine classical scholar, begat a family of scholars. Yet Birch's claim to fame rests most upon the fact that he was the man who made turtle soup popular. City merchants, templars from the inns and dandies from the west end all flocked to Cornhill, the turtle house of all London .-Argonaut.

Reign of the Dandies.

In the matter of dress we have fallen upon a decline since the days when the Duke of Wellington was refused admission to Almack's because he was wearing trousers instead of breeches and silk stockings. Even Almack's however, had to admit trousers within its closely guarded portals the following When Gladstone was "up" at Oxford the reign of the dandles was in full swing. When late in life he revisited the university to lecture to the undergraduates on Homer he was asked by G. W. E. Russell whether he noticed any difference between his audience and the men of his own time.

"Yes," he replied, "in their dress an enormous change. I am told that I had among my audience some of the lc feeling of everybody trying to de most highly connected and richest men her best, and the ideal held up by Mrs in the university, and there wasn't one Tobey is a high one. whom I couldn't have dressed from top to toe for £5."-St. James' Gazette.

A "Fast" Train.

withful man "the ultimate word in my experience, was a certain 'limited' on which I traveled last summer. At a point where we were making our greatest speed a man stood at the side of the track with a moving picture machine. I leaned out of the window and called to him, 'How are you get ting on?

"He stopped turning the crank and spoke with an expression of deep disgust, "'It don't seem to be no use,' he

said. 'Hold your head still, please. I made is the simple street model, and want to get a time exposure." "-Everybody's.

The Burglar's Prayer.

Sir Herbert Risley, speaking of the castes of eastern Bengal at a meeting of the Royal Anthropological institute, said a curious system of religious worship prevailed among a caste who were professional burglars. They made a space in the ground, and a man then cut his arm and prayed to one of the earth gods that there might be a dark night and that he might succeed in obtaining great booty and escape capture,-London Standard.

No Whiskers on His Sea Food.

Two colored porters paused to rest town office building recently. "Boy," ever eat mushrat?" "Mushrat?" returned the other. "No; I never eat any mushrat. The only fancy sea food ever fussed with was lobster."-New York World.

The First Automobilist.

automobilist. Many years before Stephenson had introduced his railway locomotive Cugnot, who was a milltary engineer, had made a locomotive for roads. His locomotive has been piously preserved at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers. Cugnot died in 1804. His lot was not that of many geniuses. He did not die in want. Na-poleon had secured him a pension of 1,000 francs—passing rich on \$200 a year. In this respect the premier consul showed more enlightenment than he did in regard to Fulton of steamboat fame, whom he considered-it is distressing to write-an adventurer. Cug-It not's carriage was built to transport i over 1.000 miles long and 30 miles arms and he had designed a service These achievements alone would gun. be a passport to Napoleon's favor .-London Globe.

Millinary Professor Says "Male Your Hats and Let Ballot Co"



Photo by American Press Association MRS. EVELYN TOBEY.

"I would advise women to make their own hats and let the ballot go.' This was the pertinent answer given recently by the professor of millinery at the Teachers' college, New York city, when asked for her views on the "votes for women" question.

A professor of the art of bonnet making is a comparatively new chall in the college world, but that it is a popular course and a profitable one from the pupils' standpoint one has only to drop into the pleasant room where the students work from 9 to 12 three mornings in a week to be con vinced of the fact that the highbrows are looking to their millinery laureis as well as to purely mental achieve ments.

The millinery course at this institution is immensely popular for two reasons-first, because it is practical and meets everyday requirements and, seond, on account of the charming per sonality of the instructor, Mrs. Evely: Tobey, who is a Barnard graduate. The course, by the way, counts for a much as any of the elective studies in the college curriculum.

In the workroom there is an air o suppressed enthusiasm, an atmospher "We never," she said, "let go our ef-

forts on even the most hopeless look ing hat. We alter the shape and rearrange the trimming until the most "Speaking of railroads," said the critical member of the class proconneces a satisfactory verdict on And the weekly class crit creation." icisms are dreaded by the pupil whose handiwork is the target for the aims of her sister workers,

Taking a special course under the expert guidance of Mrs. Tobey ar college girls, society matrons, housewives and pupils from fashion able finishing schools. The work start in with the making of a real bat; de signs are first made in paper and then carried out in fabrics. The first banext comes the dressy confection.

"Rather a good looking hat, is it not?" said the professor with pardon able pride, holding up for inspection : stunning picture bat, the recent work of an advanced numil.

It was a study in Gainsborough lineconstructed from royal blue satin cov ered with black malines and trimmed simply with plaited ruffles of cream colored lace banded with narrow line of sable fur and a pale pink satir rose tucked lovingly at one side of the wide brim.

But Mrs. Tobey considered the facing of the hat and the artistic manner of its manipulation the master touch of the creation. And not the least interesting of the many wonderful a moment on their mops in a down. things done in the school is the making of frames from a willow fabric the said one, smacking his lips, "did you is damped and pulled and clipped into condition over the wire foundation Indeed, the material is molded and shaped much as the sculptor models his clay. Just before the holidays the girls were busily working on fabric neck and muff sets and lovely party bonnets. Work of this nature fills in Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, was the first the hiatus between winter and spring tyles.

Mrs. Tobey impresses upon her class that the study of millinery lib most women's work is never done Each season brings its special need in the basic laws of hats that the suc ceasful artist must accept or become that dreaded of all things-a sartoric back number. One of the girls pa thetically remarked that she was sure ly becoming a one idea creature an that her dominating thought was hat -every woman's chapeau, from a Bow ery travestry of the modes to a Fift! avenue masterpiece, claimed her a tention.

Marriage Maxims. Marriage for love is risky, but it Marriage is either kill or cure.

Oddest of Queer Fishes.

A queer fish that does not swim is the "sargasso fish." known to sailors as the "frogfish." It lives in that vast mass of floating gulfweed called the Sargasso sea, in mid-Atlantic.

Its pectoral fins are so modified and developed as to resemble arms, and it uses them for ellinging to the weed. Very gaudily colored, it changes its hues to match the aquatic vegetation by which it is surrounded, and when the latter decays and turns brown it assumes a corresponding shade.

The fish lays its eggs in a jelly-like mass, which, absorbing a great quantity of water, becomes three times as big as the mother fish herself, assuming the form of a narrow raft three or four feet long and two to four inches wide.-New York World.

Parnell.

I never saw a braver man than Parnell. The story of his downfall is one of the most pathetic in history. There is a rumor that Captain O'Shea said to Gambetta: "What are we going to to with Parnell? He is getting to be a great danger to the country." And Gambetta replied, "Set a woman on his track." And the woman, instead of betraying him, fell in love with this patriot, and that was his undoing .-'Recollections of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor."

To Discourage Him.

"George," said her husband's wife, "I don't believe you have smoked one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday."

"That's right, my dear," replied his wife's husband, "I'm going to keep them until our Willie wants to learn to smoke."—Chicago News.

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We want you to get a bottle of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic and use it as directed. If it does not relieve scalp irritation, remove dandruff, prevent the hair from failing out and promote an increased growth of hair, and in every way give entire satisfaction, simply come back and tell us, and without question or formality we will hand back to you every penny you paid us for it. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Sold only at our store-The Rexall Store.

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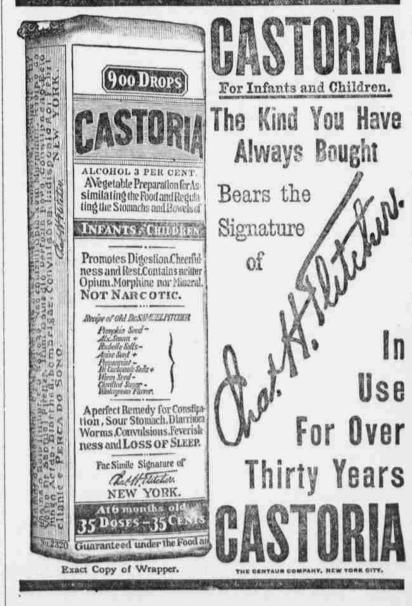
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rive at 7.02.



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