

TIMELY BREVITIES

Oats are little used in Russia for human food.
 Cities of the future will be built of glass, a New York architect says.
 In one year 1,569 improvements in the operation of cash registers were made.
 The United States and Russia together own about half the horses in the world.
 The Williamsburg bridge at New York is equipped with an electrically operated gate to stop runaway horses.
 Deep breathing, which draws the blood from the brain to the lungs, is one of the most effective cures for insomnia.
 A commission appointed by five of the larger German states has adopted a standard system of shorthand for use in those states.
 The amount of carbon exhaled from a man's lungs each day, if it could be solidified, would equal that in a lump of coal weighing half a ton.
 An enormous pearl, of perfect shape and valued at \$30,000, was recently found in the Western Australia pearl fisheries and shipped to England.
 The last time India took a census 300,000,000 persons were enumerated, and the result was made known in fifteen days, which is claimed to be a world's record.
 Halifax is the winter port of entry for passenger ships of four large steamship companies—namely, the Canadian Pacific, White Star, Royal and the Allan lines.
 One part of powdered shellac to ten parts of strong ammonia, the mixture being allowed to stand for several days before it is used, makes a cement that will bind rubber to iron.
 Girl messengers in the London post-office are now on the job. They wear their ordinary dresses, but later may have uniforms. Their work is about the same as that of an indoor errand boy.
 Germany will establish a record this year by launching six new Dreadnoughts. Up to now no more than five of these monster ships have been launched by any one country in one year.
 Letter boxes for business buildings or apartments have been invented which will deliver mail dropped into them on the ground floor to their owners' rooms, even the weight of a visiting card setting the automatic elevating machinery in motion.
 The London county council is endeavoring to reduce the number of Charles streets in London. It has already brought about a considerable decrease in the number of John streets. There are eighteen Charles streets in the county of London, five of which are in Westminster.
 Havre is the most important fishing port in France, yet fish costs consumers more there than in the capital, because every catch that comes in is sent to Paris at once, leaving a scarcity of supply in the fishing port itself. In five years the price of fish in Havre has increased 50 per cent.
 A plague of snails on the coast of Ceylon is assuming serious proportions. Millions of snails are to be found, and some of them weigh as much as a pound. The snails have begun feeding on the young coconut trees, and it is feared that they may attack the young rubber trees.
 During the recent visit of the American sailors in London the diagonal breast pockets in their jackets, in which they warmed their hands as in a muff, attracted the attention of the British fashion experts, with the result that such pockets are now popular in the women's winter coats.
 The number of employees at the great Krupp plant has increased by 5,000 men in the last few years, bringing the present total up to 68,500 men. The total steam power in the plant amounts to 89,430 horsepower, and 2,630 electric motors have an aggregate output of 50,491 horsepower.
 British bull exhibitors have caught on to the old American trick of massaging and brushing and rubbing show cattle several times a day so as to bring them to the pink of perfection sought by buyers of beef. Grooms spend as much time on steers as they used to on show horses, and it pays.
 Princess August Wilhelm, wife of the kaiser's fourth son, has set herself the task of reviving one of Germany's oldest customs, that according to which newly wedded couples immediately after the marriage ceremony plant a couple of oak saplings side by side in a park or by a roadside of their native town.
 A new seventy-five mile public automobile line, the longest in Italy, has just been inaugurated between Bologna and Sampiero a Sieve. With this line and others projected Italy will shortly have a public automobile service covering fully 3,500 miles, which will place her at the head of all European nations in this respect.
 Musicians are often singularly superstitious. Paderewski once ordered an expensive apartment in London and paid for it, too, but refused to enter when he found it was No. 13 of a certain street. Massenet has written twenty-one operas and many other compositions, but on all of his manuscripts page 12½ is written in place of 13.
 Because sheep need such extensive ranges in order to get enough to eat sheep flocks are uniformly diminishing in all countries, even in Argentina, where sheep farming was believed to be one of the best sources of wealth for an indefinite time. Only in districts where the immense area of pasture land is out of proportion to the number of hands available for tilling it can sheep be kept at a profit.

WIRELESS PAPER IN JUNGLE LAND

Porto Velho Journal Published 2,000 Miles Up Amazon.

CANNIBALS SURROUND TOWN.

Paper That Circulates Among Six Thousand Employees of Company That Is Building Brazilian Railway Around Madeira Falls Contains All the News That Is Cabled to Para.

Newcomers to the astonishing Amazon country are constantly amazed by the manner in which the white man, who has set himself to tame this wilderness and wring fortunes out of it, has applied the very latest devices of civilization to uses which in an older country are still served by machinery not quite so up to date.

The modern developer of raw geographical material arrives in Brazil with all his work to do and, finding a virgin soil, promptly applies to the task the very latest labor saving contrivances—a thing he could not do at home, where vast sums are tied up in earlier types of machinery.

It is, for instance, perfectly reasonable that what is perhaps the only newspaper with an exclusively wireless telegraph service published elsewhere than on an ocean liner should flourish in the midst of a patch of civilization hedged in by hundreds of miles of the Amazonas jungle through which the expense of running and maintaining a line of poles and wire would be quite prohibitive, the patch of civilization being accessible otherwise only by a long voyage by river.

Journalism in the Jungle. A traveler is nevertheless hardly prepared for the shock of seeing a casual copy of the Porto Velho Marconigram, actually published in a country infested by cannibal head hunters, in such a hole in the jungle, as it were, and relying on wireless entirely for the part of its news which deals with the outside world.

The Porto Velho Marconigram is a four page weekly, neatly printed on a single twice folded sheet. It is the one newspaper of Porto Velho, a Brazilian town some 2,900 miles from the mouth of the Amazon, on the Madeira river, which enters the main stem of the greatest of rivers below this port and is reached by not too frequent steamers from Manaus.

It is from Manaus that the news which comes thus far by cable is sent by wireless to the Porto Velho newspaper, the readers of which are found among the 2,000 inhabitants of that place. All of these inhabitants are in the employ of the Madeira-Mamore Railway company, a concern actively engaged in building for the Brazilian government a line around the falls of the Madeira river. This line, 300 miles long, Brazil has undertaken to construct in order to fulfill a treaty obligation to Bolivia to give that republic an outlet to the ocean by way of the Amazon.

The Madeira above the falls is navigable for 1,000 miles. The railway when completed will link this upper stretch with the great channel of the Amazon which makes Manaus, though it is 1,000 miles from the river's mouth to all intents an ocean port, since it is the landing place of steamships from New York and European ports.

Circulation of Six Thousand. The railway around the falls has been under construction some four years and is now about half completed. The town of Porto Velho was founded by the railway company, which employs some 6,000 men and which in this country has to import not only all of its engineers and other responsible employees, but also all of its manual labor, the Indians who inhabit the Amazonas jungle through which the work is now pushing its slow and painful way being as unwilling as unfit to perform the tasks required of a railway builder.

Before Porto Velho reached its present size and importance as a center of European population the newspaper was merely typewritten and mimeographed. Then, too, it was merely a local organ, no wireless having then been installed. Now, with four pages printed on a modern press, the paper prides itself on its telegraph news from all the world cabled to Para, thence by cable, again up the Amazon to Manaus and finally by wireless across the jungle to the office of the Porto Velho Marconigram.

Prizes Chinese Dentistry. American Army Officer Has Wondrous Example in Gold. There is now on the active list of the United States army an accomplished officer who during an extensive sojourn in China had some work done on his teeth by a native dentist which is wonderful to behold. In the place of three or four missing teeth the Chinese operative appears to have anchored a single strip of gold, which seems to serve the intended purpose all right, but without a line or curve to show the contour of individual teeth. The officer who possesses this remarkable example of oriental dentistry prizes it as a Chinese curio.

New Yorkers Like Coffee. Father Knickerbocker is the largest coffee consumer in the world. It requires 35,000,000 pounds to last him one year.

JEWELLED DOG COLLARS.

Worn by Pampered Pets of Society Folk.



DOGgies' EXPENSIVE COLLARS.

The fashion changes in dog collars not quite as often perhaps as in the clothes of the mistresses, but there are sharply defined rules concerning what is correct in canine collar adornment. The latest mode for these collars next spring is a bright green leather, and on the right shade of dog the effect is remarkably striking. Red collars are again in vogue for black coated doggies, and there is a model in silver beads that is much approved. A favorite collar of a dog in the toy class owned by a belle living at the national capital is of brown leather headed with silver nails. On the bangle which dangles from the collar are described the canine's name and address.

But the most curious dog collar on record was ordered by a Baltimore man to celebrate the eleventh birthday of his favorite black and tan terrier Dixie. The collar is of diamonds, of which no fewer than 700 were used. According to the illustration given of this collar, it was fashioned somewhat in the form of a tiara, with a pendant consisting of two graduated pieces higher in the center and narrowing at the back.

Wouldn't You Like This Costume? Burton Holmes, the popular lecturer, seems to be quite as appreciative of the picturesque in costumes as in scenery. Behold him in the illustration arrayed in his latest sartorial find—a Moravian costume which in Moravia is worn by the men of this Austro-Hungary province. What woman, seeing the modistic possibilities of this native dress, would



BURTON HOLMES IN MORAVIAN COSTUME.

not have purchased it, as did Mr. Holmes, for \$9.48 of our money? This same woman would not allow her husband or brother to appear in it at a fancy dress party. Oh, no! Her motives would be less altruistic, much more selfish. This is what would happen: She would pick off, as it were, the leading motifs of this costume—for instance, the fascinating embroidered girdle with its long fringed ends. This 'bot she would wear about the waist of her new spring house frock of pale gray chiffon cloth. And the bolero, if this smart adornment answers to such a name in the Moravian tongue, she would incorporate into her smartest lingerie blouse of sheer marquisette. And the accordion plaited sleeves, each plait of which is said to be three inches deep—well, these manches would make several summer gowns.

Jefferson Davis and His Nerves. Jefferson Davis, a stork from the sight of every form of suffering, even in imagination. When the "Babes in the Wood" was first read to him, a grown man, in time of illness, he would not endure the horror of it. His sympathy with the oppressed was almost abnormal, "so that," says Mrs. Davis, "it was a difficult matter to keep order with children and servants." All this shows that he was nervous, sensitive, which is a terrible handicap to a leader of men. He suffered always from nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia and "came home from his office fasting, a mere mass of throbbing nerves and perfectly exhausted." He was keenly susceptible to the atmosphere about him, especially to the moods of people, "abnormally sensitive to disapproval. Even a child's disapproval discomposed him." And Mrs. Davis admits that this sensitiveness and acute feeling of being misjudged made him reserved and unapproachable. It made him touchy as to his dignity also, and there are stories of his cherishing a grudge for some insignificant or imagined slight and punishing the author of it.—Gama-liel Bradford, Jr., in Atlantic.

Irving and His Money. John Hare, the English actor, said that one of the fallings charged to Irving's account was that of extravagance—that he did not know the value of money. It is quite true he did not know the value of money for himself, but he knew its value to others. He knew its value to the poor and helpless, and to these he gave with a lavish hand. Once, not long before his death, playing a three nights' engagement in an unpretentious midland town, his habit was to drive nightly to the theater (a very short distance from his hotel) in the same dilapidated fly. The fare was a shilling. The conveyance was shabby, the driver old, poor and worn out. At the conclusion of the engagement, on entering his hotel, Irving said to the landlord, "Have you paid the cabman?" "Yes, Sir Henry." "What did you give him for himself?" "I gave him half a crown, Sir Henry." "Give him a sovereign," was the rejoinder; "he drives very well, and he doesn't drive often."

The Myth of the Doones. How largely Mr. Blackmore drew upon his imagination for the story of "Lorna Doone" is made clear by F. W. Hackwood in his book, "The Good Old Times." There were, in fact, no Doones. The word was simply a local bogey, a modified form of "Dane," a memory of the faroff times when the viking invaders harried the land. "The only vestige of actually discoverable is a faint tradition that a fugitive from the battle of Sedgemoor, to escape the hangings of Judge Jeffreys, appropriated the ruins of some wretched huts in recesses of the Badgworthy glen, now 'the Doon valley,' finding there a safe retreat in which he reared a considerable family, which managed to eke out a living by committing petty depredations in the district. The 'last of the Doones,' an old man and his granddaughter, are said to have perished in the snow during the winter of 1800."

Joy in Store For Some One. Among the advertisements in a monthly magazine we find this: For Sale or Exchange—A fine young male bobcat and a female coyote; also a mandolin and pair of fieldglasses. Such opportunities as this are not often offered. The fieldglasses most of us could manage to do without, but the male bobcat, the female coyote and the mandolin would go far to make life happy for any reasonable individual. All these are productive of music, and music gives joy to all rightly constituted persons. There are, of course, some people who cannot play upon a mandolin, but anybody can play upon a bobcat or a coyote. This fine chance to get a varied and interesting collection of musical instruments will undoubtedly bring many replies.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

A Sound Reason. Mistress—Didn't you hear me calling, Jane? Jane—Yes'm, but you told me the other day never to answer you back.—Throne and Country.

Whatever enlarges hope will exalt courage.—Johnson.

The Change That Was Wrought. The little man was explaining to his audience the benefits of physical culture. "Three years ago," he said, "I was a miserable wreck. Now, what do you suppose brought about this great change in me?" "What change?" said a voice from the audience. "There was a succession of loud smiles, and some persons thought to see him collapse. But the little man was not to be put out. "Will the gentleman who asked 'What change? kindly step up here?' he asked suavely. "I shall then be better able to explain. "That's right!" Then, grabbing the witty gentleman by the neck: "When I first took up physical culture I could not even lift a little man. Now (suiting action to word) I can throw one about like a bundle of rags." And finally he flung the interrupter half a dozen yards along the floor. "I trust, gentlemen, that you will see the force of my argument and that I have not hurt the gentleman's feelings by my explanation." There were no more interruptions.

Two Collars on a Dog. Having bought a dog that he admired, a man undertook to buy a dog collar. The dog had a neck nearly as big as his head, and the dealer advised the man to buy two collars. "What for?" said the man. "He's only got one neck, so I guess he can get along with only one collar, can't he?" "Maybe so," said the man, so the man went away leading the dog by his new collar and chain. In less than a week he brought the dog back. "I'm afraid I can't keep him," he said. "He is too obstreperous. I can't keep him tied up. His neck is the biggest part of him, and he is as strong as an ox, therefore it is a cinch for him to slip his collar off." "That was why I wanted you to take two collars," said the dealer. "Put both on and fasten the chain to the back collar, and he can tug away all night without getting loose. He may commit suicide, but he won't get loose."—New York Sun.

Disappointed in Her. "And so your father refuses to consent to our union." "He does, Rodolphus." "The sad youth swallowed a sob. "Is there nothing left for us, then, but an elopement?" said he. "Nothing." "The girl was fond, but firm. "Do you think, Clementine, that you could abandon this luxurious home, forget all the enjoyments of great wealth, banish yourself forever from your devoted parents' hearts and go west with a poor young man to enter a home of lifelong poverty and self denial?" "I could, Rodolphus." "The sad youth rose wearily and reached for his hat. "Then," said he, "you are far from being the practical girl I have all along taken you to be." And with one last look around on the sumptuousness that some day he had hoped to share he sobbed and said farewell.—Browning's Magazine.

Had to Take His Own Medicine. George Barr McCutcheon was waiting for a train in Chicago, and as he passed through the station he saw one of his latest best sellers displayed on the newsstand counter. He picked it up, wrote his name on the fly leaf and handed it to the boy behind the counter. He was moving away when the boy called excitedly: "Hey, mister, come back here. You've got to buy this book 'cause you've spoiled it by writing your name in it." "Yes, but did you see the name?" the author asked. "That don't make no difference," the lad insisted; "nobody'll want to buy it now." And, hearing his train called, Mr. McCutcheon was forced to pay real money for one of his own books.—Success Magazine.

A Marked Judge. The descriptive reporter of a certain daily paper in describing the turning of a dog out of court by order of the bench recently detailed the occurrence as follows: "The ejected canine as he was ignominiously dragged from the room cast a glance at the judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

A SHOT ACROSS THE BOWS.



—De Mar in Philadelphia Record.

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