

Self Condemned

By MARGARET C. DEVEAUX

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M. le Judge Currier was dispensing justice on the bench during the French revolution. The justice he was dispensing was between classes, not individuals. The nobles had tyrannized over the common people for centuries. Now the common people were endeavoring to extirpate the nobles from the face of the earth. Judge Currier was sending a batch of them to the guillotine.

"Who is this?" he asked, seeing a girl, a mere child, brought before him. "Citizensess Elise Bellair," replied the officer of the guard.

"Who ordered her brought here? She is not old enough to— to understand the difference between patriotism and tyranny."

"She was included in a list furnished by M. Marat."

"Indeed," said the judge, frowning. "M. Marat is accustomed to make inquiries if all those on his lists have been— taken care of."

"But this one— did he know that she is a child?"

The officer shook his head. M. Marat's brain was not open to him to look into.

The judge pondered a few moments. There was something wrong in this case. Possibly a list had been made out and presented to some one in authority who had signed the warrants accompanying it while thinking of something else. Nevertheless the judge did not dare disobey the order he had received to sentence every one sent before him.

"Take her away with the others," he said reluctantly.

He was looking down into the child's face pityingly. She saw the expression on the judge's face. Children are quick to recognize their friends, and the marquis, not understanding that the judge had sent her to the guillotine, smiled at him. Then a soldier took her little hand in his and led her away with the others.

The judge asked one standing by something about her and was told that she was the Marquise de Bellair, and since she alone represented the Bellairs and since the revolutionary committee was anxious that no member of the family should be left alive the child had been marked for execution. When the deed had been done it would be put down to an error.

The judge went home that evening, and his own little daughter, about the age of the child he had condemned, sat upon his lap, put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"How hot your face is, papa!" she said.

He unwound her arms, gently put her away, and called for a glass of wine. He had stood up under the grim duties required of him till the matter of the little marquise had required his attention. He did not eat his dinner and went to bed feverish. The smile he had received from the little marquis had unnerved him. All night he lay in bed, two sights coming up alternately before his mental vision—the one the marquise's smile, the other her little figure lying on the guillotine, the drop of the knife and her little curly head dropping into the basket.

In the morning Judge Currier looked as if he had passed through a fit of sickness. He ate nothing, spoke not a word. When he went out after breakfast his little daughter put up her arms, as was her custom, for her morning hug and kiss. Her father put her away and left her standing with tears in her eyes in the hallway.

The judge turned into a boulevard and after following it for awhile entered a street that led him to the Place de la Revolution, now the Place de la Concorde. It is one of the most spacious plazas in the world, lying as it does between the Champs d'Elysees and the gardens of the Tuilleries. Carriages drive through it, but few who ride or walk past its fountains and its obelisk think of the work that was going on there more than a hundred years ago.

A crowd was collecting about the guillotine, and a tumbrel was driven up loaded with condemned persons. As is passed the judge he caught sight of a little figure about half the height of the others and saw a little hand waving to him. He walked on and joined the party at the guillotine. At the moment an officer began to call names from a list he had in his hand. "Citizensess Bellair!"

The judge approached, took the child by the hand and said: "I condemned this child by mistake."

He was recognized by the officials and permitted to lead the little marquis away.

She was never seen again in Paris till long after the revolution. She returned a middle aged woman.

When the judge went home that evening he seemed to have the seal of death upon his brow. He took his little daughter in his arms, while tears rolled down his cheeks.

In the middle of the night there was a knock at his door. The judge went downstairs and met an officer, who told him he was under arrest for being in conspiracy with the emigres. The visit was not unexpected, and the prisoner went with the soldiers without a word of protest.

A week later a tumbrel drove up to the guillotine in the Place de la Revolution, and among those who stepped out was Judge Currier. He died on the engine of death from which he had saved the Marquise de Bellair.

TO THE MODERN QUACK.

After reading the early history of medicine.

Ye makers of fortunes alchemic, Quack vendors of poisons and pills, Who now give us nothing romantic Except your advertisement bills, Consider the wondrous concoctions Put up in the bottle or box By doctors aforesaid, wasting no more time, Just pull up your socks.

"Digestion," they'd ask, "misbehaving?" Or: "Blisters on both of your heels? Tut, tut! Take an ivory shaving Thrice daily an hour before meals." Such sally of medicinal dainties, Backed up by a pompous mien, They'd foist upon folly as certain of jolly Well curing the spleen.

They'd (almost) put up in a flagon And afterward offer for sale Pink hairs from the head of a dragon, Blue tufts from a unicorn's tail, And, could they have only got at them, No doubt they'd have mixed with their drinks

For troublesome tumblers the wrappings of mummies, Or chips off the sphinx.

But you, did we ask that a pimple Be cured with a balsam of bays, Would you look hopefully simple Or rudely ejaculate, "Rats!" Come, give up your commonplace nostrums.

Present something quaint to our view Those picturesque liars could always find buyers, So why shouldn't you? —Punch.

This is What the Mention of Pie Did to Willie Brown.

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CLASSIFICATION AND APPRAISEMENT

of the undersigned dutifully appointed Appraiser of Mercantile taxes for the year 1910, makes the following classification and appraisement of vendors of merchandise, etc.

RETAIL.

Berlin. Dunn W. H. Gen'l Mdsse. Smith Jacob F. Groceries. Paata J. B. Bethany. Gen'l Mdsse.

Buckingham. Carey J. A. Gen'l Mdsse. Farley H. A. Knapp H. Furniture. Lord Cain Gen'l Mdsse.

Cherry Ridge. Cobb W. J. Gen'l Mdsse. Brown F. C. Flour and Feed. Bonar F. B. Flour and Feed. Stahli Mrs. Louisa Flour and Feed.

Clinton. Freeman E. Gen'l Mdsse. Fitzmaurice D. Flour and Feed. Gumm Wm T. Flour and Feed.

Damascus. Abraham Geo. C. Furniture. Bacher Henry Gen'l Mdsse. Clark C. A. Phonographs. Decker Mrs. Julia Gen'l Mdsse.

Lehigh. Carr & Co. W. L. Gen'l Mdsse. Crooks J. B. Meats. Flower E. E. Building Material. Harvey C. W. Flour and Feed.

Manchester. Black Wm A. Gen'l Mdsse. Bullock Grace S. Gen'l Mdsse. Emerich Wm F. G. Groceries. Harford J. W. Meats.

Mount Pleasant. Bryon M. J. Gen'l Mdsse. Brennan J. D. Flour and Feed. Bonham C. V. Flour and Feed.

Oregon. Highhouse C. L. Flour and Feed. Knorr Fred. Meats. Penwarden E. D. Gen'l Mdsse.

Prenton. Coddington Fred. Groceries. Cole Fred. Groceries. Clune & Son Thomas Groceries.

Salem. Alms George C. Farm Implements. Chumard W. E. Farm Implements. Dierendfield Joseph Groceries.

Texas. Austin J. M. Gen'l Mdsse. Beck Jacob Gen'l Mdsse. Bishop H. T. Gen'l Mdsse.

Waymart. Batten Robert. Farm Implements. Denk J. C. Groceries. Decker J. W. Groceries.

Wholesale. Atlantic Refining Co. Oil. Brady J. T. Footwear. Durlan Weston Shoe Co. Groceries.

Honesdale. Honesdale Refining Co. Oil. Honesdale Refining Co. Oil. Honesdale Refining Co. Oil.

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Confectionery. Art Store. Hardware. Piano. Cigars. Jewelry. Meats. Footwear. Confectionery. Millinery. Jewelry. Hardware. Cigars. Cigars & Tobacco. Gen'l Mdsse.

China & Crockery. Wagon. Jewelry. Cigars. Bakery. Furniture. Cigars. Cigars. Gen'l Mdsse.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE HONESDALE NATIONAL BANK

AT HONESDALE, WAYNE COUNTY, PA.

At the close of business, MARCH 7, 1911.

RESOURCES. Loans and Discounts. \$230,200.37. Overdrafts, secured and unsecured. 10.50. U. S. Bonds to secure circulation. 50,000.00.

Liabilities. Capital Stock paid in. \$100,000.00. Surplus fund. 150,000.00. Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid. 70,500.31.

State of Pennsylvania, County of Wayne, ss. I, H. Z. Russell, President of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of March, 1911.

Correct—attest: R. A. SMITH, N. P. ANDREW THOMPSON, F. R. MURRAY, E. B. HARDENBERG, Directors.

W. B. HOLMES, PRESIDENT. A. T. SEARLE, VICE PRES.

H. S. SALMON, CASHIER. W. J. WARD, ASS'T CASHIER.

We want you to understand the reasons for the ABSOLUTE SECURITY of this Bank.

WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK HONESDALE, PA.

HAS A CAPITAL OF \$100,000.00 AND SURPLUS AND PROFITS OF \$27,342.00 MAKING ALTOGETHER \$127,342.00

EVERY DOLLAR of which must be lost before any depositor can lose a PENNY. It has conducted a growing and successful business for over 35 years, serving an increasing number of customers with fidelity and satisfaction.

Its cash funds are protected by MODERN STEEL VAULTS.

All of these things, coupled with conservative management, insured by the CAREFUL PERSONAL ATTENTION constantly given the Bank's affairs by a notably able Board of Directors assures the patrons of that SUPREME SAFETY which is the prime essential of a good Bank.

DECEMBER 1, 1910 Total Assets, \$2,951,048.26

DEPOSITS MAY BE MADE BY MAIL. DIRECTORS: W. B. HOLMES, A. T. SEARLE, F. R. CLARK, CHAS. J. SMITH, H. J. CONGER, W. F. SUYDAM, F. P. KIMBLE, H. S. SALMON, J. W. FARLEY.

KRAFT & CONGER INSURANCE HONESDALE, PA.

Represent Reliable Companies ONLY

COUPON COUPLETS.

There was an old --- of Pawtucket, Had a --- as big as a ---

When she sat on a chair She exploded the ---

And now she don't know just what --- --!

There was a young man of Fall River, Had a --- and an arrow and ---

Took a shot in the air Then he heard his Dad ---

For it hit the old man in the ---!

Cut out this coupon. Fill in the missing words. Enclose ten cents and mail to the Coupon Couplet Editor, Citizen Publishing Company, Honesdale, Pa.

In return you will receive a cute little rabbit with a humorous verse attached to his tail. USEFUL, ORNAMENTAL EASTER GIFT. Send one to your friends.

GET THIS FUNNY BUNNY

Do you like to laugh? Some men we know would give \$50 just to "Tee hee" twice a day. They can't laugh. They've got dyspepsia. Don't be a rich dyspeptic!

Mail this coupon with ten cents to-day. You'll laugh for half an hour. If you don't crack a smile you're hopeless and can get your money back.

GET BUSY! You're a long time dead!

The Coupon Couplet Editor desires to inform all those who are wondering why they have not yet received a "Funny Bunny" after having filed in the missing words and forwarded a dime, that there has been an unavoidable delay in catching the little rascals. The editor expects, however, to have trapped enough by the time this announcement is read to satisfy even the enormous demand for these really sidesplitting rabbits. REMEMBER IF YOU DON'T CRACK A SMILE YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.



It Sometimes Happens.

"Do you remember that little, watery-eyed, lazy chap we had here three or four years ago?" asked the head of the firm. "Hinks, I think his name was I discharged him for incompetency."

"Blunks?" the assistant manager replied. "Oh, yes, I remember him well. 'He came in to see me today. 'Did he? He went from here to New York, didn't he? I suppose he was wearing a silk hat and an overcoat with a fur collar.'"

"That's the funny thing about his case. I can't understand it. He was all run down at the heels and wanted to know if I would give him 50 cents." —Chicago Record-Herald.

A Stickler For Principle.

"Will you be my ownest own for ever and ever, darling?" pleaded the lover. "Do be reasonable, Percy," softly remonstrated the lady Socialist. "You know I don't approve of granting special privileges or encouraging monopolies, so please put your question in another form." —Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Napoleon's Loss.

"Shall you return to power, sire?" asked Napoleon's secretary as they departed together from the field of Waterloo. "I fear me not," said the emperor sadly. "That hook nosed warrior the Duke of Wellington appears to have captured my return ticket." —Harper's Weekly.

Proud of His Coin.