

FEDERALS RETREAT

Carranza to Join Villa in Dash to Capital.

SAY TROOPS ARE STARVING.

Chihuahua to Be Base of the Constitutional Advance on Mexico City. Rebel Leader is Preparing to Rush Relief to the Inhabitants.

El Paso, Tex., Dec. 3.—General Venustiano Carranza, head of the Constitutional party, is expected to start at once for Chihuahua City, following the report sent to him by General Pancho Villa that the federals had evacuated the town. Villa expects that his progress to the capital of the state of Chihuahua will not be opposed.

What has become of the large force of federal troops which Villa's rebels recently routed at the battle of Tierra Blanca is not known. Villa telegraphed to Colonel John Medina at Juarez that a dispatch had reached him stating that the federal evacuation was complete.

It is expected that Villa will stop only a short time at Chihuahua City, proceeding at the head of the combined rebel forces to Mexico City. Carranza may go with him.

Chihuahua City has a population of 85,000, and most of the inhabitants are said to be starving. Villa is informed by the commander of his van that the federal army of 5,000, greatly weakened for want of supplies, evacuated the capital on Sunday, taking all the provisions and destroying the railroad north and south.

In the wake of this starving army, making forced marches along the dry bed of the Conchos river with the objective of Ojinaga, opposite Presidio, Tex., according to reports, are hundreds of Mexican families, mostly women and children, fleeing on foot, hoping to reach the Texas side of the Rio Grande, where food and refuge from the horrors of war may be obtained.

Villa to Succor City.

Villa's furthest south is about 120 miles north of the city of Chihuahua. He has wired his subordinates to rush the repair of the railroad into the city, and in the meantime the Constitutionalists here are assembling all the supplies possible—and they are far from abundant—to be sent forward by the first trains for the relief of the famine-stricken city. Progress on putting the railroad in condition is slow. The property is in decay as a result of the three years of civil war. In the recent retreat from Juarez the federals mined the track.

How 5,000 fugitives are going to fare overland 150 miles to Ojinaga through a deserted and fruitless territory and what they will do when they get there are puzzling questions, assuming the report of the flight is true. Ojinaga and Presidio are villages, the former having been battered almost to pieces in successive captures by rebels and federals. Both towns together haven't the provisions for 5,000 unexpected visitors, even if the latter could pay.

In the fleeing column are Generals Salvador Mercado, Pascual Orozco, Antonio Rojas and Jose Ynez Salazar, according to report. Villa has priced the head of each. The rebel chief is preparing to send an expedition to cut off the federals from the border at Ojinaga and has already sent out scouts from Carrizal to find them. He is very eager to capture General Mercado.

It is thought that trains will be running into Chihuahua before the end of this week, and the blockade which the rebels have maintained against the city for the last two months will be lifted.

FORCE CURRENCY VOTE.

Democrats Announce Their Intention to "Exhaust the Senate."

Washington, Dec. 3.—Efforts to get an agreement to vote in the senate on the currency bill on Saturday, Dec. 20, failed.

Senator Williams then announced the Democratic intention to "exhaust the senate" and force an early vote.

Senator Bristow attacked the Democratic program, declaring they proposed to pass the bill by "physical exhaustion" instead of fair debate.

"This has been a body of intellectual discussion, a place where information was at a par and physical endurance not at a premium," he said. "The place to test physical endurance is in the prize ring, not in the senate."

Sensors Owen and Shaffroth retorted that Bristow and other Republicans already had delayed the currency bill by demanding hearings and prolonged debate.

REORGANIZING NEW HAVEN.

Chairman Elliott Confers on Plans With the Attorney General.

Washington, Dec. 3.—President Howard Elliott of the New Haven road and Special Counsel John W. Crim were in conference with the attorney general for ten minutes, but declined to make a statement afterward.

Plans for the voluntary reorganization of the road were laid before the attorney general. He has made it clear on many occasions that he is only too willing to allow reorganization from within if the management can convince him that this can be

INTERESTING LETTER RECEIVED BY WAYNE COUNTEAN TELLING OF TRIP TO ENGLAND

Castle-an-Dinas, St. Columb, Cornwall, England.

Mr. L. W. Nelson, Dyberry, Pa.

My Dear Uncle Life:

After receiving your very kind letter, bidding me "Bon Voyage," I intended writing you at once. As compared with the climate of the Pacific Coast, I found Dyberry to be hot enough, but a few days in New York City convinced me that Dyberry is comparatively cool. You can therefore imagine with what heated impatience I awaited the sailing of the "Imperator." However, true to her schedule, she did sail on the 19th of July.

I had made up my mind to write you all a letter while crossing, but absolute lack of time is my only excuse. How the moments went fleetingly! How the day merged into night, and the night again broke into day, and finally where the week went to all of a sudden, I do not know.

I do know that during that glorious time, I could not settle my mind to anything. My power of concentration was nil; my thoughts were in the mizzen-mast. True enough, I can tell you what I did on board; I can tell you what I saw, but that incomparable feeling of broadness,—that which I felt, I cannot describe. My wonderment grew and grew until it expanded and became but an infinitesimal part of the filmy haze which enveloped the boat for awhile and then hung closely about the horizon until it finally disappeared from our vision and was seen no more.

From the moment we began to sever our connections with dear old New York (to be more accurate, New Jersey), when one by one from the many decks of the "Imperator," the gang-planks were cast off, and slowly and gracefully we slid out of the dock, passing the thousands of gay people with their waving hats and handkerchiefs; when there surged over me conflicting emotions and all sorts of foreign thrills were traveling up and down my spinal column;—from that time until the engines of the great liner stopped dead outside Plymouth Hoe, the whole week was a veritable dream of Fairyland. Even Portland, Oregon, which has been first with me for years, has faded into insignificance, and I now make my prettiest bow to a floating palace, on a calm sea, under a cloudless sky;—to the Imperator! You cannot imagine her. I cannot describe her to you. You must see her. Immense in her proportions; equipped with every convenience; luxurious in every detail; she is indeed a work of art, and worthy of all the tribute paid her by the thousands who trod her decks.

Life on Board

The Imperator.

Leaving New York, I stood for an hour in the first cabin, watching the people. Gowns! Most beautiful to behold were there—on some of the homeliest women God ever saw fit to create; beautiful jewels of all descriptions; flowers of the rarest varieties; everything in perfect harmony with itself and its surroundings.

It might seem to you that on shipboard, time would drag on one's hands. But I found it to be just the opposite. My days were crammed full, and I found I had not half enough time to do half the things I had expected.

Every morning at six o'clock, the little German maid had my bath ready, after which I promenaded on the deck until breakfast. Every morning I spent an hour in the Pompeian Swimming Pool, which in itself is a masterpiece, with its exquisitely carved columns, forming aisles and upholding galleries. The water in the pool is salty, of course, and constantly changing, comes in great swells and flows out through innumerable pink sea-shells which stud the sides of the pool. Between each pillar are marble-slabs where graceful mermaids like myself reclined after an energetic swim. Complete in every detail, it is an ideal place to be a fish. In discussing the pool with a gentleman on board, he told me that he has visited Pompeii and seen the swimming baths there, and has since traveled extensively, and that this is the only exact replica of the old Pompeian swimming pools that he has ever been fortunate enough to find.

With beautiful paintings and draperies, heavy carpets and great, easy chairs, the ladies sitting room and library is an ideal place to while away an afternoon reading or chatting. The Ritz-Carlton Cafe and Palm Garden absorbed much of my time in the afternoons and evenings, for there wealth and beauty reigned supreme, and unmolested the homely women smoked their fragrant cigarettes, and we sat and criticized them as we drank our tea and listened to the music.

The Imperator, as you know, is a German boat, and while I admit, I did not make great strides with the language, I certainly met with unqualified success in my "Ich liebe dich," and towards the end of the trip, practised supplemental phrases to this declaration on my more intimate acquaintances.

Notable People

Aboard Ship.

I met many delightful people on board, not the least interesting of whom was Mrs. Ada Corning Atwater of Washington, D. C., metallurgist and philanthropist, traveling for her health with her less pretentious son, whom she told me is organist in our President Taft's church in Washington. Every time he would leave his mother's presence she would turn to me, and with maternal pride in her bearing, would say: "Isn't he just fine? Isn't he magnificent?" all of which I admitted.

Seated at our table in the dining room was the Provision officer, and Mrs. Ada Corning Atwater, being of an enquiring mind, found out through him many little matters of

interest. On a trip between New York and Hamburg, the Imperator spends \$40,000 in provisions alone. The Emperor Wilhelm of Germany was a guest on the boat for three days. He was attended by sixty officers. Peaches, costing \$2.00 each were served to them, and strawberries with leaf and stem attached, were served, the latter having been secured at fifty cents each. Through the efforts of our friend, Mrs. Ada Corning Atwater, we also learned that 60,000 letters were delivered aboard during our trip. I am proud to say that my share numbered twenty-one.

One morning I suddenly awoke to the realization that we would land at Plymouth in a "few hours," and the next thing I knew, I was on a rocking tender, gazing wistfully at my beloved ship; my arm linked with that of an Englishman, who looked strangely like my father, talking to a lady who appeared to be my mother, and a boy, who claimed to be my brother. The next moment I was defiantly facing the English customs, only to discover that one of my trunks (wise baggage) had gone on to Hamburg.

Gladly would I have followed in its wake, but instead am indulging in English life as viewed from a turnpike. We reside in a stone cottage at least a hundred years old, where we eat Cornish pasties and triangular scones and drink English tea. We travel with "cob and jingle" by day, and dream of America by night. We go to see the most picturesque towns imaginable, with curly streets and beautiful lanes. As you reach the approach to the town, the lane loses itself, and you emerge into the main street between romantic old ivy-covered walls, and in each town is a wonderful old church and one or two stuffy shops, so odd and funny, with an astonishing capacity for all staple articles, not to mention old-fashioned crockery and other nameless objects of uncertain value.

Some Towns

In England.

A great deal of the picturesqueness of the towns lies in their names. Instead of Honesdale, Rileyville and Silko, there is Belovely, Trethosa, Tregonatha, Enniscaven, Toliskiddy, Lostwicheil, Mevagissy, Trezadern, and scores of others. There are some of the towns I have visited by "jingle," where the funny Cornish people, unconscious of the surrounding beauty of their country, live in simplicity in their stone cottages, and have the tiny shops in the crooked streets.

At the end of this week, however, my cousin and I are going up to Exeter (a town of 34,000 inhabitants) as guests of an old dealer in antiques, where we shall be carried perforce back to the old Elizabethan period. We shall go to Mol's Coffee-House, used before the reign of Queen Elizabeth as a Gentleman's Club, where such of the Old Sea Dogs as Sir Francis Drake, Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh held forth and eventually played so important a part in that brilliant period of English History. Besides the historical part of the town, we shall revel in old-fashioned jewelry shops and century-old cathedrals.

Further than Exeter, I really do not know. The most alluring part of my trip is the uncertainty of it. Fortunately, I had a grand-father who lived and died here at Popular Cottage on the Moors, and with our headquarters in this fascinating spot, we delve here and there as suits our varied fancies. After seeing the southern part of England, we shall, of course, go to London. By the time that is over, we shall know what we want to do next. We are going leisurely, and I have my camera with me. I want to take a picture every time I turn a corner. Why! I want a picture of every cow and bullock, every hedge and hillock in England.

To-day is Bank Holiday, and all Cornwall is on the move. My father, uncles and cousins have gone down to Newquay to "see the wrestling." To-night they will come home full of twists and turns, and all we shall hear of till "Monday week any'ow" is "the wrestling."

The country is beautiful, the climate is conducive to fine spirits, so if you feel despondent, or dissatisfied in any way with Dyberry, come on over, and we will try and show you a good time.

With love and best wishes to all,

Your Niece,
MIRIAM L. STEPHENS.

WHITE MILLS.

P. Falk of New York spent the latter part of the week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abbin Falk.

Take Falk left Sunday for Toledo, Ohio, where he has accepted a position in a bank.

The church show held at M. Elmore's Saturday was very well attended and many beautiful gifts were given for the supper and fair to be sold at the opening of the new basement which will take place Saturday, December 6.

Clarence Elmore, who is attending Scranton Business College, is spending a few days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Elmore.

Theo. Gill, who is attending St. Thomas' college of Scranton, is spending a few days at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gill.

Mrs. John Fuse and Mrs. Fritz Wagner are spending a few days in New York city.

Mrs. Andrews, of Middletown, is spending a few days at the home of her son, Edward Wood, of this place.

Miss Daisy Kellam, of Hawley, spent Thursday at the home of L. F. Christians of this place.

Mr. Witheridge and his two daughters, were called to Scranton on account of Mr. Witheridge's mother being ill. A. Smith had charge of the butcher business during Mr. Witheridge's absence.

—Read The Citizen every week.

THINK BANDIT DEAD

Poisonous Fumes Used to Capture Desperado.

SIX VICTIMS HIS RECORD.

Sheriff's Band Surrounds Mine Where He Took Refuge and Used Sulphur to Rout Him Out—Clouds of Smoke Pour From All Entrances.

Salt Lake, Utah, Dec. 3.—That Rafael Lopez, Mexican murderer of six men, has been overcome by the poisonous gases which have been pouring into the Apex mine for twenty-four hours is the general belief. At an early hour deputies who had been watching the various entrances for hours said no sound had come from the interior since last evening, when they heard a slight coughing and scraping behind the bulwark which has been erected to keep Lopez penned in the prison of his own choosing.

All night long clouds of smoke and gas poured from most of the eleven entrances to the mine, indicating that practically every inch of the thirty miles of tunnels had been reached. If this is so Lopez cannot possibly be alive.

Nevertheless, the sheriff does not propose to take any chances, and thousands of pounds of sulphur are being burned. The "smudging" process will be continued all of today and tonight, and it will be Thursday morning before deputies can enter the mine.

The last word from the fugitive was when he called faintly for his former comrade and partner, Julius Corrello. Twice he called "Julio" in a voice that indicated pulmonary trouble, but when he was answered some time later there was no response from within, and it is the belief that the death fumes have accomplished their purpose.

Killed Six.

Only such work as has been necessary has been carried on here in the last few days, and business affairs are generally at a standstill, so intense has become the interest in the man hunt. The streets and hills in the vicinity of the mine which holds the murderer are filled with men anxious to lend whatever assistance they can to capture Lopez. His own countrymen have turned against him, and threats were made that Lopez would never reach prison alive, even though he escapes death in the mine and surrenders.

On Nov. 21 Lopez killed a Mexican miner, and later in the day he killed the chief of police and two detectives who pursued him. After a chase through several counties he backtracked to Bingham and took refuge last Friday in the Utah-Apex mine, where he killed two more deputies.

While poisoned gases gradually thickened and penetrated the further reaches of the mine, Lopez crowded to the bulkhead of the tunnel yesterday and called for his friend, Julio Corrello.

"What do you want? Speak now, for in half an hour you will be dead," commanded the deputy in charge of the posse at the entrance.

Lopez refused to answer, except to call again for Corrello, who was sent for. When the latter arrived, however, and shouted through the bulkhead he received no answer.

SUFFRAGISTS PEEVED.

Score Wilson For Ignoring Cause in His Congress Message.

Washington, Dec. 3.—Chagrined at President Wilson's failure to mention the development of the equal suffrage movement in the United States and the extension of votes to women in nearly one-fifth of the states in his annual address to congress, the National Woman Suffrage association in session here passed a resolution criticizing the president and declaring that he had missed the opportunity of his life. The vote on the resolution was unanimous and was accompanied by cheers and waving of handkerchiefs.

The resolution, which was framed and presented by Dr. J. William Funk of Baltimore, was presented at the end of the session. Dr. Funk suggested an immediate vote, and there were cries of "Yes, yes," and "Vote, vote."

The resolution follows:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that President Wilson failed to rise to the sublime heights of Democracy when he failed in his message to congress today to recommend the freedom of half the citizens of the United States and probably half the citizens of the civilized world.

"A CONGRESSMAN'S SAD LOT."

No Mileage, No Christmas Recess, but an Income Tax Holdup.

Washington, Dec. 3.—It's pretty tough to be a member of congress these days. It was hard enough when it became known recently that there would be no mileage appropriations this session and that the exigencies of the public welfare required congress to cut out the Christmas recess.

The crowning indignity, though, was thrust upon members when it was learned that the disbursing officers of congress hold that under the income tax law the tax to be paid by statesmen would be "collected at the source." In other words, it will be deducted from members' compensation before they are paid off.

Weather Probabilities. Generally cloudy today and tomorrow with light variable winds.



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and what they should mean to YOU

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

FARMERS AND MECHANICS BANK

Honesdale, Pa.

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS NOV. 1, 1913.

RESOURCES.	LIABILITIES.
Loans	Capital Stock
Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages	Surplus and Profits
Cash and Reserve	Deposits
Overdrafts	
Real Estate	
\$487,178.50	\$487,178.50

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF DEPOSITS.

June 1st, 1907	\$ 24,898.54
May 1st, 1908	\$109,896.20
May 1st, 1909	\$161,077.58
May 2nd, 1910	\$241,843.67
May 1, 1911	\$272,500.68
May 3, 1912	\$304,915.97
May 1, 1913	\$346,938.40
Nov. 1, 1913	\$382,991.37

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