

CUSTER'S FIRST CHARGE.

Custer is most often remembered for his unfortunate charge against Sitting Bull, when, without waiting to determine the number of Indians opposed to him, he charged with 600 brave men to an almost immediate death. But this very impetuosity on Custer's part was what won for him the most of his victories and no little of his fame. Even in the Civil war it was much in evidence, as the following account by Lafayette McLaws in Harper's Weekly will show. McLaws a few years ago was spending a month with Mrs. Jefferson Davis at her Lake Erie home. A Southern veteran was visiting her one day and informed the two that he had been in the battle of Yellow Tavern, where Custer, a young fellow just out of West Point, had gained his first bit of praise. Said he:

"They call it Custer's most brilliant charge. Some people claim it was the most brilliant charge of the whole war," he went on. "I saw it all."

"Do tell us about it," I begged, impulsively.

"How easily you young folks ask things like that," he replied after a little, with a wry twisting of the lips too pathetic to mistake for a smile, though he meant it for me. "Why, for years I couldn't even mention Yellow Tavern. I don't suppose you can understand that."

"Yes, she does understand," Mrs. Davis assured him. "And I'd like her to know just how it happened. Were you in the cavalry?"

"No, I was with the battery that day—Wickham's brigade, Gen. Fitz Lee's division."

"It was near the beginning of what your histories call the Wilderness Campaign," the veteran went on, speaking directly to me. "Phill Sheridan's troops were hanging on us like a pack of hungry wolves, nipping us at every turn we made. We had been marching and fighting pretty steady for days with mighty little chance for rest. One night we left Hanover Junction about one o'clock and arrived at Yellow Tavern a little before ten the next morning. But we hadn't more than halted at Yellow Tavern when up comes Sheridan and tries to drive us out. It was a pretty tough struggle, a hand-to-hand fight in some quarters. We fell back from the tavern, but we held our position on the Telegraph Road leading to Richmond."

Here the veteran stopped and, resting heavily on his stick, sat gazing straight ahead. After a time he went on, speaking directly to Mrs. Davis:

"I remember it all as though it happened yesterday," he told her. "I was with the battery on a little hill at the extreme left of our left wing, Fitz Lee's division, Wickham's brigade. It was around two o'clock when orders came for the whole division, excepting the First Virginias, to dismount, but hold their position. It seemed mighty good to stretch out on the ground and take a smoke. After a while some fellow wished for a drink of water."

"You know how it always is. Just let one man wish for a drink and within a few minutes the whole company will be swearing they are dying of thirst. Finally Saunders, my comrade, said he'd located a spring that morning during our scrimmage with Sheridan's troops. I took my canteen and went with him over the hill to fetch what we could."

"I was on my hands and knees over the spring when I heard Saunders give an exclamation of surprise. He pointed through the trees. There only a few hundred yards away, was a large body of cavalry. Making sure it was our right wing, I wondered to see them mounted and in ranks so soon after leaving them resting in position. Before I could speak my surprise to Saunders the officer's voice rang out: 'Cavalry! Attention! Draw Sabers!'

"The entire line moved forward at quick walk. As the officer wheeled his horse I saw his face. 'My God!' Saunders exclaimed. 'It's Custer!'

"The situation came to me like a flash of lightning. I flung down my canteen and started back to the battery on a dead run with Saunders hard behind me. 'Trot!' Custer's voice rang out again. 'Charge!'

"With wild cheers his cavalry dashed forward in a sweeping gallop, attacking the entire right wing at the same time. The next moment we saw our line broken and our men running like sheep."

"The next was like some great red blur. I never can remember just what happened. I only know that I held to the thought that we must join our fleeing company, and both me and Saunders did our best to reach them. As we reached the Telegraph Road I heard an officer shouting orders. 'It was Jeb Stuart's voice. I turned toward that voice. There he was, making a stand in the road with a handful of men around him. Thank God I had sense enough left to stop my running and join that little band."

"Almost the next moment, it seemed, Custer's men were coming back as fast as they had gone forward. They had met the First Virginias and had been forced to retreat. We greeted them with wild yells, rebel yells, and drove them across the road. 'I can hear Jeb Stuart's voice now as he cheered us on. I gave them my last shot and followed with my weapon clubbed. Then a man passed me, a Yankee cavalryman. He had been dismounted and was running out. He turned as he passed our rally and fired his pistol. General Stuart swayed in his saddle. I caught my breath. Then his voice rang out again—our General's wonderful voice, cheering on his struggling troops. 'The enemy rallied just across the road and fired a volley into the little band that still clung about Stuart. With a scream of agony his horse sprang forward and sank down on his knees. As they lifted Gen. Stuart off I heard the young officer who was assisting exclaim: 'My God, General, you are wounded! Your clothes are soaked with blood! You must leave the field!'

"No," came the stern reply. 'I

will not leave until victory is assured. Get me another horse."

"I was among those who ran off to find a horse, though some one got ahead of me. When I returned, following the horse, General Stuart was seated with his back against a tree, with a few of his men grouped about him. They lifted him into the saddle. Then, with an officer riding on either side, they started forward. The tide of battle turned again. Seated on his horse, supported by the two officers, Jeb Stuart tried to rally his fleeing men. 'Go back, men! I heard him shout. 'Go back, my men! Go back and do your duty!'

"He swayed in his saddle. I thought he was gone. It was only a faint, they said. The officers turned their horses' heads and I watched them carry him off the field, holding him upright in his saddle. 'That was Jeb Stuart's last battle, and historians claim that in it Custer made the most brilliant charge of the war.'—Literary Digest.

The Conscience of Clara.

One day when Mrs. Bell was making a neighborly call on Mrs. Ellis the latter, in the presence of her caller, discharged her colored maid, whose obstreperousness could be borne with no longer.

A few weeks later Mrs. Bell again called on Mrs. Ellis, and to her surprise her hostess informed her that Clara was back.

The services of the maid were required by her mistress, who pressed the button in the drawing room. There was, however, no response. Finally Mrs. Ellis went out and waited on herself. While she was gone Clara, who was acquainted with Mrs. Bell, having served in her family also, put her head in at the door and explained:

"Mis' Bell, I heard Mis' Ellis all the time, but do you recollect the las' time you was here she discharged me an' said she'd never have me agin? I said I'd never come back too. But here I am, so we bofe lied. That's why I's ashamed to come in. I was ashamed for bofe of us."—New York Times.

Chili Con Carne.

From remotest Mexico comes this recipe for chili con carne, which is capable of warming whatever cockles the heart may have and of diffusing calories to one's works at large: First comes a fire of logs in the open. Second comes an olla of generous proportions. Into the olla put a gallon of water and plenty of the hot chilis, and in that region of Mexico they ripen so hot that not even the rattlesnake will dare take refuge in their shade. Upon this beginning lay as much of a side of beef in one piece as may be squeezed into the pot. Set the cover on this olla and lute it down with clay. Then put the pot into the fire and heap the glowing coals all over it, with particular attention to the lid, so that the luting may bake into brick. Keep the fire burning slowly all day long. When night has come scatter the embers, break the brick seal of the olla, fork out and throw away whatever of the meat remains solid. The remainder is the chili con carne. No sauce is needed.

The Love Affairs of Handel.

Women greatly admired Handel, who was very handsome, but the serenity of the composer seems only to have been ruffled twice by love on his part. His first attachment was to a London girl, a member of the aristocracy. Her parents believed him beneath her in social position, but were good enough to say that if he abstained from writing any more music the question of marriage might be entertained. It was easier to abstain from their daughter than from his art, and he did so. Years after almost the same thing occurred. Handel and another beautiful pupil of his fell in love with each other, and proud parents gave him the choice between giving up his profession or their daughter. Music, "heavenly maid," was chosen—"The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men."

Hitting the Doctor.

As today, in the days gone by the doctors were made the target of the jester's fling. Pausanias, the Spartan general, when asked by a physician how it was that he was never ill, exultingly answered, "Because I never consult you."

At another time Pausanias said that the best physician was the one who dispatched his patients with the least possible suffering.

Pausanias, strongly disapproving of a certain physician and his methods and berating him in no mild terms, was asked by a friend how, as he had never consulted that particular doctor, he could be so sure of his statements. Pausanias answered, "Well, had I consulted him would I be living today?"

A Summer Without Nights.

To the summer visitor in Sweden there is nothing more striking than the almost total absence of night. At Stockholm, the Swedish capital, the sun goes down a few minutes before 10 o'clock and rises again four hours later during a greater part of the month of June. But the four hours the sun lies hidden in the frozen north are not hours of darkness. The refraction of his rays as he passes around the north pole makes midnight as light as a cloudy midday and enables one to read the finest print without artificial light at any time during the "night."

Pocket Knives.

The subdivision in labor in pocket-knife making is very rigid. A forger knows no other department than his own. His hand is trained to do no work but that. A grinder works over the wheel only.

WEIGHED 650 POUNDS.

Schober Could Eat a Whole Turkey at One Meal.

The largest coffin ever built in New Jersey was constructed to hold the body of George Schober of Jersey City, a wealthy retired butcher. Schober weighed 650 pounds, and twelve strong men acted as pallbearers.

Schober was six feet tall. He was a jovial man and an enormous eater, and at Christmas and Thanksgiving he was in the habit of having prepared for his consumption an entire turkey with its necessary garnishments. At each meal Schober ordinarily ate as much as his wife and four sons together. His usual breakfast consisted of a dozen eggs, a pound or two of ham, the greater part of a loaf of bread and two quarts of milk. It is said Schober was always hungry.

About a year ago his weight became too much for his bones, and he was forced to retire from business. The undertaker had to call on four men to assist in lifting the man to prepare him for burial.

The coffin was six feet seven inches long, twenty-nine inches high and thirty-nine inches wide. It was built of one and a half inch chestnut.

To get the coffin out of the house one of the windows was removed, as none of the doors was wide enough.

Schober was a Mason. His father was tall and thin, and his friends cannot explain his enormous size.

TO DIG FOR OLDEST PEOPLE.

Archaeologist Oric Bates of Harvard Going to the Sudan.

Oric Bates, the archaeologist, who was appointed to the Harvard staff of instruction in Egyptology, is now on his way to the Sudan to continue excavations, where it is thought the secrets of a race older than any prehistoric people now positively known to have existed may be hidden.

This is the first time that any excavations have been undertaken in the region which the professor is to visit, and it is expected that traces of civilization will be unearthed which will change previous theories of Nubian and Egyptian history.

Mr. Bates, who returned last June from Egypt, has been working all summer on a book on the ancient Libyans. Welcome, the English druggist, is financing the present expedition.

Oric Bates is the son of Professor Ario Bates, author and poet, now of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has become well known through his discoveries at the third pyramid of Ghizeh.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Vicomtesse D'Asy, who is with her husband in this country, he representing the military of France at Washington, is a student of aviation.

Lady Victoria Sackville-West, daughter of Lord Sackville and cousin of Sir Sackville-West, former British ambassador at Washington, has finished a course in Paris in taming and training wild beasts.

Mlle. Blanche Azoulay, the first woman to be admitted to practice law in Algiers, has just taken the oath in the court of appeals. She is a native of the country and received her education chiefly in the schools at home.

Dr. Mary Eddy, the only woman ever given a license to practice medicine in the Turkish empire, has arrived in this country to obtain medical supplies and funds with which to increase the scope of her work among the consumptives of Turkey.

Mrs. Taft's epigrams are the joy of Washington society. Her latest epigram was on the subject of beauty. "She is beautiful, but not at all accomplished," a lady told Mrs. Taft of a western matron. "My dear," Mrs. Taft answered, "there is no accomplishment more difficult than to be beautiful."

English Etchings.

England has one horse to every ten persons.

Windows accidentally broken by children need not by law be replaced by their parents.

It is illegal to advertise for lost property and to add "No questions will be asked." The penalty is a fine of £50.

The library at Cambridge university, England, was founded in 1475, and the famous Bodleian at Oxford was instituted in 1597.

Sporting Notes.

A national association football body is being formed in the east.

Princeton university will make learning to swim compulsory this fall.

An Australian northern union Rugby football team is to pay a visit to Great Britain next January.

The Eastern Intercollegiate Basketball league will be made up of Columbia, present champions; Penn. Cornell, Princeton, Yale and Dartmouth.

Aerial Flights.

Aviation has brought a snug sum of business to the lawyers whose speciousness is drawing up wills.—Denver Republican.

It remained for a New York World headline writer to name women aviators. He calls them "the flighty sex."—Toledo Times.

The coast to coast flight by aeroplane is proving a much bigger job than it originally seemed. But somebody will make it if given enough time.—Asheville Citizen.

TAILORED SUITS ALWAYS MODISH.

Tailored suits of the strictest order are always modish and becoming to the average figure. They are more suitable, however, to women than to men. For general wear there is no question as to the advantages of the plain tailored suit. This season we find that almost every street costume is braid and button trimmed.

One wonders what the English women are thinking of this year's tailored styles, for the English woman never wears anything among tailored lines that is not mannish and conventionally correct, if she can help it, and this fall the perfectly plain, mannish suit is almost never seen. Models of this sort are being made up for wear at Hot Springs, Tuxedo and other winter country resorts where tramping and shooting are the diversions, but in town grace and picturesqueness, rather than mannishness and conventionality, are evidently the proper thing.

It is undoubtedly a season of mixtures, rather than plain materials, though some tailors are prophesying broadcloth suits for dressy afternoon wear after the holidays. Now, the plain fabric, either welved or with a smooth lustrous finish, is not nearly as smart as a rough surfaced mixed fabric which combines white with a neutral tone, or one color with another. Sometimes the trimmings help out the color scheme, as in the case of a black and white hair striped mixture with revers and cuffs on the coat of white cloth bordered with black velvet and trimmed with black crocheted buttons. The suit just referred to was a smart model made up for an October bride and the sharp contrast of the white cloth and black velvet with the black and white striped material was striking and very chic.

Another little tailored suit in the same trousseau was made of a slate gray mixture showing flecks of violet through the weave. The skirt had a knee length tunic slashed up the side to show a skirt of violet corduroy, small steel buttons edging the slash. The coat was rather short-waisted at the back and in front, fastened below the waist line, a stunning revers of violet corduroy with an inner facing of white cloth running up from the point of fastening to the shoulder, where it was joined by a narrow violet bengaline collar. The French tailors have a way of adding the dominant color note in a collar or a bit of trimming, though this color note is apt to be repeated—if the wearer is Parisian—in the hat trimming, petticoat founce, or even in a bit of a boutonniere in the coat lapel. Paquin introduces this color note in a dear little blue mohair suit in the shape of stitchings done by machine with heavy red floss. The buttons are red with steel rims and there is a narrow red silk collar at the neck of the coat.

Black and white have been cleverly combined in another Paquin suit, made of black and white striped raiene, a mixture very fashionable in Paris just now. There is a long tunic slashed deeply to show an underskirt of the material, with the stripes running the other way, and the jaunty little coat, which fastens far over toward the right side—an unusual manner of closing and no doubt arranged to give variety—has cuffs of the crosswise striping. Above these cuffs are bands of black and white fox fur and a shawl collar of the fur complete the coat. This Paquin suit has sleeves set in without a suspicion of a gather and ending three inches above the wrist. Of course with these queerly chopped off sleeves long, wrinkled gloves are worn.

The notion of a separate tunic or overskirt above a skirt of contrasting material grows by leaps and bounds. All the French suits are in this way and American tailors are adopting the style in the new costumes being turned out. This idea of a contrasting skirt will be hailed with joy by the women who have been wondering what to do with last year's tailored suit. Now the narrow skirt may be cut off, slashed up at one side and hung over a skirt of contrasting color or of corduroy, and wide revers and cuffs of the contrasting fabric will make the coat very smart. A last winter's blue serge suit was made over this way, a striped blue and gray mixture being used for the new underskirt and for the revers and cuffs on the coat. Small ball buttons of steel were used along the slash on the blue serge tunic and also trimmed the coat in little rows.

Two most distinctive styles of trimmed tailored suits are shown in the illustration and were worn recently by the society belles.

The cutaway coat has a charm all its own. Little trimming is used to embellish the costume for it's the cut that makes the earmark of its style. The satin-trimmed revers is another touch most popular this season and is a finish given to the plainest suit.

A contrasting satin, inlaid, to the collar and cuffs, heightens the effect or style, as well as the price of the garment.

Francis is a Paris tailor whose ideas appeal to American women because of their moderation and refinement of character. Piret, beloved by the Parisienne, is a bit too radical in his notions, to be trusted by the woman who wants something sane and practical for American wear. Even Paquin is apt to offend American taste by over-conspicuousness—if one may coin the word. But Francis never turns out a tailored suit—for an American customer—that may not safely be worn by a gentleman in Boston or Philadelphia—and what further can be said on the side of conventional good taste. From Francis comes a little trousseau traveling suit of dark blue serge with a tunic slashed to show an underskirt of red zibeline. The coat has revers and cuffs of the red material embroidered in dark blue. The blouse worn with this suit is dark blue chiffon with hemstitched red chiffon hems on collar and jabot frill, and rows of tiny red enamel buttons with red cord loops.

The soft, blanket-like reversible cloths with back in contrasting color continue to be the rage for coats and these picturesque coats are seen on the streets as well as in motor

cars, where they seem to belong by reason of their shape and coloring. Dark gray with a reverse of violet, brownish tan with a reverse of Dutch blue, and dark brown with light tan on the inner side are the favorite ways of showing off the reverse color on the outer fabric. The handsomer the coat, as a rule, the more enormous the collar and revers of the contrasting color. Sometimes the back of the collar extends to the waistline and is finished with a swinging tassel. When the coat is worn for motoring the chiffon veil matches the trimming color, or reverse of the coat.

Laundry Lines.

A pinch of salt and a tiny lump of lard added to starch when boiling will prevent the iron sticking to the cloth.

To help whiten clothes add a teaspoonful of borax dissolved in the last water in which the garments are rinsed.

When laundering madras curtains place them one at a time full width on the rod at the window, run another rod through the hem of the lower edge, removing when perfectly dry. They look much better and newer than when ironed.

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