

## LUCKY PETERS

He Deserved the Name

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The men standing around the general store smiled knowingly as Frank Peters stepped to the postoffice window. "Any mail for me, captain?" asked Frank pleasantly.

"Same as usual, Frank," returned the postmaster, shoving a huge pile of mail matter through the narrow opening. "Seems to me you're crowding the mails some, ain't you?"

Frank complacently filled his pockets with letters, circulars and newspapers while his arms were burdened with several bulky mail order catalogues. "I hope you don't mind handling it," he grinned. "If you can take care of large and valuable mail matter like this here," he slapped his pockets, "why, we'll have so much confidence in you that you'll go through next term for representative. What say, boys?"

"That's right," nodded the group soberly, reminded of their power of investiture.

"That's all right so far as it goes," squeaked Captain Lemming from behind the window, where his nut cracker face was thrust against the little grating; "that's all right enough, only you can't blame me for having doubts when there's a plottin' goin' on right here around my stove—how I'm to run for representative while Hannibal Flamm tries to get the postoffice? When I'm defeated on the state ticket what'll I do without my postoffice job, eh?"

There was an embarrassed silence among the voters of Little River, while Captain Lemming surveyed them fiercely from the window, followed by a sigh of relief when the door opened and Capitola Webb bounced in. Her gingham sash was pushed back from her pink, excited face, and one plump hand shook a postal card in the face of the postmaster.

"I'd like to know," she was beginning aggressively when the men of Little River thankfully seized the opportunity afforded by the threatening storm and quietly left the store to stand on the front stoop and watch Frank Peters unblush his sorry mare.

He tossed the catalogues on the seat of the light wagon and sprang in. The sorrel twitched her ears, waved her scanty brush of tail and started off. Frank turned to shout back at the spectators, "Anybody going my way want a ride?"

Hannibal Flamm detached himself from the group and waved a restraining hand. "You can take me along, Frank," he said, and laboriously lifted his 200 pounds weight to the seat beside the younger man.

They drove down the village street and turned into a road that bordered the winding river. The trees arched overhead and the hot sun brought out the sweetness of ripened fruits and late summer flowers.

"Mighty pretty weather," murmured Frank Peters, his gray eyes contentedly resting on the scenery.

"Hum!" murmured Hannibal reflectively. "Too bad how you was stung on getting this mare, Frank."

"Never mind," returned Peters cheerfully; "better luck next time."

"It's all right to say that, but how in thunder are you ever going to get rid of her?"

"I'm not going to get rid of her. She suits me all right."

"I guess you're the first Peters that ever drove a spavined horse."

"I guess I be."

Hannibal Flamm was Frank's brother-in-law, and he took advantage of the relationship to make sundry uncomplimentary remarks regarding the shortsightedness of Mr. Peters and to remind him with stinging emphasis of the many times that unlucky gentleman had been bitten in various business ventures.

"You can't even plant early June peas without having 'em come up cow-peas," he ended complainingly.

"I bought those last early June peas from you, Han," reminded Frank mildly. "You oughtn't to have been surprised if they come up cow-peas."

"Hum!" coughed Hannibal, and Frank knew that so far as his brother-in-law was concerned the subject was dropped. But the arraignment had awakened him to self defense.

"I may be unlucky or a fool or whatever you fellows want to call me," said Frank darkly. "Oh, yes; of course I know they all call me 'Lucky Peters' behind my back just because I'm so darned unlucky, but I'll win out some day and have the laugh on all you funny ones. What if I did understand a note for Dave Raybold and had to pay up when he skipped out? I thought he was straight, and he went to school with me. That did me \$1,500. I couldn't help my barn burning down the day after I got all my hay in. It wasn't my fault because I'd been too busy to renew the insurance and lost \$1,000 on that. I bought this horse off Jeremiah Peebles, and you know as well as I do that he's a deacon in the church, and I'd have made him pay up the damage if Mrs. Peebles hadn't come and cried me off. I'm too easy, that's what's the matter with me. All you folks know it, too, whether it's fire insurance or spavined horses or cow-peas."

"Hum!" ejaculated Hannibal fiercely.

"Hum! all you want to, Han, but don't call me unlucky yet till I die. They say luck changes every seven years, and I'm forty-two this month, so I've had seven years of bad luck, and now maybe it'll turn for good." Cheerfulness returned to Frank's pleasant countenance, and relief was spread over the broad features of his sister's husband.

He pulled the sorrel mare to a standstill before a brown painted gate, and Hannibal lumbered heavily to the ground. The screen door opened, and a woman appeared on the front porch of the house. It was Frank Peters' sister, Mary. She was a mild, pleasant featured woman, very much like Frank in disposition. Otherwise she could never have lived happily with that stout pessimist, Hannibal.

"Howdy, Frank!" she called, coming down to the gate with a napkin covered plate in her hand. "I've been baking today, and I made a berry pie for you." She handed up the pie, and he peeped under the covering and smacked his lips.

"That's a dandy, Mary," he smiled, patting her plump hand affectionately. "I don't know what I'd do for pie if you didn't remember me."

"You can count on a pie once or twice a week till you get married," laughed Mary as he drove off.

"Now you're putting a premium on my keeping single," he called back.

As he drove up the slight incline that led to his own house, which was next to Flamm's place, he was thinking about this subject, which was ever a popular topic with his sister. It was true that he would be forty-two this month, and as yet he was not married, and there seemed no prospect of his ever entering the matrimonial state. In Little River he had the reputation of being unlucky, but the ill fortune which had seemed to attend his affairs the past ten years might have been attributed more to his whole souled generosity and unselfishness rather than a mere trick of fate.

Once he had been engaged to marry a girl, and she had died on the eve of their wedding. That was when he was very young. A few years later he again wooed a Little River girl, only to lose her to his faithless friend, Dave Raybold, whose note he had also indorsed. Afterward it developed that the treacherous David had spent the borrowed money on an extensive wedding trip, which Frank Peters unluckily had to pay for.

Inside his bachelor abode Frank proceeded to prepare his dinner with skill worthy of a trained domestic. His kitchen was as neat and cozy as a ship's galley, and the table at which he sat down would have excited the admiration of any housewife. It was not until he had concluded his meal and washed the dishes that he sat down to open the pile of mail matter which he had found at the postoffice.

First he sorted out the letters which might be of interest. There were only two, one bearing a Chicago postmark, the other being from his older brother in Nebraska. The circulars and catalogues he left for idle moments.

A perusal of the Chicago letter left him open mouthed and staring. In brief it stated that Messrs. Furrow & Sharp desired the pleasure of meeting Mr. Peters at their office in the Mammoth building at an early date in reference to his interest in the estate of the late David Raybold of Chicago.

"Frank's gone to Chicago," announced Mary Flamm to her husband the next morning. "He wouldn't say why he was going." She looked worried.

"Hum!" snorted Hannibal Flamm contemptuously. "It's an easy guess he's going to buy a gold brick."

When Frank Peters entered the office of Furrow & Sharp that morning he felt a little shock at meeting Nellie Raybold there. She was pale and worn, but some magic within her had managed to retain a certain girlish look that kept the years at bay. Frank decided that it was the black gown and veil that made her look different, and as his hand inclosed hers in a warm, firm grasp a pink flush invaded her paleness and made her like the Nellie of old who had blushed at his approach.

Mr. Furrow, a pompous little man with a throaty voice, solemnly read over the last will and testament of David Raybold. It seemed that David had come into a legacy a short time before his death, and such was his remorse at the manner he had treated his old friend, that he had in his inconsequent way, left everything to Frank Peters except the widow's portion of one-third of his estate, which was small enough.

When Frank Peters heard this his anger knew no bounds. He flatly refused to accept the inheritance and only after a long consultation with Mr. Furrow would he consent to hold the money long enough to make the transfer to the widow whom he stoutly declared should have it. The settlement of this business occupied many days and necessitated a good many interviews with Nellie.

At last he returned to Little River, younger looking, happier and more alert than he had been for ten years. "Don't call me 'Lucky Peters' when you want to make a joke," he admonished his friends with twinkling eyes. "Nowadays, when you call me that, you call me right—understand?"

They didn't understand fully until eighteen months afterward he returned to his newly furnished home and brought Nellie Raybold with him. "That's why I'm 'Lucky Peters,'" he smiled proudly. "No man can look at her and say I'm unlucky."

"You're both lucky," half cried Mary Flamm as she kissed the bride.

But Hannibal Flamm, who had not been successful in his efforts to oust Captain Lemming from the postoffice, wrung Frank's hand and said, "Hum," very significantly.

## MY OTHER SELF

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

My wife had commissioned me to call at Hyde's for her jewels that had been left there for resetting and other alterations and bring them to her when I should leave the city to join her at our country place. Passing Hyde's a few days before I was ready to start, I thought of the jewels, called for them and took them home. There is no safe in my house, and I was at a loss what to do with them until my departure.

My wife has a woman who has been with her a great many years. She was and is her "maid," but if she is to be called by such a name now she is surely an "old maid." I am very careless, and I knew that my wife placed implicit trust in Phoebe. I therefore gave her the jewels and told her to take care of them until I called for them.

The next day, returning from my office, as was my custom, about half an hour before dinner on passing the dining room I saw that dinner was already served and a man was sitting at my place at the table. Then I received the shock of my life. He turned his face toward me, and I saw—Great heavens! I saw myself!

I had no more doubt that I had received one of those brain shocks the doctors call amnesia or some more unpronounceable name than that I am telling you this story. I clutched at the wall for support. My legs were giving way beneath me. Then, fearing to faint, I grasped at consciousness and succeeded in holding on to it.

I—that I which was sitting in the chair looking at me—was dressed exactly the same as the I standing in the hall. The most remarkable thing about the matter was that he seemed as much stricken with surprise and terror as I. He trembled like a leaf. My colored butler Joe, who was carrying out a dish to the kitchen, turned, stopped short and stared at both me and my other self. Phoebe, who was upstairs, hearing the front door open and shut, came to the landing and, seeing that I had just entered the house, ran down to the lower hall where I was standing, exclaiming:

"For heaven's sake! I thought you were in the dining room."

My double, sitting at table with a small cup of coffee before him, indicating that he was at the end of his dinner, spoke first and to Phoebe.

"Do you see anything strange?" he asked.

Phoebe was too agitated to reply. She stood looking from one to the other.

"Tell me, quick," continued the speaker, "have I gone stark, staring mad? Tell me that you see myself standing there shivering, just as I am doing."

"I see you both," she gasped.

"Where did you come from?" I managed to ask my double.

"Where did you come from?" "The office."

"I have been at the office all day till I came here."

"What office?"

"Mine; 38 Harrison street."

Oh, heavens! That was my office, I had left it only twenty minutes before.

"Joe," I said to the butler, "am I myself or is that man myself?"

There was a smash. Joe, whose eyes were as big as saucers, dropped the dish on the floor and ran out of the room without a word.

"Phoebe," said my double, "tell me whether I am the master of this house or that"—He could get no further.

"I don't know," said Phoebe, as much agitated as any one of us.

"Don't know!" cried the man at the table, rising. "Ring up a doctor. I shall go mad. No; I can't stand this. I can't wait. I must know the worst at once!"

Dashing past me, he seized his hat, that was hanging in the hall, and in another moment the door was slammed behind him. I went into the dining room, sank into a chair and asked Phoebe to hand me a stimulant from the sideboard. It put me in better condition.

"Now, Phoebe, tell me what you know about this."

"All I know, sir, is that an hour ago you—I mean him—came home and said he must have dinner at once, as he was going away. He told me to bring him all the valuables and he would put them in the bank. I got the jewels"—

"The jewels?"

"Yes, sir. I gave them to him and"—

A light began to break through my stupid skull. Rushing to the telephone, I called the police and told them that I had been victimized by some one who looked exactly like me.

Five minutes had not elapsed between the man's departure and the police getting after him. A patrol wagon dashed up to my house. They all took a look at me, and in less than an hour they had my double.

The story he told as to how he conceived of and arranged for his plan—he had been watching me for some time—showed great ingenuity. And yet it was a very simple matter. He had seen me at the jeweler's and heard all I said about the jewels. Moreover, he saw a strong resemblance to himself. He had been on the stage and was well versed in the art of making up. The suit I wore was of ordinary dark cloth, and he possessed one near enough like it in appearance to serve his purpose. Thus prepared he had gone to my house in my absence and made himself at home.

### A Kansas Editor Says:

Most anyone can be an editor. All the editor has to do is to sit at a desk six days in a week, four weeks in a month, and twelve months in a year, and "edit" such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones, of Cactus Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad of Picketown, threw a stone and cut Mr. Pike in the alley last Tuesday."

"Joe Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Greene was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square."

"Isaiah Trimmer, of Running Creek, was playing with a cat Friday, when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. Frong, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corn crib."

### Oh, Where Are They Now?

The old gentleman who used to carry a quill toothpick in his vest-pocket.

The good old lady who used to begin knitting Christmas wristlets and mittens about this time of year.

The long-haired book agent with the plug hat and celluloid collar.

The long-haired man who used to lecture on the street corner and sell a two-dollar bill and a cake of soap for ten cents.

The old-fashioned minister who used to divide his sermons into firstly's, secondly's, thirdly's and fourthly's.

The village milliner who used to be acquainted with all of "the traveling gentlemen."

The old-fashioned railroad train that used to be on time.

### SEALED PROPOSALS.

Sealed Proposals will be received by the trustees of the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Erieview, Pa., for the following items: One team of horses, one two-ton wagon, one set of harness combs, brushes, netting, 75 bushels of oats, 2 tons of hay, one plow, one harrow, and other farm implements, one stone crusher, engine, screens, bins and roller. Detailed information may be received on application to the Superintendent, Dr. Fitzsimons. All proposals must be in the hands of the Trustees not later than August 21, 1912, the Trustees reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

### WALTER McNICHOLS,

Chairman.  
Buildings and Grounds Committee.  
611f.

### STOCKHOLDERS' NOTICE.

At a meeting of the directors of the Honesdale Dime Bank, held on July 25, 1912, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That we recommend the stockholders of the Honesdale Dime Bank to increase the capital stock of the said bank from \$75,000 to \$100,000."

In accordance with the above resolution a meeting of the stockholders is called to convene at the bank on Thursday, the 10th day of October, 1912, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the said day, to take action on the approval or disapproval of the proposed increase.

Note: In the event of the stockholders approving the increase as recommended, the Board of Directors will fix the price for which the said stock shall be sold at \$200 per share.

### BENJ. F. HAINES,

Secretary.  
Honesdale, Pa., Aug. 5, 1912.  
63w9.

### SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale, on

### FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1912.

All the defendant's right, title and interest in the following described property—viz:

All that certain lot or tract of land situated in the township of Damascus, county of Wayne, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a beech at the southwest corner of land which Thomas Stewardson by deed dated October 24, 1840, conveyed to John Torrey; thence by land of John Torrey, north two hundred ninety-eight and one half rods to a beech corner; thence by land in the Warranty name of John Van Devin north forty-four degrees east one hundred and seventy-six rods to a post corner; thence by a tract of land in the warranty name John F. Ernst, south eighty-eight degrees east sixty-four rods to a stone corner; thence by said warranty and land in the warranty name of Jacob Beedeman and John Bern, south four hundred forty-nine and one-half rods to a stone corner; thence by land contracted to Philip P. Brigham and Hiram W. Brigham north seventy-nine degrees west one hundred and eighty-eight and one half rods to the place of beginning. Containing 402 acres and eleven perches more or less. Saving and excepting therefrom two pieces of land containing each fifty acres, one sold to P. C. Brigham and the other to Aaron Brigham and surveyed from the southern part or end of said lot by line run parallel with southern end of said lot sufficiently distant north thereof to embrace said two lots hereby excepted and reserved. On said premises is a two and a half story frame dwelling, barn and other outbuildings.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of James M. Howarth at the suit of Albert E. Mitchell, administrator of the estate of Elias Mitchell. No. 165 October Term, 1907. Judgment, \$1,500. Searle & Salmon, attorneys.

TAKE NOTICE—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

### FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.

Honesdale, Aug. 1, 1912.

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—This is good weather for flies. They are around waiting to give your little one typhoid fever. Kill him and don't delay. Buy a swatter at the hardware store and get busy at once.

SEPTEMBER IS THE LAST MONTH FOR SWATTING FLIES IN THE CITIZEN CONTEST

So Please Kill That Fly!  
HOUSEHOLDERS PLEASE READ BECAUSE

- The fly is the most dangerous wild animal in America.
- Flies breed in manure and other filth. Filth is the flies' food. Flies carry filth to our food.
- Flies walk and feed on excreta and sputa from people ill with typhoid fever, tuberculosis, diarrhoeal affections and many other diseases.
- One fly can carry and may deposit on our food 6,000,000 germs.
- One fly in one summer may produce normally 195,312,500,000-000,000 descendants. Therefore kill the flies before they begin to breed.
- A fly is an enemy to health, the health of our children, the health of our community!

### RULES FOR DEALING WITH THE FLY NUISANCE

Keep the flies away from the sick, especially those ill with contagious diseases. Kill every fly that strays into the sickroom. His body is covered with disease germs.

Do not allow decaying material of any sort to accumulate on or near your premises.

Screen all food and insist that your grocer, butcher, baker and every one from whom you buy food-stuffs does the same.

Don't buy foodstuffs where flies are tolerated.

Don't eat where flies have access to food.

Keep all receptacles for garbage carefully covered and the cans cleaned or sprinkled with oil or lime.

Keep all stable manure in vault or pit, screened or sprinkled with lime, oil or other cheap preparations, as 98 per cent of the flies come from stable manure and 2 per cent from garbage and other filth.

Keep the streets and alleys clean. See that your sewage system is in good order; that it does not leak, is up to date and not exposed to flies.

Pour kerosene into the drains.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

#### Attorneys-at-Law.

**H. WILSON,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.  
Office adjacent to Post Office in Dimmock office, Honesdale, Pa.

**W. M. H. LEE,**  
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**E. C. MUMFORD,**  
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Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

**HOMER GREENE,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.  
Office, Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

**CHARLES A. McCARTY,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.  
Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office, City Hall, Honesdale, Pa.

**M. E. SIMONS,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.  
Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

**PETER H. LOEFF,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.  
Office—Second floor old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

**SEARLE & SALMON,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW.  
Offices lately occupied by Judge Searle

**CHESTER A. GARRATT,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.  
Office adjacent to Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

#### Dentists.

**DR. E. T. BROWN,**  
DENTIST.  
Office—First floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

**DR. C. R. BRADY,**  
DENTIST, HONESDALE, PA.  
1011 MAIN ST.  
Citizens' Phone.

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