

Correspondence

Items Gathered by
THE CITIZEN STAFF
About the County.

Clinton.
FEB. 1st.—At present the residents of this section are enjoying a genuine northern winter, which makes one long for a warmer climate.

Mrs. James Dann was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Garrett, of Honesdale, last week.

Mrs. Louise Curtis is passing several weeks with her daughters, who reside in Uniondale and Carbondale.

Mrs. C. R. Bunting and Mrs. Katherine Sanders recently spent several days with Carbondale friends.

Charles Sanders, of Syracuse, N. Y., spent Sunday with his father.

Mrs. A. J. Merwin and son, of Waymart, spent several days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bunting.

Rev. Mr. Kellerman, who has been holding revival meetings in the Baptist church, at Alderfield, preached to the Centre people the last two Sabbaths very acceptably.

On Thursday last as H. Bullock, of South Clinton, was driving his team from Waymart to his home, the hind axle broke and the occupants were thrown from the wagon. His wife was uninjured, but his daughter and son were considerably bruised and shaken up. Mr. Bullock's back was so badly strained that it is causing him considerable pain.

Last week the Farno school, with the teacher, Miss Irene Curtis, enjoyed a sleigh ride and visited the Demming school at Pleasant Mount, taught by Miss Mary Bennett. Certainly they all had a jolly good time.

On Sunday last the Clinton Centre Baptist church granted Warren P. Norton a license to preach. Mr. Norton is a student of Keystone Academy, Factoryville.

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. Myron Norton for dinner this week Thursday.

Indian Orchard.

FEB. 1st.—Samuel Saunders attended Pomona Grange at Farno last week. He says it was the best meeting that he has ever attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Saunders visited their daughter, Mrs. S. D. Noble, of Calkins on Wednesday last. Mr. Saunders returned home the same day, but his wife will remain at Calkins for several days.

Albert Swartz is working for Mr. Spinner, of Cherry Ridge.

Joseph Swartz is visiting his brother-in-law, Levi Ostrander, of Atco.

W. C. Spry, of this place, attended the meeting of the Big Eddy Telephone Co. on Tuesday last, at Narrowsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Buckingham visited the former's brother, John, of Atco, on Tuesday.

The Bethel school will hold an entertainment in Grange Hall in the near future, the proceeds of which are to be used to purchase a clock for the school.

William Avery is hauling wood from the Bethel farm near Beach Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest VanWert formerly of this place, but now residing at Honesdale, intend to go West in the spring.

W. C. Spry's team left to-day for Honesdale, where they are employed at getting in ice for the Borden's.

Charles Wagner is assisting M. Elmore at White Mills.

Sterling.

JAN. 29th.—On the 25th, while I. M. Kipp was trimming an apple tree, he cut his foot quite badly, and Dr. Smith dressed the wound.

Ralph Swingle, who has been attending a business college in Scranton, came home last week with a sore throat, which has since been pronounced scarlet fever.

The Democrats and Republicans each held their caucus on the 23d, which were well attended. We are pleased to see the interest that is being taken in town affairs.

District Deputy Osborne installed officers in the P. O. S. of A. Camp, No. 279, on the 28th of January.

Miss A. M. Noble has been under Dr. Gilpin's care for the past week.

After Fred Lloyd returned from G. M. Bidwell's funeral, he was taken with pneumonia, and expired on the evening of the 28th. Frederick Lloyd came to this country from the north of Ireland, nearly sixty years ago, when he was a young man, and excepting a year or two, has resided here ever since. "Fred" was an honest, industrious and faithful worker, a good neighbor and an obliging friend, who strictly attended to his own business and had a good word for everybody. Rev. S. B. Murray, of Ariel, officiated at the funeral, which was largely attended, and he gave us an excellent sermon. Thomas Lloyd, a cousin from Paterson, N. J., was the only relative present, but many here will long remember his faithful old Fred.

Bethany.
FEB. 1st.—Rev. and Mrs. Signor and I. J. Many attended the Torrey meetings in Scranton last week.

A. O. Blake was able to walk out last week with the aid of a crutch and cane.

The donation party at the manse, Friday evening, was largely attended. Three sleigh loads came from Honesdale and a liberal donation of money was sent to Rev. Cody by some Honesdale friends.

Sunday morning the minister thanked his friends very feelingly for their kindnesses in a few well chosen remarks, and said he had received \$106.95.

Vinning Cody returned from Cold Springs, Thursday.

Mrs. Wesley Paynter and daughter, of Carbondale, spent Sunday with Mrs. Laura Miller.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Ross and four of their children have been having a siege of the gripe.

It is to be regretted that more cannot enjoy the pulpits paintings. They are just what they were represented to be by Rev. Mr. Cody, and those who have seen them the past two Sundays feel very grateful for the privilege.

A donation party will be given Rev. Mr. Signor on Wednesday, Feb. 10th. All are welcome.

Sherman.

FEB. 1st.—Mrs. Lois Sampson died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Myrick, on Monday last, aged 85 years. She leaves several children to mourn her loss. The body was taken to Starucca for burial, on Wednesday, the funeral services being held in the Methodist church, of which she had been a life-long member.

Mrs. Clara Curtis died at her home at Scott Center, last Saturday morning, aged 56 years. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. May C. Slocum, living at Hepper, Oregon; one son, Frank, at home; and two brothers, Oliver and Adelbert Howell. The funeral was held at Sherman, on Wednesday of this week. Interment at Hale Eddy.

The Scott Chemical Co.'s store was broken into last Thursday evening, between the hours of six and seven, while Mr. Arneke was home for supper, and \$14 in money taken from the cash drawer. No arrests have been made yet, but will be the coming week, as they are quite certain who did the bold robbery.

Beach Lake.

FEB. 2d.—Mrs. Norah Glahn is still in a very dangerous condition. Her sister, Mrs. J. P. Budd, and brother, Fred, are with her.

Miss Ella Best, of Irwin, Pa., is recovering from a severe illness of six weeks' duration.

Sluman Best, of the Philippines, will start on his homeward trip some time next April. He has been absent nearly four years. His brother, Elbert, returned last summer, and is now teaching in Colorado.

MEMORY.

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you, remaining
Deeply folded in my brain,
Will not leave me; all things leave me;
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go,
Other thoughts I may know
That shall wait me, in their going,
As a breath blown to and fro,
Fragrant memories; fragrant memories
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain
In my heart where they have lain,
Perfumed thoughts of you, remaining,
A hid sweetness, in my brain,
Others leave me; all things leave me;
You remain.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

"GOOD NIGHT."

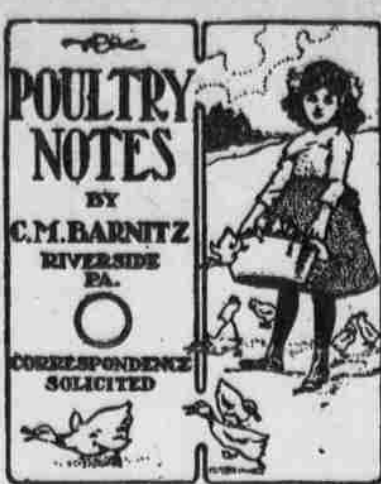
Good night, good night; ah, good the night,
That wraps thee in its silver light;
Good night; no night is good for me
That does not hold a thought of thee,
Good night.

Good night. Be every night as sweet
As that which made our love complete.
Till that last night when death shall be
One bright "Good Night" for thee and me.
Good night.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

"A Summer Paradise."

All hotel and boarding-house proprietors on the line of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad desiring representation in the new edition of the Hotel Directory, should send full information at once to the General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y.



POULTRY NOTES
BY C. M. BARNITZ
RIVERSIDE, PA.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

"BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL SNOW."
When your wife calls at the daybreak,
"John, the snow is two feet deep;
You had better get the shovel
And not waste the time in sleep."

Then's the time o' day, dear brother,
That your heart with love doth glow
For the poet of the snowflake
Who wrote "Beautiful, Beautiful Snow."

When your spinal column's cracking
And the shovelling's going slow
To revive your freezing spirits
Whistle "Beautiful, Beautiful Snow."

When in sloppy slush you're flopping
And your socks begin to fill
And the icy wavelets, gushing,
Splash you with an awful chill,

It is then, when your physician
Hands in a tremendous bill,
That you love to hear the poet
Of the sparkling snowflake trill.

But perhaps you love the poem best.
This poem, "Beautiful Snow."
When you zigzag down the street
And your feet from under go.

When your bald spot hits the stone
Walk,
While you count the stars above,
It is then a man can really talk
Of snow that poets love.

C. M. B.

CHICKEN POX.

When you get mumps and measles you might have had some reason to blame the tow head boy who made faces at you in school, but when chicken pox made you scratch you could as well have blamed it on your red bantam rooster, for the ugly, itchy affliction on human and fowl is the same and is caused by a vegetable fungus. When turkeys, chickens, geese and pigeons get bunged up with these yellow tipped warts the sight is enough to break any fancier's heart. The wart generally first appears on the lower eyelid and grows and closes the eye. Unless localized it covers the head and is found especially on eyelids, base of beak, orifices of nose, on comb and wattles. Unlike favus, it seldom affects the feathered parts except with pigeons, where it often is found under the wings. When it takes a diphtheritic turn, spreading over the membranes of nostrils and mouth, it is difficult to cure. This phase of the disease is fatal to pigeons.

Occasionally a vigorous fowl will overcome the disease without treatment. The warts dry up and drop off. This is seldom, and the treatment must be often continued for two or three weeks. Old stock is seldom affected unless weak or through wounds. Young and late hatched fowls are particularly victims.

Warm sections are scourged with it, and it is most common in the fall. Wet seasons, leaky, dirty poultry houses and pigeon lofts, where damp droppings rot, are breeders.

TREATMENT.
Quarantine victims, remove the well birds to new quarters or thoroughly disinfect the old and make everything sanitary. Localize the pox on the spot where it appeared. We have used the following cures with success. Take your pick:

Wash head with an equal part mixture of water and vinegar and apply bluestone (sulphate of copper) to the warts. Use the lump or dissolve a dram in half a pint of water.

Touch warts with turpentine. Apply solution of iodine and 12 per cent carbolic acid. Be careful not to get the latter remedy into the eyes and use caution lest you carry disease to the children or to the rest of the flock.

This malady is also known as warts, sore head and pigeon pox.

DON'TS.

Don't let chickens wade in filth. Scaly leg.

Don't make your roosts too high. Bumble foot.

Don't let your wife do the heavy work while you play sick and labor sick.

Don't forget to have good printed stationery. But don't have it loud as a brass band.

Don't let strangers make an inside map of your plant. They may be burglars in disguise.

Don't let your roosters get frosted combs. You know how it feels to frost your thumbs.

Don't expect to get all your practical knowledge from a poultry library. Expect hard knocks occasionally.

DECORATING HINTS.

An Artistic Bedroom Done in Gray and Pink.

A REAL STROKE OF GENIUS.

Tidies Again the Vogue in Smart New York Homes—The Zodiac Necklace Is the Thing to Conjure With. Handicraft Work.

My Dear Eliss—I have just come back from a week end spent with Ellnor N. You know the N.'s have recently finished their new house at Short Hills, and when they are not exploring all the unexplored regions of the globe they will be located at this delightful colonial abode, situated in one of Jersey's most exclusive spots. The place will be in the market a year from now, I am absolutely certain, but for the time being they are perfectly bewitched with their latest architectural achievement. I wonder why the "moving on" spirit does get such a

grip on Americans. I reckon it's because we are so bent upon improving ourselves we just can't rest. We certainly do lack repose as a nation; but as the English complacently hint, we'll "arrive" when we get over the novelty of having barrels of money to dispose of as the whim seizes us. But I haven't time this morning to moralize, for I must tell you about Ellnor's bedroom, which is the sweetest thing you ever imagined. Titania's bower, Mrs. George Gould's famous boudoir at Georgian Court, the magnificent Lake wood palace, isn't a patch on this apartment in point of artistic conception. I couldn't shut my little peepers in such a beauty spot. The wonder of it would keep me awake. Raving, as usual! Now, listen to how it's "done" and you'll rave with me.



ZODIAC NECKLACE.

To begin with, the room is a good sized square apartment. I loathe a great barn of a bedroom, don't you? It started out for a "square deal," but got sidetracked at one end, where a slightly bowed diamond paneled window breaks up the architectural precision. Under Ellnor's supervision—you know she's artistic to the finger tips—a New York interior artist, a woman by the way, did the decorating. A gray and pink scheme was selected, and to carry out the misty, hazy atmosphere that was planned to float o'er this Eden the floor was first painted and then enameled a soft French gray and partly covered with a square rug of silvery gray green wilton. The walls were hung with a pale gray cartridge paper suggesting the tone of the floor. Now comes evidence of the divine afflatus possessed by the decorator.

Departing from the commonplace frieze, this original craftswoman ran a stiff border of pink hollyhocks immediately under the place dedicated to this piece of mural decoration. Where the frieze wasn't, to be Irish, was a blurry effect in grays that melted into the ceiling, rather indicating the gathering of a storm with the sun shining through. On either side of the dressing table, which was of gray enameled satinwood, were arranged silver candelabra in branch style, fitted with electric light, softened by shades in the form of pink hollyhocks. The single bed was of the same wood; also a small colonial table, on which were placed the night light of silver, with hollyhock shade, and a few of Ellnor's favorite books bound in gray suede. Talking about genius, it surely was burning when it came to the dressing up of this bed. A spread and bolster roll of white handkerchief linen edged with deep cluny lace and embroidered with a row of the pink hollyhocks was designed for this particular couch and carried into effect.

Have I told you why the old kitchen garden flower was selected as a motif? No? How stupid, for hereby hangs a tale! You should and must know that the decorators imported just two patterns of a French cretonne in gray besprinkled with the dear, stiff old posies, and one of these lengths Ellnor annexed and had her couch, easy chairs and window seat upholstered in it. Naturally the blossoms became the theme of the furnishings. But, to come back to the spread, when it was laid on the bed it became a whited sepulcher, and, as an editor friend of mine says, "it hit one in the eye." Something had to be done. Sleepless nights ensued for Ellnor and the interior decorator. Like Sentimental Tommy, they "found a why," and such a funny way! It was decided the spread had to be dyed a pale gray, the right sort of nuance to tone in with the other effects. But how get it? I believe in "leadings," both in things divine and material, and an earthly manifestation took place in this instance. One even-

ing Ellnor had for the moment forgotten the spread and was getting ready for a dinner party. When her maid, frock in hand, was about to slip over her head a Worth creation she gracefully dodged the service, flew to a bundle of old newspapers that happened to be in the room and, while Maria looked on aghast, tore them up, tossed them in the basin and poured boiling water over them. Impatiently walking the floor for a second, she returned to the experiment, lifted the paper from the water with the aid of a toothbrush handle and gazed in ecstatic rapture at the grayish solution left in the basin. When Marie had brought her the spread and bolster roll milady gathered the embroidered part of the work up in her hands and dipped the rest of the linen in the water. After sousing the material up and down, behold a lovely tone of gray was the result! Satisfied with the undertaking, Ellnor allowed herself to be dressed for the dinner and departed in high glee.

Next day the tidies were treated to the same kind of bath. Tidies, you say, who uses anything so antiquated? We up to date Gothamites do, my dear. They've been the smart caper all winter, but not the antimacassar of hideous English origin. No; the new affairs are of the sheerest handkerchief linen and are used merely on the arms of upholstered furniture. There were no pictures on the walls of this exquisite room. In fact, nothing of a pictorial nature was attempted save the portraits of the master of the house and Ellnor's small girl, Kathleen, framed in dull silver, that were to be seen on the dressing table. At the bow window were cash curtains of gray brussels net and long hangings of cretonne lined with pink silk. The toilet things were of perfectly plain dull silver, each article decorated with a single hollyhock. When I tell you that the doors entering the boudoir and bath were of plate glass with dull silver knobs you can gather, I hope, a faint idea of the attractiveness of this room.

I know how fond you are of needlework, so when my hostess showed me a tea cloth she had just bought I took in all the points so I could pass them along. The cloth was a large oval affair of white handkerchief linen, measuring probably two yards around. A superb piece of handmade Russian lace was used as a finish. For about a depth of two feet at intervals around the cloth were the most natural stalks of wild carrot. The blossom part was worked in tufts of mercerized white cotton and the stalks and spiky leaves in a pale green. The flowers were raised so high and were so true to nature that one instinctively looked for the funny little black beauty spot that is to be found in all wild carrot flowers. Between the bunches of blossoms were medallions the size of a bread and butter plate of Russian lace. The whole thing was gorgeous and yet in perfect taste.

Hand wrought jewelry is the fad of the moment, and classes are being formed for courses of instruction during Lent, one of which I have joined, but all I expect to accomplish is a much battered up pair of hands. Some of the reproductions of ancient amulets and charms are stunning, and I spent all my last allowance the other day on a zodiac necklace, which is the latest thing to conjure with. Every-body nowadays has a fetch, a particular luck charm, which is supposed to



NEW ORBS DEcoration.

ward off misfortune. My charm is an Egyptian one, the twelve signs of the zodiac, all in dull beaten metal, arranged to encircle the throat and connected in front with a sacred scarab, or Egyptian beetle with spread wings. Below the scarab hangs a little pendant showing the asp, another Egyptian charm. If your astral color and birthstone have played you false, let me know, and I'll lend you my necklace, and in the meantime believe me ever mostly sincerely yours,
MABEL.

CRYSTALLIZED ORANGE PEEL.

Save all the orange skins from the table and throw them into a large crock filled with salt and water, about a cup of salt to a gallon. When it is full wash them in two or three waters, scraping out the white inside. Simmer gently, changing the water from time to time, till all trace of the salt disappears. Drain and with the scissors or a sharp knife cut into very narrow strips and weigh. For each pound allow a pound of sugar and a half cup of water. Boil the sugar and water a moment, add the orange peel and simmer gently about thirty minutes or until tender.

Drain, roll each piece in granulated sugar and put on a platter covered with oiled paper to dry in the sun or on buttered tins in a slow oven.—Harper's Bazar.

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NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that the Salem Camp Ground will no longer be used for camp meeting purposes, and all persons owning lots on said grounds, wishing to dispose of them, will present their claim to G. O. Gillett, Secretary of the association, on or before April 1st, 1908, or be debarred from receiving any revenue from them.

Hamilton, Pa. A. C. HOWE, } Com.
Jan. 4, 1908. R. H. SIMONS, } 254

WHEN THE ENGINE COMES

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