

A TOWN THAT DOES NOT EXIST.

Although the town of Ampere, N. J., gives steady employment to over 1000 people, transacts millions of dollars worth of business annually, and enjoys the distinction of a separate railroad station, where a memorial tablet was formally unveiled by Ambassador Jusserand of France four years ago, and has a United States Government postoffice exclusively for its use, it has no existence in fact. It lies upon the border line between Newark and East Orange, N. J., but as there is no space between these two cities, it is partly included with both and under two municipal governments. The concrete evidences of its existence quoted above are due to the presence there of the Crocker-Wheeler Company, whose plant, occupying twenty-five acres, justifies its individual name. That the town is jealous of its exclusive name, given in honor of the great French discoverer of the measure of electric current, is shown by the fact that there is no other Ampere in the world. A town on the Northern Pacific Railroad was given the name some years ago, but the Crocker-Wheeler Company filed a prompt objection, and the town selected another title. There are fifty or more Waterloos in the world, and Londons and Parises by the dozens, but only one Ampere—and that does not exist. Our national capital presents a similar anomaly in that it does not exist as a separate municipality, but is under the control of the Federal Government through three commissioners appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

Father Got Even With 20,000 Word Letter.

Brockton, Mass.—For once in her life Miss Bernice Grady has all the news from home. She is a clerk in the department of commerce and labor at Washington. In a letter to her father, John H. Grady, of 32 Leavitt street, she said he was a "stingy writer." Pa Grady bought a writing tablet of 160 pages, running twenty lines to a page. He began a letter to his daughter. He wrote all he knew about home, all he could get from the neighbors, the gossip downtown, the latest thing in church life, the club calendar, the weather, farming news, suburban notes, a dash of local politics, the wind-up of the Carlo-Max dog feud, the weekly shoe shipments and the spring fashions for men. He wrote 20,000 words in the letter. Sixteen cents worth of postage stamps took the letter to Miss Grady. The girl sent back a blank envelope, followed by this note: "Revenge is sweet. How do you like it. If I ever get time, I'll answer that essay of yours."

The House-Fly as a Carrier of Disease.

Dr. Leland O. Howard, chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, and boss fly expert of this country, says that a common house-fly which comes out of habitation on April 15, and gets as busy as poultry-raisers desire their hens to get—going a standard day's work every day, that is—will have one hundred and twenty adult descendants by April 30. These in turn, getting down to business in like fashion, will start a geometrical progression which by September 10 will have produced, as descendants of that first mother Eve of flydom, more than five thousand billions—a number containing thirteen figures when written down—of the buzzing messengers of disease!

All summer long this swarming host will be diligently distributing the germs of all manner of diseases. If all the mother flies could be suppressed, and their potentiality of progeny destroyed, the death-rate, the doctors' incomes, and the undertakers' profits would simultaneously decline.

And to a marvelous extent they can be suppressed, too. Dr. Howard tells how in "Farmer's Bulletin No. 459." A postal card addressed to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, will bring the bulletin by return mail. The department is only too glad to get copies printed as fast as they are requested.

Why not get a copy, and by following instructions increase your own and your neighbors' expectation of life, and also the comfort of living while it lasts?—Munsey's Magazine.

No More Trout Fry, Yearlings Instead.

State Fish Commissioner Buller has issued notice to fishermen that it is the intention of the department to place yearling trout in the streams of his state hereafter, and advising fishermen not to plant trout fry. The commissioner states that it is a waste of time and money to place trout fry in streams as the larger fish destroy them.

The folly of stocking streams with trout fry was pointed out to the State Fish Commission several years ago, but the then incumbent of the office secretary failed to comply with the request of the trout fishermen, and as a consequence millions of trout fry were placed in the streams, only to become prey to the larger trout or to starve to death.

The commissioner says that yearling trout are able to take care of themselves, and therefore the only proper way to stock the streams and increase the pleasure and profit of trout fishing is to use yearling trout. In this view of the matter the local fishermen will heartily agree.

Rifle Practice for National Guard Men.

Harrisburg.—General orders have been issued from national guard headquarters by Col. Frank K. Patterson, general inspector, of small arms practice announcing that the rifle practice season for 1912 would begin on May 1 and close October 31. The practice is to be with the United States magazine rifle and will be required of every officer and man of the guard, general officers and officers of departments to qualify with revolver or rifle.

Announcement is also made of the dates and matches of the annual state rifle and pistol competitions which are to be held at Mt. Cretna beginning June 17, each regiment squadron of cavalry and battalion of engineers being entitled to two teams.

The Escape

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

By FRANK A. HUBBELL, Late Private 1st Penn. Vol. and Capt. Co. D 67th Penn. Portage, Wash.

(Copyrighted 1912 by F. A. Hubbell.) CHAPTER V.

Three nights after on a wet slippery railroad grade we approached a field where we discovered a cotton shed. Silently, slowly, we entered the field towards the gin, attracting a small, fierce dog, whose barking brought from a negro cabin nearby, a darkey bent with the toil of slavery. "Come yer, Pinto, come back dar, I say. What you all makin' dat fuss 'bout, dog?" Closer came the dog; nearer followed the slave. "Say, uncle, come in here. We want you to befriend us." "Who's dar, who's dat?" "Uncle, we are Yankee soldiers, escaped prisoners of war. We want you to give us food and information we need."

No darkey in the land was greater or prouder than he as he secreted us in the loft of the gin while he made preparations to gather from the row of slave cabins nourishment for our poor bodies. And at daylight above that wooley head, poked through the ladder hole, came a great wash pan of beans. Oh, what a luxury! Great big beans! How we did eat those beans. Yes, after so many months of scarcity we were filled to the brim.

We rested secure that day and when night came he led us to a spring in a thicket. We washed our face. Washed, yes and wiped on a towel—what?—and brushed our long shaggy hair that had not been cut for nearly two years. Oh, how happy for the time being! This old slave led us a mile away to a small clearing and he for the first time informed our party he had sent out runners through the day and expected many slaves from the different plantations to assemble that we might tell them of the struggle in their behalf.

Scarcely one of them came, even to the picanninies, but had some sort of food. One had a blanket for Capt. Meany, owing to his naked condition. The moon lit up a scene that often returns to me in hours of thought. Seated in a great circle were all classes of these bonded people who listened to our talk as we ate from the big white spread before us. How anxious were these black faces when Uncle Joe would ask an important question.

Two of the women brought a bag, cut in to and tied ropes for a haversack into which what was left of our repast, they dumped into them for our future necessities. Two young darkeys were selected to guide us a distance of seven miles on our way as there was a district some six miles ahead considered by the black people dangerous, through which we would have to pass, and if we did not follow the path they had in mind, we would certainly get into trouble.

After a long round of hand shakes and many curious yet sincere expressions for our success in reaching our flag, we bade them a more cheerful farewell, and with our two guides proceeded on our journey towards the Northland, the darkeys a good and safe distance ahead of us, for it would be certain death to be caught in the company of a slave.

Nearing an intervening road we saw our guides drop the two sacks of food and take to the brush. Instantly, according to our custom at the least alarm, we dropped on our hands, crawling to the thicket. The darkeys were being pursued by three mounted patrol. The last of the three stopped, dismounted, and picked up the sacks of food.

That mountain of food was gone. No reader can imagine the loss of this to us. All we had left of that splendid repast—the most of the furnishings, perhaps stolen from their masters' larder, was the little brown jug of whiskey which we had not entrusted to their care.

Water! water! What shall we do without it? Mile after mile we travel on but no water.

The night shadows of this next day are closing on and yet no water to quench our thirst created stronger by the burning whiskey from the little brown jug. All night we walked, slept some, then onward till the dawn of morn. Oh, how thirsty. Can we stand it longer? Ah, the little drops, of dew, as the rising sun warms the branches of the trees, drop by drop it falls into the indented leaves beneath and from one to a hundred we sip the sweet nectar of life.

Hark! 'Tis the sound of other feet than ours. Yes, they were coming from in front. The twilight was such we discovered they had no arms. It was too late to run. They had seen us. The bend in the road and the jug of whiskey combined, made us unmindful of our usual caution. "Halt!" they commanded. "Who comes there?" Our answer, "Come and see."

No sooner had they discovered by our condition that we were escaped prisoners, than we were on to them hand to hand, fist to fist. We fought them and for once six Yankees whipped five Johnnies. We fought them for liberty, oh, sweet liberty! I had often wondered if any of them ever set upon their feet again (we will draw the screen). It was a time in our life that necessity called for uncommon brutality. After we had traveled far from them, we were willing and agreed never to mention the affair again on our trip. It caused a deviation from our straight course, exerting our weak limbs to extraordinary speed in our anxiety to leave that battlefield far behind.

Three days after—splash, splash, through the mud—we approached the Widow McDowell's log cabin

near the cross roads. We wait in the brush. Capt. Robinson knocked upon the door. At a signal from him we crossed the road from our hiding place and enter. A cheerful fire burning in the fire place. That dear, old mother's face lit up with an expression of pleasure when informed by Capt. Robinson a darkey at Borden's plantation said she was a Union woman. The little grandson was posted out on one of the roads that led to the cabin, while the granddaughter watched another—as this loyal lady talked of her family relatives living in the North, and shed tears for her son who was away fighting under the Stars and Stripes, while she prepared the smoking hot supper.

The night shades were gathering fast but before we sat down to that sumptuous meal she requested that we kneel while she offered a prayer in our behalf and that we might succeed in this long and perilous trip that meant so much to us. Oh, why did she pray so long? The little girl stopped the prayer, "O, grandma, the patrol."

It was warning enough. Through the door, swift, quick, away from that table of good things we so much needed, bullets flying after us as we sped through the brush and timber, but wide of their mark.

The hanging limbs of the trees were too low for mounted men to follow. Darker it grew and onward we flew, approaching some awful cataract, the falling waters were growing louder until they became deafening.

In our hurrying speed I stopped to see where the others were. I could discern one of our party on my right, catching up with him we found we were separated from the others. Nor could we see them in any direction it was now so dark. Lieutenant Hagenback suggested we remain there till day light. I differed with him. It would be dangerous to remain so near where we had been surprised and followed, so far, perhaps as they could in the dark, not knowing if we possessed arms of any kind.

We must go from there for they certainly would resume their raid in that direction by morning. Yet, we must be cautious and go slow, for it would be possible to step off into that gulf of seething water or down deep in a ravine. Slow, now, but sure, we pick our way, often falling over logs and snags, the sound of the rushing waters being more to our right. To make it worse the rain commenced. As the sound seemed to be dying away we were surely leaving this danger. But where were our comrades? The storm became furious, a streak of lightning, a loud clap of thunder. What should we do? Would it be possible to find our party? (To be Continued.)

BOY SCOUTS

EDITED BY ONE OF THEM

Arguments of Socialists Disproved.

There are few points on which Socialists and few Union Labor leaders base their opposition to the Boy Scout Movement. One is that, it is military; the other that it is a capitalistic enterprise, founded with the view of teaching the boys to be subservient to their employers. A glance at the manual of the Boy Scouts of America disproves these contentions. While the boys are taught discipline, yet all military titles have been taken away from the movement. Labor Unions attack the movement on the ground that the Scout laws were framed to make the boy promise to be loyal to his employer. The Scout movement does emphasize loyalty and obedience, but the Scout movement also teaches the boy to use his head and decide for himself what is right and what is wrong regardless of the influences of others. Plank No. 2 of the law says, "A scout is loyal to whom loyalty is due; his scout leader, his home, and parents and country." Plank No. 7 says "A scout is obedient to his parents, Scout Master, Leader, and all other duly constituted authority. The Scout law also says that "A scout is courteous, thrifty, brave, clean, in thoughts and in habits."

Regarding the recent attack on the movement by the Western Federation of Miners, the Rev. T. H. Martin, of Butte, Montana, says: "During the last several months I have carefully studied the scout movement as it is in California and Washington and found it supported in those states by many of their best citizens. Some of the leaders of the Boy Scouts are as much interested in bringing about economic freedom as the writer of the resolution in question. Every person I met who is practically interested in the boy scout movement, believes it to be one of the most potent factors now in operation for the bringing about of the desired generations of young men. And as the boy scouts are from the families of the working class the greatest good will accrue to that class."

Not Only One Blind—Or at Least Act That Way.

Wolf Frankenstein, a plumbing contractor of Brooklyn, brought suit for \$100,000 damages Friday in the Supreme Court against Isaac Goldberg, who keeps a liquor store in that city. Frankenstein had to be led to the stand, as he had become totally blind as a result, it is alleged, of drinking whisky bought at Goldberg's store. The liquor, according to the an-

alysis of the physicians at Mount Sinai Hospital, Manhattan, where the man went when the condition of his eyes was first noticed, contained methyl alcohol.

Frankenstein was in the habit of taking a "nip" before dinner every day and used some of the stuff procured in Goldberg's place every day between April 27 and June 3 last year. On the latter date his sight began to fail, and he learned, he says, from the analysis that the whisky was the probable cause.

COMING—"MADAME SHERRY."

No one has as yet heeded Mr. W. E. Henley's appeal in his ballad crying for the return of antique dances and written a musical play around them. But, at any rate, we have declared our independence of the slavery of the wait. The step is not a very radical one, perhaps, but "Madame Sherry" which comes to the Lyric Wednesday, April 10, is built around a polka. It lives and moves and has its being in it. It will probably die of it, but not for many years yet for the musical play is good enough of its kind to outlast the generation that produced it. This all-pervading polka is called "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own," and has a charming, catchy lilt to it that you will sing, hum and whistle for many a long day after hearing it sung in "Madame Sherry."

To Patrons Along the Scranton Branch of the Erie Railroad.

The afternoon train leaving Scranton as per schedule following, runs daily directly to Honesdale, giving people time to transact their business at the county seat and return home the same evening.

Table with 2 columns: ARRIVE and LEAVE. Lists train schedules for various stations including Scranton, Dunmore, Nay Aug, Elmhurst, Wimmers, Saco, Maplewood, Lake Ariel, Gravity, Clemo, Hoadleys, West Hawley, White Mills, East Honesdale, and Honesdale.

Published by the Greater Honesdale Board of Trade, Honesdale, Pa.

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THIS and THAT WHERE one man gets rich through hazardous speculation a hundred get POOR. WHERE one man stays poor by his slow methods of saving, a hundred get RICH. The wise man chooses the better plan and places his money in this bank. HONESDALE DIME BANK, Honesdale, Pa.

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