

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Penmanship in Congress.

"I'll bet you a dinner for ten people," said Representative Frank Clark of Florida one day last spring, according to the Popular Magazine, "that the worst penman in congress is Sparkman of my state."

"I'll take that bet," replied Hardwick of Georgia. "The man who writes the worst hand in the world is Adamson of my delegation."

Sparkman is chairman of the committee on rivers and harbor, and Adamson is the head of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce. The two congressmen who had made the bet selected a committee to pass on the handwriting in question and then



"IN A FEW DAYS HE RETURNED MY LETTER."

secured letters written by Sparkman and Adamson in their own penmanship. Those letters were something horrible to see, and the judges decided that the writing of both was so bad that the writers, not the men who had made the bet, must pay for the dinner.

While the banquet was in progress Adamson told this story:

"Last winter a constituent of mine wrote to me and asked for a specimen of my handwriting, explaining that he had heard it was the worst in the world and that he was making a study of bad penmanship. I complied with the request. In a few days he returned my letter to me, with this note:

"Fine! Am enthusiastic. Don't know such handwriting was possible. Please send me a typewritten copy of the enclosed. I need a key to it."

A HARD KNOCK FOR UNDERWOOD.

Congressman Hears From a Farmer Constituent.

Representative Underwood, chairman of the ways and means committee in congress, represents what is known as a "manufacturing district," because it contains all the factories and smelters in and about Birmingham, Ala. But he also has among his constituents a lot of farmers, of which fact he is now painfully aware.

He drove out to a settlement in Bibb county one afternoon to persuade the farmers they ought to vote for him. As he stepped up to the porch of a little store an old man rushed up to him with the request:

"Please sign this paper. It's a petition to Congressman Underwood to have a young lady postmistress here."

"I'd be glad to sign it," said Underwood politely, "but as I'm not a resident of this community my name wouldn't help you."

"Oh, yes, it would," the old farmer assured him. "We're getting everybody to sign it, strangers and all. Go ahead and put your name down. That fool congressman will never know the difference!"—New York Tribune.

Pigs and Art.

"Which would you rather have," asked Rose Stahl, "a pig or a picture?" As every one was too much surprised to answer, she went on: "An artist friend whose pictures are worth many thousands per was out on a sketching trip, and he stopped to make a study of a barn. The farmer happened to appear and said he'd like to have the sketch.

"Ef 'tain't too dear," he added cautiously.

"Oh!" said the artist, who makes \$12,000 a year. "I won't charge you anything for the sketch, but—His eyes lighted on the pigpen. "But I'll tell you what," he said jestingly. "You can give me one of those nice, little, pink, suckling pigs there."

"Why, man," said the farmer, with a frown, "do you know what them pigs is worth? They're worth \$1 apiece."—Young's Magazine.

Milady's Mirror

To Keep Straight Hair in Curl.

On damp days the girl whose hair is curly by reason of the hot iron rather than the permanent hand of obliging nature is in grave danger of losing all the effect of bygone fluffiness. Her friends, accustomed as they are to seeing her face framed in waves, are at a loss to explain the straggly appearance of her crowning glory.

Hot irons sooner or later are fatal to the hair. No matter how careful one may be in applying them, the dry will come when the temperature will be forgotten because of haste or forgetfulness, and a dead, lusterless strand of hair will mar the beauty of the entire mass. In the days of cumbersome curl papers there was some excuse for the use of hot irons, but in these times of up to date and convenient devices for curling the hair curling irons should have no place on the dressing table, being left entirely to the professional hairdressers.

A few harmless preparations for keeping the hair in curl are given: For dark hair dissolve twelve grains of carbonate of potash in half a pint of rather strong black tea. Moisten the hair with this mixture before putting it up in curls.

For blond hair a mixture of one ounce of borax, one dram of gum arabic and eight ounces of hot water is best. Dissolve the borax and gum arabic in the hot water and bottle for use. Use the same as the preparation for dark hair.

Hints For Insomnia.

First of all it is necessary to lie correctly in bed. Do not curl up, but place the limbs straight, so as to induce the best circulation. Lie on the right side. If you are on your back you invite dreams, if on the stomach you press the lungs and if on the left side you cramp the heart and digestive organs. Insomnia often comes from hunger. If you have been long without eating take a glass of milk and a biscuit or many times a glass of water will be sufficient. A hot drink before retiring is conducive to sleep, and the greatest necessity of all is to have warm feet. As for the mental part of it, the idea is to make the brain run in as monotonous a strain as possible, and that is why the old plan of counting imaginary sheep jumping over a stile is usually successful. As the brain becomes fagged the sheep go more and more languidly, and sleep soon follows. One of the best plans for going to sleep is to make up one's mind to be reconciled to staying awake. If you lie quietly and think out some plan for the next day or say to yourself you will just lie quietly till sleep overtakes you you will find yourself "dropping off" almost before you know it. It is all nonsense to say, "Oh, I should go mad if I were to lie awake for a long time." It is merely that we have grown into the habit of thinking that when we go to bed we must sleep, but most of us sleep as well as eat more than we need, and if we regard the fact of being snugly tucked in bed as sufficiently restful the horror of lying awake will pass. If too much notice of insomnia is not taken it will usually cure itself.

A Stretching Exercise.

It imparts elasticity. And it is good for one. It will lift the vital organs. It gives strength and poise to the body.

The clothing must be loose and comfortable. To begin any exercise one must stand erect.

The chest should be high, the head up and the chin in.

The body should rest on the balls of the feet, not on the heels.

At first it may be enough to breathe deeply and slowly (mouth closed) standing thus.

This alone is a fine thing if practiced in the open air or before a window open top and bottom for five or ten minutes twice a day.

Now for the stretching. Sweep the arms slowly outward and upward until they touch above the head, lifting the chest walls and stretching the arms.

Lower the arms with the same sweep, stretching them all the time. Five times will be enough at first, breathing deeply and slowly all the time.

New Powder Puff.

Novelty counters have lately exhibited one charming bit of silverware that, while it fascinates the beholder, inspires at the same time the question, "What can it be good for?" This exquisite frivolity is termed "a body puff." In a large silver bowl for powder is an equally large puff, to which is attached a long silver handle, rather like the handle of a carriage parasol. Its length is its strong point, or one might say, its long suit, since it enables the user to reach shoulder and heel with equal ease, but the appearance of this useful handle as it projects from the side of the silver bowl is somewhat surprising. This novelty is found in the empire pattern, a fine tracery of lines forming a background that suggests brocade, with square decorations superimposed on the lines. At present the prices run up to \$50, but there is little doubt that long handled powder puffs will prove so convenient that they will soon be reproduced in less costly style.

IN THE REALM OF FASHION

Fall Millinery.

Two of the smartest fall models have been sketched here. The one is a round hat in pearly purple fur felt set off by a flaring bow of striped rib-



TWO FETCHING NEW HATS.

bon. The other hat is of putty colored felt, trimmed with coral pink velvet ribbon. The very high crown and pulled down brim are characteristics of the new millinery.

HANDKERCHIEFS OF LAWN AND LACE

Designs With Hand Worked Monogram Are Preferred.

Occasionally round handkerchiefs are to be met with, but these are apt to have the appearance of dollies, and the old fashioned square shape will be found the best. The scrap of muslin or lawn trimmed with lace or embroidery today finds a place in the wardrobe of every well dressed woman. To make a handkerchief very fine linen may be used, and lawn and even muslin are pressed into the service. The size will naturally depend upon the owner's individual taste, but a square measuring from six to ten inches across will usually be found quite sufficient.

For a small handkerchief it will be found best to make the hem quite narrow, half a dozen threads drawn an inch and a quarter from the edge, which is then turned in and hem-stitched, being about the most suitable. The hem being thus disposed of, the question which next arises is that of ornamentation.

Drawn thread work is always pretty and appropriate and may take the form of a narrow insertion running all round, a half or a quarter of an inch inside the hem, or, better still, a square or more or less triangular piece of work in one or each corner. The threads for this should be drawn in squares, and there are innumerable charming and quite simple patterns which may be found in any book on drawn thread work and which are singularly adaptable to this purpose.

For those who do not care about drawn thread work there is embroidery, which may take many forms—a design more or less elaborate, according to the capabilities of the worker, running all round the edge, a design, conventional or otherwise, in each corner or a name, monogram or initial worked in one corner, either plain or surrounded by a spray of flowers or some other incensement. The embroidery must, of course, be exceedingly fine, having consideration for the thinness of the material.

The Airy Cap.

Plenty of picturesque Louis XVI. or mob caps of silk or velvet with ruchings, or, rather, platings of tulle, lace or point d'esprit around the face are to be seen in Paris, some with quaint garlands of tiny silken roses forming chaplet between crown and brim—if the platings forming flounces may be so called. Others have a soft satin ribbon twisted round the lower portion of the mob and a big windmill bow upon the side, while others, again, show a simple full blown rose nestling amid the soft ruchings of tulle—le bonnet de Miml Pinson—immortalized by Alfred de Musset.

Points for Mothers

The Onion Cure.

"Do my kiddies smell like little onion patches?" asked one young matron of another, and on being told in a very positive manner she said, "Well, then, I'll shoo them away, but I'll tell you why they are thus perfumed, and you can profit by the knowledge if you are so minded.

"Three years ago my youngsters were the average town bred children, nervous wakeful at night and on the go the livelong day. The country didn't help them, and when we went back to town they grew so much worse that I finally called in a child specialist, who asked all sorts of profound questions, arranged all their lessons and play with a view to their improvement and prescribed various tonics. Next spring he said, 'Go to the mountains,' and we did, but it didn't agree with the children, and they longed for the sea, so after a little we changed to a quaint little seaside village. There they were happy, but were a sad contrast to the native children, who had the most wonderful health and vitality and seemed not to have a nerve in their bodies. But here one day we found a remedy for all our ills quite by accident. We went for a picnic in the motor, which promptly broke down and forced us to find shelter from the sun in the nearest farmhouse. Nine children came and gazed at us and then fled, but before I noticed how well and sturdy they looked, I asked who their doctor was. 'Doctor nothing,' was the mother's answer. 'One of my young ones was puny little-uns, and I just gave him all the onions he wanted with dry crusts of bread between meals.'

"From that day I started an onion diet in my family, not quite as it was prescribed, but the children have onions once a day anyway, and I give them lots of buttermilk besides. I eat them myself, too, but not when company is coming, although I do not see why a natural odor like that should be so cried down and out of society when the stale, unhealthy one of cocktails is considered permissible. When I am apprehensive of a restless night I take a glass of very hot milk just before I go to bed and an hour before that a little salad of onions grated on crisp lettuce, with French dressing, in which is chopped hard boiled egg. You have no idea how delicious this tastes with very thin bread and butter. I do not care who is here when I feel I must order this repast, and I have made many converts and cures by telling both these tales of onion power that I am telling you."

Children's Parties.

A young mother who always makes it her business to arrange delightful parties for her girls and boys includes in her plans many schemes that other mothers may like to copy.

"Now that we are settled in home for the autumn," says this hostess of juvenility, "I mean to give a children's open air party. Last year I asked the little ones to come each as a flower, and we had a flower parade. To a second party I told them to bring their dolls, and we had a doll parade. This year I am going to change all that and shall invite the children to come in their ordinary clothes in order that they may have a good romp.

"After tea I shall start the new game of mase, which is played in the following manner:

"Number some strong cards from one to twelve and tack them about five feet high on to trees rather far apart and trees so placed, too, that the runner must go back and forth and roundabout in order to find the cards consecutively according to number.

"Now, supposing the runner finds No. 1. Then if while seeking out for No. 2 he finds 4 or 6, well, that number won't count. He must find No. 2, then No. 3 until he completes the circuit to obtain the prize. It adds to the fun if besides the real prize you have a booby prize. Anyhow the game creates any amount of laughter. You see the players running up against one another, all eager to find a consecutive number. The one who completes the circuit first is the prize winner."

Talking It Over With the Boy.

Experiences of others in bringing up their boys have so greatly aided me in bringing up my own that perhaps a way which helped me through a trying period with one of my sons may, in its turn, be of use, said a mother recently.

Although for years I had tried to instill good manners as well as morals, there came a time when one of the boys seemed to forget everything I had been at such pains to teach. He positively ignored rights to others and developed little tricks of manner which, while not serious, were exceedingly annoying.

It is a delicate matter to keep calling attention to failings in a big boy of sixteen, and I found our good fellowship was becoming seriously strained.

A simple plan suggested itself. I gave up all faultfinding except on one day of the month. On that day we had a good talk and got over it.

This cleared the atmosphere, sullenness disappearing. I did not feel duty neglected, yet could stop what had become nagging, and the one serious talk proved far more effectual than constant protests.

Tolstoy and the Bear.
When Count Tolstoy was a young man he took part in a bear hunt that nearly ended fatally. When the beast charged him Tolstoy fired and missed. He fired a second shot, which hit the bear's jaw and lodged between his teeth. Tolstoy was knocked down, falling with his face in the snow. "There," he thought; "all is over with me." He drew his head as far as possible between his shoulders, exposing chiefly his thick fur cap to the beast's mouth till she was able to tear with her upper teeth only the cheek under the left eye and with the lower teeth the skin of the left part of the forehead. At this moment the famous bear hunt leader, Ostashkof, ran up with a small switch in his hands and cried out his usual "Where are you getting to? Where are you getting to?" This, says Tolstoy, sent the bear scuttling off at her utmost speed.

The Real Old Article.
The stranger in Boston was interested in the old family names of that city. He bore a strong letter of introduction to a prominent townsman. "I can give you from memory the names of all the old families of our city," the prominent townsman said, and he rattled off two or three dozens at an amazing rate. The stranger looked up from his copy pad expectantly. "Is that all?" he asked. "I have given you a complete list of Boston's leading families," the prominent townsman replied. "Not one of them dates back less than six generations." The stranger stared. "But surely you have other old families of note in Boston?" "Merely transients," icily replied the Boston man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Its Kind.
Willie dreamed he did fishing go. But sorrow did he sip. For his father's shape before did loom In a boat that had a big spanker boom And was bound on a whaling trip. —Baltimore American.

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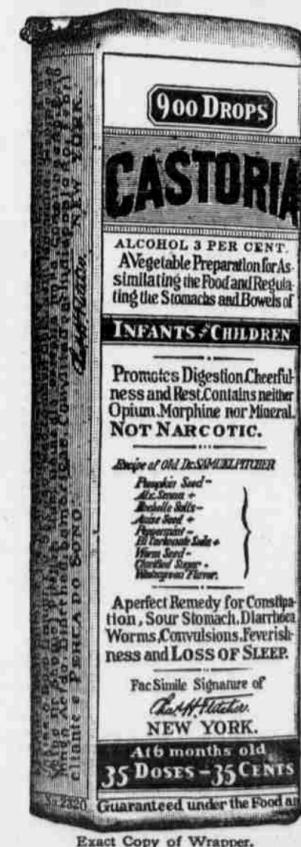
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