

THE BRAMBLY COTTAGE

The Story of a Rescue

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Leander Kittredge leaned over the fence and scrutinized the inquiring stranger, who carried fishing rods and basket. "What say?" he drawled, cupping one freckled hand around a large and leathery ear.

"I asked if there was good fishing in the lake," repeated the man patiently.

"Sometimes there is and sometimes there ain't," returned Mr. Kittredge, with an enigmatic smile.

"How's that?"

"It all depends on Faustina Standish," chuckled Leander. "It all depends on Faustina!"

The stranger looked puzzled. "Who is Faustina Standish?"

"She owns the lake and it's her say so whether there's fish to be caught or not."

"Oh, I didn't know it was private property! The people at the hotel said any one could fish there."

"Belongs to Faustina. It's her say so."

"Where does she live?"

"Down in that brambly cottage at the shore now. In the winter time she moves up to her house in the village. Some day Faustina'll get ketch'd by a high tide or something and cottage and all'll float off." Leander shook with silent mirth.

"Tide! I thought it was a fresh water lake."

"It's a bay—nothing more or less than a leetle salt water bay, with just the teeniest outlet to the sound. Standishes have always owned the bay, and now it's Faustina's, and she's got a cottage down there that has its feet in the water sometimes. She and that grampus old black cook, Cleopatra, have it all to themselves from June to October."

"No harm in asking permission to fish?" ventured the stranger. And, following Leander's guiding finger, he turned into another woody road that led him down to the water's edge.

Davis Emery paused in sheer admiration of the tiny bay, perhaps a quarter of a mile in diameter, lipped by a snow white sandy beach with a background of gently sloping pastures and cedar clothed hillsides. Directly opposite was a rift in the white beach that showed the channel, with a dark rim of the sound beyond. The sky was blue, and the water reflected the pure tint. The tide had been an unusually high one, for bits of dried driftwood were floating away from the high water mark. Long lines of dead seaweed undulated with the swell of the ebbing tide.

Nowhere along the beach was there a sign of a "brambly cottage" such as Leander Kittredge had described. Not far from where he was standing, however, there was a small building, whitewashed outside and in and specklessly clean. An indignant clucking from a nesting box in one corner revealed that this was a chicken house, and it was evident that the tide had lapped the floor of the building, for the sand lay in little riffled, damp lines.

If this was Faustina Standish's chicken house her brambly cottage could not be far away. But look as he might up and down the beach he saw nothing save a sweep of wet sand and glistening pebbles.

All at once Emery saw it in the most unexpected place. There, bobbing drunkenly in the middle of the little bay, was a small white cottage overrun with red roses. The water swashed around the tiny porch and broke in white foam against the sides of the building. From a small iron chimney smoke poured forth as if this unexpected trip on the water had not hindered the round of domestic duties. Up on a balcony above the porch a woman was sitting composedly, reading a book.

There was only one thing for Davis Emery to do and that was to rescue the damsel as quickly as possible. In order to do that he must have a boat, and, looking about, he soon made the unpleasant discovery that there were three very capable looking small boats adrift on the bay. He raced madly up the shore and found nothing save a broken oar half buried in the salt grass. With this in his hand he went back to the chicken coop and there behind it, resting on the sloping bank, were the outlines of a flat bottomed skiff beneath a covering of tarpaulin and dried seaweed.

After fifteen minutes labor he had the covering cleared away and the boat afloat. Rowlocks there were none, but Emery could paddle even with a broken oar, so he pushed off and went bobbing slowly toward the brambly cottage, which was also bobbing on the tide and headed straight for the narrow, wicked looking channel.

Perhaps the girl had suddenly thought of the channel, for all at once she arose and went to the railing and leaned over and looked long and anxiously at the course of the cottage. She saw Emery just then, and in response to his hail he heard a faint response.

The current was stronger now, and the speed of both cottage and skiff was accelerated, so that Emery did not gain much on the little house, but after awhile his strong, steady persistent strokes counted for results, and just when he was beginning to feel the

strain of his hurried efforts a wave brought the skiff to the edge of the porch and he reached out and grasped the edge. In another instant he was standing on the boards, ankle deep under water, and making fast the painter of the skiff to the railing.

As he turned from this task the door opened behind him and revealed the girl of the balcony standing there. Brown as a berry were hair eyes and brow. Her skin was deep cream, with a powdering of golden freckles across her lovely face. Even in that moment of danger Davis Emery realized her beauty, and he drew a sharp breath of admiration. But the girl's voice, soft and cultivated, brought him back to the urgency of the situation.

"If you have come to help us," she said quickly, "you can best do it by keeping us out of the channel—if you can."

"I'll try," said Emery promptly. "Have you got a heavy rope or a chain aboard—I mean in the house?"

"No, but there is one in my motorboat. See—it is in the same current and will soon reach us! If you can get aboard and start the engine you can easily pull us out of the current."

By the time she had finished speaking Emery was back in the skiff and paddling away with his broken oar. It was a matter of minutes before he had boarded the large motorboat, started up the engine and caught up with the brambly cottage. The girl cheered him heartily as he passed around to the rear of the building, where he fastened a stout chain to a ringbolt in the back porch and, starting up the engine once more, had the satisfaction of feeling that the cottage was drawing steadily in his wake—out of the current and toward a low sandy shore.

All at once a large black face surmounted by a bright bandanna turban appeared at one of the windows.

"Fo' de lan's sake, man, buccome yo' heah!" she demanded belligerently. "Hev yo' ask Miss Faustina yit?"

"I have Miss Faustina's permission to tow you to safety," laughed Emery heartily.

"Dat's all right, den. But dere's folkses always tryin' to take liberties wid Miss Faustina, and her's only too easy wid 'em. But dey don't git by me; no, sah!" Cleopatra withdrew her brilliantly adorned head, and Emery heard her clattering among the pots and pans. Presently her voice sounded once more.

"Man, ef yo' could manidge to git us ashore down by high bar I could git a mess o' clams for dinnah!" she called amicably.

"I'm under Miss Faustina's orders," returned Emery.

At that moment the girl appeared at the back door. "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness in rescuing us," she said sincerely. "If we had gone on the rocks in the channel I am afraid we would have fared badly. When our cottage suddenly drifted off at 7 o'clock Cleopatra and I had just arisen and were upstairs. I thought we would simply float across the bay to the other shore and we could easily be towed back from that point, so I felt no alarm until I discovered we were in the current and making for the channel. We owe a great deal to your pluck in getting us into smooth water."

"I'm mighty glad I happened along," responded Emery. "Now, would it not be a good plan to beach the cottage on the sand here? And when the tide shifts late this afternoon it will be comparatively easy to tow it back to its location with this boat."

Faustina agreed heartily, and in another half hour Emery had skillfully maneuvered the brambly cottage to a temporary resting place not far from the high bar which showed a long strip of mud flat in the falling tide. Cleopatra descended to the sand with clam rake and basket on her arm and tramped to the mud flat.

Emery assisted Faustina Standish to land, and when he had made both house and motorboat secure beyond any encroaching wave he sat down beside her on the sand and explained how he had happened to invade the shore of her little bay. Of course the service he had rendered her and the spirit of the adventure in which they had both taken a part rapidly promoted a friendship that was not broken for many months, and then for a most excellent reason.

Cleopatra presently summoned them to an appetizing clambake, which, combined with the meal she had been busily preparing, quite rounded out a delightful morning.

It was sundown when the brambly cottage was once more securely moored above high water mark near its old resting place. Davis Emery's permission to fish in the bay contained many added privileges, such as calling upon Faustina Standish once in awhile and enjoying Cleopatra's culinary triumphs, for Cleopatra approved of Davis Emery.

His basket was empty and his lines quite dry as he passed Leander Kittredge's back fence at sunset. Leander was there playing with an awkward, long legged coil.

"Hev a good ketch?" grinned Leander sociably.

Emery found himself smiling at a sudden recollection. "Very," he said.

"Found Faustina and the brambly cottage, did ye? I reckoned she'd let ye fish—never heard of her refusa' anybody yet—but, of course, nobody ever knows what notion a woman'll take into her head!"

"See you again," said Emery in farewell, and as he walked home through the quiet woods he wondered if Faustina Standish would ever "take a notion" to like him better than anybody she had ever met, and it turned out that Faustina did that very thing, and so when their friendship ended love began and remained ever after.



To Avoid Grayness.
Most women past middle age look handsomer with gray hair unless they are fat and colorless, and the difficulty is to make them believe it.

A missionary says that few of the native women have gray hair when advanced in years. This she attributes to the nearly universal use of grease on the hair.

A scalp specialist when asked about this theory said: "There is much in it. Gray hair often comes from too little oil in the scalp. If women would grease their hair more it would keep its color longer."

The objection to a greasy head can be overcome. A little vaseline can be well rubbed into the scalp once a week. If this cannot be done without getting it in the long hair, go to a hairdresser. If you will not use vaseline, at least give the hair a thorough oiling each time before it is shampooed, which should be about once a month in cold weather, oftener in summer.

Rub the hair with crude oil the night before it is to be washed. Do not use too much. About half what the amateur thinks necessary will be more than enough. As even this small amount is ruinous to bed linen, tie up the head and put an old case on the pillow. Some women wear a bathing cap for the one night.

Besides giving the oil needed to prevent grayness, this application of crude oil keeps out dandruff as nothing else will.

Where there is a tendency in families to turn gray early extra care of the hair must be taken. Do not use dry washes on it and be careful of hot curling irons.

Where there is a tendency to gray hair cultivate a placid disposition. Worry acts on the nerves, and nervous disorders unchecked are harmful to the hair. For the same reason fight off bad headaches. Besides their discomfort, the hair suffers. Thus indirectly eye strain is responsible for gray and falling hair.

Care of the Throat.
A famous throat doctor, who cares for the vocal organs of many of the greatest of our opera singers, makes the unqualified statement that if throats and noses were systematically cleansed many illnesses, including bronchitis, catarrh and consumption would be averted.

A salt water douche and gargle to cleanse the throat and nose thoroughly should be used, he declares, at least twice a day.

"Fill a wide mouthed bottle," he advises, "holding a pint, with boiled water and add to it a teaspoonful of common sea salt. When you rise in the morning and when you retire at night, after gargling the throat with the solution, fill the hollow of the hand with it and draw it up the nose, throwing the head back. This last should be done carefully. It will cause coughing, but will completely clear all the little spaces and intricate passages of the nose and throat."

Toilet Suggestions.
When the hair splits clip the ends.
For ink stains on the fingers try lemon and salt.
Corns can be removed by daily rubbing with toilet pumice.
One dram of boric acid mixed with four ounces of distilled witch hazel make a good lotion for a greasy skin. Apply with a soft cloth or velvet sponge.

When the first symptoms of a headache appear take one teaspoonful of clear lemon juice fifteen minutes before each meal and at bedtime and continue until symptoms are past. For biliousness plain lemon juice promotes sleep and appetite.

Soap and water are needed to remove blackheads, which are caused by dirt collecting in the pores. After rinsing the face in clean water rub over it a piece of ice. This will contract the pores. After drying the skin apply witch hazel to it.

Billiard Parlor For Women.
A billiard parlor for women has been opened in Kansas City by Mrs. Bertha May King, the champion woman billiard player. It has fifteen tables and female attendants. Speaking of her enterprise, Mrs. King said: "Women will be glad to learn the great indoor game if they are provided proper places. Few if any of the public rooms are exclusive enough for women. I propose to make my place one of refinement and exclusion, where women can learn and enjoy billiards and feel free to come and go. As an evidence of the benefit of the game as an exercise I can say that since I have played billiards I have rarely experienced a day's illness."

Tea Making Hints.
Use water which has just come to a boil, but which has not been boiled before or allowed to simmer on the stove for some time.
Warm the teapot by pouring in hot water a few minutes before the tea is required and allow it to remain in the pot until the tea is made.
Allow one teaspoonful of tea to each person, with one extra one. Pour boiling water and allow to stand for three to five minutes.
Fill the teapot or the tea will cool rapidly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

He Couldn't Take It.

When Charlie Tole went to work for the Armour in Chicago he learned that it was the habit of Philip Armour to get to his desk every morning at 6:30. A month after Tole took his job, Philip returned to town, and the following morning Charlie was at his desk at 6:30 o'clock for the first time in his life.

Mr. Armour walked in at 6:33, pinched himself to see if he was awake and then stared at Tole. Charlie went on with his arduous labors. "How long have you been working here?" asked the magnate.

"Oh, about a month," replied Charlie carelessly.

"Do you get down to work at this time every morning?" continued Armour, immensely pleased.

"I do," said Charlie, "when you're in town."

This brutal frankness made a hit with Armour, and always after that Tole was one of his favorites.

When Christmas came he called Charlie into his office, produced a handsome gold watch and chain, handed it to Tole and said graciously:

"You have rendered valuable service to this business, and I think it deserves recognition. I give you this as a sign of my appreciation."

Tole took the watch, examined it appreciatively, and then gravely handed it back.

"No," he said slowly. "I'm sorry, but I can't accept that, Mr. Armour."

"Why not?" asked the big man in amazement.

"Because," explained Tole, "I've been informed that if you ever give a man a present you never raise his salary."—Popular Magazine.

The Other End.

The recent return from a cruise of the well known Joe Donavaro recalls the story of the way in which he secured his first job. Joe applied to a Boston skipper many years ago for a position on his ship. He asserted boldly that he knew everything which was to be known about a vessel, although he was at that time only a lad of fifteen.

"Well," said the captain, with a grin, "let's see how much you know. Find me three ends to that rope there and I'll give you a job."

He pointed to a new coil of rope which he had just purchased. Joe eyed the rope a minute and then pointed to the usual two ends.

"There are two of your ends," he said. Then suddenly, before the skipper could stop him, he picked up the rope and heaved it overboard, saying as he watched it disappear, "There's another end to your rope."—Boston Traveler.

Why They Retired.

Two gentlemen who were playing cards at a club recently were annoyed by other members who stood behind their chairs and interested themselves in the game. Finally one of the players asked a spectator to play the hand for him until he returned.

The spectator took the cards, whereupon the first player left the room. Pretty soon the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for some time, when one of them asked the waiter where the two original players were.

"They are playing cards in the next room, sir," was the waiter's reply.—Tit-Bits.

Gender.

A woman teacher was explaining gender to a grade of young children as visitors entered. They begged her to continue, as they would be delighted to hear the children's replies.

"Children," she asked, "what is 'girl,' 'woman,' 'man'?"

One little hand was so eager she appealed to the owner proudly.

"Well, Artie?"

Artie rose to the occasion.

"Girls is females, woman's a male, and man's a human bean."—Judge.

Still a Chance.

"I hear, sir," began Sittman, "that you want to sell your house in Comnuterville."

"I sold it last week to Mr. Jones."

"Indeed? Well, do you know of any one else who has a place for sale there?"

"About a month from now you might ask Jones."—Fun Magazine.

The Brute.

Mrs. Knagg's Mother—Does Henry ill treat you?

Mrs. Knagg—Worse than that. I had a cold and couldn't speak for three weeks, and when I learned the sign language he'd turn off the lights as soon as he came in the house.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Just a Moment.

"Where's Herr Tetzner, landlord? We are waiting for him for our game of cards."

"Oh, his wife called him out to speak to him for a moment! He won't be back tonight."—Fillegende Blatter.

A Question For Scientists.

"Women, as a rule, are better managers than men."

"Yes. Nearly any woman can manage some man, but where is the man who ever managed a woman?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hand Painted.

Redd—Mrs. Black claims her face is her fortune.

Greene—Well, she's made it nearly all herself.—Vankers Statesman

ADVERTISE.

- IF YOU
- Want a Cook
- Want a Clerk
- Want a Partner
- Want a Situation
- Want a Servant Girl
- Want to Sell a Piano
- Want to Sell a Carriage
- Want to Sell Town Property
- Want to Sell Your Groceries
- Want to Sell Your Hardware
- Advertise Regularly in This Paper
- Advertising Is the Way to Success
- Advertising Brings Customers
- Advertising Keeps Customers
- Advertising Insures Success
- Advertising Shows Energy
- Advertising Shows Pluck
- Advertising is "Biz"
- Advertising or Bust
- Advertise Long
- Advertise Well
- ADVERTISE
- At Once.

TRAVERSE JURY.

First Week—January 20, 1913.

- Bethany—J. H. Smith.
- Berlin—W. J. Seymour.
- Buckingham—James Spratt.
- Canaan—C. E. Weed.
- Cherry Ridge—F. O. Rickard, J. Murray.
- Clinton—G. W. Wilmarth.
- Damascus—J. A. Noble, E. H. Huber, A. P. Gregg.
- Dreher—Ward Frey.
- Dyberry—J. E. Henshaw.
- Hawley—John Beemer, William Schardt, R. F. Warg, Harry J. Lobb.
- Honesdale—C. H. Rettew, Leon Katz, O. M. Spettigue, Sr., W. W. Baker, W. B. Holmes.
- Lake—Oliver Hoover, G. G. Collins.
- Lehigh—Job R. Moore.
- Lebanon—Oscar H. Day.
- Manchester—Norman Lester, B. A. Gillow.
- Mt. Pleasant—Henry Ihlefelt.
- Oregon—W. P. Weeks.
- Paupack—Lewis M. Bittner, John Schlepner.
- Palmyra—George Morgan, Jacob Collum.
- Preston—W. H. Doyle, Arthur Patton.
- Prompton—Alonzo B. Wood.
- Sterling—Walter Malcom.
- Starucca—John Glover.
- Salem—D. W. Bidwell, Henry Conklin.
- South Canaan—John Savitz.
- Scott—F. F. Conrad.
- Texas—John Mangan, Henry Ludwig, Michael Weber, P. H. Skelly, Andrew Hessling.
- Waymart—J. B. Dymond.

TRAVERSE JURY.

Second Week—January 27, 1913.

- Berlin—Amaza Keyes.
- Buckingham—Ernest Holbert.
- Canaan—James Moylan.
- Clinton—C. J. Stiles.
- Cherry Ridge—Wm. Crockenberg.
- Dyberry—Rudolph Swartout.
- Dreher—Charles A. Seig.
- Damascus—Rockwell Brigham, W. B. Guinnip, C. J. Lassley.
- Honesdale—E. B. Callaway, G. W. Decker, J. L. Roegner.
- Lake—J. W. Andrews.
- Lebanon—Walter S. Vail.
- Lehigh—Harry A. Sebring.
- Mt. Pleasant—Maurice Meager, E. E. Tainter.
- Manchester—A. F. Lawson, Earl Layton.
- Oregon—J. H. Boyce.
- Palmyra—E. A. Marshall.
- Preston—John A. Edwards.
- Paupack—Thomas Lennon.
- Sterling—George Zeigler.
- Scott—Archie Thorne.
- Salem—John Schroeder, F. E. Carlton.
- South Canaan—A. J. Robinson.
- Starucca—John E. Wagner.
- Texas—Louis Schuetz, Ed. F. Short, Clarence Bond, William Kane.

GRAND JURY.

January 13, 1913.

- Buckingham—Alva S. Dicks.
- Canaan—R. S. Walsh.
- Cherry Ridge—Frank Higgins.
- Clinton—W. M. Norton.
- Damascus—John Wilcox, E. C. White.
- Dreher—John Gearhart.
- Dyberry—W. S. Tamblin.
- Hawley—James H. Stevenson.
- Honesdale—L. Fuerth.
- Lehigh—John Hawk.
- Lake—Dwight Osborne.
- Lebanon—George Atkins.
- Mt. Pleasant—E. H. Ledyard, Sr., G. E. Moase.
- Manchester—Henry Thomas.
- Oregon—William J. Schmidt.
- Palmyra—Thomas Seeman.
- Preston—Stephen Jay.
- Salem—W. H. Sterner.
- Scott—Ernest Lowe.
- South Canaan—Anson Beers.
- Texas—M. J. Decker, George Box.

WE WILL MAIL YOU \$1
for each full set of False Teeth or \$50 for 1/2 set. Partial sets in proportion. Highest cash prices paid for Old Gold, Silver, Platinum, Diamonds and Jewelry. Send what you have today.

PHILA. SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS
823 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
KEEP ADDRESS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

HERE IS A BARGAIN

Located in Berlin township about 3 1/2 miles from Honesdale is one of the best farms in that locality. It consists of 108 acres, which is all improved. The soil is sand loam and red shale. It is well watered by springs; orchard. Twelve-room house, barn 37x47 feet with shed 22x90 feet. Part cash, balance on easy terms. See

Buy-U-A-Home Realty Co.
Jadwin Building, Box 52, Honesdale.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

- H. WILSON,**
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office adjacent to Post Office in Dinwiddie office, Honesdale, Pa.
- W. M. H. LEE,**
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.
- E. C. MUMFORD,**
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.
- HOMER GREENE,**
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office: Reif Building, Honesdale.
- CHARLES A. McCARTY,**
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims.
Office: Reif Building, Honesdale.
- M. E. SIMONS,**
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
Office in the Court House, 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.

Physicians.

- P. B. PETERSON, M. D.**
1126 MAIN STREET, HONESDALE, PA.
Eye and Ear a specialty. The fitting of glasses given careful attention.

LIVERY

F. G. RICKARD Prop
FIRST-CLASS WAGONS.
RELIABLE HORSES.
Especial Attention Given to Transit Business.
STONE BARN CHURCH STREET.

LEGAL BLANKS for sale at The Citizen office: Land Contracts, Leases, Judgment Notes, Warrantee Deeds, Bonds, Transcripts, Summons, Attachments, Subpoenas, Labor Claim Deeds, Commitments, Executions, Collector's and Constables' blanks.

W. C. SPRY

BEACHLAKE.
AUCTIONEER
HOLDS SALES ANYWHERE
IN STATE.

H. F. Weaver

Architect and Builder
Plans & Estimates
Furnished
Residence, 1302 East St.

The Citizen wants a good, lively correspondent in every village in Wayne county. Will you be one? Write this office for particulars.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK ON PATENTS** sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American.**
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sent by mail neweaders.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

J. E. HALEY

AUCTIONEER
Have me and save money. We attend sales anywhere in State.
Address WAYMART, PA. (R. D. 3)

JOSEPH N. WELCH

Fire Insurance

The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Jadwin's drug store, Honesdale.

We wish to secure a good correspondent in every town in Wayne county. Don't be afraid to write this office for paper and stamped envelopes