

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Must Walk as He Talks.

Senator Martine of New Jersey, who at present is highly entertaining the senate by his impromptu speeches in which the procedure of the senate, ordinarily respected, is thrown to the winds, walks as he orates. Usually a senator addressing the senate or in interrupting a senator stands by a seat at best, moving but little from it in the excitement of his inspiration. But Martine cannot maintain himself thus. He must walk rapidly and for some distance as he talks, much after the manner when he used to "cradle" his New Jersey farm, as he says. So Martine is a circus to see as well as to



"MY TONGUE AND LEGS MOVE AT THE SAME TIME."

listen to when he feels he must enlighten some senator who professes to know more about farming than he does.

And he accepts the fun with good grace.

"Why do you walk so?" Senator Bailey asked him.

"I cannot help it," replied Martine. "My tongue and legs move at the same time—some reflex action somewhere. I have been reproved for this on the stump by an Irishman. Finding me at it as I am, he shouted:

"Say, are you walking or are you talking? If you are walking, then walk; if you are talking, then talk. We can't hear you when you walk, and we can't see you when you talk. Quit one or both."

"But here I am. I have never been cured."—Boston Advertiser.

STATESMEN WITH BALD DOMES.

Mr. Longworth Not the Only Unthatched Congressman.

If an average man were forced to give a quick description of Representative Nicholas Longworth of Ohio it is ten to one that he would make reference to the absence of hair on the top of his head. Representative William S. Greene of Massachusetts sits very near Representative Longworth in the house and also is bald.

Recently a page stepped to the desk of Representative Greene and said, "You are wanted on the telephone."

Mr. Greene made his way to the booth in the cloakroom and patiently "helloed" until he found that Representative Longworth was the man who was wanted.

"Why did you send for me when Mr. Longworth was wanted?" demanded Mr. Greene of the attendant.

"He's a new page," explained the man, "and he got mixed."

"But you told him to get Mr. Greene, didn't you?" asked the Fall River representative.

"Well, not exactly," apologized the attendant. "You see, he doesn't know all of you yet. I told him to get a bald-headed man, and he brought you."—New York Herald.

Real Thing Didn't Suit.
The following story is told of Sir Henry Irving when he produced the play "Peter the Great":

It appears that at a rehearsal of the play in question at the Lyceum theater in London a wonderful climax had been reached, which was to be heightened by the effective use of the usual thunder and lightning. The stage carpenter was given the order. The words were spoken, and instantly a noise which resembled a succession of pistol shots was heard off the wings. "What on earth are you doing, men?" shouted Sir Henry, rushing behind the scenes. "Do you call that thunder? It's not a bit like it."

"Awfully sorry, sir," responded the carpenter, "but the fact is, sir, I couldn't hear you because of the storm. That was real thunder, sir!"—Human Life

FOR SCHOOL DAYS.

A Practical Model of Mohair or Gingham.



ONE OF THE NEW FALL PROCKS.

In either checked gingham or a light-weight checked mohair this practical little school dress might be developed. The material here used is green and white checked mohair, with a trimming of green taffeta silk and fancy green and white buttons with black wood rims.

A Dragon Fly Watch.

We have grown used to watches in various guises, from the tiny pendant not bigger than a locket to the time piece in an umbrella handle or set in carcase or bracelet. The latest in watches is an enormous dragon fly in glittering gold studded with jewels with a tiny watch hidden under one of its wings. This is worn as a pendant.

It's Old Gilt Now.

The quest of the collector is directed nowadays toward objects of old gilt, which thirty or forty years ago were often to be seen decorating lady's toilet table.

One of the illustrations shows a handsome specimen of old gilt, a pineapple shaped conserve jar. The base and top leaves are beautifully mod-



CONSERVE JAR AND TRINKET STAND.

eled in gilt, but the pineapple itself is of pressed glass. The whole piece is most attractive and unusual.

The other article pictured is a trinket stand, a tripod supporting three dull glass eggs of a lovely robin's egg blue, each surrounded by a nest made of gilt wires. Every separate wire is wrapped round and round with another wire. All these are quite independent of each other and are heavily coated with 18 carat gold.

Such an ornament now adorns the dressing table of a young girl whose mother received the stand as a Christmas present before her marriage.

The most popular furs for next winter bid fair to be seal, pony, caracal and, for those who can afford it, sable. Fox and opossum are favored for neckpieces. Moleskin, almost as prohibitively in price as sable, is gaining popularity in Europe. Ermine and chinchilla are always in demand for dressy garments, and, with the craze for black, Persian lamb is advancing even more in fashion. Linings, however, will come in delicate shades of violet, yellow, coral and cream.

The Coming Season's Furs.

In muffs and scarfs a rich looking long haired fur is used. As to whether the coats will be long or short opinion differs, and lady must decide for herself. The long coat expresses luxury and elegance. The short coat is much more smart and, while not so rich looking, is also not so expensive.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

How to Clean House.

Housecleaning time is dreaded justly by a great many people, but the thoughtful husband may get it through with in short order. Washing windows, for instance, is always gone about in such an awkward way, the windows being washed in statu quo, so to speak. A simpler way is to take the windows out and send them to the laundry.

Dusting the pictures is also usually attended with much hard work. A quick and simple plan is to take hold of the frame firmly and swing the picture back and forth, hitting it sharply against the wall each time. This dislodges the dust, which falls to the floor and may easily be swept up.

If you have no vacuum cleaner you may improvise one with an old bicycle pump by attaching a funnel to the nozzle. Then work the pump backward, so that instead of forcing the air out it will be drawn in. The rugs may soon be cleaned in this way.

Washing the woodwork is another futile procedure. Simply get a few gallons of paint and paint over the grime on the woodwork.

To polish the hardwood floors take your wife's manicure buffer and sit down in a comfortable position and go to work. You will be surprised at what a pleasant way this will be to while away the evenings.—Judge.

Why He Hated a Coward.

Miss Grace Strachan, president of the Teachers' Association of New York, was being congratulated on her successful fight for equal pay for women teachers.

"It is odd," said Miss Strachan, smiling, "but the men who most earnestly opposed equal pay were men of the so called chivalrous type—the type that says woman should be protected, woman's place is the home, and so forth.

"Protectors of this kind remind me of a soldier named Carlyle.

"Carlyle, a veteran private, undertook to train a raw recruit. In the first battle Carlyle was heard repeating over and over again to his recruit: "Be a man, lad. Don't duck. Don't duck. I tell you. I'm behind you."—Washington Star.

In Search of His Home.

A peaceable resident of West Sixty-fifth street, New York, was rudely awakened from sleep last week at about 2:30 a. m. by a loud ring at his doorbell.

Throwing open the window, he stuck his head out and in no very pleasant manner demanded to know what was wanted.

"Scuse me, sir," answered a muddled voice. "Does Jones—hic—hic—live here?"

"Jones?" said the party addressed angrily. "Of course not. What the devil do you mean by ringing people's bells at this time of morning? Who are you, any way?"

"Who 'm I?" asked the disturbed, apparently surprised at not being recognized. "Why, I'm Jones."—Lippincott's.

He Lost.

An east end hostess tells us of a young man who apologized for being late to a dinner party.

"We're so glad you got here," she said to him. "But where is your brother?"

"He has commissioned me to tender his regrets. You see, we are so busy at the office just now that it is impossible for both of us to get away at once. So we tossed up to see which should have the pleasure of coming here tonight."

"How original! And so you won?"

"No," he replied absently; "I lost."—Boston Traveler.

The Deacon's Consolation.

The old gray mare interfered considerably as she sped along the pike, and the flashes of fire she emitted from her hoofs as her hind shoes clipped up against those on her fore feet were what the unregenerate call a caution.

"By gorry, Samantha!" cried the deacon, with a broad smile on his face as he noticed the flying sparks. "Mebbe I can't afford to buy ye a hull oter-moble all at once, but s'long as we hev ole Marthy Washinton here they ain't no denyin' that we've got one of the all-fired, most successful spark plugs in Pike county."—Harper's Weekly.

Determined to Get Next.

"One of these days you'll see business is going to the dogs," said the cheerless person.

"I don't believe it," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "But if that time comes you'll find me running one of the biggest kennels on earth."—Washington Star.

Counting Up.

"Think of the golden moments you have wasted playing bridge!" said the serious friend.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Filmgilt regretfully, "besides a lot of silver coin and paper currency."—Washington Star.

It May Not Be Necessary.

"What's the reason Grisby doesn't apply for a divorce?"

"Why, his wife has taken to mono-planning, and he thinks he might as well wait."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Suspicious.

"Your neighbor is running very smoothly, isn't he?"

"Yes, I think something's broken."—Pittsburg.

GEN. HARRISON G. OTIS.

Los Angeles Editor Demands Protection In Fight on Unions.



Los Angeles, Aug. 29.—General Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the Los Angeles Times, whose plant the McNamara brothers are accused of dynamiting, has appealed to the police for protection. To the detectives who answered his summons he asserted that some one unknown to him had called him over the telephone and attempted to frighten him into paying \$10,000 to the fund for the defense of the McNamaras on pain of being shot and having his home dynamited.

Indexing Extraordinary.

Paris, Judgment of — green, a poison. Castor Oil, its nature and uses. — and Pollux. Hogg, James, the Ettrick Shepherd — On the Bacon, Lord, his works — Best methods of curing Green, History of the English People — Peas, How to boil. Lamb, Charles, essays of — Mary had a little Dickens, Household Words — What the

The above example of poor indexing is familiar to most of us, but here are some new ones which are almost as rich in absurdity:

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR TREASURER.



G. W. TAYLOR, Torrey, Pa.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.



To the Republican Voters of Wayne: I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Primaries to be held on Sept. 30. It will be impossible for me to see my large number of the voters. I therefore take this method of announcing myself as a candidate and soliciting your vote at the Primaries. MINOR BROWN, White Mills, Pa.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the coming primaries. EARL ROCKWELL, Lake Ariel, Pa.

SELECT CULLINGS

A Pistol That Stupefies.

We welcome the thoughtful German inventor who is offering the Berlin police the sort of pistol we all require. It is filled not with powder and shot, but with a combination of chemicals. It does not kill—for good or ill—but only for ten minutes. You fire at your man, and, though you do him no permanent injury, he is at your mercy long enough to enable the weakest woman to tie his legs together with her hand-kerchief and run away or call for help. But on second thought we fear this weapon might get into the wrong hands unless careful precautions were taken. On the right side it would be invaluable as a protection of the just against the unjust. But it is possible that the unjust might find it a useful aid to highway robbery and burglary without the risk of the capital charge. The demisemlethal pistol should be issued only under the recommendation of two magistrates and three clergymen, with references to solicitor and banker.—Westminster Gazette.

J. P. Morgan's Costly Cigars.

More celebrated in Wall street than his art treasures are J. Pierpont Morgan's cigars. To add to the sum of human knowledge about great men, the writer got hold of one of his smokes and examined, measured and weighed it carefully. Exactly eight inches long; circumference at the fattest girth 3/4 inches; half of the four inches from the lighting end to the band very fine and tapering; butt massive for a good grip of the jaws; surface of the whole as smooth and almost as shiny as a chocolate colored billiard ball; weight one ounce; grown for him on a specially reserved field near Havana, made for him by specially selected workers, shaped for him on a special model; price \$1.50 each smoke.—New York Press.

Asthma! Asthma!

POPHAM'S ASTHMA REMEDY gives instant relief and an absolute cure in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, and Hay Fever. Sold by druggists; mail on receipt of price \$1.00. Trial Package by mail 10 cents. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio

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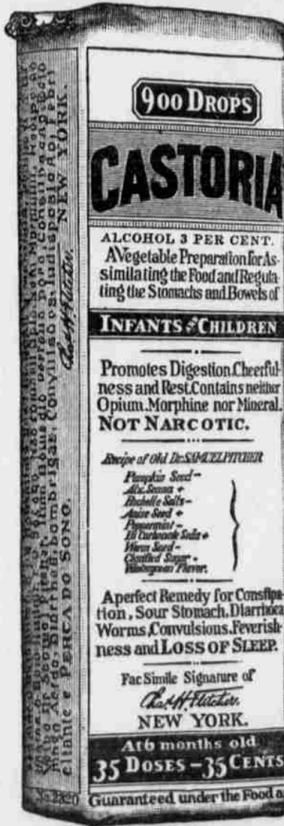
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