

The Younger Set.

(Continued from page 4)

was high and her eyes met his, straight, unwavering.

"I—I knew it," she said. "I understood there was something. If it is trouble, and I see it is, bring it to me. If I am the woman you took me for, give me my part in this. It is the quickest way to my heart, Captain Selwyn. I ask it."

"Why?" Her eyes wavered, then returned his gaze.

"For love of you," she said, as white as death.

He caught his breath sharply and straightened out, passing one hand across his eyes. When she saw his face again in the dim light it was ghastly.

"There was a woman," he said, "for whom I was once responsible." He spoke wearily, head bent, resting the weight of one arm on the table against which she leaned. "Do you understand?" he asked.

"Yes. You mean—Mrs. Ruthven."

"I mean her. Afterward, when matters had altered, I came home."

He raised his head and looked about him in the darkness.

"Come home," he repeated, "no longer a man—the shadow of a man, with no hope, no outlook, no right to hope."

He leaned heavily on the table, his arm rigid, looking down at the floor as he spoke.

"No right to hope. Others told me that I still possessed that right. I knew they were wrong. I do not mean that they persuaded me. I persuaded myself that, after all, perhaps my right to hope remained to me. I persuaded myself that I might be, after all, the substance, not the shadow."

He looked up at her.

"And so I dared to love you." She gazed at him, scarcely breathing.

"Then," he said, "came the awakening. My dream had ended."

She waited, the lace on her breast scarce stirring, so still she stood, so pitifully still.

"Such responsibility cannot die while those live who undertook it. I believed it until I desired to believe it no longer."

He took one step toward her, and his voice fell so low that she could just hear him.

"She has lost her mind, and the case is hopeless. Those to whom the laws of the land have given care of her turned on her, threatened her with disgrace. And when one friend of hers halted this miserable conspiracy her maid came swiftly upon her, and suddenly she found herself helpless, penniless, abandoned, her mind already clouded and clouding faster. Eileen, was there then the shadow of a doubt as to the responsibility? I dare not utter one word of love to you. I dare not touch you. What chance is there for such a man as I?"

"No chance—for us," she whispered.

"Go!"

For a second he stood motionless, then, swaying slightly, turned on his heel.

And long after he had left the house she still stood there, eyes closed, coloring lips set, her slender body quivering, racked with the first fierce grief of a woman's love for a man.

To be Continued.

OATS FOR HORSES.

Comparative Value of Heavy and Light Grain.

F. W. Taylor of the New Hampshire experiment station has been investigating the comparative value of light and heavy oats for draft animals. Three pairs of work horses of Percheron blood were used in the test, one in each lot being fed heavy oats for thirty days and the others light oats. During an additional period of thirty days the conditions were reversed. In every case sixteen pounds of the oats—that is five pounds in the morning, five pounds at noon and six pounds at night—were fed with mixed hay of average quality ad libitum. All the horses were used for farm work, requiring average exertion and endurance. As shown by weightings taken twice a week, one horse lost on both light and heavy oats, five gained on heavy oats and four gained on light oats. The total gain or loss in any case was not material. The practical results of this experiment seem to indicate that, pound for pound, the light oats have nearly the same feeding value as the heavy oats.

Although the two grades are practically equal pound for pound, they are not equal quart for quart, and in feeding by measure, as is usually done, due allowance should be made for the heavy oats and a less quantity given. Since oats are bought and sold by weight instead of measure, there seems to be no gain made in buying the heavy oats at a much advanced price over the light oats.

Growing Rich Forage.

It has been found at the Minnesota experiment station that corn fodder, timothy hay, rape, pasture grass and hay crops from mixed grasses were materially influenced in composition by the use of farm manures. Less fiber and from 25 to 30 per cent more protein were secured on soils in a good state of fertility than on similar soils low in plant food.

The Time and the Offense.

"Oh, ma, teacher whipped Tommy Crow today!"

"What for?"

"For five minutes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Around the Ears.

"What are the usual earmarks of a musician?"

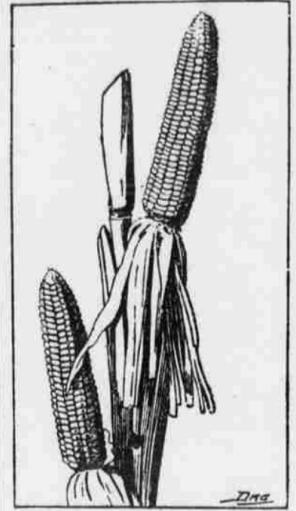
"A bunch of stray locks that ought to be amputated."—Minneapolis Journal.

Farm and Garden

VARIETY TALK.

Some of the Taking Novelties and Newer Specialties. By FRANK DEVON.

The golden yellow and extra sweet varieties of corn for the table have taken the public almost by storm. Golden Bantam was among the first of these delightful variations upon a



GOLDEN HONEY SWEET CORN.

favorite delicacy. It is very early, very sweet—by some considered the sweetest corn that grows. As may be inferred from the name, it is dwarf, growing not more than three feet high, and makes a small, compact ear. In their early stages the grains are cream white, maturing to a beautiful golden yellow.

At the head of these tempting golden sweet varieties some connoisseurs in corn place Golden Honey sweet corn. It is medium early, quite prolific and has ears of good size.

It is claimed that both these yellow corns keep in good eating condition longer than the white sorts. The distinctive points of the golden sweets are their color and a certain "rich delicacy" of flavor, in which, those who fancy them most say, they excel any other kinds. They are pretty certain to become favorites where introduced into a community.

Another sweet corn, new this season, is Pochontas, which makes its debut as "positively the earliest sweet corn grown"—three days earlier than any other sweet sort and of fine quality for so early a variety. It is a white corn.

Hinwatha, also new this season, is a white "sugar sweet" variety. It is recommended as lusciously tender, creamy and sweet, melting in your mouth and perfect for the home table.

This year brings some specially attractive newcomers among potatoes, two of much interest from "potato paradise," otherwise Maine.

From Aroostook, the birthplace of many varieties of national fame, is Big Cropper. This potato, J. J. H. Gregory says, yielded in a test on experimental grounds \$36 bushels per acre. The individual potatoes are large, oblong, smooth and very white of flesh; table quality first rate. One Maine grower states that in some places in the field Big Cropper ran one barrel of merchantable potatoes to the square rod.

Early Russet, the second new Maine seedling alluded to, is said to lead the field in earliness, being usually large enough for cooking in eight weeks from planting and in nine to ten weeks is fully matured. Other points claimed are: "It is a very handsome potato, very uniform in shape and size, aver-



NEW POTATO, EARLY RUSSET.

aging four to five inches in length. The eyes are on the surface and very shallow. The skin of creamy buff is netted golden russet, nature's hall mark of potato quality. The flesh is fine grained, white as snow, cooks dry and floury, and its flavor is mild and delicious. The tubers grow bunched compactly in the hill, permitting close planting. Under this method the potatoes will grow as nearly alike as peas in a pod and yield surprisingly large crops."

The Individual Ear.

Germination tests indicate that ears of corn may vary greatly in vitality, regardless of proper selection and preservation, and that it is very important that each ear of seed corn be subjected to a germination test in order to remove those of low vitality.

Farm Dairy Butter.

Farm dairy butter of the highest quality is always in demand at the best prices. Uniformity of excellence must be maintained, and this requires patient attention to details.

A Gentle Hint.

They were out sleigh riding, and she was driving.

"Did you ever see the 'Venus de Milo'?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the girl's reply as she looked out of the corner of her eye.

"Have you any idea how she came to lose her arms?" was his next question.

"I suppose it was because she didn't know how to use them," the sweet thing giggled, with another side glance.

—Yonkers Statesman.

Kindly Offer.

"Oh, dear," sighs the woman, dropping the fashion magazine sadly, "I do wish I could have one of those pretty new gowns!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," suggested her husband, who was working away at the illustration for a serial story. "I'll draw your picture in a stunning new dress and I'll—by gracious!—I'll draw in a lot of jewelry too!"—Chicago Post.

Warned.

Oh, Dickey Bird upon the bough, You think that spring is coming now! Therefore you blithely twitter. But hear a warning word or two: Before the April skies are blue The March winds will be bitter.

Oh, maiden with the rosy cheeks, Your little thin soled left shoe leaks, But gaily you go sloshing! Ah, have a care or you may be Ere June time where no lingerie Has ever needed washing!

—S. E. Klier in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Frivolous Person.

"A man about town, as near as I kin figger it out," remarked Uncle Goshall Hemlock, "is a feller who wants to loaf around from pillar to post; ain't satisfied to take up a place with the solid citizens every evenin' in the grocery store."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Says the Manager.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien!"

"That it only needs to be reproduced and the success of your play is assured."—Cleveland Leader.

Woman.

Oh, woman, you are charming, And poets long have sung Their sweetest verses to you In every written tongue, But none of them has ever Told why it is that you Will always leave a street car at dne gnorW —Success.

Still at His Trade.

Jack Tar—Hello, Jings! What are you doing nowadays?

Landlubber—Carpentering.

Jack Tar—What are you building?

Landlubber—Air castles.—Judge.

Merely a Suggestion.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen twenty-three summers."

"Say," he queried, "do you think it is too late to consult an eye specialist?"—Detroit Tribune.

No Call For an Increase.

In fashion's turns and changes swift, A woman cares not how they rig 'er. She'll wear thin skirt, a larger hat, Affect no hips or things like that, Yet never wants her feet made bigger. —New York Press.

Classified.

"Mr. Bliggins is quite a butterfly of fashion, isn't he?"

"No. He isn't any butterfly; he's a butter-in."—Washington Star.

After Church.

"What was that sentence the choir repeated so often during the litany?"

"As near as I could make out it was 'We are all miserable sinners.'"

Alimony.

Oh, strenuous day for Cupid! And Hymen's all astray. A chap pays court to some fair lass. The next we hear that comes to pass The court is paying her. —Pittsburg Post.

An Ingenious Fellow.

"Brown's an ingenious fellow."

"What's he doing now?"

"Teaching silkworms to sing cocoon songs."—Bellman.

Instance.

Knicker—Poverty doesn't prevent a man from rising.

Bocker—No; a kite flies better for a tail of rags.—Puck.

Looks So, Anyway.

Once on a time a woman's hat Was made to fit her head, But nowadays her head is built To fit the hat instead. —New York Telegram.

A Near One.

He—Wou'n't you miss me when I'm far away?

She—No; I'll always think of you as very close.—Cornwall Widow.

The Limit of Loyalty.

"She's the most loyal of wives."

"Laughs at all the jokes her husband tells at dinner, eh?"—Kansas City Times.

A Joyful Prediction.

The styles are to be smaller. The "Merry Widow" hat is passing. Folk will jeer it By asking where it's at. —Baltimore American.

She Named It.

She (casually)—What do you think is the best fruit of courtship?

He (tenderly)—The date.—Baltimore American.

Dumb Mr. Staylate.

"I don't believe in speeding the partying guest."

"Neither do I. He so rarely takes the hint."—Kansas City Times.

It Begins at Home.

When amateurs for "charity" Present a little play, Oh, let them take what'er they make! For who so poor as they? —Catholic Standard and Times.

Woman's World

A CABINET HOSTESS.

Mrs. Philander C. Knox, Wife of the New Secretary of State.

One of the most popular women of the Taft cabinet will be Mrs. Philander C. Knox, wife of the secretary of state. This gracious lady will fill her new position with the same grace and distinction she displayed as chaperone of the attorney general's home in the Roosevelt administration.

Secretary and Mrs. Knox are the most youthful looking couple in official life. Jokes about their identity being submerged in their juvenile appearance are many. That of the old countryman from Pittsburg when Mr. Knox was attorney general who loitered about the official office and finally sidled in when the messenger was not looking is one in which Mr. Knox delights. The man approached him



MRS. PHILANDER C. KNOX.

stealthily and, leaning over, whispered hoarsely: "Son, I am from Pittsburg, and I want to see Knox. Here's a dollar if you slip me in right now."

There is another about the old lady who called to see Mrs. Knox and was kindly received by the hostess herself and who sat and sat and finally burst out: "Miss Knox, you have been very good to me, but I want to see your mother. Will you just run and call her?" Mrs. Knox is petite, but as her distinguished husband is less than five feet seven she is just the right height to make the ideal couple. Her gowns are gracefully chosen and always in perfect harmony with her environs and the event. She does not attach that superlative importance to her gowns as do some Washington dames with much less income, but she is so exquisitely neat that she always looks well. Some one said that she reminds one of a little brown wren, for she is partial to brown and other subdued shades.

There are four Knox children, all well known in Washington, Pittsburg and Valley Forge.

The eldest, Mrs. James Tindle, was Rebecca Page Knox, a serious minded young woman who refused to accept the homage which comes to a cabinet minister's daughter. Reed Knox, the eldest son, started Washington society by eloping with Miss Helen McCook, one of the clan of the fighting McCooks. Perhaps Mrs. Knox is prouder of her second son, Hugh, who is very like his father and a lawyer practicing in Pittsburg. Philander C. Knox, Jr., the third son, has been a boon companion of Kermit Roosevelt. He is known as Phil, and he is one of the young men who should be good politicians, for he is such an excellent "mixer." Phil gave a Christmas party in his early Washington career, and his guests included newsboys, messengers and bootblacks, and he insisted upon the best in the house being served for their delectation.

Mrs. Knox is the daughter of the late Andrew D. Smith of Allegheny, Pa., and as Miss Lillian Smith she was as popular in her girlhood as in her mature womanhood. Having enjoyed wealth all her life and being inured to social life, Mrs. Knox is an admirable hostess in any circle.

Chasing Away the Blues.

Every one in awhile some one learns something that he has known all the time. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is true. In a general way, you know a hundred things you only half stop to think about and really never put into practice. And then some day by mere chance you find out this old truth for yourself, and from then on it seems like a brand new discovery to you.

Perhaps, for instance, you have often heard that fresh air will do for you what drugs couldn't accomplish. A certain Cleveland girl who just the other day thought she was starting a nervous collapse in the face had always heard this, too, but it never occurred to her to take it seriously.

The nervous collapse she did take seriously, however. So would you if your head was throbbing and your muscles fairly tense with overwrought nerves. Things looked pretty black. There were hard things to bear, and—well, what's the use?—the world looked pretty dark. Possibly a doctor could

help. Today there was no time, but to-morrow she would surely go. In the meantime there was an engagement which drove her out of the house. The car was not coming.

"Shall we walk?" a chance companion said.

It didn't matter—nothing mattered—so they swung off down the street, with a fresh breeze blowing against their faces.

Perhaps there was something in the way the sun shone that day, but after a few blocks things began to look just barely possible to that girl, and the "nervous collapse" did not seem quite so imminent. With another quarter mile tense muscles were relaxed, and there was only the faintest possible throb perceptible in the region of her head.

You're going to guess the end, but it happens to be a true story, and so you must hear it. By the time the errand was done the world seemed like a very livable sort of place to that girl, who had been on the verge of a breakdown.

Of course you have always heard about a brisk walk in the fresh air and its healing powers, and you always have been perfectly willing to take somebody else's word for it.

But just suppose you actually try it for yourself. Try it to cure headaches and blues and doubts and fears and all manner of hobgoblins that threaten and pursue and see for yourself what a leveling, vision brightening influence there is in just plain sunshine and air. If it doesn't work there is something on your conscience.

Woman Who Knows Her Mind.

The Spaniards are beginning to realize that Victoria is made of stronger stuff than her husband, and, despite her open leaning to English ideas, she continues to gain in popularity. It is known she attends bullfights only as a concession to public wish and national custom, and it would excite no astonishment were she to announce her absence from all bullfights in the future. Against determined opposition she has effected a revision of the rules of the Spanish court and has introduced a system which makes for the liberality of the English court, in which she was raised and from which Alfonso carried her off a bride less than three years ago. Old fashioned Spaniards profess to be shocked by the reforms the young queen has wrought, but just the same they have been unable to withhold admiration for her strength of will. It has taken brief time, in truth, to mark Victoria as the most authoritative of the women sharing as consorts the thrones of the old world.

Domestic Elimination.

It seems to be one of the troubles with any kind of elimination, whether of custom or observance, books or "trucks," that what one person wants to get rid of is apt to involve something precious to some one else. No sooner do you get a shelf cleared of magazines that have been collecting, neglected, for a year past than some one passionately laments a priceless back number. You have only to throw out an ornament or picture that seems both faded and superfluous to hear some voice utter the horrified expostulation, "You are not going to throw that away!" But, apart from this disadvantage, elimination takes so much time and so much courage that it is no wonder that many of us, day after day, give space for that which gives us neither comfort nor pleasure. It is no wonder that we accumulate and accumulate seemingly without our own volition.—Mary Stewart Cutting in Harper's Bazar.

Unworried.

The Duchesse de Berry, whose husband was the son of Charles X. of France, was driving with her husband when the horses took fright and ran away. The duchess had continued the conversation without changing the tone of her voice, and at last her husband exclaimed:

"Why, Caroline, do you not see what has happened?"

"Yes, I see. But as I cannot stop the horses it is useless to trouble about them."

The carriage was upset, but no one was hurt.—Youth's Companion.

His Granddaughter Objects.

Miss Ethel Dickens, a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, is reported to be violently opposed to the project now on foot in England of erecting a statue to the memory of the novelist. She calls attention to the fact that her grandfather in his will distinctly said that he was to have no "monument, memorial or testimonial." Miss Dickens is the head of a large typewriting bureau in London and is described as a keen business woman.

Eating at Bedtime.

Do you go to bed hungry? This is not a good thing to do. Nothing should, of course, be eaten which is hard to digest, but something should be taken to stay the stomach's craving and insure sleep.

Wafers and warm milk, hot water and brown bread or a few dates are all good. They should be eaten slowly. If they are not well digested, instead of inducing sleep they will cause wakefulness.

Don't Do It.

Dr. Weir Mitchell declares that women often talk themselves into a nervous collapse. "Talking," he says, "reduces the vital force. One has only to lose one's voice temporarily to find out how many unnecessary remarks one makes."

With Roast Lamb.

For a delicious salad to serve with roast lamb sprinkle orange pulp with minced mint leaves, dress with lemon juice and sugar and serve on lettuce leaves.

Lost or Stolen.

All persons are hereby cautioned against receiving or negotiating Interest Department Bank Book, No. 3577, issued by the Honesdale National Bank to Robert Rickert, as said book has been lost or stolen. Payment has been stopped, and I have made application for the issue of a new book.

JOHN RICKERT.

Honesdale, March 5, 1909. 20w3

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that all persons are forbidden to harbor or trust my wife, Mrs. Maggie Noble, on my account, as I shall pay no debts contracted by her after this date, unless compelled by law.

H. M. NOBLE, 18w3
Damascus, Pa.; March 1, 1909.

We have no Insurance against panics, BUT--

We want to sell--

Every business man in Wayne county a good sized life or endowment policy that he may use as collateral security for borrowed money—tide you over tight places—when sales are poor and collections slow—possibly head off insolvency.

We want to sell--

Every farmer a policy that will absolutely protect his family and home.

We want to sell--

Every laborer and mechanic a saving policy that will be impossible for him to lapse or lose.

If not Life Insurance--

Let us write some of your FIRE INSURANCE. Standard, reliable companies only.

IT IS BETTER TO DO IT NOW, THAN TO WAIT AND SAY "IF"

HITTINGER & HAM,

General Agents,
WHITE MILLS, PA.

Native HORSES FOR SALE NO DISTEMPER.

30 Head of Nice Horses...Native and Western...the latter are stabled in separate barn. SALE NOW ON, at



Sheriff Braman's

[Rear of Allen House]

LIVERY Boarding and Sales STABLE

Best Outfits in Town to Hire for CASH.

Good Assortment of Wagons, Sleighs, Harness and Whips, ALWAYS ON HAND.

Tooth Savers

We have the sort of tooth brushes that are made to thoroughly cleanse and save the teeth.