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**ARTISTIC MEMORIALS**  
Office and Works,  
1036 MAIN ST.  
HONESDALE, PA.

**APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.**

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on December 30, 1912, at ten o'clock a. m. by Catholina Lambert, J. Wallace Lambert and W. F. Suydam, Jr., under the Act of Assembly entitled an Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29, 1874, and supplements thereto for the charter for an intended corporation to be called "Ready Weaving and Spinning Company," the character and object of which is in manufacturing of all fabrics, using, therefore, wool, cotton, silk or any other vegetable, animal or mineral fiber of mixture thereof, silks, spinning, dyeing, printing and finishing, and for the purpose of any and all such raw materials as may be necessary for the above mentioned purposes; also for the erection and maintenance of such buildings and dwellings as may be necessary in the above mentioned manufacturing business and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

SEARLE & SALMON,  
Solicitors.  
Honesdale, Pa., Dec. 3, 1912.  
956013.

**NOTICE TO BONDHOLDERS OF THE MILANVILLE BRIDGE CO.**

The bondholders of the Milanville Bridge Company will take notice that in pursuance of a resolution duly adopted by the Company, and in accordance with the provisions of the mortgage dated January 2, 1905, given by the Milanville Bridge Company to Homer Greene, Trustee, one thousand dollars of the bonds secured by said mortgage have been drawn for redemption. On presentation of said bonds to Homer Greene, Trustee, at his office in Honesdale, Pa., on or after January 1, 1913, they will be paid at their par value, together with interest thereon to January 1, 1913, on and after which date interest thereupon will cease. The numbers of the bonds so drawn are as follows:

5-6-7-13-14-15-19-22-29-31-45-46-53-80-94-99-113-140-149-150-158-167-170-175-184-185-195-197-214-231-244-249-257-259-265-267-269-270-282-289-294.

CHAS. E. BEACH,  
Secretary of the Milanville Bridge Company.  
9564.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE,**

Estate of  
**JULIETTE ARNOLD,**  
Late of South Canaan, Pa.  
All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested, for settlement.

J. G. BRONSON, Executor.  
So. Canaan, Nov. 29, 1912.

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**Eureka Harness Oil**  
**Mica Axle Grease**  
Sold by dealers everywhere  
The Atlantic Refining Company

**HIS RISE TO POWER**

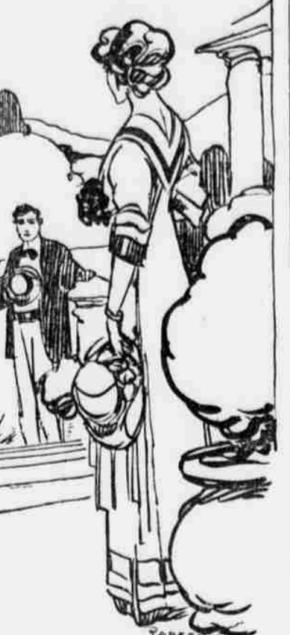
By Henry Russell Miller,  
Author of  
"The Man Higher Up"

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**SYNOPSIS**

Senator Murchell, leader of the state machine, and Sheehan, local boss of New Chelsea, offer the nomination for district attorney to John Dunmeade. Dunmeade is independent in his political ideas. Dunmeade will accept the nomination. His father, a partisan judge, congratulates him. His Aunt Roberta urges John to call on Katherine Hampden, daughter of a capitalist. Katherine Hampden is a worshiper of success. She and John are friends. Jeremy Applegate, a political dependent, campaigns for John and the state ticket. In New Chelsea lives Warren Blake, a model young bank cashier, connected with Hampden in "high finance." They try without success for John's aid. The rottenness of politics in his state and party as revealed in his campaign displease John. He calls upon Katherine. Katherine's peril in a runaway reveals to her and John their unspoken love. John publicly "turns down" the machine of his party. John will not compromise with his conscience even for the sake of winning Katherine, and the two part.

against the things I have and want, I shall find you lacking."  
He made no reply. He, too, was wondering. Could she make herself over? Could he make her over? He stood awkwardly before her for a moment, then turned as though to leave.  
"Are you going to relinquish me wholly?" Her voice was still steady, but in the moonlight her face was very white. "Don't! I—this summer—tonight—you have aroused in me longings for something different. Perhaps I may yet become big enough to be happy with what you can give me with you."  
He was trembling. He had to steel himself again before he could reply. "I can't let myself hope that you will come. But if you come, it must be without persuasion from me."  
She went a few steps up the stairs toward the terrace. Then she stopped and faced him again. "Goodby. And



"Thank you for not humiliating me."

thank you for not humiliating me, for saying that you cared." She said it without a quaver.  
"Goodby." He got into the trap and drove away without once looking back.  
"John, John!" she whispered. "Why didn't you take me—in spite of myself!" Then she went into the house.  
In the hall she found her father, reading. He looked at her sharply.  
"You look done up. It was a fool errand. What's Williams driving out again for?"  
"It wasn't Williams," she answered. "John Dunmeade came home with me."  
"Humph!" he growled. "You'll be making a fool of yourself over that fellow yet if you're not careful."  
"No, I won't," she said wearily. "He won't let me. He doesn't want me. I virtually proposed to him and he virtually told me I am a selfish pig."  
"Eh? It's a good thing we're going away tomorrow. You go upstairs to bed. And when you say your prayers thank the Lord that I've brought you up to be what you are and that you aren't going to be the wife of a one horse country lawyer."

**CHAPTER VIII. Across the Border.**

THE next morning at the breakfast table Judge Dunmeade sat in a frigid but eloquent silence. John began, hesitatingly, "Father, last night—" "It is too late for regrets, sir."  
"I am not exactly regretting. But I felt an explanation—" "Can you," the judge interrupted coldly, "explain away the fact that you have betrayed the party that honored you, cast discredit upon William Murchell, who has given you his friendship, upon me, who—can you explain that?" He rose.  
John shook his head. "I thought I could. But now I'm afraid not."  
The judge's lips parted, then closed firmly as though he could not trust himself to speak. He raised his hand in a gesture in which grief and helplessness were blended and, turning, stalked slowly from the room.  
John smiled uncertainly. "I'm afraid, Aunt Roberta, your bones were a true prophet."

She sighed assentingly. He went out to face his neighbors—an ordeal. New Chelsea was rent in twain—into many divisions—by John's speech, its honest but partisan soul sorely troubled.  
The largest number, torn betwixt liking for their young neighbor and the mental discomfort of those whose traditions had been rudely jolted, withheld judgment until they could see what befell. Among the farmers was no dissension. A sudden lifting of heads, a still half-unbelieving rejoicing that the young fellow, who as he sweat with them in the fields asked questions, had dared to voice their protest.  
The Globe, stanchly partisan, made no mention of John's part in the rally save the unconsciously humorous sentence, "Attorney John Dunmeade also spoke."  
"Later, not greatly uplifted by the doubtful honor of being a bone of contention, John was alone in his office, smoking furiously, brow wrinkled, feet propped on the table. A heavy tread in the outer room announced the arrival of a visitor. Without knocking the newcomer flung open the door and strode into the office. His hat was pushed back on his head; an unlighted cigar stuck out at an aggressive angle

from the corner of his mouth. He surveyed John in mingled anger and disgust. John, not rising, sighted over lazy feet.  
"Good morning, Sheehan," he said with a pleasantness that would have carried a warning to a calmer observer than the boss.  
Without invitation Sheehan sat down. "Well," he growled, "you did it, didn't you? When a young fellow like you thinks he is better than his party he's got a lot to learn."  
John considered this statement for a moment. "I do not," he concluded. "I think I am better than my party."  
Sheehan caught the point. "Huh! Guess you don't know who the party is."  
"That's just what I'm trying to decide. Perhaps you can enlighten me."  
"I can. A party." Sheehan spoke with intense conviction—"a party is those that control it."  
"Then in Benton county you're the party?"  
"Ergasactly! Me and Murchell."  
"Then, modestly, I do think I'm better than the party," John responded, still pleasantly. "And, as you say, I've a lot to learn. Have you come to teach me?"  
"Say, hain't you no respect for my position in this county?"  
"For your position a great deal; for you—none at all."  
Sheehan grinned in spite of himself. "I like your nerve. That's what makes me sore," he went on reproachfully. "I like you. I was glad to do you a favor. I gave you a chance to get in strong with us. And you go and heef it by throwin' down the state ticket. What did you do it for?"  
"I'm afraid you won't understand. Sheehan. It's a question of ideals."  
Sheehan snorted. "Ideals! I know all about 'em. What's ideals? Can you eat 'em? Can you wear 'em? Can you stuff 'em into your pants' pocket like this?" He illustrated by drawing out a fat roll of bills. "Will they get you votes? When I came to Plumville fifteen years ago all I owned was the shirt on my back. Now I can buy out any man in Benton county exceptin' Steve Hampden and Murchell, and when they want anything here they're glad enough to come to me and make it worth my while to give it to 'em. I didn't get it by havin' ideals."  
"How true, John thought, judging from his narrow experience. Was it possible that the seats of the mighty were reserved only for the Murchells, the Hampdens, the Sheehans? He thought disgustedly of the coarse brutish thing before him. Yet Sheehan could command his retinue of followers. One of them entered John's mind. He looked up suddenly. "Sheehan, who is Butch Maley?"  
"Who's Butch Maley? He's the Fourth precinct, Fourth ward, that's what he is, and it's the biggest precinct in the city. He's the whole works, voters and election board."  
"You mean he monkeys with the count?"  
"I mean," replied Sheehan significantly, "that when we need a few votes we can always get 'em from Butch's precinct."  
"I see. I've heard of those precincts. H-m-m! Sheehan, I don't think you're as smart as you think you are. What did you come to teach me?"  
"I come to give you another chance. You can give an interview sayin' that you was misunderstood—that you're for the state ticket strong and want all your friends to vote for it."

"Is that an order or a request?"  
"Whichever you please," Sheehan answered shortly.  
"And if I don't do it?"  
"There's another man runnin' for district attorney."  
"Why, Sheehan?" John simulated reproachful surprise well. "Surely you wouldn't go back on your party! But I forget—you're the party, aren't you? I suppose Simcox belongs to the party too." Simcox was John's opponent.  
"And if I do?"  
"Then you'll win."  
John got leisurely to his feet. His visitor also rose. "Sheehan, you're lying. You'll knife me in any case. Well, I won't do it. So go ahead and beat me—if you can. I'd rather be beaten than be beholden to you, you—Do you know what you are, Sheehan? You're not smart, you're just greedy and there's been nobody to thwart you. You're just a big bully with a soul as fat as your body. Do you know you're getting awfully fat?" He began prodding the other, none too gently, about the ribs and stomach. His fingers found only soft, yielding cushions of fat.  
"Don't get fresh, young feller." But Sheehan drew back, nevertheless. John followed him and continued his inspection.  
"If I'm elected, Sheehan, I'd advise you to buy a passage to Mexico or some place where extradition laws don't hold. You needn't bother about a round trip ticket, either. In the meantime, get out!" Sheehan assumed a blustering air. "It's shorter by the window, but you may prefer the door," continued John.

He seemed to the other just then a very capable young man. The boss, after a moment's inward debate, chose discretion as the better part of valor. John went to the window, threw it open and watched the bulky figure pass out of sight around the corner. He filled his lungs with the cool, clear autumn air.  
(Continued in Next Friday's Issue.)

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The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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**D. & H. CO. TIME TABLE---HONESDALE BRANCH**

In Effect Sept. 29, 1912.

A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
8:30	10:00	10:00	4:30	Albany	2:00	11:00	11:00	11:00
10:30	2:15	12:30	6:15	Binghamton	12:40	8:45	8:45	9:00
8:15	7:10	4:45	12:30	Philadelphina	4:09	7:45	8:12	7:45
4:05	8:00	5:35	7:00	Wilkes-Barre	9:35	2:55	7:25	12:5
				Scranton	8:45	2:15	6:30	12:5
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Lv	Ar	A.M.	P.M.
5:40	8:45	6:25	2:05	8:00	Carbondale	8:05	7:35	5:50
5:50	8:55	6:35	2:15	9:00	Lincoln Avenue	7:54	1:25	5:40
6:04	9:09	6:50	2:30	9:00	Whites	7:50	1:21	5:34
6:11	9:16	6:57	2:37	9:21	Quilley	7:59	1:09	5:24
6:17	9:24	7:03	2:43	9:29	Farview	7:53	1:03	5:18
6:23	9:29	7:09	2:49	9:34	Canaan	7:55	1:07	5:11
6:29	9:32	7:12	2:52	9:37	Lake Lodore	7:19	12:51	5:04
6:32	9:37	7:18	2:57	9:42	Waymart	7:17	12:49	4:54
6:35	9:39	7:21	2:59	9:44	Keweenaw	7:12	12:45	4:56
6:39	9:43	7:25	3:03	9:48	Steede	7:09	12:40	4:52
6:43	9:47	7:29	3:07	9:52	Prompton	7:05	12:38	4:51
6:46	9:50	7:32	3:10	9:55	Portunia	7:01	12:32	4:47
6:50	9:55	7:36	3:13	9:59	Seelyville	6:58	12:28	4:44
					Honesdale	6:55	12:25	4:40
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Ar	Lv	A.M.	P.M.

**ADVERTISE.**  
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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"

**NOTICE OF ELECTION**  
Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Wayne Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held in the office of the company in Honesdale, Pa., on **MONDAY, JANUARY 6,** at ten o'clock a. m. for the election of general business and an election will be held at place of meeting between of one and two o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing members of said company directors for the ensuing year. Every person insured in the company is a member thereof entitled to one vote.  
PERRY A. CLA  
Honesdale, Dec. 4, 1912.