

The Scrap Book

Won by More Than a Hair.

Curtis Guild, former governor of Massachusetts, was once asked for the funniest story he ever heard. This is the story he told: "An Irishman and a Jew were discussing the great men who had belonged to each race and, as may be expected, got into a heated argument. Finally the Irishman said: 'Key, listen. For every great Jew ye can name ye may pull out one of me whiskers, an' for every great Irishman I can name I'll pull one of yours. Is it a go?' Key consented, and Pat reached over, got hold of a whisker, said 'Robert Emmet' and pulled. 'Moses,' said Key and pulled one of Pat's tenderest. 'Dan O'Connell,' said Pat and took another. 'Abraham,' said Key, helping himself again. 'Patrick Henry,' returned Pat with a vicious yank. 'The twelve apostles,' said Key, taking a handful of whiskers. Pat emitted a roar of pain, grasped Key's beard with both hands and yelled, 'The Ancient Order of Hibernians!'"

Two Ways.

Wouldst thou be wretched? 'Tis an easy way.
Think of thyself, and self alone, all day—
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care,
All thou hast to do or feel or bear.
Think of thy good, thy pleasure or thy gain,
Think only of thyself. 'Twill not be vain.
Wouldst thou be happy? Take an easy way.
Think of those round thee—live for them all day.
Think of their pain, their loss, their grief,
Think of their care.
All that they have to do or feel or bear,
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain,
Think of those round thee. It will not be vain.

Can't Beat the Lawyers.

On the occasion of a football match in England between a number of military officers and a team of lawyers the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for champagne and cigars, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking toward the football ground, however, after lunch the officers espied a remarkably fresh looking lot of giants kicking the ball about and in amazement asked the guests who the strangers were. "Oh," replied one of them, finishing his last glass of champagne, "those are our playing team. We are only the lunching team, you know."

Wanted a Consultation.

So supreme was the leadership of Senator Aldrich over a host of political followers and personal friends that many a vote was cast this way or that or the other for the sole reason that "Nels says so." Some one was recalling this fact in the senate lobby when another of the little group remarked: "That's the exact truth. I speak from personal feeling. I trusted Aldrich's judgment implicitly, and I don't know that it ever led me wrong." Then, as he contemptuously flicked the ashes of his cigar, he went on: "Did I ever tell you about a funny dream I had? I thought I was dead, and St. Peter was putting the usual questions at me before adding my name to his heavenly census. At last he figured out I was O. K. and told me to go ahead in, but I hesitated. 'Why, what's wrong?' says he. 'Most folks are in a hurry when I give 'em the word.' 'Well,' says I, 'I dare say it's all right, but I do wish I could have a couple of words with Aldrich before taking so important a step.'" — Los Angeles Times.

A Brilliant Retort.

After dinner speaking is an art, and, like many other arts, its excellence has much to do with the mood of the artist. Some of the best of our after dinner speakers sometimes fail, but it is not often that failure results in the enrichment of the world's store of epigrams, as it did in the case of Lord Erskine many years ago. When Lord Erskine was made a member of that highly honorable body, the Fishmongers' Company of London, he made an after dinner speech on the occasion of his first appearance among them as a member. Upon his return he said to a friend: "I spoke ill today and stammered and hesitated in the opening." "You certainly floundered," was the reply, "but I thought you did so in compliment to the fishmongers."

Just Like the Navy.

At Fort Monroe some time ago, where one of the vessels of the navy was temporarily awaiting orders, a delegation of army officers stationed at the fort came aboard. There is a set naval regulation that nothing can be so on board ship until the commanding officer orders it. While the army party were looking over the ship 12 o'clock arrived. A junior officer approached the captain and said, with a salute, "It is 12 o'clock, sir." "Make it so," responded the captain, and eight bells were struck. The army officers suspected that the navy men wanted them to ask some questions and get sold or that this was a bit of foolery got up to joke the land warriors. Some time after a party of the army officers invited the officers of the warship to dine with them. The dinner was progressing when a lieutenant entered and, saluting the senior officer present, said gravely, "Colonel, the major's blind horse is dead." "Make it so," responded the colonel, with the greatest gravity, and the dinner proceeded. Nothing was said at the time, but the savvy officers tell the story.

HOW TO CARE FOR BOOKS.

They Should Be Protected From Gas, Heat and Light.

It is surprising how few of the many owners of books are aware of the simple means required to preserve them in a useful condition and what astonishment is felt when a book removed from the shelf leaves one side behind or dangling by the hinge.

Heat, gas, light and, by no means least, electricity are the chief disintegrating influences upon leather bindings. Books bound previous to 1850 have the advantage over more modern ones, as most if not all of the tannins of that earlier time used tannin. Since that date the use of sulphuric and oxalic acids has been almost universal, and so insidious are their effects that they can hardly be realized until the damage is done.

Old books brought from other countries are apt to succumb very quickly to the altered climatic conditions. Lack of moisture in the air, together with our modern system of heating, as well as gaslight, "central" heat and electricity, has a very injurious effect upon them in a few years. The use of lubricant or food is almost essential to offset this. A large importer has expressed a wish that every imported book of value might be so treated at once to fortify it in its new environment. Even under the most favorable conditions the need of some such treatment is becoming recognized, for the Vatican and other noted libraries are being treated to prevent dry rot, the leather's greatest enemy. Years of drying out of the natural oil in the skin and the total absorption of such oil where the tanning is done with acids have brought the conviction that some means must be resorted to by which the life of the leather can be restored.

Very few think of placing leather bound books on the lower shelves to avoid the greater heat above; of preventing sunlight from striking them, for, like electricity, it burns and fades the leather if concentrated upon it for any length of time; of giving them light and air, with plenty of circulation. Bindings suffer far more from being shut behind glass doors than from the accumulation of dust or even from careless handling by ignorant servants. The dusting of books is something which should be trusted to careful or expert hands only, for the hinges can easily be broken by dropping or the corners knocked off, particularly if the leather be dry. The vacuum cleaner, of course, does away with such disasters in the electrically equipped house.

Overcrowding the shelves is another cause of damage. It not only rubs the sides, but prevents the proper circulation of air.

How to Open Lobster.

It is not difficult to open a lobster. First separate the tail from the main part of the lobster and shake out the tomalley. The tomalley, or liver, is green after boiling and is liked by some.

Next draw the body from the shell, freeing it from the stomach, which is situated near the head, by pressing the meat near the head close against the shell with the first and second fingers.

Now split the lobster through the center and take out the meat. Cut the underside of the tail shell open with a sharp knife or scissors and remove the meat in one of two large pieces.

On taking out this meat look on the upper part near where the tail joined the body proper and lift up the small piece of flesh. Under will be found a vein running the entire length. Remove this. Often this vein or cord is the same color as the meat itself. Again it may be green. In any case, it should not be eaten. Like the stomach, it is not edible.

The easiest way to remove the meat from the claws is to crack the shell with the broad side of a hammer. This does not crush the meat.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

How to Hang Curtains.

The mistake is too often made of hanging white curtains the full width of the window and from the top to the floor, says *Suburban Life* for December. This substitution is unsuitable except in very dainty or elaborate rooms. The mass of white is usually distracting and destroys the harmony of the room. Perhaps the most effective treatment is to let the curtains hang straight at the sides of the window, covering the woodwork, and have a plaited valance across the top. Curtains made in this way keep out very little light and give a pretty, broad effect to a window. The curtains may either hang to the floor or stop at the sill. If the curtains are dark and long, straight lines seem called for they should reach to the floor, but when in doubt stop at the sill.

How to Wash Cotton Goods.

Cotton blankets are washed differently from those made of wool. Soap them well with laundry soap, fold and allow them to soak in tepid water. Wash them in an hour or so and place in a boiler of hot suds to steam, not boil. Rinse in several waters. Use a very little bluing and dry them double on the line. Press dry on the wrong side. Quite the contrary is the process of washing woolen, for hot water cannot be used on them. Dainty quilts, liable to fade, should first be soaked in a tub of cold water containing a half cupful of turpentine to set the color.

How to Check Flow of Blood.

In case of an accident, when the flow of blood from a wound can't be stopped, an application of equal parts of flour and sugar mixed well will effectually check the flow until the arrival of a physician.

Saved by a Piece!
"The wolves were upon us," he related to the girl he was trying to impress. "Their howling penetrated to our very marrow. We fled for our lives. But each second we knew that the ravenous pack was pushing on us. Closer, closer—at last they were so close that we could feel their muzzles against our legs, so that—"
"Ah," sighed the lady, greatly relieved, "how glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on?"—Chicago Post.

The Danger Signal.
With lowered lids my Mary's eyes
Work havoc in my timid heart.
In vain my harried spirit tries
To turn aside that fatal dart.
I know the weakness of my will
And yet bewitched must stay until
I make of all a full surrender.
As not for worlds would I offend her.
I do not mind her open gaze,
For that is clear of all deceit.
Who'er is skilled in woman's ways
Knows when they're seeking means
To cheat.
It's when she keeps her eyes half closed
As if she slept a bit or dozed
That I have found much cause to fear.
For then I know my fall is near.
—Collector.

A Warning.
"Dr. Spillet and I were out together today, and he asked me to have a drink on him."
"Never accept that from a doctor, man."
"Why not?"
"Because don't you know that when a doctor treats you he always sends you the bill?"—Baltimore American.

Monotonous.
Same old wren, same old fall,
Same old worry through it all.
Same old snow, same old walk,
Same old line of slushy talk.
Same old furnace, same old coal,
Same old Tom and Jerry bowl.
Same old cold, same old wheeze,
Same old cure of cough and sneeze.
Same old cure, same old eye,
Same old bottle on the sly.
Same old story, same old tale,
Same old line of zero wall.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Thick.
Towne—Yes, I met Britton in London and shook hands with him.
Browne—Why, you just told me you never saw him before.
Towne—I didn't see him. I was introduced to him in a fog.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Content.
Feller's doin' well—
Doin' mighty well—
When he's got an appetite an' lots o' corn to sell.
His soul he can deliver,
No weather'll make him shiver.
When he has a cotton field to give him lots o' kiver.
Only this to tell:
He's doin' mighty well
With corn to make the hoeck an' cotton for to sell.
—Atlanta Constitution.

His Relatives.
Chief No Shirt of Oregon has appealed to the authorities on the grounds that he is friendless. Chief No Shirt overlooks his large and growing family of cousins—the One Shirt family—who are willing to tender assistance.—Buffalo News.

The Difference.
The genius merely does what you had done could you have found the way. Although his method may be new, the need has been since Adam's day. The marvel that excites the king may set the pauper wondering. The poet merely says the thing that you have thought but could not say.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Comeback.
"I intended to give Wombat a little friendly advice this morning."
"And why didn't you?"
"Why, he started to tell me how to run my affairs, and that's something I tolerate from no man."—Kansas City Journal.

Outclassed.
The teacher sighed, "I would that I in discipline might ever reach
The fond obedience rendered by
My pupils to the football coach!"
—Washington Star.

Good Old Days!
There are two articles which once bulked large in a small boy's life that he never comes in contact with any more, since slates are now only placed on roofs instead of shingles.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Gloomy Then.
Little songs of gladness
Are not worth a pin
When the bill collector
Calls and finds you in.
—Detroit Free Press.

Broke?
First Omaha Man (in surprise)—
What! Back already? Why, I thought you were going to see Europe?
Second Omaha Man (cheerfully)—
So did I, but it seems that New York saw me first.—Puck.

Idiosyncrasy.
The dealer when he stands upon the scales to weigh his hay
Is doing nothing wrong, of course. It's just his little weigh.
—Dallas News.

No Doubt About It.
We are told that most of the verses in a recent book of poems were written immediately after the author's thirty day fast. Thirty day fast! He surely must be a poet!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Love.
But Margaret Illington Frohman Bowes
Wearied it seems, of repairing hose,
And now she is back in the world of shows,
Margaret Illington Frohman Bowes.
—New York Mail.

"And where did you spend your two weeks?"
"Sitting in a hotel barber's chair. The barber was persuasive and I let him give me his entire list."—Pittsburg Post.

Lives of great men all remind us
That they had no flowerly bed,
With bouquets they weren't bombarded
Until after they were dead.
—New York Commercial Advertiser.

She (with newspaper)—Another cyclone out west. It has swept dozens of farms clear of everything.
He—I'll bet the mortgages didn't budge an inch.—Boston Transcript.

The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one,
Which perhaps is the reason night
Sees so much fun.
—Lita.

A countryman who had been benched all his life was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might and said, "John, you are about to go, but I will follow you." "I suppose so, Mandy," said the old man meekly, "but so far as I am concerned you don't need to be in any hurry about it."—Buffalo Enquirer.

When you embrace a damsel shy
It seems a sin
To get all incensed by
A pesky pin.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cholly—The dentist said I had a large cavity that needed filling.
Mabel—Did he recommend any special course of study?—Toledo Blade.

A hero brave, a maiden fair,
A villain schooled to graceful ease,
A fight, a rescue planned with care—
The novel's done. One dollar, please.
—Washington Star.

"That last time I saw your husband he was trying to stop smoking. Has he stopped?"
"I don't know. You know that he is dead."—Philadelphia Times.

Oh, dazzling chrysanthemum,
You are an autumn dream!
In pink and white and gold you come
Through nature's endless scheme.
And when I have to skip my lunch,
A noonday sacrifice,
It is to you I gladly turn,
Of posies fresh and nice.
It is to you I gladly turn,
So scintillating fair,
For roses cost more than I earn,
And violets are rare.
They'd put my income on the bum,
So you, oh, you, chrysanthemum!
—Chicago News.

"Did the automobile run over your foot?"
"No," answered the man who had yelled, "but I thought it was going to strike my corn."—Buffalo Express.

Mary had a little lamb,
And for that very reason
She never ventured in the swim
Throughout the bathing season.
—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The sphinx pronounced a riddle
"How can the other man with your income afford an auto?" she asked.
Herewith she felt she had them grveled.—New York Sun.

The farmer surely ought to view
This life as something of a bit
Since everything the statesmen do
They vow is for his benefit.
—Washington Star.

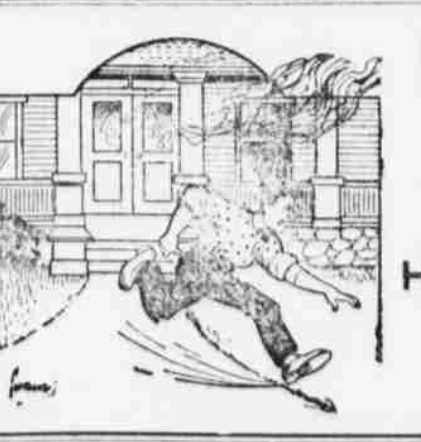
Blotbs—Scribblers' poetry strikes me as being rather clumsy.
Slobbs—Clumsy? Why, it positively trips over its own feet.—Philadelphia Record.

It seems the automobile cranks have very deeply sinned.
Think of their wasting gasoline when they can burn the wind!
—Dallas News.

Firearms in Siam.
Magazine rifles and automatic pistols may not be imported into Siam unless they are for the personal use of some European dwelling in the country. When he leaves the country he is required by the government to account for the weapon.

Police in Ireland.
Police in Ireland are armed with rifle, sword and pistol.

Numbered Guests.
Guests at some of the health resorts in Europe are "numbered" when they arrive and register at a hotel or "pen sion." This is done so that at the end of the season the authorities may know for advertising purposes—just how many guests have been entertained.



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The Trial Course.
"I'm afraid you may think we are giving you a lot of fish this week, old man," said the genial host as they sat down to dinner. "The fact is, my wife has got hold of what sounds like a really capital device for removing a fishbone stuck in the throat, and we want to see if it works."—Tit Bits.

From One Who Was There.
Lonesome is that ancient play
"Hamlet" with the Dane away.
Lonesome, too, the nation's cause
Minus Donlin and McGraws.
But the loneliest thing on earth—
Grab it from this pinch of mirth—
Is a straight without a jack
Or the pink that spoils "fall black."

"I will follow you to the ends of the earth," he exclaimed.
"But," she replied, "I am only going as far as the next soda water fountain."
Whereupon he took the hint and led the way.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The babbling brook and the shady nook
Are things of the long ago.
If we'd now look at them, gadzooks,
We go to the picture show!
—Judge.

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