

JUDGE G. A. CARPENTER.

Whose Decision Compels Packers to Face Trial.



Chicago, June 20.—Judge Carpenter has refused to grant a motion by the packers for a rehearing of their demurrer to federal indictments alleging monopoly.

He refused to give any reasons, simply announcing his decision in six words.

The government announced that it would move for an immediate trial.

HOLDS SON IS BLAMELESS.

Young Miller Unable to Support Elsie Oswald, Father Says.

Yonkers, N. Y., June 20.—The body of Elsie Oswald, who on Saturday shot herself to death for love of young Oliver Miller of Mount Vernon, will be quietly buried today in Kensico cemetery at Valhalla village.

Coroner Iles of Yonkers is looking for an elderly New York man known to the girl as "Uncle" and to whom she telephoned a few minutes before she killed herself. The coroner wants to ask him a few things at the inquest. C. P. Miller, father of the boy whom Elsie loved, insists that this old man is the one morally responsible for the girl's death. His son, he holds, was duped and had at no time had money enough to support a woman in a New York flat. Young Miller works for a manufacturing company and it is learned intended to take a business trip to Michigan. This Elsie found out when she telephoned the works Saturday morning, and then she planned her trip to Mount Vernon.

STRIKERS ISSUE ULTIMATUM.

Morgan Line Cooks and Stewards Ordered to Join Movement.

New York, June 20.—The Morgan line strikers got the crews of the passenger boat Creole and the freight boat Elson on their arrival to strike as soon as they were paid off. The company had men in reserve, some of whom were on a receiving ship for strike breakers.

In the effort to end the strike John J. Beahm and Michael J. Reagan of the state board of arbitration brought about a conference between C. W. Jungson, manager, and E. H. Patten, agent of the Morgan line, and a committee of three representing the strikers, the state arbitrators being present at the conference. No settlement was reached.

A general strike ultimatum was issued to all coastwise steamship lines calling for a general strike of the firemen, cooks and stewards tomorrow unless the Morgan line settles with its striking employees and the other steamship lines also come to terms.

LAWYER DROWNED IN GORGE.

Eugene A. Rowland Is Victim of Strange Accident Near Utica.

Utica, N. Y., June 20.—Eugene A. Rowland of Rome, United States commissioner in that city and one of the leading lawyers in central New York, fell into the gorge at Trenton Falls, fifteen miles north of Utica, and was drowned.

At the time of the accident Mr. Rowland was walking with John Burroughs, the naturalist, along a path running along the side of the gorge. Mr. Rowland slipped and plunged into the stream, a distance of twelve to fifteen feet.

Grows in the Clouds.

So far as is known, the highest elevation at which flowers are found growing is 17,000 feet above the sea level. The homely little plant which has the distinction of being the loftiest grower in the world is found on the upper slopes of the Himalayan mountains, near the line of perpetual snow.

Sunlight.

Exposure to sunlight is one of the best disinfectants for clothing known. The light passing through glass will not do it.

A Paper Dome.

The dome of the observatory at Greenwich is made of paper mache.

Self Conquest

How Love and Bravery Saved a Man From Himself.

By CHRISTOPHER BARKLEY  
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Not far from Fort —, in what was then called the far west, was once a ranch house. In those days the American Indian was not kept in continued subjection, and the rancher built his house near enough to the fort to get there with those of his household for protection in case of necessity. The fort, now that the Indian has been eliminated, has sunk to nothingness in importance, and the ranch house is but a charred spot, having been burned by the redskins years ago.

Not an hour before its destruction a couple, a young officer from the fort and a girl, the rancher's daughter, were sitting on the broad veranda in the light of a full moon. Allen Kimball had enlisted in the United States army because he could neither be controlled nor control himself. He had given in to almost every kind of dissipation, and at the end of a spree, not having the hardihood to meet his father and being out of money, in a fit of desperation he had enrolled himself in a cavalry regiment, choosing that arm of the service since it would send him farthest from his home.

He had not been long at his station when trouble with the Indians came on, and Kimball showed himself so brave that he was rapidly promoted through the noncommissioned grades and before the fighting was over was made a lieutenant. This gave him heart, and he determined to redeem himself with his family. But a passion for gambling stood in his way. At those remote posts there was little or nothing for the men to do except drink and gamble, and Lieutenant Kimball found the temptation to gamble too strong for him. Once he had begun to play all caution deserted him, and he bet wildly. The result was that he became indebted to his brother officers in large amounts. One or two of his creditors in order to get what they considered to be their just dues formed a clique against him, and he found himself a "cut" man, which is the army expression for one whose brother officers will not speak to him, though some dissented from the rest on the ground that Kimball did not deserve what was inflicted upon him.

Kimball had formed the acquaintance of Winifred Armour, the ranchman's daughter, at the height of the reputation he had made for bravery and efficiency. He loved her, and his love was returned. He confessed his previous life to her and announced his intention thereafter to be a credit instead of a disgrace to his family. She sympathized with him deeply and promised him that if he adhered to his resolution for a given time she would marry him.

"But," she said, "I will confess that there is in the east a man of sterling worth who has asked me to be his wife. He is much older than I, and thus far I respect him only. My love is yours. If you relapse into your former condition when I return to the east I shall accept his proposition."

Doubtless she put the matter thus to furnish an incentive to him to conquer himself.

He had ridden over to the ranch house on this moonlight night to bid her goodby. He had failed to conquer himself and had lost her. The interview was painful to both.

"Well," he said, "in one thing I rejoice—you in time will be happy. Thank heaven, I am not to drag you down with me! You will be a member of a family, while I—I am every day expecting an invitation to resign."

Winifred made no reply. What could she say? She could not find it in her heart to upbraid him. And there was nothing she could say to relieve the mental torture both suffered. She simply put out her hand in a mute farewell.

They were both recalled from the melancholy status existing between them by hearing distant sounds of a galloping horse, evidently coming at full speed. Both listened. The animal was not coming from the direction of the fort, but toward it. Kimball knew that the Indians on the nearby reservation had been unruly, and something told him the corner was a messenger bringing a warning. His fear was realized. A horseman, reaching a point in the road opposite the ranch gate, pulled his horse back on his haunches and cried out:

"The Indians are coming! They're right on us!"

Without a word Kimball ran for the stable near the house and in a few minutes returned, leading Winifred's mare, saddled and bridled. Her father was away from the ranch, and there was no one in the house but employees and servants. They, too, prepared for flight. Kimball put his companion on her horse, mounted himself, and they tore through the open gate and away toward the fort. They had scarcely started when behind them came that terrible whoop which only an Indian can give.

The fort was six miles from the ranch—not a long distance for an ordinary ride, but too great to enable the fugitives to reach safety with a horde of yelling savages in their rear. The horses knew that yell and put forth all their strength.

Scarcely a mile had been covered

when the gallop of a single horse was heard that had evidently disjoined the rest. Kimball knew that he was gaining upon them.

"I'm going to slow up and fire," he said. "You go on; don't lose any time. I'll overtake you."

He pulled his horse back on his haunches and turned him as quickly as possible, but not too quick, for an Indian was right on him. Seizing a repeating rifle that he carried hooked to his saddle, he fired when the man was not a hundred yards from him and dropped him. Then, turning, he followed Winifred. She had preferred to reduce her pace, and he consequently soon caught up with her.

"Why did you not go on when I drew rein?" he asked. "I am doing this for you, not for myself. You know that death is my only refuge."

"I shall draw rein every time you do," was the reply.

"You are demented. Those men who are following us are savages. When I halt again go on. If you fall into their hands you will add a thousandfold to my anguish."

"Do you suppose I can ride to safety leaving you behind to be tortured and then murdered?"

"You are a woman. I think of the agony you will occasion me, the sadness for your loss that will be for others."

There was no reply to this. On the two galloped, maintaining the distance between themselves and those behind, who were delayed on coming to the body of the buck who had been shot. Here they divided, a part remaining with the dying Indian, the others continuing the pursuit. Half the distance between the ranch house and the fort had been passed when suddenly a red glare was added to the pale light of the moon. Kimball said nothing. He knew that the glare came from the burning of the ranch house. On, on they sped, the glare adding to their terror of the whooping savages behind them.

Again the footfalls of the pursuing horses, by their varying distinctness, indicated that the Indians were separating in accordance with the speed of their ponies. Then Kimball saw that he might save the girl by sacrificing himself.

"There's a rise in the ground ahead," he said. "I'm going to stop there and take them as they come on. Hurry to the fort. With what delay to the savages I cause you can certainly reach it."

"No! No!" cried Winifred, who knew very well what this meant. "Keep on. We shall soon meet a force from the garrison."

"Either we or that red light will be the first news they will get that the Indians are on the warpath."

"I will remain with you."

"Go!" he cried. They had reached the crest, and, reining in his horse, he dismounted. Seeing that she, too, had stopped, he said, "My only chance is to hold them at bay till you can send assistance."

She hesitated a moment; then, thinking that he might be right, she gave her horse a cut and dashed onward.

Kimball, who had trained his horse for Indian fighting, forced him to lie down on the crest, and placing himself on his stomach behind him, waited for the first Indian to come within range. But a few moments passed before, on a rise in the ground, a hundred yards away against the glare of the burning ranch house, appeared the silhouette of an Indian. The man was coming swiftly, advancing straight toward Kimball. For the few seconds the savage was on the crest he seemed to be standing still. The officer used these few seconds to draw a bead on the man's breast and fired. The Indian rode down on to the lower ground, his arms thrown up above his head, then fell backward, not fifty feet from his enemy.

Kimball saw that in the burning building he had a great advantage. But there was no time to consider. Before the Indian he had shot had fallen another appeared on the crest. At the moment one of those bursts of flame that shoot up now and again from burning buildings added intensity to the light, and the body of the savage was pictured with lanky blackness. Kimball took a sure aim at his head and pierced his brain.

At that moment many silhouettes of Indians appeared on the crest. Kimball felt that his time had come, but he welcomed it. Life to him had lost all charm; indeed, it was his wish to leave a world for which he had proved himself unfitted. Nor did he wish to remain to know that the girl he worshipped was in possession of another. He began a rapid fire at the advancing Indians.

This is all that is known of that remarkable battle in which a single man killed five redskins and wounded four more. His own account and the Indians he put out of the fight are all there was to tell the story, and he remembers nothing more than has been given here. A troop of cavalry from the fort met a party of Indians and put them to flight. In the road where the meeting took place, unconscious and badly wounded, the soldiers found Lieutenant Kimball. When he came to himself he was being carried on a stretcher in the moonlight, and beside him walked Winifred Armour. Bending down, she whispered to him:

"My life is yours, to help you."

A wild joy triumphed over all else, but he could reply only by a pressure of the hand.

In the army bravery overtops almost any offense. Kimball remained in it, respected and admired. His wife's love was all that was needed to enable him to keep himself in subjection, and, supplying, as she did, support for his weaknesses, he conquered.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Sleepy Donkey.

A man near Meadville, Pa., has an innocent looking, sleepy little donkey, which he keeps in a yard back of his house. For some time every dog that passed made it a point to stop and bark at the long eared animal. Finally the man became provoked, and one day when two big dogs growled and tried their best to jump the fence the man quietly opened the gate and let them in. If they had been Siberian bloodhounds the barking brutes could not have rushed with more ferocity upon the seemingly stupid little animal with long, shaggy hair and ears. Prancing around him on both sides and watching their chance to grab him by the throat both together, the dogs, like a brace of ravenous vultures, encircled the donkey. Squinting lazily out of his eye, the donkey appeared most oblivious to his danger. The dogs grew fiercer. As both were about to catch his throat in their teeth the donkey with the speed of a lightning flash lowered his head and dashed toward the nearest dog as if to butt him. Round and round the donkey whirled as if on a pivot. Then his heels flew out, and the next instant fifty pounds of dog went spinning through the air. The fate of dog No. 1 was only an aggravation to No. 2. He snapped and growled more furiously at the donkey than before. In two minutes more, however, the second savage assailant was cowering over the turf in somersaults, and the donkey had closed his eyes again and retired on his laurels.

Seal's Marvelous Instinct.

The instinct of the seal is marvelous, writes Sir Edward Morris in the Wide World Magazine. It will leave its young on the ice in the morning and, going down through a hole, remain away all day swimming in search of food. Returning in the evening, it will locate its offspring in the same "patch" among hundreds of thousands of other baby seals, notwithstanding that the ice may have wheeled or drifted fifty or sixty miles during the day from wind and tide and not withstanding that the patch may extend thirty or forty miles from one end to the other. Whether this instinct is of the class that enables the bird, without any mark or chart, in a forest with millions of trees alike to find its way back with ease and precision to its nest I do not know, but it is one of those wonders in nature before which human knowledge is brought to a full stop.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a stylish young lady and a burglar? One wears false locks and the other false keys.

Why is a watch like a river? Because it won't run long without winding.

Who was the fastest runner in the world? Adam, because he was first in the human race.

Why should one wear a watch when he travels through sandy, dry country? Because every watch has a spring in it.

What is the difference between a baby and a nightcap? One is born to wed, the other worn to bed.

What is that which Adam never saw nor possessed, yet left two to each of his children? Parents.

Posting—A Hoop Game.

In this game a large circular track should be marked out, with stations at equal distances, one for each player.

The player at the first station trundles his hoop to the second station, the player at that station takes his to the third, and so on, the player at the last station taking the hoop on the first again. Any one studding the hoop with his hand is out, and his station must be abolished. The player keeping in and trundling the hoop round to all the stations wins the game. If the number of players is large two or three hoops may be kept going at one time.

Gold Miners.

It is chickens that usually pick up gold nuggets. In Nebraska the ducks have gone into the business and are likely to put the chickens to shame. You see, gold is often found in the sand of water courses, where it has been washed down from the hills, and the ducks that go swimming in the water have chances for mining that dry land fowls can never have. They pick up tiny nuggets and swallow them, and then the gold is found in their crops when they are killed for the table.

The Bell Buzzard.

The bell buzzard has come back to Ohio, according to the newspapers. He was seen two weeks ago in Ross county, which is in the southern part of the state, and his little bell was tinkling as merrily as ever. He has worn the bell around his neck since the days of his youth, when some one caught him and gave him the musical necklace. Every year since then he has come back to the same part of Ohio.

The First One Up.

The first one up in our house is the smallest one of all. Before the sunlight wakes us up he comes across the hall. And gently opens mother's door to make his morning call. The first one up of all the flowers out in the garden bed. The crocus, sure of welcome, shows his little baby head. Before the sun has thrown aside the blanket winter spread. —Youth's Companion

Women and Stocks. Women speculators have a habit of giving to brokers orders with a string attached to them. A woman who owned some bank stock asked a broker to sell it at 250 if he thought she could not get any more for it. The market in this stock had been inactive for months, and 250 was the highest price ever recorded for it. The next day the broker had a chance to sell the stock at 250. It so happened that on the same day a lively demand for this bank stock developed, and before the day was over it was selling at 300. The broker wrote to his woman customer that he had sold her stock for \$250 a share and would send her certificates to him for delivery to the purchaser? She refused to deliver the stock.

"You ought to have known better than to sell it for 250," she remonstrated. "I am going to sell it today myself for 300."

It was not until the broker appealed to the courts that he succeeded in getting the stock from the woman.—Strand Magazine.

Pretty Fine Scratches. Most people consider a polished surface as something absolutely smooth—that is, something with no scratches on it whatever. To polish a thing, however, the very reverse is done to it. It is filled with very fine scratches. All eyeglass lenses, glass for mirrors, furniture, etc., are rubbed with fine emery paper and later with an extremely fine powder which gives the finishing touches in the shape of very fine scratches. Now the question arises as to just how fine the scratches must be—that is, how far apart they must be, for big scratches a good distance apart give anything but a polished surface. The answer is that the scratches or ridges between must be less than one-quarter the wave length of the light that falls on the surface for the light to be reflected and thus give the effect of a polished surface. This is less than one two-hundred-thousandth of an inch for light waves. No breaking up of the waves is caused, and they consequently are reflected in their original form.—New York Tribune.

His Mistake. "What cured him of flirting?" "He started a flirtation with a lady who turned out to be selling an encyclopedia at \$200 a set."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It Would Answer. Rose—I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door. Fleming—If the wolf is anything of an art critic it will do it.—Smart Set.

Happiness does not consist in things so much as in thoughts.

Anything to Oblige. Tourist (at Irish hotel)—You seem tired, Pat. Waiter—Yiss, sorr; up very early this morning—half past 6. Tourist—I don't call half past 6 early. Waiter (quickly)—Well, half past 5 'tiln.—London Punch.

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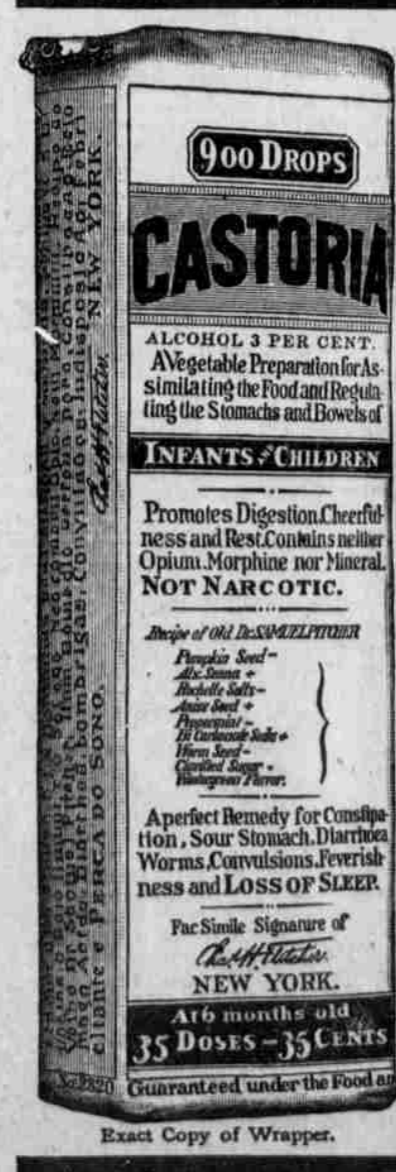
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