

SECRETARY FISHER.

Who Approves Order to Cancel
Alaskan Coal Land Claims.

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Washington, June 27.—Much importance is attached to an announcement by the interior department that the famous Cunningham claims in Alaska, involving coal lands worth from \$100,000,000 to \$500,000,000, have been ordered canceled by Land Commissioner Bennett, with the approval of the new secretary of the interior, Walter Fisher.

The properties have been restored to the public domain and later will be opened for re-entry.

By the action of the interior department the syndicate, which has a tentative option to take over the claims, has had a hard blow given in its plan for getting a firm grip on the mineral resources of Alaska.

The announcement is made by attorneys for the Cunningham interests that an appeal will be made to the courts and that the fight will be carried through to the supreme court.

INDICT "PAPER CLUB" MEN.

Federal Crusade in Trust Cases Hits Box Board Manufacturers.

New York, June 27.—A strong indictment under the criminal provision of the Sherman law has been returned by the federal grand jury against the Eastern Box Board club, alleged to be the successor of the dissolved Fiber and Manila association.

The defendants, being individuals instead of corporations, in the event of convictions being secured, Mr. Wise will urge jail sentences as well as the imposition of heavy fines.

The defendants named in the indictment are:

William C. Gear, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Shreiner, Long Island City, N. Y.; William H. Smith, Bogota, N. Y.; Sydney Mitchell, Thamesville, Conn.; Chester-town, Md., and Winchester, Va.; Benjamin Ward and Frederick M. Butler, Passaic, N. J.; Emmons Bryant, Castleton, N. Y.; Theodore Foster, Utica, N. Y.; William G. Shortess, Haverhill, Mass.; Robert B. McEwan, Whippany, N. J.; William R. Shaffer, New Haven, Conn.; Henry L. Paddock, Fulton, N. Y.; Samuel A. Short, Jr., Philadelphia; Charles E. Williams, Piermont, N. Y.; Andrew Tait, Bridgeport, Conn.; Louis Newman, Tonawanda, N. Y.; W. Howard Richardson, Bogota, N. J.; Matthias Pimm, Jr., Waverly, N. J.; Frank S. Harrison and J. A. Eyster, Halton, W. Va.

KING AT GALA PERFORMANCE

Royalty Attends Covent Garden Coronation Offering.

London, June 27.—The gala performance at the opera carried on the cycle of coronation splendors. The interior of Covent Garden, where the performance took place, was exquisitely decorated with hundreds of thousands of pink and crimson roses set off with a display of greenery, but the glitter of the gold lace and the scarlet, blue, green and white uniforms of the men and the diamonds and gorgeous toilets of the women outshone the decorations in the eyes of the ordinary onlooker.

The king and queen and members of the British and other royal families reappeared for inspection as on former days of the festivities, accompanied by ambassadors, ministers, high officials of the state, the army and the navy as well as titled leaders of society. There was not a seat vacant in the house below the gallery.

The performance consisted of selections from "Romeo and Juliet," "Aida" and the "Barber of Seville," with Melba, Tetrazzini, Destinn, McCormick, Bassi and Franz as the interpreters.

It is announced that the royal garden party at Buckingham palace, which was scheduled for today, will be canceled if the weather is bad.

Reliable.

"Congratulations, old man! How much does your new baby weigh?"
"A ton."
"Quit your kidding."
"Honestly, I'm a coal dealer, and I weighed the boy on my own scales."—Toledo Blade.

Mother at Her Best.

"I suppose you hate to see your daughter marry?" said the young man.
"Yes, I do," admitted the father.
"Her mother has made it a point to be mighty sweet tempered while this courtship was going on."—Washington Herald.

WILL ABOLISH
THE GARROTE.Cuba to Do Away With Capital
Punishment.

WILL REFORM CRIMINALS

That is the Plan Instead of Executing Them—Manner of Imposing Death in the Island Republic Most Cruel—Why Gomez is Opposed.

Cuba is to abolish capital punishment. Dr. Manuel Secades, consulting attorney of the interior department of Cuba, is studying the modern prisons in this country. Cuba is to have up to date prisons too.

There are fourteen murderers in Principe penitentiary now, but they probably never will be executed. So far President Gomez has followed the plan used by Kansas governors for years when dodging the carrying out of the death penalty—he simply refuses to set the date on which a condemned man shall die. Governor Magoon did the same thing when he was in charge of the island, arguing that if Cubans were to be executed it was up to the Cubans to do it.

With the abolishment of capital punishment in Cuba the western hemisphere will be rid of one of the most cruel death dealing devices ever made by man—the garrote, introduced into Cuba by the Spaniards. In demanding a penalty the Spaniards asked more than the life of a man, and the garrote, with its slow torture preceding death, answered their purpose.

The Garrote Described.

The mechanism is simple. There is an upright post, in front of which is a stool, on which the man about to be executed sits. Attached to the upright is a wooden collar re-enforced by iron strips made to adjust around a person's neck. After the collar is put on the executioner, or verdugo, twists a long wooden bar. The effect is a tightening of the collar on the victim's neck. The pressure is continued until the neck is broken. This plan of bringing death sometimes takes fifteen minutes.

President Palma didn't entertain the same scruples about capital punishment that his successor has, and thirty men were put to death during his four year reign.

The verdugo always is a murderer who has been sentenced to death. For his work in killing others he receives time off, the same as for good behavior, and also \$17 for every job. The verdugo is a privileged character too. He has an apartment in the prison for himself alone, enjoys better food and on the whole is an important functionary of the government.

Executioner of Seventy.

One Spanish executioner named Jose was kept so busy that he obtained his release within seven years. He had put seventy persons to death. With the \$17 he received for each execution Jose left the prison with enough money to get a start in the world. He spent his money freely and boasted of his record as an executioner. His good time was not to last long, however, for on the third day of his liberty he was stabbed to death.

There is a little inside story regarding the opposition of President Gomez to capital punishment. During the interior disturbance in Cuba in 1905 Gomez was a political prisoner. It so happened that his cot in Principe prison was within a few feet of the room in which the garrote is kept. Over the black curtains that hid from view the death device was a sign in big lettering, "Garrote." Gomez saw it and chills went up his back. He tossed on his cot, for he couldn't sleep, and every time he opened his eyes his gaze seemed to rest on the sign. He told his friends that he had experienced terrible dreams and he was much impressed. Friends say that his experience that night is what figures now in the president's objection to the death penalty.

SAYS HE "MADE GOOD."

That's How His Passport to Heaven Reads, Says Peary.

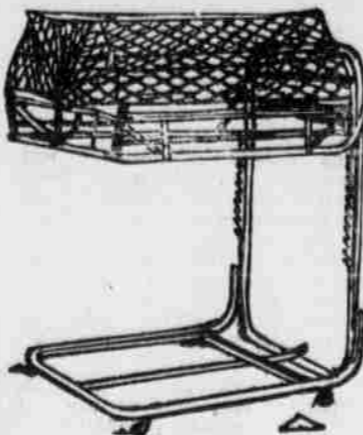
Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary delivered a long address at the commencement exercises of Rensselaer Polytechnic institute, at Troy, N. Y., in which he reviewed the attempts made since 1520 to discover the north pole and his own success in 1909 in attaining "the gaunt frozen apex of the earth." He went into much detail about his experiences in the twenty-three years he was working on his "dream" and in closing said:

"Were I a ragged beggar in the streets today, without a friend in the world, I could hug my dream to myself and feed and warm and clothe myself with the thought, 'I have made good.'"

"And when the end comes I can knock at the gates on the other side and, with head erect, offer as my passport, 'I have made good.'"

Oregon Scenes on Quilt.

Mrs. G. E. Miller has finished a quilt the upper side of which is made up entirely of scenes in the counties of Baker, Union and Wallawa. She took the photographs herself and made blue prints of them on cloth, and this forms the cover of the quilt. It required several years to complete this, perhaps the most unique quilt in the world.

HINTS FOR THE
BUSY HOUSEWIFEAdjustable Trundle Bed With
Openwork Hood.

The illustration herewith shows a new trundle bed which is designed either for the tiniest of new babies or for one who has reached the dignity of three or four years.

It can be rolled at night so that the little bed is suspended above the foot of mother's bed, just at a comfortable height where she can sit up in bed if the baby needs her attention and care for him without getting out of bed. When he is ready to go to sleep again she fastens the openwork hood over him and knows that he is as safe as though he were in her arms.

If there is any draft in the room, a blanket thrown over the hood keeps it away from the baby. If there is a stray fly or mosquito, a netting can be thrown over the hood.

In the daytime the trundle bed can be rolled out on the porch. It can be adjusted to various heights and can be put into easily transportable shape like a collapsible go-cart.

Cauliflower au Gratin.

Boil a fine cauliflower tender in milk and water mixed in equal proportions and salted. Prepare a white sauce, diluted with milk to a creamy consistency. When cooked tender break the cauliflower into clusters, put a layer into a baking dish, sprinkle with grated parmesan and moisten with sauce. Repeat to form a second layer. Scatter breadcrumbs over all and dot with bits of butter. Bake golden brown. Meanwhile prepare a garnish of hard boiled eggs in the following manner: Boil four eggs hard, separate the yolks and whites. Rub the yolks to cream with a bit of butter and season with salt, paprika and nutmeg. Add some finely minced ham or chicken and form the mass into little balls. When the gratin is baked set the dish in a paper gratin holder and garnish with the tiny egg balls, laid on pieces of chopped hard boiled whites, and serve very hot.

Strawberry Conserve.

One quart of ripe strawberries, one-half pound of seeded raisins, one quart of granulated sugar, one-half pound nuts broken up, not too fine, the pulp and grated rind of two oranges and one lemon. Put all together into a preserving kettle and cook slowly for about thirty minutes. Put into tumblers and seal with paraffin as you seal jelly. This makes a delicious filling for filled cookies and for layer cake. A tumbler of this beaten in one-half pint of cream chilled and served in glasses makes a fine dessert.

Buster Brown Roast.

Place in an uncovered roasting pan a piece of beef seasoned with salt, one sliced onion and a liberal amount of cayenne pepper. Add a small amount of water and keep adding same as needed and baste freely. When tender put potatoes with the roast, and when potatoes are about done cover and place on top of the stove for about ten minutes, or until potatoes are cooked. Remove meat and potatoes and add one can of corn and a can of beans to a small amount of the liquid and make a brown gravy from the remainder.

Barley Water.

Barley water is probably one of the most popular summer drinks in this country, but many fail to make it appetizing by omitting to flavor it with a little lemon juice. Wash two ounces of barley in cold water and put into a pan with one pint of cold water. When it has boiled for fifteen minutes strain off the water and add two quarts of boiling water. Boil till the liquid is reduced one-half. Strain it, sweeten and flavor with lemon juice to taste.

Raised Biscuit.

One pint of milk scalded with tablespoonful of lard. In a mixing bowl put three pints of flour with one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful salt and pinch of soda. When the milk is cool add a yeast cake. Make a hole in the flour and pour the milk mixture into it and let stand just as it is until morning, then mix together and let rise, then knead it. Make into biscuit, let rise and bake.

Poor Man's Stew.

Slice thin three or four pieces of salt pork, fry until brown, then quarter several (or as few as desired) onions, place them with pork, cut up few carrots—or one, according to size—and turnips, cover with water and boil one hour. Place potatoes in one-half hour before the other vegetables are done. This is a good economy dish.

AN ARMY
LOVE AFFAIR

By JOHN ADAMSON

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The United States army and navy which used to be very aristocratic institutions, are, like everything else, becoming democratic. The old army before the civil war was like one family—that is, the officers and their wives and children constituted one select social circle. Recently there have been several episodes to indicate that the old spirit is dying, but dying hard. The following story illustrates this:

I was graduated at West Point at twenty, and I don't know a more dangerous age than that for a young officer. His pay enables him to marry. He has seen nothing of the world and nothing of the opposite sex except for a couple of months each summer for two years during the encampment season while he was a cadet. Released from a confining life, he is ready to fall in love with the first girl he meets.

I was graduated in the engineers, and the first job I was given by the government was making an estimate on certain intended repairs on a fort on the Atlantic coast in a southern state. The fort had not been kept up, having been left in charge of an ordnance sergeant, but in view of a feeling on the part of the people of the United States that our coast defenses needed strengthening the government decided to look into the matter.

Fort L. was situated on a point of land extending into the ocean and as lonely as a lighthouse. For a few months in the spring the neighborhood was a resort for northern persons, chiefly invalids, there being several hotels on the beach. I was sent to the fort in October. When I first saw the old pile with its empty casemates and empty quarters I shuddered at being obliged to pass some time there.

The sergeant made me as comfortable as he could in a casemate, his wife taking pains that it should be clean, and my bed was provided with snow white linen.

And now comes the point of my story: The couple had a daughter seventeen years old. What could I do? What did I do but make love to her. I knew perfectly well that there is a barrier in the army between the families of commissioned and noncommissioned officers. I knew furthermore that Mary Converse was getting no education and had never mingled with the class of people to whom I was used. If I married her it would place her out of her element and she would be a lifelong drag on me.

But here was I in the springtime of life, shut up with a girl in a fortress and no other associate. I doubt if any precaution would have availed. She was situated just as I was, shut up with a young soldier, and could no more resist a natural drift toward me than I toward her.

Before leaving I asked Mary Converse to be my wife. I knew I was wronging her and myself in doing so, but I had conceived high notions of honor at West Point and considered myself pledged to her. At her age, and being one of those feminine girls who when they love love hard, I believed that if I deserted her it would wreck her life. So I went away engaged, well knowing that if I did not desert her both our lives would be wrecked.

My first visit to my fiancée was in the following spring. The hotels on the beach were now open, and I took up my quarters in one of them. Some seven months only had elapsed, and Mary was not much changed. I felt the same toward her as before. The reasons I attributed this to are that it was a case of young and innocent love, and Mary was a superior girl. She was bright, she had what we call character, and she was pretty.

At the hotel I met a Mrs. Boyington, the wife of an army officer, who conceived a marked friendship for me. She was twenty years my senior, and I craved some one on whom to bestow my confidence. So I told her of my affair.

"It must be broken off," said the lady, "both on your account and the girl's."

"She will not be able to endure it without serious consequences," I replied.

Our talk ended in the lady's going to see my betrothed. On her return she handed me a note from Mary badly written, misspelled and blotted with tears, in which she said that Mrs. Boyington had convinced her that she would harm me and herself by marrying me and she released me.

I was so far attached to her that I spent some time making up my mind to accept the release.

After that I met many young ladies, but none of them pleased me. I was preoccupied with my first love. Indeed, I did not propose to replace her. Since the difference in our stations prevented our marriage I would marry no one. At intervals I met Mrs. Boyington, to whom I told my feelings.

"Don't talk that way at your age," she replied. "You'll surely find some one you can love."

Six years later Mrs. Boyington and I met at the same station. She asked me to dine with her, and whom should I meet at her quarters but Mary Converse, but not so far as education and manners were concerned, the simple Mary Converse of years before. Mrs. Boyington had educated her and given her many social advantages.

She had been as true to me as I had been to her, and before we parted our acquaintance was renewed.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

The Office Boy's Metamorphosis.

The girl who runs the switchboard smiled at me.
I wonder if she'd answer "Yes" or "No" if I should ask to take her to a show?
The boss looked up this morning and said, "Yes."
It's marvelous the way that boy does grow!

The blond stenog downstairs looked up and smiled.
When I came in and called me "mister," too.
An' in her sweetest voice said, "Howdy-do?"

The other day she used to call me "child." I'll make a hit with her before I'm through.

The sporting editor came in an hour ago. An' shook my hand and slapped my back and said:
"At last, I see, you've made the big league, Fred."
Don't let the bleachers scare you. Stick an' show your pluck. That is the way I got ahead."

The office poet—how I hate that man!—Took off his specs and filled me full of con.
An' gave me good advice to think upon. If I were boss that guy you bet I'd can. All this because I got long trousers on. —Detroit Free Press.

A Painting to Order.

John B. Sargent, the eminent painter, was being discussed in a Philadelphia studio.

"Sargent," said a magazine illustrator, "gets \$5,000 apiece for his portraits. Well, one day when he was in America a deputation waited on him and asked him to paint a certain colonel of volunteers."

"For this work," said the spokesman, "we are willing to pay you, Mr. Sargent, \$2,500."

"But," the painter began.

"The spokesman, however, interrupted hastily:

"Of course, sir, at that price we would only want a half length."

"Oh, very well," said Sargent. "And which half would you prefer?" —Los Angeles Times.

By Ear.

"I never wear a stuffed bird on my hat nowadays," said Mrs. Lapsling. "While I am not a member of the Audible society, I am in full sympathy with it." —Chicago Tribune.

Such as Paying the Bill.

Knieker—Books tell you what to do before the doctor comes.

Bocker—But none tells you what to do after he comes.—Judge.

Most of Them Do.

"Talk about consistency! There's Jorkins, who maintains a man should use the same principles of conduct in public and private life. I asked him if he approved of the 'rule of reason' principle, and he said yes."

"Well?"
"Then I asked him if he lived under the rule of reason in his house, and he had to say no—under boss rule." —Baltimore American.

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