

TAMING A SHREW

It Was Tried at Sea and Was Not Successful

By EVAN D. BALDWIN

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is knocked out by one 'ooman to a hull ship. Stoughton 'asn't got used to it yet, but he will. I got used to it long ago. My old 'ooman's a corker. When she's mad ye'd think the thunder was a-rolling. When I see one o' them storms-a-comin' I've learned to take in all sail, batten down the 'atches and let the storm blow itself out. Then there's a dead calm for a spell, and a fair breeze follows."

Billings, an experienced man, talked to those without any experience whatever. To be out on a trackless ocean dismasted was one thing—there was still discipline—but to be there with the captain and all hands subdued by one who had never studied navigation and couldn't make an observation was another. The first would be in the line of a sailor's life; the second there was no precedent for. Something must be done. One proposition after another was made, discussed and discarded. Finally Dick Smalls, one of the younger members of the crew, spoke up:

"It's plain that Mrs. Stoughton has mutilated and took the ship. I don't see that there is anything for us to do but mutiny agin the new master and take the ship ourselves."

"That's all werry well, mates," put in Tom Billings, "merwidin' you can get rid o' the 'ooman. But after ye got the ship what ye goin' to do with her? Hain't she still in command? That's my experience."

This was a poser, especially as the crew, nearly all of whom were single men, had great respect for Tom Billings' opinion on anything concerning the opposite sex.

"It seems to me, mates," continued Billings, "that ye're up agin a want o' knowledge o' navigatin' the female craft. All ye got to do is to put 'em afore the wind and let 'em scud. Ye can't steer 'em, and if ye try ye'll sure come to grief. But I knows there hain't no use o' talkin' to you. You're bound to run this here business yer own way, so ye can count me out."

With that he went on deck. The next day the mutiny plan was carried out. The men, except Stoughton, who was not consulted, marched aft in a body and demanded the person of the 'ooman as has took this ship." The captain made a pretense of resistance, confining himself to words instead of acts, then told them that, being powerless in face of a united crew, they could do what they liked with the woman.

A round robin of four men was appointed to take Mrs. Stoughton down into the hold and turn her adrift, where she would have plenty of room to walk back and forth like a caged lioness. They put bedding down with her, and it was understood that her meals should be let down to her regularly.

"Did ye observe the look on her face, mates?" remarked Billings after the woman had been safely put away. "When they looks that way it means the weather glass is a-goin' down like lead."

Three days passed without any trouble so far as the prisoner was concerned. From the moment she was put below the accustomed cheerfulness came back to the crew, enhanced by contrast with their late condition. But on the fourth day when the captain was standing on the poop deck and a large sea rolled under the vessel he noticed that she didn't rise with her accustomed buoyancy. Billings was standing by at the time.

"What's the matter with her?" growled the captain to himself.

"It's my opinion, sir," said Billings, putting his knuckles to his cap, "that there's somepin in the cargo as don't belong there."

"What do you mean?" asked the captain anxiously.

"The 'ooman."

"Well?"

"When she was put in the hold I was wonderin' what she'd do, so I've kept my blinkers open. The ship's drawin' more water, sir, than she did three days ago."

"You mean?"

"She scuttled."

The captain made a dive for the companionway, calling on Billings to follow. Entering the hold, they found four feet of water. The point of leakage was covered so that they could not see it, but they found some of the carpenter's tools of which Mrs. Stoughton had possessed herself. All hands were called to man the pumps, and when the water had been removed a large auger hole was discovered a few feet above the keel.

The hole having been plugged, the captain ordered Mrs. Stoughton locked in her own cabin, then called the crew aft and asked for suggestions as to what to do with her. Every man jack of them looked at Billings, so the captain asked for his advice.

"There's just two ways o' managin' 'oomen, sir," said the old salt. "The first is to git away from 'em, the second to let 'em have their own way. I can only judge by my own experience. After I was married I observed that to keep the family peace I'd got to knuckle under. There is 'usbands as is 'ead o' the 'ouse, but this is where the 'ooman 'asn't the usual female grit. Them as lets their wives command the family ship gits on just as well as any o' 'em. Some un's got to be boss, and if the 'ooman has the dominatin' faculty in her why not?"

The captain decided that Mrs. Stoughton should have the free run of the ship for that voyage, after which no woman was to be permitted aboard. So he issued orders to that effect, and Mrs. Stoughton was not again interfered with from that moment until the vessel reached port.

Strange to say, having conquered, the lady made herself quite agreeable, and when she left the ship half a crew felt a heartsickness they had never felt before.

"What's the matter with ye, ye lubbers?" said Tom Billings, a married man. "There's 'usbands as lives their whole lives with squalls 'agin' over 'em all the time, and yet you duffers

A WILY OLD BIRD.

Fooled a Hunter Several Years and Went Scot Free.

"For three successive seasons," says a writer in Recreation, "a friend of mine stayed an old cock grouse on a small hillside covered with sapling pines. Invariably the bird ran ahead of the dog, rose out of gorse on the further side and vanished over the hilltop."

Beyond the hill were only two or three bits of cover where he could hide, and these my friend most carefully thrashed out. It was as if the bird had vanished into the upper air.

"One day late in the season, after a repetition of this disheartening experience, my friend returned to the hilltop and took sober counsel with himself. The bird was somewhere, probably not far away."

"If not in the covers, where? Three scraggly pines, half dead and bare of foliage at wide intervals, dotted the slope before him. Wildly improbable as it seemed he became convinced that the bird had taken refuge in one of them."

"Down the slope he went again and after a patient search detected the wily old bird calmly seated on the wreck of a crow's nest at the top of one of the trees in apparent enjoyment of a trick well played. Needless to say my friend, in wondering admiration of the bird's sagacity, left him to his well earned liberty."

Large Families in Ireland. To have a large family in Ireland is always looked upon as a special mark of the Divine blessing, and in connection therewith Mr. Robinson tells a good story. He was dining one day at a house in Tipperary when a card was brought in by the butler and sent round the table.

A tramp had two children in a perambulator, with seven others round him, at the door. He was looking for help and this was his modest demand. He called at each gentleman's house and the card with the following inscription was handed in:

Dear Friends: Having obeyed the Divine command to increase and multiply I am unable to support any already too large family. Your kind aid and assistance will be welcomed. Truly yours,

PATRICK KEENAN. This ingenious man always got help.—Westminster Gazette.

Municipal Golf Links. A number of cities in Great Britain have provided or taken over golf links for public use, among these being Brighton and Nottingham, one course each; London, Troon and Bournemouth, two each; Glasgow, Hull and Edinburgh, ten. Bradford is considering taking over a course now privately owned, and Liverpool and Manchester are said to be arranging for municipal links. Each of the cities mentioned receives from the links an income slightly more than the expenditure. The cost of laying out was: Bournemouth, \$22,000; Brighton, \$5,000; Glasgow, \$366; Troon, \$10,500. Certain of the incomes and expenditures were as follows: Bournemouth, \$15,412, \$14,429; Glasgow, \$5,548, \$4,825; Troon, \$4,594.84, 477.—Municipal Journal.

A Flying Frog. In Java and some other places is a remarkable flying tree frog, with a green back, a white belly and a bright orange colored membrane between its toes, which are tipped by circular discs.

Like the chameleon, it can change its color to suit its surroundings. It feeds at night on insects, and when disturbed leaps out of the tree and sails away to safety. Some observers call it a frog, while others say it is a tree toad.

The membrane between the toes probably acts as a parachute, and not as a flying apparatus. The toe discs, like similar enlargements on our common tree toad, must act like suckers to hold the animal firmly in place against the trunk or the limb.—St. Nicholas.

National Library Connection. To-day the collection in the National library, in Washington City, comprises nearly 2,500,000 items—1,500,000 printed books and pamphlets and nearly one million other articles (manuscripts, maps, prints and music)—by all means the largest collection of the western hemisphere, and perhaps the third largest in the world. They are increasing at the rate of about seventy thousand books and pamphlets and fifty thousand other articles yearly.

The Golden Age. What Rousseau, under the name of the state of nature, and the old poets by the title of the golden age, place behind us, lies actually before us. It is a phenomenon of frequent occurrence, particularly in past ages, that what we shall become is pictured by something which we already have been; and that we have to obtain is represented as something which we have formerly lost.—Fichte.

Money for Science. According to Science, the Berlin Academy of Sciences has received a legacy of 30,000,000 marks (about \$7,500,000), being the entire fortune of a millionaire named Samson, a Berlin banker, who recently died childless at Brussels.

British Land Surface. Supposing the whole population of Great Britain stood at equal distance from one another all over the land surface of Great Britain, each would be 85 yards from his next neighbors.

Queered His Grandfather.

Peter Augustus had a foolish, fond old grandfather. The grand old man was boasting to a visitor one day, as he and fathers will, about the family he had raised.

"My daughter Martha is a fine young woman," he said, "and her little boy, Peter Augustus, is a fine lad. But the finest thing about that pair is the affection that exists between them. They never exchange a cross word. They're more like two young lovers than mother and son. It's beautiful to see them together. Hold on a minute, and I'll call Peter Augustus in. Then his mother will come down, and you can see their relations for your self."

The old man rose and ambled heavily to the door. There was a beautiful smile on his old face. Little Peter Augustus was playing with the cat in the garden.

"Peter Augustus!" he shouted. "Peter Augustus! Your mother wants you!"

The little boy dropped the cat and fixed a searching glance on his grandfather.

"Your mother wants you, Peter Augustus!"

"Does she want to warm me?" Peter Augustus cautiously demanded.

Really Worth While. Eben Pratt of Marshby had sent two sons to Boston and knew he had reason to be proud of them. One day a summer visitor lingering in Mr. Pratt's grocery, provision and dry goods establishment mentioned some of the shining lights who had made themselves remembered in and near Boston and others still to be found there.

"We've had a good many smart men and women in and around our city," said the visitor, "and there are a number of them left. We've got scientific men and writers and artists and musicians and—"

Mr. Pratt's dry voice broke in on the list. "If ye call those folks smart," he said, "ye want to go down near the water to an address I'll give ye and see the way my boys, Ed and Sam, can open oysters! I guess that'll give ye something to go by when ye're talking of smartness."—Exchange.

Willing to Be Honest. Phil May, the great English artist, earned his first fame in Australia. One day a broken down minister applied to him for charity, and May engaged him as a model. As a joke he also demanded that his eighty-year-old pensioner agree to leave him his skeleton when he died. When May left Australia he called his model in. "You've played me a dirty trick," said May, "by swindling me out of that skeleton. I could have bought one in sound order and condition for half the money you've cost me." The old fellow, conscious of his base ingratitude to his best and most patient friend, answered: "Don't be angry with me, Mr. May. It's not my fault. I meant to keep my word. Stay in Sydney a few months longer and give me another chance to show you that I am a man of honor."

Redhot Plays. "It is a tremendous undertaking to get a new play accepted and produced," once said the late Clyde Fitch to a friend. "So many are written, and so few ever see the light of day. An English playwright with a gift of humorous exaggeration illustrated this fact to me once. He told me how he submitted a play to a celebrated actor and how in the course of the conversation the actor remarked:

"Don't you think it is growing chilly in this room?"

"Yes; it is rather," the young playwright admitted.

"Then the actor rang a bell, and a servant forthwith appeared.

"James," said the actor, "this room is rather cold. You may put three more manuscripts on the fire."—Lippincott's.

A Jiffy. Tommy (who has been told to go to bed)—Pa, how long is 'a jiffy?"

Father—It's just about the length of time you've got to go to bed without a kicking.—Boston Transcript.

The Last Dance. He—May I ask you for a dance? She—Certainly, the last one on the list.

He—But I'll not be here then. She—Neither will I.

Had the Appearance. Mistress (proudly)—My husband, Bridget, is a colonel in the militia. Bridget—I thought as much, ma'am. Sure it's th' foine malicious look he has, ma'am.—St. Louis Times.

Do you remember?

Those summer days will soon have come once more. And you'll forget how bitterly you swore At all the winter weather gone before.

Will you remember, When you are sweetening in mid-July, The flakes, frost-feathered, that were wont to fly From out the windy reaches of the sky.

This past December? Meantime, if you should die and you should get Your just desserts, with O! what vain regret, These winter days (because they're cold and wet) You will remember!

He—To-morrow, darling, is our wedding day.

She—Yes, and it's bargain day at Silkman's, too. Isn't it just too aggravating?—Boston Transcript.

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Sunday trains leave 2.45 and arrive at 7.02.

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J. ADAM KRAFT, Executor.
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A.M.	SUN	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS	P.M.	A.M.	SUN	A.M.	
8:30	10:00	4:30	Albany	2:00	10:50	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	
10:00	10:00	6:05	Binghamton	12:40	8:45	8:45	8:45	8:45	8:45	
10:00	2:15	12:30	Philadelphia	3:55	7:31	7:32	7:31	7:32	7:32	
1:20	7:25	4:40	Wilkes-Barre	10:20	4:05	7:15	2:25	P.M.	2:25	
2:40	8:15	5:30	Scranton	9:37	3:16	6:30	1:30	P.M.	1:30	
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	
5:40	9:05	6:30	2:05	8:45	Carbondale	8:05	1:35	5:40	12:17	8:29
5:50	9:15	6:30	2:15	8:55	Lincoln Avenue	7:54	1:25	5:30	12:07	8:19
5:54	9:19	6:34	2:19	8:59	Whites	7:50	1:21	5:24	12:03	8:14
6:11	9:36	6:52	2:37	9:18	Farview	7:35	1:03	5:08	11:41	7:56
6:17	9:42	6:58	2:43	9:24	Canaan	7:25	1:00	5:01	11:31	7:47
6:23	9:48	7:04	2:49	9:30	Lake Lodore	7:19	1:01	5:00	11:27	7:43
6:26	9:51	7:07	2:52	9:33	Waymart	7:12	1:01	4:58	11:25	7:39
6:32	9:57	7:13	2:58	9:39	Keene	7:05	1:01	4:54	11:20	7:35
6:35	10:00	7:16	3:01	9:42	Steele	7:00	1:01	4:51	11:19	7:34
6:38	10:04	7:20	3:05	9:46	Prompton	7:00	1:01	4:51	11:19	7:34
6:43	10:09	7:24	3:09	9:51	Forten	7:01	1:02	4:52	11:20	7:35
6:46	10:11	7:27	3:10	9:50	Seelyville	6:58	1:02	4:54	11:20	7:35
6:50	10:15	7:31	3:15	9:55	Honesdale	6:50	1:02	4:40	11:00	7:15
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Ar	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	

A Woman Wants The Home Paper



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