

A Stubborn Opening.

The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the next morning. "What kept you out so late last night?" she suddenly demanded.

A Riot of Ink.

Canon Nicholl used to tell how on one occasion he had visited the famous house of the Thrales in that suburb of London where Dr. Johnson was at home.

Red Taps and Matrimony.

Some of the reasons why a Frenchman may not marry are given by a correspondent of a Paris newspaper. He has been trying to get married for three years and has not yet succeeded.

As no paper must bear a date more than two months old, it often happens that the marriage must be postponed to get the papers renewed.

Another time he arrived before the mayor with his bride, but the ceremony was not performed, as a certificate of his first wife's death was not forthcoming.

What's in a Name?

The late king of Siam had for a full name Phra Bat Somdeth Phra Paraminor Maha Chulalongkorn Phra Chulachum Klo Chow Yu Hua, and this does not include his titles.

Exclusive.

At an evangelistic service at Glasgow the preacher at the end of his address cried, "Now, all you good people who mean to go to heaven with me, stand up!"

A Dinner Mishap.

Dreadful was the embarrassment of a debutante who was pushed so vigorously under the table at her first dinner that she spilled claret from every glass at the table.

The hostess took it well, though she could doubtless have murdered the girl's dinner partner, but she heaved a sigh for her best tablecloth, for claret makes a bad stain.

The man redeemed his fault by quietly rubbing the spot in front of his place with salt until it almost entirely disappeared.

Cleaning Stains Off Marble

To remove stains from white marble mix together one teaspoonful each of soap and ox gall, adding half a gill of turpentine and as much finely powdered pipe clay or fuller's earth as will form a stiff paste.

The mixture should be allowed to remain on the marble for two or three days. Black marble may be cleaned by a paste made from equal parts of pearl ash and soft soap.

All Alike.

The following entry appears in the "visitors' book" of a hotel in Germany: "The living here is good, plain and substantial. So is the waitress."



Points For Mothers

We mothers get so tired, says Frances Ingersoll in a recent article. We wonder if life is all to be like this, if we must always worry over Johnny's shoes, or father's coat, or the winter's coal, or where the rent money is coming from—and then the wrinkles and toll worn hands and care furrows hurt so much worse when we are tired.

But when twilight comes, when the restless boyish feet are still, when mischievous little hands are quiet, when baby lips drowsily murmur "dood night, muvver," as little arms slip from about our neck—then, then we know that the other woman whose life is all ease and silken luxury would give it all for just one such twilight hour, would give all her priceless jewels for—just once—to feel encircling baby arms about her neck, and we know we are rich beyond compare.

As we think of the time when the mischievous lassies will grow, because of us, good men and women, God will bless. Then we know, too, that life can hold no greater possibilities, no greater opportunities, than are ours.

And as we put away the little mad-dy shoes and fold up the mussed little garments the care and worry and fret are all forgot, and we lie down in peace, thanking God for the humble toll and sowing that will bear such golden harvest on the "by and by."

Children's Clothing. Children's clothes are always a problem for the mother who makes them at home. But even the baby may profit by the suggestions here given.

Mitten time is here. Look up your scraps of velvet, plush or cloth to keep the children's hands warm in the winter. To secure a pattern have the child place his hand on a piece of paper, fingers together and thumb out, and draw around it. Round out the upper edge so as to allow plenty of room.

Game For Children.

This is but a variation of the old game of hickory, dickory doek, but it will amuse small children by the hour and teach them to count at the same time.

Take a piece of thin board or heavy cardboard about twenty inches square. On it draw a circle eighteen inches in diameter and divide it into twelve sections, numbering them like the hours of a clock. Make a small top from half a spool and spin it in the center of the circle.

A Nursery Note.

"Toddler" is an autocrat and a mischievous one. To keep him amused, says an ingenious mother, I have presented him with a piece of chalk (white, as he still investigates by means of his mouth) and have made a dudo on the wall with brown paper.

Use split milk crackers for crust. On each part spread apple sauce or any other filling. Add a meringue if desired and brown in the oven or use whipped cream. For "custard pie" spread "crust" with blancmange and brown. With a sharp knife mark in quarters. And one child may have a whole pie or even two or three of them.—Woman's Home Companion.

Cold Water For Children.

Give children plain cold water to drink. It is better for them than constant milk or lemonade. A small tumblerful of pure water will not hurt a child at any time.

THE LAND OF PUZZLEDOM.

No. 1169.—Behandings and Curtailings. Behand and curtail a broad, thin piece of timber and leave something used in rowing a boat; something used in making books and leave an animal that resembles man; what one wears on one's feet and leave a garden tool; something sweet and leave a conjunction.

No. 1170.—Charade. My whole is a new and marvelous thing. In the one it rises, while two upon two of curious people stand and gaze. "Oh," shouts an excited man, "the whole is in three sight!"

No. 1171.—Transpositions. A month before April Bewiches with magic. Disliked or detested. Becomes a scene tragic.

The fruit of the orchard The warrior's lance is. Last, rapid or tasteless Turns plainly romances.

No. 1172.—Hidden Countries. What thirteen names of countries are hidden in the following letter? Dear Father—Do not be surprised to see me walk in any day, as I am alone in this den. Mark my words, the bear's cage is so rickety that the cub and its mother are almost sure to get away. We are all in danger. Many of these animals are fierce, and when angry there is no plan or way by which they can be subdued.

Yesterday old Jumbo, the boss, got mad. A gas card was thrown on his desk by the mail carrier, and the bill was so big that he roared like an explosion from a "can a dammit," as Johnnie said when he heard him.

And as we put away the little mad-dy shoes and fold up the mussed little garments the care and worry and fret are all forgot, and we lie down in peace, thanking God for the humble toll and sowing that will bear such golden harvest on the "by and by."

No. 1173.—Puzzle Picture.



What welcome Christmas visitor?

No. 1174.—Homonym. fresh water from the well. She used an oaken bucket. Her father's name was Isaac Drew. The farm was in Nantucket.

An artist, slowly passing by, Beheld the sparkling water And begged a drink from that fair maid, the farmer's daughter.

The old oak bucket and the well. He said, were quite romantic. He talked about the charming view in language most pedantic.

He lingered in the maple's shade. (His name was Palmer) a picture of the farmer.

No. 1175.—Cryptogram. "GENI US SAKINT OMADN ESS." The above inscription is carved on a totem pole in Alaska in characters pronounced by an antiquary and philologist to be Chaldean. This scientist also states there is a literal equivalent for the inscription in a well known English axiom.

No. 1176.—Charade. I LAST a bee that near did hover. I heard him FIRST among the clover. I thought, "Be wise and shun that knoll." For "never monkey with the WHOLE."

No. 1177.—Hidden Dairy Products. I had to beg Gertrude to study her lessons. The miser's lucre amounted to a million.

The name of Lawrence was discarded, but Terrance was given to the baby. They called Mildred MI, Katherine Kate and Emmaline Em.

Enigma. What word do you get with d in p? D in pea—pained.

Key to Puzzledom. No. 1169.—Hidden Fish: Bass, smelt. No. 1161.—Reversal: Toem, meet. No. 1162.—Diagonal: Goose. Cross-words—Girls, board, floor, flask, flame. No. 1163.—Charades: I. Sigh, Lent; silent. 2. Bed, spread; bedspread. No. 1164.—Hidden Countries: India, Chili, Persia, China. No. 1165.—Christmas Rebus: Butter, hazel, walnuts, chestnuts, shellbark. No. 1166.—Charade: Cup, tea; teacup. No. 1167.—Concealed Word Square: Cores, olive, riven, evens, sense. No. 1168.—Numerical Enigma: Gratitudo. Words—Gate, rid, tug.

Matz and Murks.

Summreste von Ralph Bobdenhusen (Mittelheim).

(Fortsetzung.)

Tennoch war Matz dem Afessor ungleich sympathischer, als Murks. Wenn man ihn einberre, war er ungeschädlich. Murks nicht. Als man ihn dem Bahnhofsportier abnahm, der ihn für einige Minuten im Dienstzimmer behalten hatte, waren 3.50 Mark für eine Brillenopte zu entrichten. Eine weitere Überbrückung ergab sich an der Fahrkartenkontrolle.

"Hier — zwei Billets dritter Klasse," künftige Frau Afessor Altschiller vernahmlich.

Der Knipser knipste. "Und der Hund?" fragte er dann mit erster Amtsmiene.

"Das Tierchen wird, wie Sie sehen, auf dem Arm gehalten," versicherte die Frau Afessor eifrig.

"Das ist egal. Der Hund muß eine Fahrkarte haben."

Eine Sekunde peinlicher Rathlosigkeit. "Also, dann hole ein Billet, Männchen," entschied Frau Altschiller bitterböje.

Die Hundefahrkarte kostete 12.30 Mark. Als der Afessor sie hatte und mit Matz's kleinem, handlichen Holzbauer herablangirte, rief ihm seine Gattin scharfentblickend aus einem Fenster des "Z"-Zuges entgegen:

"Hanni, Murks ist weg!"

Er jah sich um. Auf dem Bahnhofsplatz — und es war die höchste Zeit zum Einsteigen. Der Vorsteher hob die weiße Scheibe.

"Halt Du ihn denn wenigstens schon hier im Zuge gefasst?" fragte der Afessor einleitend, während der Train sich in Bewegung setzte.

"Ja", versicherte sie mit zuckendem Munde. "Er ist mir vom Arm gesprungen und im Geuüß auf dem Gang verschwunden. Und getreten ist er auch worden. Die Menschen sind ja so rüchichtslos."

"Belege, bitte, Bläje. Zah werde auf die Suche geben."

Die Rederchen gestafelten sich nicht sonderlich jäwierig. Murks war allgemein bemerkt worden. Eine alleinreisende Dame der ersten Klasse hatte einen Nervenzof erlitten, als der Hund ihr auf den Schoof gesprungen war, um von der Schokolade zu fofsen, an der sie geknabbert. Einige Kinder waren von Murksens blohem Anblick noch jetzt nicht zu beruhigen. Sie plärzten und machten verängstigte Gesichtser, während ihre Mütter sich erregt über die Unsitte aufhielten. Hunde im Zuge frei umher laufen zu lassen.

Am Ende des Ganges, wo die Harmonika in den Speifengängen überführte, bildete sich eine bewegte Gruppe. Murks maß seine Kräfte mit zwei Männern und einer Kochmamiell, die ihn wegen einer rohen Kalbstotelette zur Rede gestellt hatten. Herr Altschiller bezahlte den Schaden und zog mit dem Hunde ab — auf dem ganzen Wege begleitet von hunigen Segenswünschungen.

Seine Gattin hatte inzwischen Platz gefunden und freute sich des Wiedergeschehenen herzlich. Die Mitreisenden schienen weniger beglückt, als Murks es sich auf Traudens Schoofe bequem machte. Die Nachsitfenden rüdtten unwillig ab; denn Murkschen war eben ein Biischen lang. Er verjuchte, die breite Schraube auf dem Knie des einen und sein Hintertheil mit der mobilen Schwanzgabel auf dem Bein eines andern Nachbaen zu betten. Sich zusammenzurollen, wie das vernünftige Hunde gegebenenfalls schon zur eigenen Bequemlichkeit thun, lehnte Murks ab.

Da er sich aber zunächst friedlich verhielt, fand der Afessor Zeit, sich anzusehen. Das Gesicht schien in den Regan hüben und drüben glücklich verstant. Nur Matz's handliches, kleines Bauer machte ihm einige Sorge. Es stand bedenklich schief. Und — und anheimend ergoß sich auch bereits aus dem reichlich gefüllten Wafersnäpchen ein leichtes Gerinuel auf den lila Tod-Dut einer darunterstehenden behäbigen Dame. Glücklicher Weise merkte sie noch nichts. Sollte er das Bauer gerechtstellen und vielleicht gerade dadurch die Aufmerksamkeit erregen? Besser nicht. Sorgenvollen Sinnes ließ der Afessor dem Schicksal seinen Lauf.

Nach einer knappen Stunde schaukte der Zug in eine Station. Neue Passagiere stiegen ein. Jedes auch nur ganz flüchtige Sineinschauen in das Abteil wies Murks mit so wüthendem Geüel ab, daß die Leute entsetzt zurücktraten. Die starke Dame mit der lila Tode hielt sich beide Ohren zu — um gleich darauf befremdet ihre Finger zu betrachten, die feucht waren und eine bläuliche Färbung zeigten.

Die weitere Entwicklung dieses Phänomens konnte Herr Altschiller nicht beobachten, weil sich eben ein zweites vollzog. Auf dem Bahnhofs wurden warme Würfte ausgerufen. Murksens Nachbar erstand eine solche, und stellte den Pappteller mit Würst, Mostrieh und Brötden auf seinen Platz, um vom Gangfenster aus den

(Fortsetzung folgt)

What He Heard.

John is his name, and he lives in Newburg. Further personal details are not necessary. Now, John has a wife who is not as charitable as she might be, and she has a woman friend who has domestic troubles of her own and therefore can and does sympathize with John's wife. Just what time it was when John came in the other morning deponent knoweth not, but certainly it was no sort of time for a married man to be getting home, and his wife told him so, though he knew it perfectly well without being told.

Next morning after John had gone to his office his wife called up the other woman on the telephone and told about John. The other woman was all sympathy, and what the two had to say about the kind of husband John was more than plenty. In the thick of it a friend of John's got on the wire—not intentionally, of course, for he thought John was a model, but he got there, and it sounded good enough to him to stay and listen. But not for long. Presently he coughed, and there was a sudden silence.

"Who's that?" inquired John's wife. "It's John," responded the friend and hung up the receiver.—New York Press.

Had an Attachment. Agent—Madam, have you a piano? Housewife—Yes. Agent—I am selling an attachment which I am sure—Housewife—We have one. Agent—What make is it? Housewife—Sheriff's.—Cleveland Leader.

The Secret of Health. A physician informs us that the best cure for sickness is to keep well. Some way or other this had long been suspected, and it is a joy to have it confirmed by expert authority.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not Needed Below. "This is a funny ship." "How so?" "They have no clock in the cabin." "Oh, no! But they always keep a watch on the deck"—Stray Stories.

ODD USE FOR BREAD.

Watch Factory Uses Forty 2-Pound Loaves a Day.

Perhaps the most novel use to which bread is put may be seen in the great factories of the Elgin National Watch Company at Elgin, Ill., where more than forty loaves of fresh bread are required each day.

"There is no secret regarding the use of bread in this factory, and I am willing to tell all I can concerning it. From the earliest times in the history of watch making it has been the custom of watchmakers to reduce fresh bread to the form of dough. This is done by the steaming and kneading. They then use this dough for removing oil and chips that naturally adhere. In the course of manufacture, to pieces as small as a part of a watch. There are many parts of a watch that are so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye. The oil is absorbed by this dough and the chips stick to it, and there is no other known substance which can be used as a wiper without leaving some of its particles attached to the thing wiped. This accounts for the continued use of bread dough in the watchmaking industry. The Elgin National Watch Case Company uses something over 40 2-pound loaves a day, or about 24,000 pounds a year.—American Food Journal.

Uncle Remus Home. The Juvenile Protective Association of Atlanta is to have charge of the Uncle Remus Home for Children, to be established as a memorial to Joel Chandler Harris near Atlanta. The site for the institution has been given to the association and much of the money necessary for the buildings has been collected. The institution is to be known as a juvenile state. It will contain a school, gymnasium and mechanical workshop.

A WELL DRESSED MAN COMMANDS RESPECT and GAINS SUCCESS

To dress well and look well is one half of the "battle of success" won



Our Prices are the Most Reasonable. Anything and everything that a man needs for Comfort or Style can be found at our store.

WE ARE OUTFITTERS FOR Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer and Merchant. BREGSTEIN BROS. Leading Clothiers

KRAFT & CONGER INSURANCE HONESDALE, PA. Represent Reliable Companies ONLY

IT GIVES THE BEST RESULTS. LIGHT, ANATOMICALLY CORRECT. The "SMITHSONIAN" TRUSS. HOLDS IN ANY POSITION. SOLD BY C. C. JADWIN HONESDALE, PA.