

# MARTINE WINS.

## Withdrawal of Smith Assures His Election.

### A VICTORY FOR GOV. WILSON.

Fight For New Jersey Senatorial Honors That Has Enlisted Widespread Interest Comes Quickly After the Test Vote.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 25.—James E. Martine of Plainfield will be elected United States senator from New Jersey on the next ballot. His formal election by the legislature in joint session is so much of a foregone conclusion that it will be scarcely more than a ratification of the votes taken in the senate and house when Mr. Martine received within one vote of the number required to make certain his election on joint ballot.

The climax to the fight, which has enlisted widespread interest for months, came quickly. Former United States Senator James Smith, Jr., who mustered only fourteen votes against thirty-three for Martine at the conference, practically abandoned the fight when he notified his supporters that he released them from all pledges made in his behalf. Four of the fourteen assemblymen who had lined up for Mr. Smith took advantage of the opportunity and joined the Martine camp.

Assemblyman Maxey, one of the ten who voted for Smith, announced he would be for Martine, thereby making the forty-one necessary to a choice on joint ballot. Assemblyman Brown of Essex soon followed with a similar declaration, and three other assemblymen were known to have reached a like conclusion, though they refrained from making any public declaration.

Ex-Senator Smith abandoned his headquarters and returned to his home in Newark. Before going he made a statement withdrawing as a candidate and expressing his appreciation of the efforts made in his behalf, saying it was a Wilson victory.

Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 25.—The possibility of James E. Martine going to Washington as the successor to United States Senator John Keam made him more popular than ever among his townsmen, who were as much elated over the report from Trenton as Martine himself.

In response to an inquiry Mr. Martine made a statement, saying that the result was most encouraging and adding that there had never been any doubt in his mind about election.

#### Musicians and Sneezing.

Nobody can dispute the sincerity of the players in a big orchestra like the Philharmonic or the New York Symphony. Most of the time they take their work seriously, but sometimes the men break loose and play tricks on one another as though they were youngsters in school. Of course the audience knows nothing of these things; they're usually perpetrated in rehearsals.

The red pepper trick is the commonest. The jokers scatter it where the bassoon and trombone players are likely to suck it up. The result is chokes and sneezes. Sometimes the epidemic reaches even into the strings, but of course the players on the wind instruments get it worst.

As a matter of fact, the jokers are playing with fire. "A confirmed sneezer can't get a job in a good orchestra, no matter how good a performer he may be," said a consistent concert goer. "Think of the effect of a sneeze on a pianissimo! Why, it would spoil a whole concert, one sneeze would. A conductor has to guard against a sneeze as he does against inebriety."—New York Sun.

#### A Lucky Game of Chess.

A story is told of the Moorish prince Abul Hejex, who was thrown into prison for sedition by his brother Mohammed, king of Granada. There he remained for several years until the king, fearing he might escape, placed himself at the head of a fresh revolt and seized the crown, ordering one of his pashas to see to his immediate execution. Abul Hejex was playing at chess when the pasha came and bade him prepare for death. The prince asked for two hours' respite, which was refused. After earnest entreaty he obtained permission to finish his game. He was in no hurry about the moves, we are told, and well for him he was not, for before an hour had elapsed a messenger brought the news that Mohammed had been struck dead by apoplexy, and Abul was forthwith proclaimed king of Granada. It was indeed a small favor for the pasha to grant, but it altered the whole current of the king's career.

#### Unkind.

Howell—You think I live in a small, no account place, but we had a \$10,000 fire last week.

Powell—Then it must have burned into the next town.—New York Press.

#### A Sad Prospect.

"They say there's no foot like an old fool."

"That makes me shudder for the future. I've already been all the other kinds."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### Not Impressed.

"And you, dear madame, where did you travel last summer?"

"Oh, I don't know! My husband always bought the tickets."—Le Sourire.

# The Halliday Emeralds

A Story of Their Quick Recovery

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Elsie Halliday stood before her dressing table looking down at her jewel case with frightened eyes and a wildly beating heart. Costly gems sparkled from every velvet lined compartment but one. The white nest that had contained the famous emerald necklace, the Halliday heirloom, was empty.

She rang the bell, and after awhile a strange maid appeared.

"Will you send Louise, my maid?" asked Elsie.

"I do not think she is here, miss," returned the girl bluntly. "I saw her running across the lawn shortly after your arrival. She went toward the river."

Elsie's eyes sparkled dangerously at this evidence of the perfidy of the trusted Louise. She turned to the staring servant with a gesture of dismissal and when she was alone proceeded to dress for the approaching meal.

When her golden hair was gathered into its customary soft knot and she had slipped into the white chiffon dress Elsie drew forth the string of pearls and clasped it about her slender throat. Without pausing to admire the charming effect she made a careful search of the room. The chair near the open window must furnish the first clue, and Elsie was not disappointed.

There was a tattered bit of lace evidently torn from a cheap handkerchief—a fragment from which dangled a bit of gold set with a drop of emerald green—and the lace smelled of that dreadful French scent which Louise persisted in using.

On the floor near the chair was a white silk handkerchief twisted into a loose knot. Elsie lifted it gingerly and inspected a few Japanese characters in dead black across one corner. The characters were too large for a laundry mark and must represent the owner's name, and that owner was probably a Japanese. Elsie recollected that the Ormonds had a butler of that nationality.

Last of all, on the seat of the chair was a man's pearl cuff link, on the flat surface of which a golden initial was finely inscribed. Elsie studied the twisted "V" with a little puzzled frown knitting her brows. Why had Harvey Ventnor's name sprung so quickly to her mind in such an unpleasant connection. Perhaps it was because he was never far from her thoughts or for the reason that there are few names that begin with the letter V, not that for one instant he might be associated with anything that was dishonorable.

The dinner bell rang then, and Elsie obeyed its summons, first taking pains to hide her jewel case in the remotest corner of her wardrobe. She went reluctantly down the broad stairs conscious that this visit she had anticipated must be inaugurated by the unpleasant features surrounding a jewel robbery. While she realized that the thief must be making a successful escape and that every moment lost strengthened the difficulty of capture, Elsie hesitated to disturb the equanimity of her genial host, now in one of the happiest moods. Near the drawing room door two men were talking in low tones, and as Elsie passed one of them was saying: "I heard Ventnor was hard hit today. That drop in X and Z must have crippled him."

Elsie bit her trembling lips in an angry effort to gain composure. She hated herself for the lightning thought that had connected Ventnor's pecuniary difficulties with the pearl cuff link and the missing emeralds. In that instant she vowed to seek no further for the thief. The Halliday emeralds must go.

"You look troubled, dear," whispered Mabel Ormond in her ear. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Everything is lovely," smiled Elsie brightly. "How dear of you to give me the rose room?"

"I knew you were charmed with it last year. Ah, Katuru is a little late tonight. Rather unusual in our impeccable Japanese."

It was not Harvey Ventnor who took Elsie in to dinner; she heard his voice at the end of the procession as she walked in beside young Fred Ormond, Dick's brother. When she sat down Ventnor was opposite, listening attentively to the chatter of some strange girl. Elsie's swift glance noted his slightly disheveled appearance, and then she saw with a sinking of the heart that the sleeve link was gone from one of his cuffs—the left one. The other, plainly visible, was of pearl inlaid with gold.

Ventnor, watching her now and then, seemed to be aware of her sudden coldness toward him. A hard look settled around his pleasant lips, and his sunny eyes clouded.

To Elsie it was a miserable dinner, and it dragged to a tedious close while her overstrained nerves seemed on the point of giving way altogether. She resolved to plead illness and return to New York the next morning. Ventnor's presence made it impossible for her to remain.

After dinner she had fled to the conservatory for seclusion, and it was

there that Ventnor found her seated in a dusky corner under arching palms. When she saw him she arose with a little frightened sob.

"Why—why are you here?" she demanded brokenly.

"Am I so distasteful to you?" he asked, stopping short. "You have not led me to believe so."

"I did—you do not understand—what has happened today—must always stand between us."

He stared incredulously, boldly, at her. "You cannot possibly mean that my rumored failure on the street has affected your feeling toward me?" he asked scornfully.

"No, oh, no! How could you believe a little thing like that would make any difference to me? I mean this!" Elsie brought forth the pearl sleeve link and held it toward him in her rosy palm.

"You found this? It is mine. I thank you," he said gravely, slipping the link into his cuff and still holding her with his questioning gaze.

"It was in my room—on the chair where my dressing bag had been. You see"—she turned away her head so that she might not see his face—"you see, my emeralds were stolen tonight from that very bag!"

"Ah!" There were anger and condemnation in his rapid glance before it turned to tender amusement. "And you have spoken to no one regarding the matter?"

She turned eagerly. "Not a soul. I shall never breathe a word. Only I hope I shall never see you again! How could you?"

"You mean, how could I rob the girl I loved best in the world?" he asked gently.

Ventnor took her hands in his and compelled her to return his straight look. "Do you love me, Elsie?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

He released her hands and offered his arm.

"My poor little detective, come with me to Ormond. He has something to show you."

In the housekeeper's room a little group of people were centered about the table. There were Dick Ormond and his wife, Louise; Katuru, the butler, and a strange, heavy set man with keen eyes. They turned with one accord as Elsie entered with Ventnor.

"Miss Halliday," began Dick Ormond soberly, "this has been rather an exciting evening for some of us—it would have been for you only Mabel insisted you should be kept in ignorance until after dinner. Your emeralds have been stolen—and recovered!"

White and shaking, Elsie stretched forth her hand and received the green ripple of flame from Ormond. From one end of the chain a stone was missing.

"I knew it," she said in a low tone. "I discovered their loss before dinner. I was going to tell you about it, only I—"

"She discovered a clue," added Ventnor calmly—"this." He laid the sleeve link on the table.

"And other clues," said Elsie hurriedly, telling her story now without reservation.

Then the short man spoke with authority. "Very easily explained, Miss Halliday. Your maid had unpacked your trunk, and the butler, here, in the absence of another servant was removing the trunk to the storeroom. A man stepped through the open window, slit open your dressing bag, extracted the jewel case, from which he took the emeralds, replaced the case in the bag and was escaping through the window when your maid, returning, discovered him, alarmed the butler and Mr. Ventnor, who was passing through the hall, and the three of them struggled to hold him. He was a husky chap and desperate, and they had a fight for it, each one leaving some evidence of the contest. Now, Mr. Ormond, with your permission I'll take my fine gentleman along!"

He strode to a door and threw it open, revealing in a shallow closet the sullen, downcast face of the Halliday chauffeur.

"Henry!" Miss Halliday's lovely face was a reflection of passing emotions as she realized that the chauffeur had followed in the wake of her journey to rob her; that the valiant little Louise, who was Henry's sweetheart, had captured him for the sake of loyalty to her mistress and was even now crying her pretty eyes out over his degradation. Elsie swept all barriers aside and knelt down beside her weeping maid.

"Poor little Louise," she whispered softly. "You are far braver than I. I could never have done what you have today. Your reward will come later. My father will investigate, and if it is Henry's first offense it may be possible for you to marry and start afresh somewhere with the dot I shall provide."

Thus comforted, Louise dried her tears and was taken to dinner by Katuru, while the police officer Ormond had summoned took his prisoner away. The Ormonds went back to their guests, and Elsie slipped away in their train.

At the drawing room door Ventnor placed his hand in hers and drew her unresisting into the conservatory.

"You said you loved me," he said firmly.

"I do," said Elsie humbly, "but I cannot expect you to value such an affection as I have displayed tonight."

"The reason you fastened suspicion so strongly upon me was a simple one, dearest. It was really because your heart was so filled with thoughts of me that there was no room to suspect anybody else. I am flattered—indeed!"

"Oh, you are generous, Harvey. Would you want to marry me now?"

"If you will have me," said Ventnor softly.

#### Uncommercial List.

Artistic folk frequently have somewhat vague notions about business. Some of them are quite ignorant of it, others utterly indifferent to it and others yet hate the very name of it. One in the last named category was Liszt. He had returned from a successful tour, and Princess Metternich, the wife of the celebrated statesman and diplomatist, was questioning him regarding the concerts he had been giving abroad.

"I hear," she said, "that you did good business in Paris."

To which Liszt gave the tart reply, "I only played some music there. Business—that I leave to bankers and diplomatists."

To another lady the musical cleric gave a still more sarcastic answer. "Ah, Abbe," she sighed, "what a great fortune you would make if only you could be induced to go to America to play!"

"Madame," returned Liszt, "if you stood in need of that fortune, believe me, I would go at once."

#### The Names of Moses.

Moses of Scriptural fame is called by eight different names in various places in the Bible. Bathia, the daughter of Pharaoh, called him Moses because she drew him out of the water. Jochebed, his mother, called him Jekuthiel, saying, "I had hoped for him." Miriam, his sister, called him Jared because she had descended after him into the water to see what his end would be. Aaron called his brother Abi Zanuch because his father had deserted their mother. Amram, the father of Moses, called the boy Chabar because he was again reunited to the mother of the lad. Kehath, the grandfather of Moses, called him Abidzer because God had repaired the breach in the house of Jacob. The nurse of the grandfather of Moses called him Abi Socho because he was once hidden three months in the Tabernacle. All Israel called him Shemaiyah because "in his days God heard their cries and rescued them from their oppressors."

#### Dot and Trousseau.

Dealing with the weaknesses of actors, some noted for meanness, a Paris contemporary relates a good story of Frederick Lemaître, the celebrated actor, who was somewhat parsimonious. When his daughter was about to marry, Lemaître agreed to provide the "dot" and the trousseau. "Dot," it may be observed, is the French equivalent for the English "dower" or Scottish "tocher."

When the notary came to complete the contract and was reading the terms Lemaître said: "The daughter of Frederick Lemaître has not need of a dot. M. Le Notaire, strike out the dot."

The prospective son-in-law was present, and he had the courage to reply: "The daughter of Frederick Lemaître can easily clothe herself with the fame of her father. M. Le Notaire, pray strike out the trousseau."

#### The Cry of the Loon.

The cry of the loon is one of the strangest, weirdest sounds in nature. Those who have heard it can scarcely wonder that it has so often been woven into song and legend.

A blood red ring hung round the moon. Hung round the moon. Ah, me! Ah, me! I heard the piping of the loon. A wounded loon. Ah, me! And yet the eagle feathers rare I, trembling, wave in my brave's hair. Almost all writers who have attempted to describe the cry of this bird have likened it to unmitigated laughter. Thus Mr. Vernon Bailey, speaking of the sound, describes it as follows: "Only on the lonely lake in the heart of the woods do you get the startling thrill of the loon's wild cry—one clear, piercing note or a long, quavering, demoniacal laugh that to the timid suggests a herd of screaming panthers."

#### Four Kinds of Liars.

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses—first, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful adjective; third, of the expert witness, and, finally, of "my brother Fred."

#### Extra Hazardous.

Beers—Poor Mrs. DeAlteres has always been unlucky in the selection of her husbands.

Townsend—Why do you say that?

Beers—Her first husband was a guide in the Adirondacks, her second was a baseball umpire, her third was a manufacturer of dynamite and her last was an aviator.—Chicago News.

#### A Generous Spirit.

"Henry, I want \$2 this morning."

"What for?"

"Must I account to you for every penny I spend?"

"I don't insist upon knowing about every penny. When it's less than a nickel you can bunch it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Wanted It Abbreviated.

Jeweler—What shall I engrave in it? Customer—G. O. to H. L. Jeweler—What's that, sir? Customer (meekly)—George Osborne to Harriet Lewis; but just the initials, please.—Lippincott's.

#### His Sole Dread.

Hammond—Don't you dread the silent watches of the night? Martin—No; it's the cuckoo clocks that give me away.—Harper's Bazar.

Good intentions will never justify bad actions.

#### Spoke Better Than He Knew.

The seventh grade was having an oral test in "Stories From English History," and William Hume was called upon to tell the story of King John and the Magna Charta.

"They made him come to Runny mede, and he was awful mad, and he said, 'Am I your prisoner?' And they didn't want to make him any madder, for fear he wouldn't sign it after all, so they all shouted out real loud, 'No, you are not our prisoner; you are our souvenir!'"—Harper's Magazine.

#### Ready For the Rain.

Husband (angrily)—Want more money, do you? What did you do with that ten dollar bill I gave you last week?

Wife (calmly)—The one you told me to lay up for a rainy day?

Husband—Yes.

Wife—Why, exchanged it for three pairs of silk stockings.—Pittsburg Press.

#### Who Knows.

A boy in a Chicago school refused to sew, evidently considering it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man. "George Washington sewed," said the principal, taking it for granted that a soldier must, "and do you consider yourself better than George Washington?" "I don't know; time will tell," said he seriously.—Popular Education.

#### A New Use For the Telephone.

Cecil was accustomed to hearing his mother telephone for nearly everything she needed. One day as he entered the pantry a little mouse scampered across the floor. Very much frightened, he jumped up and down, screaming: "Oh, mother, phone for the cat! Please phone for the cat!"—Success Magazine.

#### Another Sufferer.

Mr. Jinks—I don't know how you will feel about it, sir, but the fact is my wife, your daughter, is a dreadful hard woman to live with.

Mr. Blinks—I can sympathize with you, sir; I married her mother.—

#### Eating and Reading.

Most public men enter a public dining room, newspaper in hand, glance at the bill of fare, order something in haste and bury themselves in sensations or calamity editorials. Breakfast served they eat it in scoopsful to the buccal cavity, first with one hand, then with the other, changing the paper from right to left and devouring the contents as readily as they bolt the food. It is not always a pleasing sight. But time is short, you know. Then there is always a notion that such men are nervous and seek to hide their embarrassment through the paper. This is an excellent device, far better than sipping a glass of water, rattling the cutlery, thrumming with the digits upon the cloth, pinching the bread or cleaning the nails.—New York Press.

#### If the Sun Were Blue.

If the sun were blue there would be only two colors in the world, blue and black; or if it were red everything would be red or black. In the latter case, there would be red snow, red lilies, black grass, a black clear sky and red clouds. There would be a little variety, however, if the sun were green. Things that are now yellow would still remain that color, but there would be no reds, purples, oranges, or pinks, and very few of those cheery hues that make the world bright and pleasant. Besides color the temperature of this earth would be very much changed.—Indianapolis News.

#### If That Be Treason.

It was during the Parnell agitation in Ireland that an anti-Parnellite, criticizing the ways of tenants in treating absentee landlords, exclaimed to Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia: "Why, it looks very much like treason."

Instantly came the answer in the Archbishop's best brogue: "Sure, treason is reason when there's an absent 't.'—Everybody's Magazine.

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